

美国国会图书馆 塑造美国的
Library of Congress 88本书*

The Eclectic Readers

The Eclectic Readers

The Eclectic Readers

The Eclectic Readers

The Eclectic Readers

The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

6

【美】威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本

5

【美】威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本

4

【美】威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本

3

【美】威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本

2

【美】威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本

1

【美】威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

【美】威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

1

McGuffey's Eclectic Primer
McGuffey's First Eclectic Reader

最纯粹的美德读本、最纯正的美语阅读、最经典的美式教育

一本影响了美国五代人的经典课本
了解美国，从启蒙读本开始

中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS

出版文案

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

美国国会图书馆 塑造美国的
Library of Congress 88本书*

The Eclectic Readers
美国语文读本

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

❖ 1 ❖

McGuffey's Eclectic Primer
McGuffey's First Eclectic Reader

最纯粹的美德读本、最纯正的美语阅读、最经典的美式教育

一本影响了美国五代人的经典课本
了解美国，从启蒙读本开始



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



美国语文读本 ⑥

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本 ⑤

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本 ④

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本 ③

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本 ②

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

美国语文读本 ①

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

总目录

美国语文读本 . 1

美国语文读本 . 2

美国语文读本 . 3

美国语文读本 . 4

美国语文读本 . 5

美国语文读本 . 6



美国
语文
读本

1

【美】威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

❖ 1 ❖

McGuffey's Eclectic Primer
McGuffey's First Eclectic Reader

最纯粹的美德读本、最纯正的美语阅读、最经典的美式教育

一本影响了美国五代人的经典课本
了解美国，从启蒙读本开始



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS





The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

1

McGuffey's Eclectic Primer

McGuffey's First Eclectic Reader



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



中清文传媒

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

美国语文读本. 1: 汉英对照 / (美) 麦加菲 (McGuffey, W. H.) 编; 刘白玉, 窦钰婷, 陈伟译. —北京: 中国青年出版社, 2013.5 (塑造美国的88本书)

ISBN 978-7-5153-1462-4

I. ①美... II. ①麦...②刘...③窦...④陈... III. ①英语 - 阅读教学 - 中小学 - 美国 - 课外读物 IV. ①G634.413

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2013) 第042500号

美国语文读本1

作 者: [美] 威廉·H·麦加菲

译 者: 刘白玉 窦钰婷 陈 伟

策划编辑: 陈 晨 李玲香

责任编辑: 肖 佳 孙 明

美术编辑: 夏 蕊 张 建

出 版: 中国青年出版社

发 行: 北京中青文文化传媒有限公司

电 话: 010-65516873/65518035

公司网址: www.cyb.com.cn

购书网址: zqwts.tmall.com www.diyijie.com

制 作: 中青文制作中心

印 刷：北京盛源印刷有限公司
版 次：2013年6月第1版
印 次：2013年6月第1次印刷
开 本：787×1092 1/16
字 数：130千字
印 张：13
书 号：ISBN 978-7-5153-1462-4
定 价：28.90元

我社将与版权执法机关配合大力打击盗印、盗版活动，敬请广大读者协助举报，经查实将给予举报者重奖。

举报电话：

北京市版权局版权执法处

010-64081804

中国青年出版社

010-65516873

010-65518035

中青版图书，版权所有，盗版必究

目录

LESSON 1

LESSON 2

LESSON 3

LESSON 4

LESSON 5 复习

LESSON 6

LESSON 7

LESSON 8

LESSON 9

LESSON 10 复习

LESSON 11

LESSON 12

LESSON 13

LESSON 14

LESSON 15 复习

LESSON 16

LESSON 17

LESSON 18

LESSON 19

LESSON 20 复习

LESSON 21

LESSON 22

LESSON 23

LESSON 24

LESSON 25 复习

LESSON 26

LESSON 27

LESSON 28

LESSON 29

LESSON 30 复习

LESSON 31

LESSON 32

LESSON 33

LESSON 34

LESSON 35 复习

LESSON 36

LESSON 37

LESSON 38

LESSON 39

LESSON 40 复习

LESSON 41

LESSON 42

LESSON 43

LESSON 44

LESSON 45 复习

LESSON 46

LESSON 47

LESSON 48

LESSON 49

LESSON 50

LESSON 51

LESSON 52

LESSON 53

LESSON 54

LESSON 55

LESSON 56

LESSON 57

LESSON 58

LESSON 59

LESSON 60

LESSON 61 复习

LESSON 62

LESSON 63

LESSON 64

LESSON 65

LESSON 66

LESSON 67

LESSON 68 复习

LESSON 69

LESSON 70

LESSON 71

LESSON 72

LESSON 73

LESSON 74

LESSON 75

LESSON 76

LESSON 77

LESSON 78

LESSON 79 复习

LESSON 80

LESSON 81

LESSON 82

LESSON 83

LESSON 84

LESSON 85 复习

LESSON 86

LESSON 87

LESSON 88

LESSON 89

LESSON 90

LESSON 91

LESSON 92

LESSON 93

LESSON 94

LESSON 95

LESSON 96

LESSON 97

LESSON 98 复习

LESSON 99

LESSON 100

LESSON 101

LESSON 102

LESSON 103

LESSON 104

LESSON 105

LESSON 106

[LESSON 107](#)

[LESSON 108](#)

[LESSON 109](#)

[LESSON 110](#)

[LESSON 111](#)

[LESSON 112](#)

[LESSON 113](#)

[LESSON 114](#)

[LESSON 115](#)

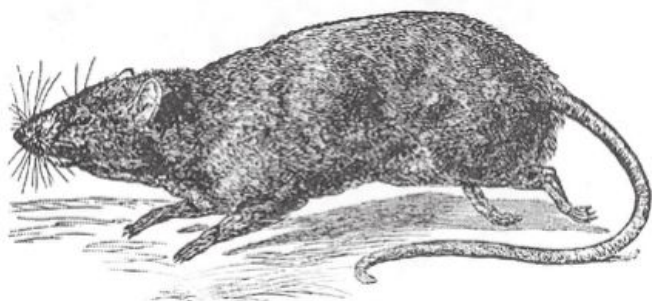
[返回总目录](#)



LESSON 1

a and cat rat

a c d n r t



a rat

a cat

A cat

A rat

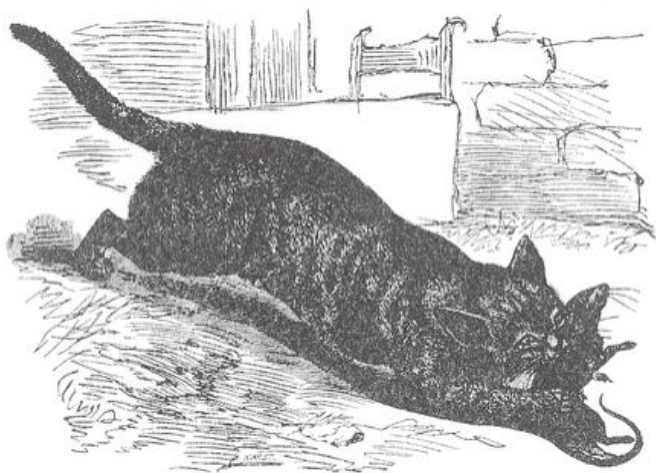
A cat and a rat.

A rat and a cat.

一只猫和一只老鼠。

一只老鼠和一只猫。

LESSON 2



at the ran has

Ann

h th s

the cat

the rat

The cat has a rat.
The rat ran at Ann.
Ann has a cat.
The cat ran at the rat.

猫儿抓老鼠，
老鼠跑向安。
安养了一只猫，
猫儿追老鼠。

LESSON 3

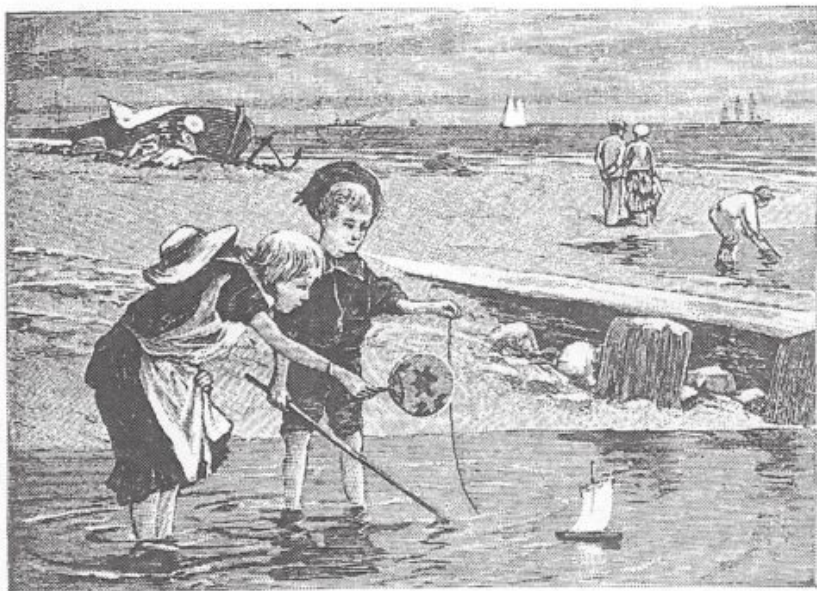
Nat

hat

fan

can

f



a fan

a hat

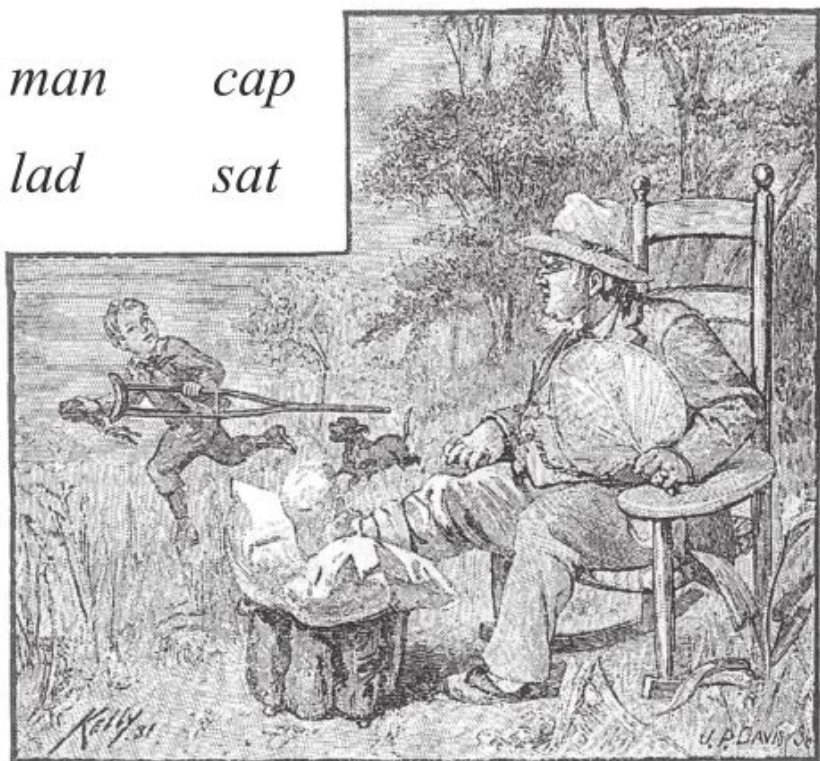
Ann and Nat.
Ann has a fan.
Nat has a hat.
Ann can fan Nat.

安和奈特，
安有把扇子。
奈特有顶圆边帽，
安能给奈特扇扇子。

LESSON 4

man cap

lad sat



l m p s

a cap

the lad

A man and a lad.
The man sat; the lad ran.
The man has a hat.
The lad has a cap.

男人和少年。
男人坐，少年跑。
男人有顶圆边帽，
少年有顶鸭舌帽。

LESSON 5 复习

a
can

at
cap

rat
lad

sat
and

The cat and the rat ran.

Ann sat, and Nat ran.

A rat ran at Nat.

Can Ann fan the lad?

The man and the lad.

The man has a cap.

The lad has a fan.

Has Ann a hat?

Ann has a hat and a fan.

猫和老鼠在跑。

安坐着，奈特在跑。

老鼠向奈特跑去。

安能给那位少年扇风吗？

男人和少年。

男人有顶鸭舌帽，

少年有把扇子。

安有顶圆边帽吗？

安有顶圆边帽和一把扇子。

The cat ran. Ann ran
The man has a hat.



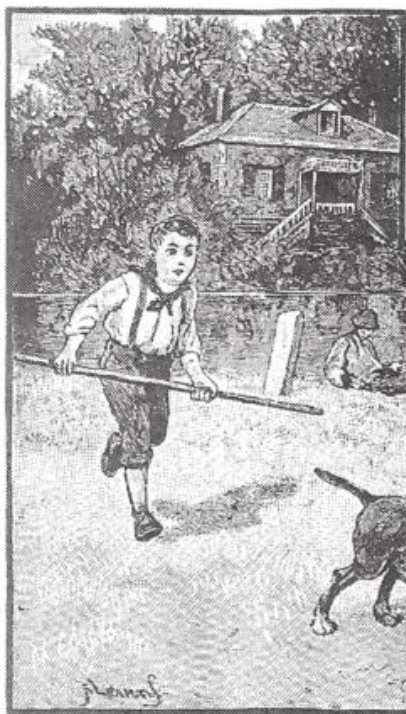
The cat ran. Ann ran.

The man has a hat.

猫跑了，安跑了。

这个人戴着一顶圆边帽。

LESSON 6



dog

Rab

fat

Nat's

o

b

g

Nat's cap

a fat dog

Has the lad a dog?
The lad has a fat dog.
The dog has Nat's cap.
Nat and Rab ran.
Rab ran at a cat.

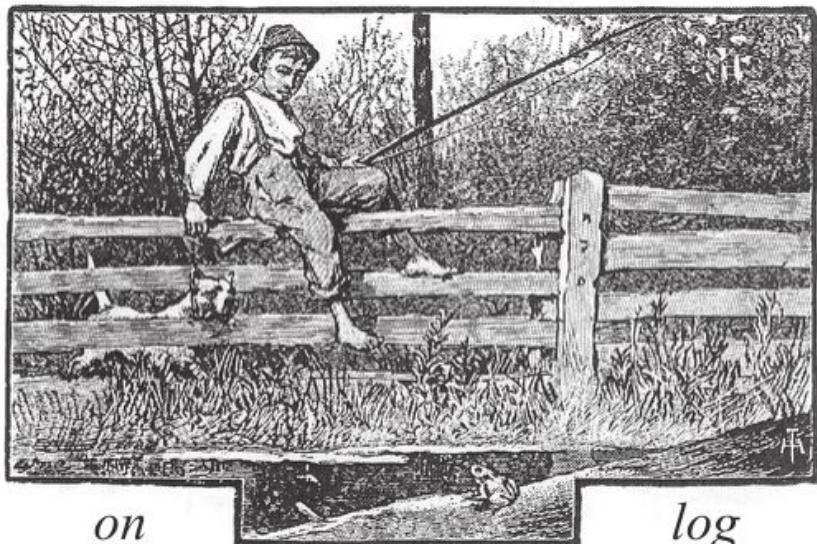
那个少年有狗吗？
那个少年有条胖狗。
狗叼了奈特的鸭舌帽。
奈特和拉波在跑。
拉波向猫跑去。

LESSON 7

see

sees

frog



on

log

e

a log

the frog

See the frog on a log.
Rab sees the frog.
Can the frog see Rab?
The frog can see the dog.
Rab ran at the frog.

瞧，原木上有只青蛙。
拉波看见了青蛙。
青蛙能看见拉波吗？
青蛙能看见那条狗。
拉波向那只青蛙跑去。

LESSON 8



it

stand

Ann's

is

lamp

mat

i

a mat

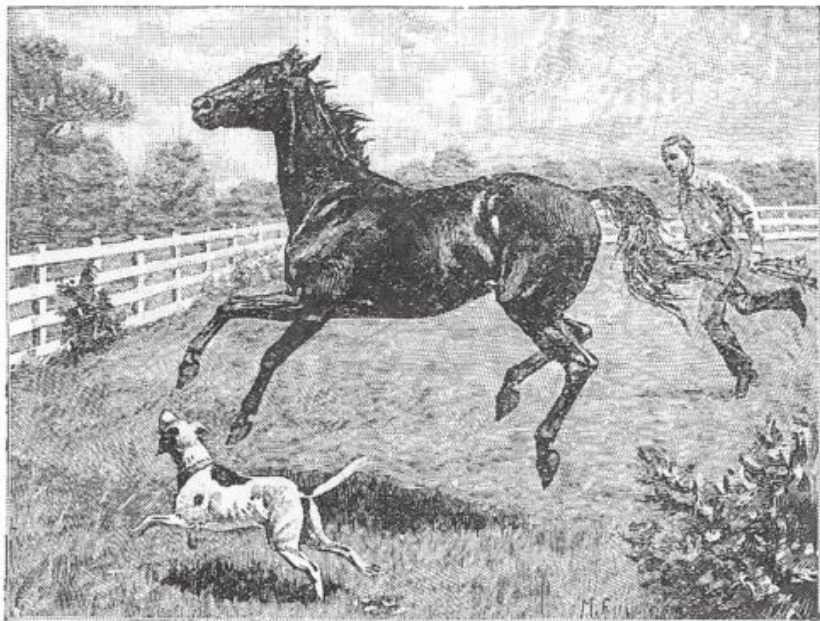
the stand

See the lamp!
It is on a mat.
The mat is on the stand.
The lamp is Nat's,
and the mat is Ann's.

瞧，这盏灯！
它放在小垫子上。
小垫子放在架子上。
这盏灯是奈特的，
小垫子是安的。

LESSON 9

<i>Tom</i>	<i>nag</i>	<i>not</i>
<i>him</i>	<i>catch</i>	<i>he</i>
<i>his</i>	<i>ch</i>	



See the nag!
It is Tom's nag.
Can Tom catch his nag?
He can not catch him.
The dog ran at the nag,
and the nag ran.

瞧，这匹马！
这是汤姆的马。
汤姆能追上他的马吗？
他追不上它。
狗向那匹马跑去，
马在奔跑。

LESSON 10 复习

Tom's nag is fat; his dog is not fat.

Nat is on Tom's nag.

Nat's dog, Rab, can not catch the rat.

See the frog on the log.

A lad sees the frog.

The lad can not catch it.

A cat is on the mat; the cat sees a rat.

Ann's fan is on the stand.

The man has a lamp.

A dog ran at the man.

Ann sat on a log.

Tom sees Nat's dog.

A fat frog is on the log.

Can not Rab catch it?



Tom sees Nat's dog.
A fat frog is on the log.
Can not Rab catch it?

【中文阅读】

汤姆的马很肥壮；他的狗不胖。

奈特坐在汤姆的马上。

奈特的狗拉波，不会捉老鼠。

瞧，原木上有只青蛙。

一位少年看见了那只青蛙。

他捉不住青蛙。

小垫子上有只猫；猫看见了老鼠。

安的扇子放在架子上。

这个人有一盏台灯。

一只狗向这个人跑去。

安坐在一根原木上。

汤姆看见了奈特的狗。
一只胖青蛙趴在原木上。
难道拉波捉不住它吗？

LESSON 11

nest

this

eggs

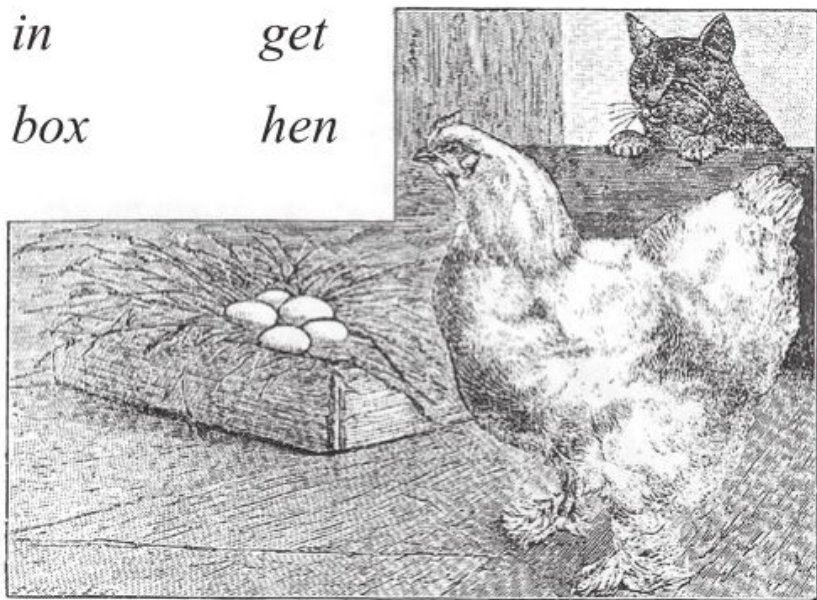
she

in

get

box

hen



e

x

sh

the box

a nest

This is a fat hen.
The hen has a nest in the
box.

She has eggs in the nest.
A cat sees the nest,
and can get the eggs.

这是一只肥母鸡。
母鸡在盒子里安了个窝。

它在窝里下蛋。
一只猫看见了鸡窝，
它可能会拿走鸡蛋。

LESSON 12



old

run

fox

o

u

Can this old fox catch the hen?

这只老狐狸能捉住那只母鸡吗？

The fox can catch the hen, and get the eggs in the nest.

狐狸能捉住母鸡，并且拿走窝里的鸡蛋。

Run, Rab, and catch the fox.

快跑，拉波！捉住那只狐狸。

This nest has eggs in it.



This nest has eggs in it.
这个窝里有鸡蛋。

LESSON 13

pond

ducks

them

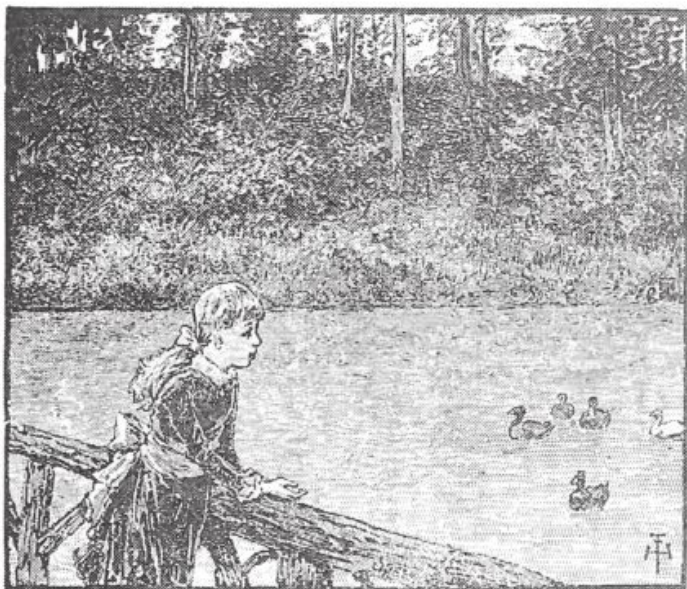
feed

Nell

I

by

will



i

y

ck

w

Nell is by the pond.
I see ducks on the pond.
Nell sees the ducks,
and will feed them.
She can not get the ducks.

内尔在池塘边。
我看见池塘里有鸭子。
内尔看见了鸭子，
想喂它们。
她捉不到这些鸭子。

LESSON 14



holds to

blind Mary

hand kind

a o k y

This old man can not see. He is blind.

Mary holds him by the hand. She is kind to the old blind man.

【中文阅读】

这位老爷爷看不见，他是位盲人。

玛丽用手牵着他。她对盲人爷爷非常友好。

LESSON 15 复习

I see ducks on the pond; Tom will feed them.

Tom is blind; he holds a box in his hand.

Nell is kind to him.

This old hen has a nest.

Mary will run and get the eggs.

【中文阅读】

我看见池塘里有鸭子。汤姆要喂它们。

汤姆是位盲人；他手里拎着一只箱子。

内尔对他非常友好。

这只老母鸡有一个窝。

玛丽要跑过去捡鸡蛋。

LESSON 16

Sue doll dress new he



let

e

u

ew

Sue has a doll. It has a new dress.

She will let Ann hold the doll in her hands, and Ann will fan it.

Sue is kind to Ann.

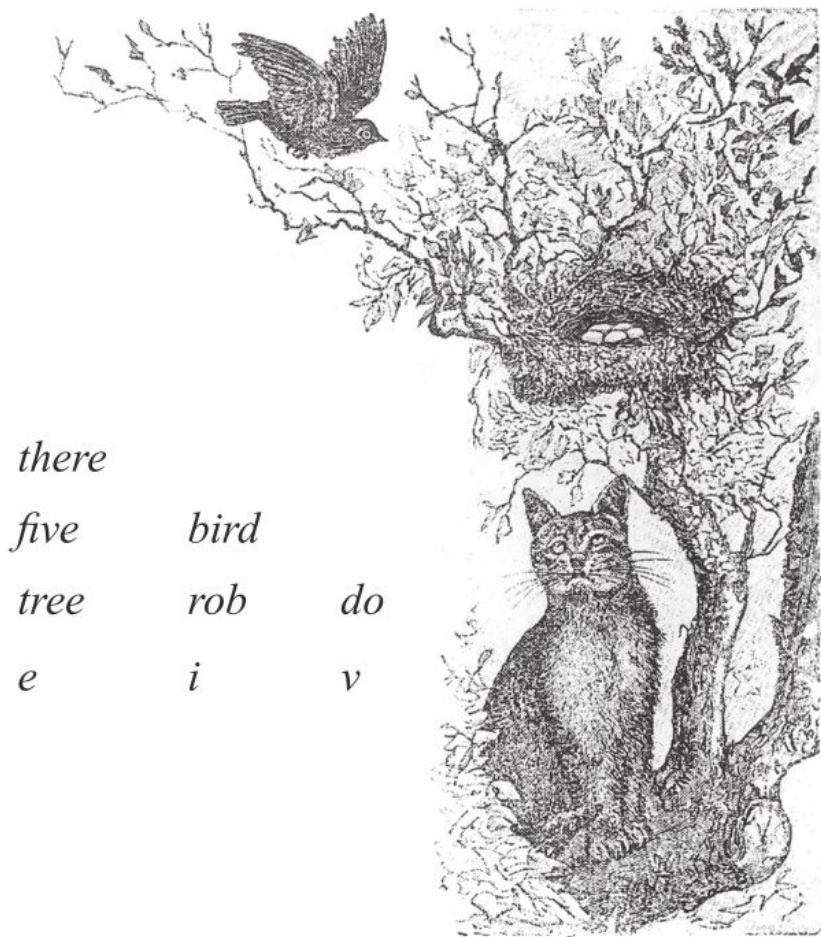
【中文阅读】

苏有个洋娃娃。娃娃有条新裙子。

苏让安用双手抱着洋娃娃，安要为它扇风。

苏对安十分友好。

LESSON 17



there

five *bird*

tree *rob* *do*

e *i* *v*

A bird is in the tree. It has a nest there.
The nest has five eggs in it.
Do not rob the nest.
Will the bird let the cat get her five eggs?

【中文阅读】

树上有只鸟，那里有它的窝。
窝里有五个鸟蛋。
不要毁坏这个鸟窝。
鸟会让猫弄走它的五个鸟蛋吗？

LESSON 18

cage

pet

sing

lives

so

loves



o

g

ng

This is a pet bird.
It lives in a new cage.
It will stand on Sue's hand
and sing.

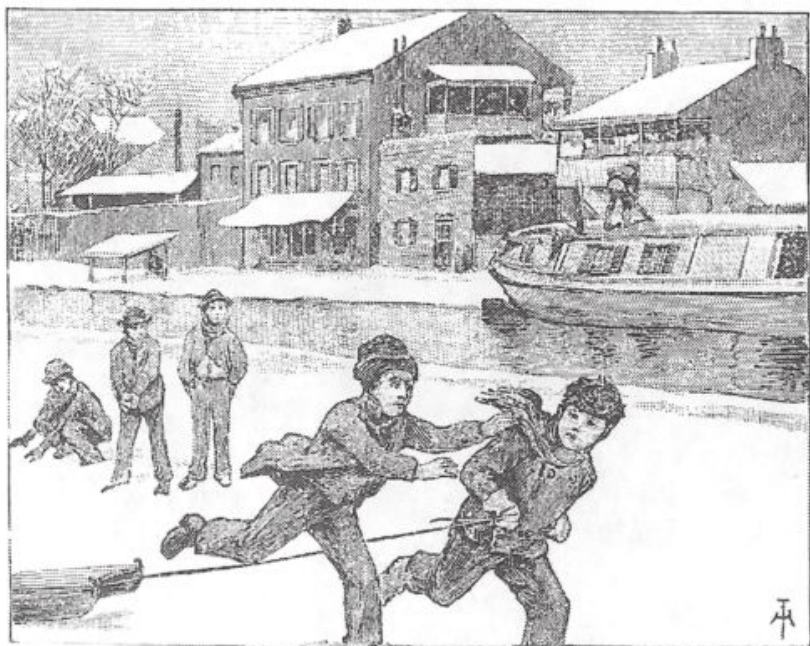
Sue loves her pet bird.
So do I love it.

这是一只宠物鸟。
它住在一个新笼子里。
它将站在苏的手上唱歌。

苏喜欢她的宠物鸟。
我也喜欢它。

LESSON 19

are you yes fast too
like boys of play



a a y oy

Do you see the boys at play?

Yes, I see them; there are five of them.

Tom is too fat to run fast.

Nat can catch him.

I like to see boys play.

【中文阅读】

你看见那些男孩们在玩耍吗？

是的，我看见了，他们有五个人。

汤姆太胖跑不快。

奈特能追上他。

我喜欢看男孩们玩耍。

LESSON 20 复习

Sue has a doll and a pet bird.

Her doll has a new dress and a cap.

Sue loves Mary, and will let her hold the doll.

The pet bird lives in a cage. Sue and Mary will stand by the cage, and the bird will sing.

There are birds in the tree by the pond. Can you see them?

Yes; there are five of them in a nest.

Tom will not rob a bird's nest. He is too kind to do so.

Nell will feed the ducks.
Sue has a new dress.



Nell will feed the ducks.

Sue has a new dress.

【中文阅读】

苏有个洋娃娃和一只宠物鸟。

她的洋娃娃穿条新裙子，戴着一顶鸭舌帽。

苏喜欢玛丽，让她拿着洋娃娃。

宠物鸟住在鸟笼里。苏和玛丽站在笼子旁边，鸟就会唱歌。

池塘边的树上有几只鸟。你能看见吗？

是的，鸟窝里有五只鸟。

汤姆不会毁坏鸟窝。他很善良，不会这么做的。

内尔会喂鸭子。
苏有条新裙子。

LESSON 21

what

night

owl

day

an

but

well

big

eyes

best



a

ow

wh

What bird is this?

It is an owl.

What big eyes it has!

Yes, but it can not see well
by day.

The owl can see best at
night.

Nat Pond has a pet owl.

这是什么鸟？

是只猫头鹰。

它的眼睛好大呀！

是的，但它白天看不清楚。

猫头鹰晚上看东西最清楚。

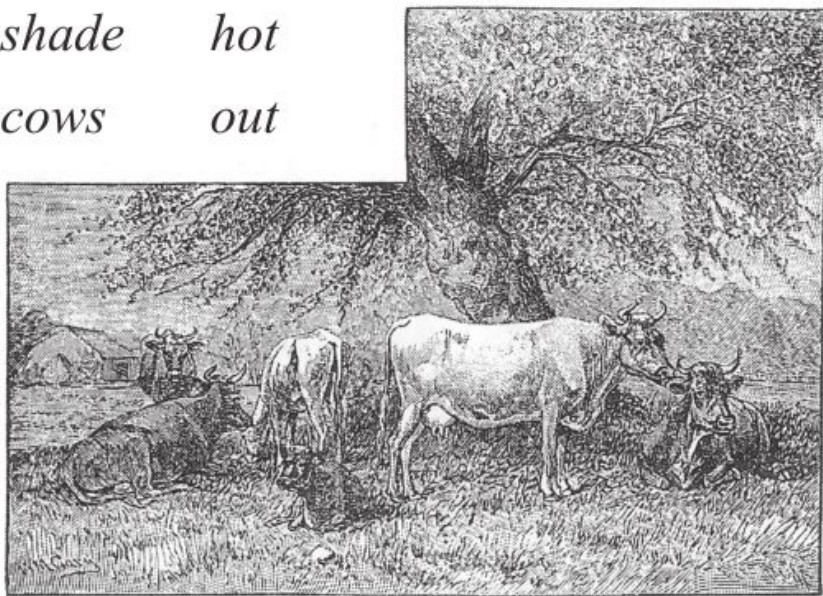
奈特·庞德养了只宠物猫头
鹰。

LESSON 22

grass they come off barn

shade hot

cows out



e

ou

The day is hot.

The cows are in the shade of
the big tree.

They feed on the new grass.

Our cows do not run off.

At night they come to the
barn.

天很热。

牛群站在树阴下。

它们在吃新长出的草。

我们的牛不会跑开。

晚上它们就会回到牛棚。

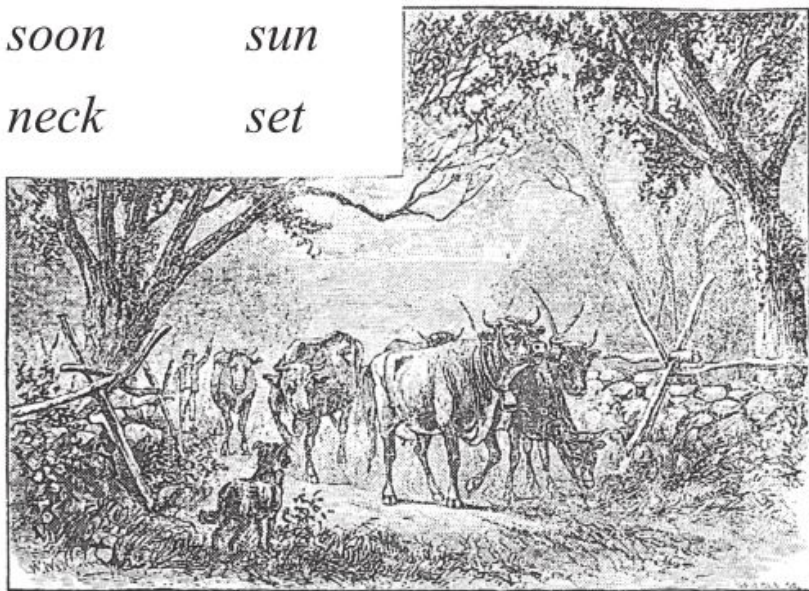
LESSON 23

soon

sun

neck

set



way

bell

one

their

oo

The sun will soon set.

The cows are on their way to the barn.

One old cow has a bell on her neck. She sees our dog, but she will not run.

Our dog is kind to the cows.

【中文阅读】

太阳很快就要落山了。

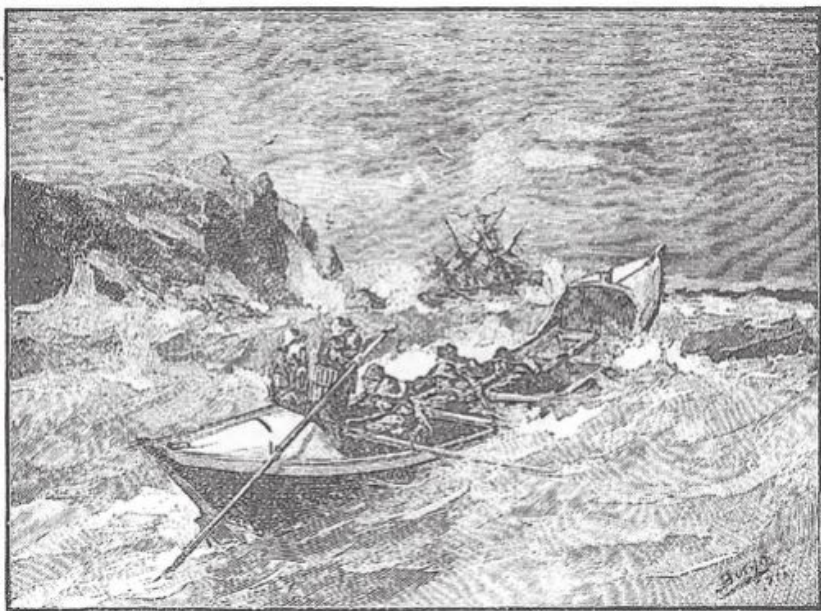
一群母牛正在回牛棚的路上。

一只老母牛脖子上挂了个铃铛。它看见了我们的狗，但不会跑开。

我们的狗对牛很友好。

LESSON 24

brave *if* *ship* *boat*
drown *men* *rock* *save*



The ship has run on a rock.
Five men are on the ship.
If the boat can not get to them, they will drown.
The boat has brave men in it.
They will save the five men.

【中文阅读】

那艘大船触礁了。
船上有五个人。

如果那条小船无法到达那里，大船上的五个人就会被淹死。
小船上的人很勇敢。
他们要救下那五个人。

LESSON 25 复习

Come, boys, and feed the cows. The sun has set, and they are at the barn.

Sue has a bell on the neck of her pet cat.

One hot day Ann and Nell sat on the grass in the shade of a big tree. They like to rock their dolls, and sing to them.

The brave men in our boat are on their way to the ship. They will save the men in the ship, if they can. They will not let them drown.

What bird has big eyes? The owl. Can an owl see at night? Yes, an owl can see best at night.

【中文阅读】

男孩们，过来喂牛吧。太阳已经落山，牛儿已经在牛棚里。

苏把一个铃铛挂在宠物猫的脖子上。

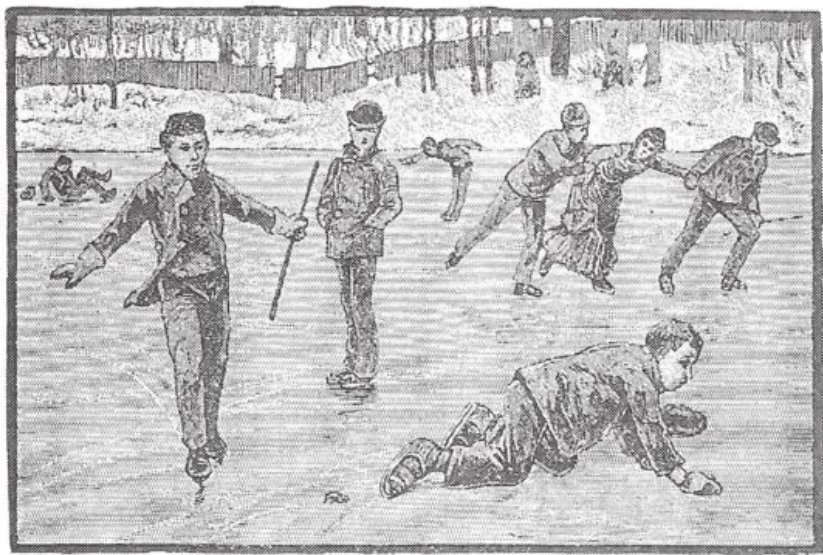
一个大热天，安和内尔坐在一棵大树树阴下的草地上。他们喜欢摆弄自己的娃娃，唱歌给它们听。

我们小船上勇敢的人们正在赶往大船的途中。他们将尽最大努力救出大船上的人。他们不会让那些人淹死。

什么鸟有双大眼睛？猫头鹰。猫头鹰夜里能看见东西吗？是的，猫头鹰夜里看东西最清楚了。

LESSON 26

fall *ice* *skates* *cry*
with *had* *stone* *did*



a *c* *sk*

The boys are on the ice with their skates.
There is a stone on the ice.
One boy did not see it, and has had a fall.
But he is a brave boy, and will not cry.

【中文阅读】

男孩们穿着溜冰鞋在滑冰。
冰上有块石头。

有个男孩没看见，摔了一跤。
但他是个勇敢的孩子，他不哭。

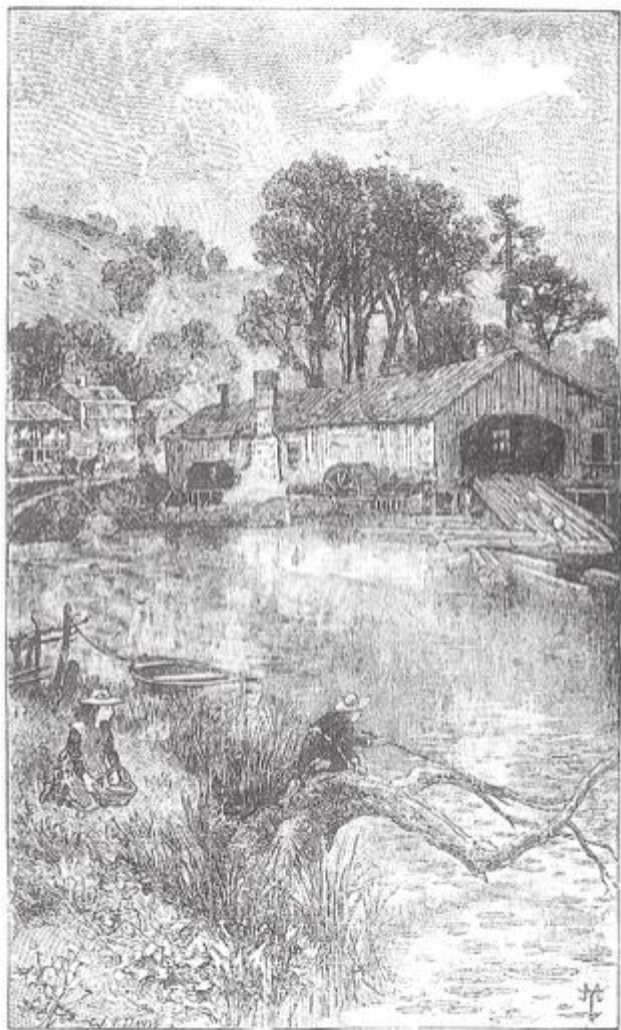
LESSON 27

look
here
mill

go
all
have
oo

John
wheel
round
j

Look! there are John and Sue by the mill pond.
They like to see the big wheel go round.
They have come to play on the logs and in the boat.
John and Sue will play here all day.



The cows like grass.
They stand in the shade.



The cows like grass.
They stand in the shade.

【中文阅读】

瞧！约翰和苏在磨坊池塘旁边。
他们喜欢看那个大轮子转动。
他们在原木和船上玩耍。
约翰和苏要在这里玩一整天。

奶牛喜欢青草。
它们站在树阴下。

LESSON 28

or Jane girls floor
roll some which black

o



Here are some girls with skates; but they are not on the ice.
Their skates roll on the floor.

Which way do you like to skate, —on the ice, or on the floor?
The girl with the new black dress is Jane Bell.

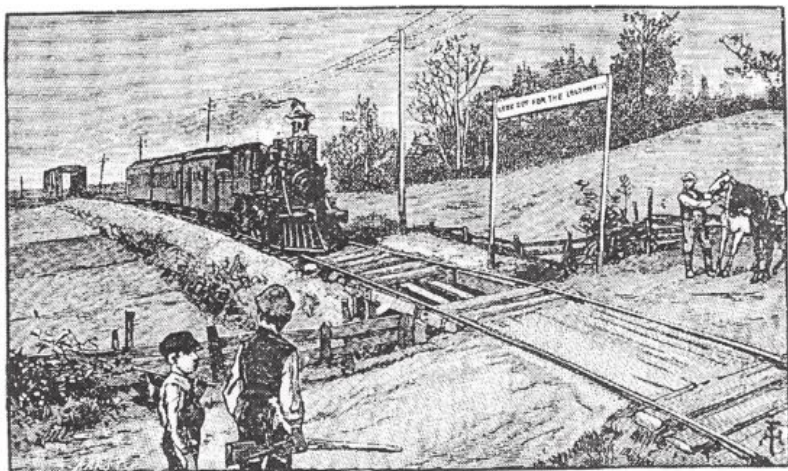
【中文阅读】

这里有一些女孩，穿着溜冰鞋，但她们不在冰上滑。
她们在地面上滑。
你喜欢哪种溜冰方式？在冰上，还是在地面上？

那个穿着新的黑色裙子的女孩叫简·贝尔。

LESSON 29

for out as how try
horse should hurt cars be



o no u

Look out for the cars!
How fast they come!
No horse can go as fast as the cars.
I will not try to catch them, for I should fall and be hurt.
See the horse look at the cars.
Will he not run?

【中文阅读】

小心那些汽车！
它们开得多快呀！
没有哪匹马能跑得像汽车一样快。

我不想追汽车，那样我会跌倒受伤的。
瞧，一匹马正看着汽车。它会想追吗？

LESSON 30 复习

There is ice on the pond, and the mill wheel can not go round.
The boys are all out on the ice with their skates.

I will let you and Tom try to skate; but do not fall, for you will be hurt.

Look! here come the cars.

John and Nat try to skate as fast as the cars go, but they can not. John has had a fall.

The girls are not on the pond; but some of them have skates which roll on the floor.

How fast the cars go!
Can you see them?



How fast the cars go!
Can you see them?

【中文阅读】

池塘里结冰了，磨坊水轮转不动了。

男孩们都出来了，穿着溜冰鞋在冰上滑冰。

我想让你和汤姆学着溜冰。但可别摔倒，否则就会受伤。

瞧，汽车开过来了。

约翰和奈特想滑得和汽车一样快，但他们做不到。约翰摔倒了。

女孩子们不在池塘里玩，有些女孩子穿着冰鞋在地上滑旱冰。

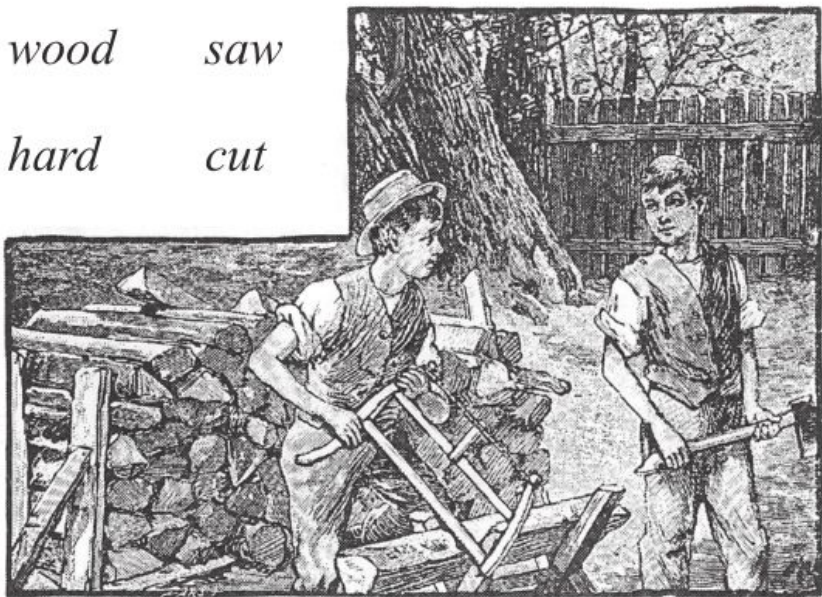
汽车开得多快呀！
你看见它们了吗？

LESSON 31

work ax pile Ned think

wood saw

hard cut



o th n

Ned and John are hard at work.

John has a saw, and Ned has an ax.

They will try to cut all of the wood which you see in the pile.

Do you think they can do this in one day?

【中文阅读】

内德和约翰干活很努力。

约翰拿着一把锯，内德拿着一把斧子。

他们想劈开你看到的那一堆木头。

你认为他们能在一天之内完成吗？

LESSON 32

noise air hear

gone May walk

cool two

a oi



Two girls have gone out for a walk.

It is May, and the air is cool.

They hear the birds sing in the trees, and they hear the noise of the frogs in the pond.

They see men at work and boys at play.

【中文阅读】

两个女孩出去散步。

五月天气，空气凉爽。

她们听见鸟儿在树上唱歌，听到青蛙在池塘里的叫声。

她们看见男人们在干活，男孩子们在玩耍。

LESSON 33

pull *cart* *goats* *Bess*
up *ride* *hill*

u



Bess has a cart and two goats.
She likes to ride in her cart.
See how the goats pull!
Bess is so big, I think she should walk up the hill.
The goats love Bess, for she feeds them, and is kind to them.

【中文阅读】

贝丝有一辆二轮马车和两只山羊。

她喜欢驾驶她的车。

看见那些山羊是怎么拉车了吧！

贝丝个子太大了，我想她应该自己走路上山才对。

山羊喜欢贝丝，因为贝丝喂它们，而且对它们很友好。

LESSON 34

blaze

put

yet

house

fire

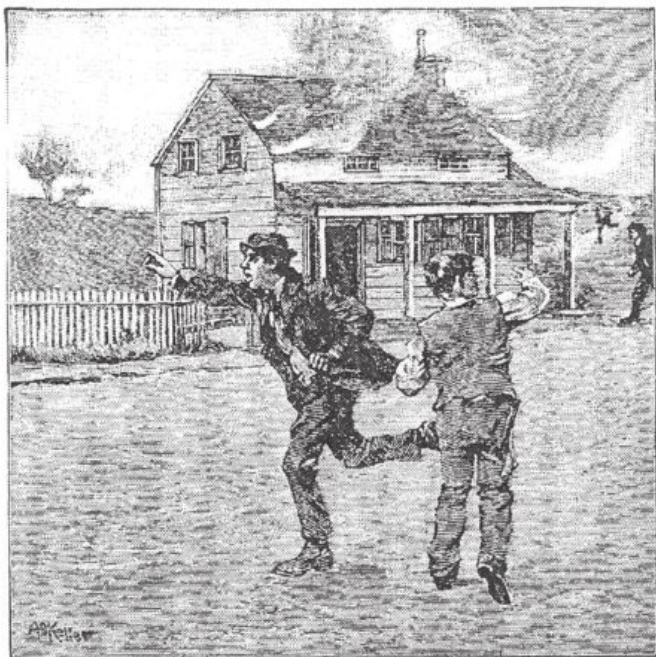
roof

call

ring

we

z



This house is on fire.

Look! the roof is in a blaze.

Run, boys, and ring the bell. Call some men to put out the fire.

We may yet save the house, if we work hard.

【中文阅读】

这栋房子着火了。

看！屋顶上一片火光。

快跑，男孩们，按下铃。叫大人们来救火。

如果我们奋力扑救，也许能保住这栋房子。

LESSON 35 复习

Bess, do you hear a noise?

Yes, Tom; what is it?

It is the mill by our house; logs are cut there.

How do they cut the logs, Tom,—with an ax?

Not with an ax, Bess; it is too hard work; they cut them with a saw.

May we not go and see the mill at work, Tom?

Yes, I think so. The air is cool, and we can walk in the shade. We should go soon, Bess, or the pile of wood will be gone.

Our two goats and the cart are here, Tom; we can ride to the mill. It is not up hill, and the goats can pull us fast.

【中文阅读】

贝丝，你听见噪音了吗？

是的，汤姆。那是什么声音？

是从房子旁边的磨坊里传来的，那里正在劈木头。

他们是怎么劈木头的，汤姆？是用斧子吗？

不是用斧子，贝丝，那太难劈了。他们是用锯把木头锯断。

汤姆，我们能不能去磨坊里看看他们是怎么干活的？

好呀，我想可以。天气凉爽，我们可以从树阴下走过去。我们得快点走，否则那堆木头就锯完了。

汤姆，我们的两只山羊和二轮马车在这里。我们可以驾车去磨坊。不用上坡，山羊拉得很快。

LESSON 36

Miss wants would tells



rule

keep

good

that

each

u

The girls and boys all love Miss May; she is so kind to them.

Miss May tells them there is a rule that she wants them to keep. It is, "Do to each one as you would like each one to do to you."

This is a good rule, and all boys and girls should keep it.

【中文阅读】

无论女孩和男孩都喜欢梅小姐，她对他们非常友好。

梅小姐告诉他们，有一个规则，她希望大家都能够遵守：“你希望别人怎样待你，你就怎样待他人。”

这是一条好的规则，所有男孩和女孩都应当遵守。

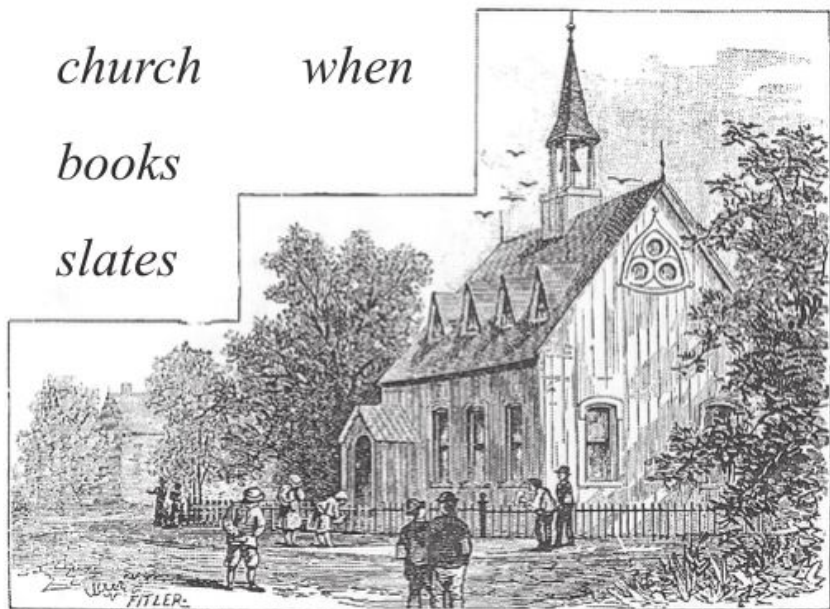
LESSON 37

school child

church when

books

slates



What kind of house is this?

Do you think it is a schoolhouse, or a church?

It looks like a church, but I think it is a schoolhouse.

I see the boys and girls with their books and slates.

When the bell rings, they will go in.

A good child likes to go to school.

【中文阅读】

这是什么样的房子？

你认为它是一所学校还是一座教堂？

它看起来像一座教堂，但我认为它是一所学校。

我看见男孩们和女孩们拿着书和画板。

当上课铃声响时，他们就走进教室。

好孩子都喜欢上学。

LESSON 38

quail

seen

me

eat

know



quick

kill

oh

first

Henry

qu

“John! come here. Be quick, and tell me what kind of bird this is.”

“Do you not know, Henry?”

“Oh, no! what is it?”

“It is a quail.”

“It is the first quail I have seen. Is it good to eat?”

“Yes; but I should not like to kill it.”

【中文阅读】

“约翰！过来，快点儿！告诉我这是什么鸟？”

“你不知道吗，亨利？”

“噢，不知道！这是什么鸟？”

“是鹌鹑。”

“这是我第一次见到鹌鹑。它好吃吗？”

“好吃，但我们不应当杀死它。”

LESSON 39

Kate dear

name blue

baby near

shut crib

sit



Is not this a dear baby in the crib?

Her name is Kate, and she has big, blue eyes. You can not see her eyes, for they are shut.

Kate is a good baby; but she will cry if she is hurt, or if she is not well.

Bess likes to sit near the baby, and to rock her in the crib.

【中文阅读】

摇篮里躺着的不是个可爱的婴儿吗？

她的名字叫凯特，她有一双大大的蓝眼睛。你看不见她的眼睛，因为她正闭着呢。

凯特是个好孩子。但是如果她受伤，或感到哪儿不舒服，她就会哭。

贝丝喜欢坐在婴儿的旁边，摇她的摇篮。

LESSON 40 复习

Henry Black and Ned Bell live near our house. They go to school, and I see them go by each day with their books and slates.

Miss May tells the girls and boys that they should be at the schoolhouse when the bell rings. So Henry walks fast, and is first at school. He is a good boy, and wants to keep the rule of the school..

Ned is not a good boy. I do not think he likes to go to school or to church.

I saw him try to kill a quail with a stone. The quail is too quick a bird for that, and Ned did not hurt it; but I know that a good child would not try to kill a bird.

There is a baby at Ned's house. Her name is Kate. Ned is not a good boy; but he loves Kate, and I do not think he would hurt her.



There is a baby at Ned's house.

Her name is Kate.

Ned is not a good boy, but he loves Kate,
and I do not think he would hurt her.

【中文阅读】

亨利·布莱克和内德·贝尔住在我们家附近。他们每天上学的时候，我看见他们手里拿着书和画板。

梅小姐告诉女孩和男孩们，上课铃声响时他们都应该在教室里。所以，亨利走得很快，第一个到达学校。他是个好孩子，愿意遵守学校的规则。

内德不是个好孩子。我觉得他不喜欢上学，也不喜欢去教堂。

我曾看见他想用一块石头砸死一只鹌鹑。鹌鹑是非常敏捷的鸟，内德没有伤到它。但我认为，一个好孩子是不应当砸死鸟的。

内德家里有一个婴儿。

她的名字叫凯特。

内德不是个好孩子，但他喜欢凯特。

我想他是不会伤害她的。

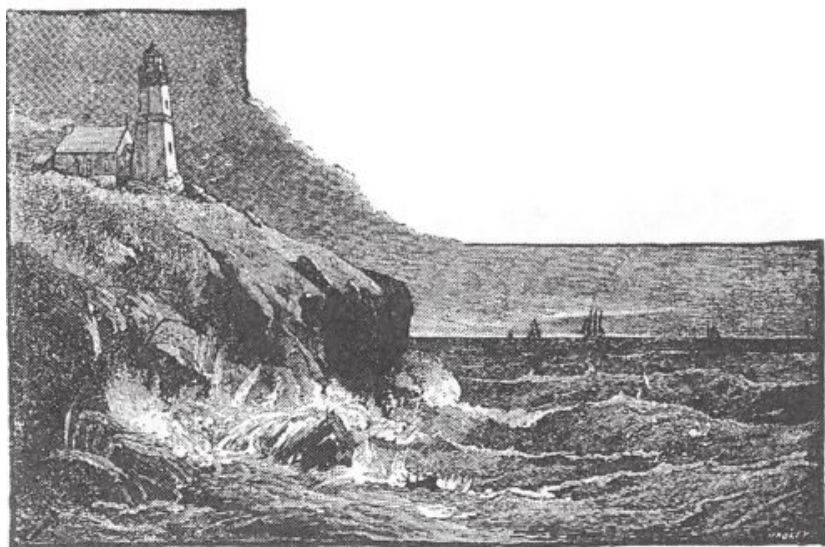
LESSON 41

light
where

far
sea

its
tall

high
were



The tall house which you see on that high rock is a lighthouse. At night its light is seen far out at sea, and the men on ships can tell where to go.

If it were not for this, they would run on the rocks.

How would you like to live in a lighthouse?

【中文阅读】

你看到的坐落在那块高大岩石上的高房子是个灯塔。夜晚，在海上很远的地方都能看到它的光亮，船上的人可以辨明方向。

如果没有灯塔，他们就会撞上岩石。

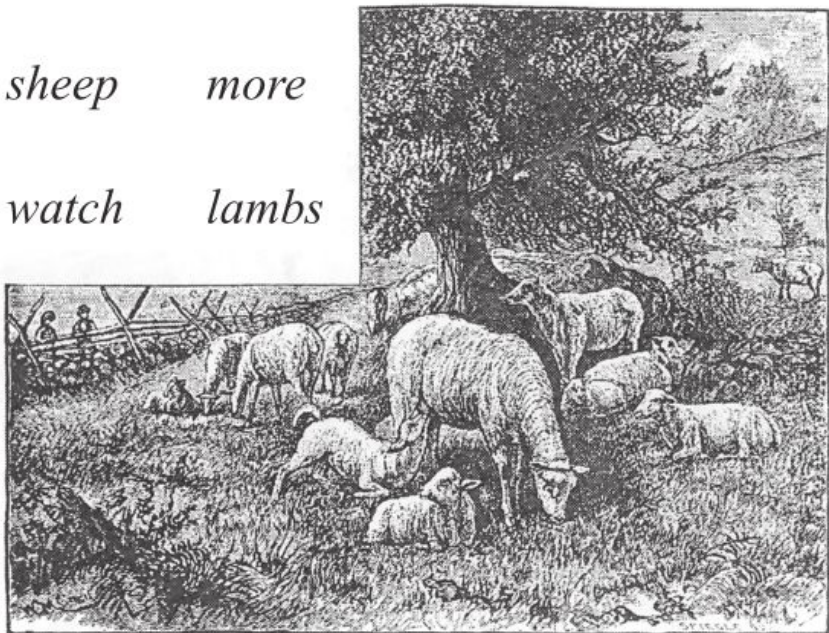
如果你住在灯塔里，感觉会怎样呢？

LESSON 42

wrong wolf us my took

sheep more

watch lambs



Let us watch the sheep as they feed on the hills. They like to eat the new grass.

Do you see my two lambs? I had two more; but an old wolf took them one night.

I love my pet lambs. It would be wrong to hurt them.

【中文阅读】

绵羊在小山上吃草，咱们去看看吧。它们喜欢吃嫩草。

你看见我那两只小羔羊了吗？我本来还有两只，但一天晚上被一只老狼叼走了。

我喜欢我的可爱的小羔羊。伤害它们是不对的。

LESSON 43

laugh snow head fun

mouth made pipe



gh

The boys have made a big snow man.

They have put a tall hat on his head, and an old pipe in his mouth.

Hear them laugh as they play!

It is good fun for the boys.

They would like to have it snow all day and all night.

【中文阅读】

男孩子们堆了一个大雪人。

他们给雪人的头上戴了一顶高高的帽子，在他嘴里放了一个旧烟斗。

听，他们一边玩，一边笑！
对孩子们来说真是乐趣无穷。
他们希望整日整夜地下雪。

LESSON 44

sweets *mean*

please *bee*

buzz *vine*

could

said

once



“Buzz! buzz!” a bee said to Mary.

“What do you mean?” said Mary. “Please tell me once more.”

“Buzz! buzz! buzz!” but Mary could not tell its wants.

I think it said, “Please let me get some sweets in this vine.”

【中文阅读】

“嗡嗡嗡！嗡嗡嗡！”一只蜜蜂对玛丽说。

“你想说什么？”玛丽问道，“请再说一遍。”

“嗡嗡嗡！嗡嗡嗡！嗡嗡嗡！”但玛丽不知道它想要什么。

我想它是在说：“请让我在花藤里采一些蜜吧。”

LESSON 45 复习

One day Nat and I sat on the high hill by the sea, where the tall lighthouse stands. We could look far out, and could see the ships at sea.

As we sat there, we saw a man nearby, with some sheep and lambs. The man had a pipe in his mouth. He sat with us, and let the sheep eat the grass.

What fun it is to see lambs play! It made us laugh to see them.

The man said that once, when the sheep and lambs were out in the snow, an old wolf took one of the lambs, and ran off with it.

I think that men should watch their sheep, so that a wolf can not catch them.

【中文阅读】

一天，我和纳特坐在海边的高山上，高高的灯塔矗立在那里。我们能够看到很远的地方，能够看到大海上的船。

我们坐在那里，看见旁边有个人，还有一群绵羊和小羊羔。那个人嘴里叼着一只烟斗。他和我们坐在一起，让绵羊吃草。

看着小羊羔们玩耍多有意思呀！看见它们我们就笑。

那个人说，以前，当绵羊和羊羔在雪地里放养时，一只狼叼着一只小羊羔跑了。

我想那个人应当看护好他的羊，这样狼就不会叼走羊了。

LESSON 46

while
done

might
right

time
your

things
halves

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
One thing each time,
That is the way.

All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves.
Are not done right.

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
One thing each time,
That is the way.

All that you do,

Do with your might;
Things done by halves,
Are not done right.

【中文阅读】

工作时就好好工作，
玩耍时就好好玩耍；
每次干好一件事，
这就是做事的方式。

你做什么事情，
都要尽全力；
事情只做一半，
就没把事情做好。

LESSON 47



went

fish

fell

safe

arms

sprang

was

thank

got

One day John went to the pond to fish. His dog, Watch, went with him.

John sat on a log for a time, but did not catch a fish.

As he got up to go, he fell off the log.

Watch sprang in to save him. John put his arms round the dog's neck, and was soon safe on the log once more.

"Thank you, my brave old dog," said John to Watch.

【中文阅读】

一天，约翰去池塘边钓鱼。他的狗沃奇也跟他一起去。

约翰坐在一根原木上钓了一会，但没有钓到鱼。

当他站起来要走时，却摔下了原木。

沃奇跳进池塘里去救他。

约翰将胳膊绕在狗的脖子上，不久就安全地回到了原木上。

“谢谢你，我勇敢的老朋友。”约翰对沃奇说。

LESSON 48

James
then

asks
drives

warm
been

town
show

James has been to the mill.

The day is warm, and he lets his horse stand in the shade.

A girl asks him to show her the way to the town. He tells her the way, and then drives on.



【中文阅读】

詹姆斯来到磨坊。

天很暖和，他把马拴在树阴下。

一个女孩问他去小镇的路。他告诉了她怎么走，然后驱车赶路。

LESSON 49

I'll

she'll

don't

puss

pur

pat

fur

harm

deeds



I love my dear puss,
Her fur is so warm;
And, if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

我爱宝贝小猫咪，
她的毛发暖呼呼。
如果我不伤害她，
她也不会伤害我。

I'll pat my dear puss,
And then she will pur,
And show me her thanks
For my kind deeds to her.

轻拍宝贝小猫咪，
它就喵喵喵地叫，
向我表达其谢意，
因为对她很友好。

LESSON 50

now wreaths who queen

woods shall crown



It is the first of May. The boys and girls have gone to the woods to have a good time. See them at their play.

The girls have wreaths in their hands.

Now they will crown some one Queen of the May. Who shall it be?

It should be the best girl, and that is Kate.

【中文阅读】

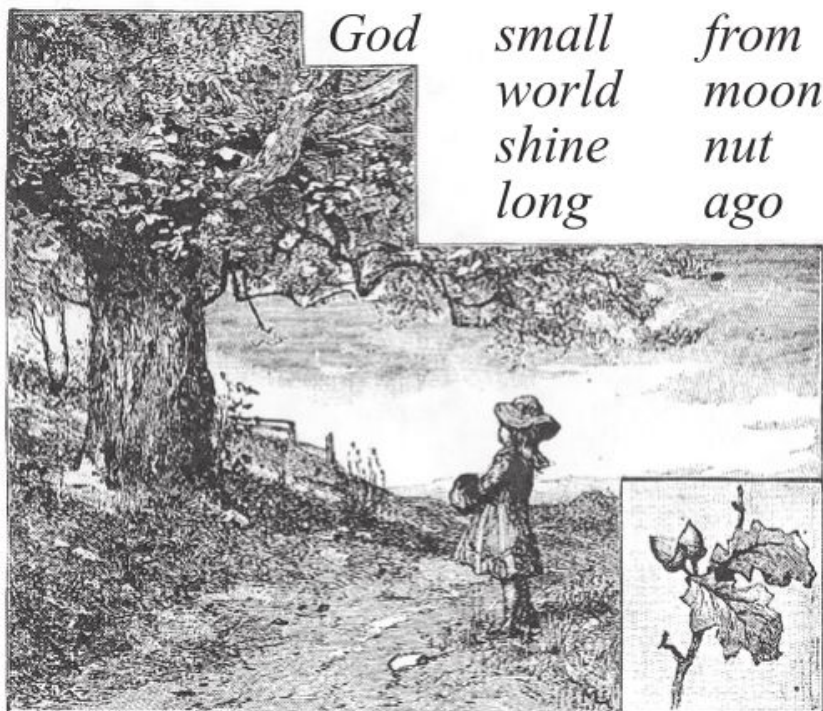
五月的第一天，男孩们和女孩们去树林里享受快乐时光。瞧，他们正在玩呢。

女孩们手里都拿着花环。

现在她们要给“五月皇后”加冕。谁将是“五月皇后”呢？

她应该是最优秀的女孩，那就是凯特。

LESSON 51



*God small from
world moon
shine nut
long ago*

Do you see that tall tree?

Long ago it sprang up from a small nut.

Do you know who made it do so?

It was God, my child. God made the world and all things in it.
He made the sun to light the day, and the moon to shine at night.

God shows that he loves us by all that he has done for us.
Should we not then love him?

【中文阅读】

你看见那棵高大的树了吗？很久之前，它从一颗小小的坚果种子成长起来。

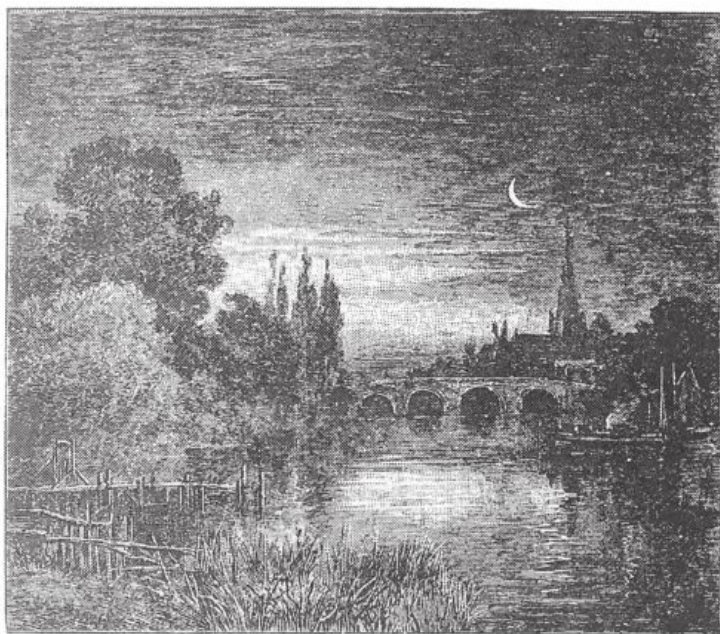
你知道谁让它长得这么高大吗？

是上帝，我的孩子。上帝创造了世界，创造了世界上的万事万物。他创造了太阳，照亮了白天；他创造了月亮，照亮了夜晚。

上帝通过他做的一切，向我们表明：他爱我们。难道我们不应该爱他吗？

LESSON 52

Lord smile joys tears nigh
morn griefs woes stars say



When the stars, at set of sun,
Watch you from on high;
When the light of morn has come,
Think the Lord is nigh.

All you do, and all you say,
He can see and hear;
When you work and when you play,
Think the Lord is near.

All your joys and griefs he knows,
Sees each smile and tear;
When to him you tell your woes,
Know the Lord will hear.

【中文阅读】

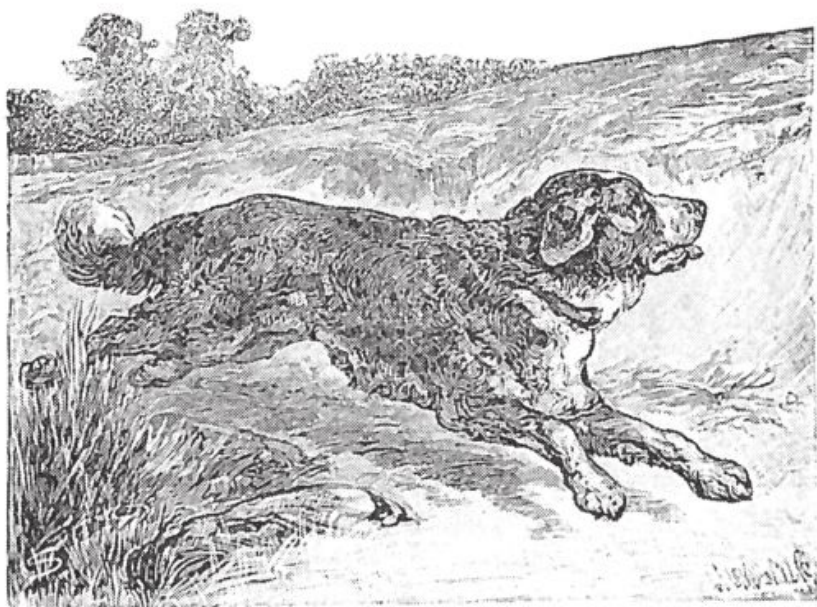
日落之后星星出，
它们高空俯视你；
清晨曙光来临时，
上帝就在你身旁。

你的一切所作所言，
他都能够看见听见；
无论工作和玩耍，
上帝就在你身边。

他知道你的欢乐和悲伤，
他看见你的微笑和眼泪；
当你向他诉说疼苦时，
相信他一定会听见。

LESSON 53

dog the ran
a o n d g r th

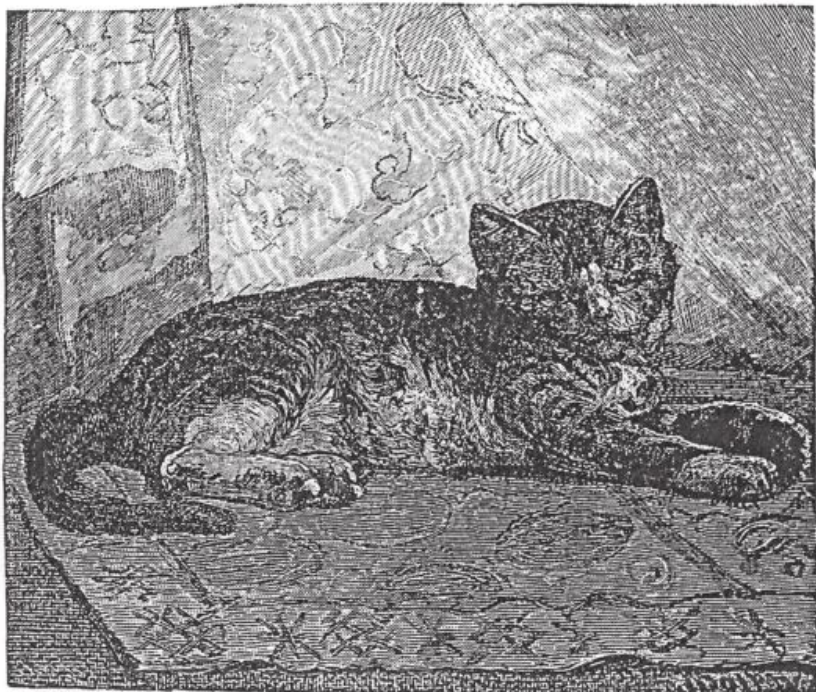


The dog.
The dog ran.

狗。
狗在跑。

(注：本书第1~52课为英文原版启蒙读本，第53~115课为英文原版第1册)

LESSON 54



cat mat is on
e t i m s

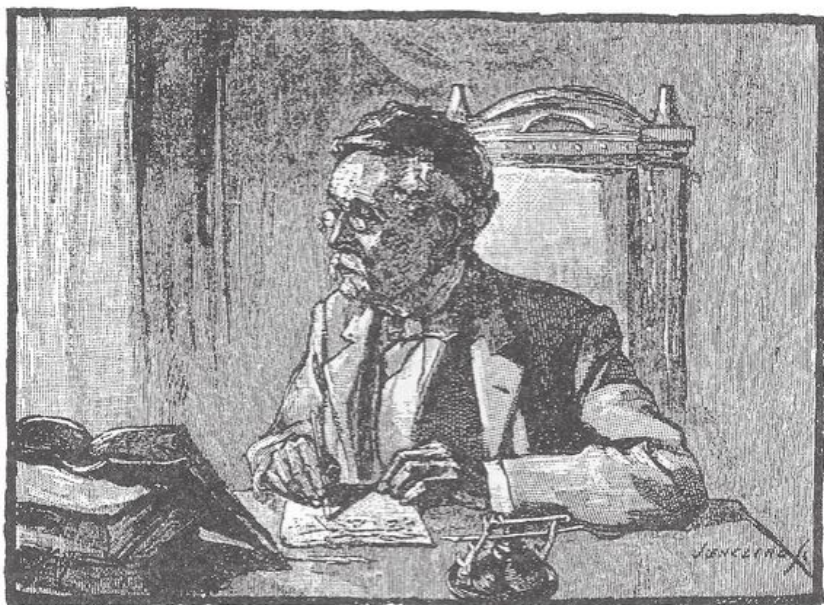
The cat.

Is the cat on the mat?
The cat is on the mat.

The mat.

猫在地毯上吗？
猫在地毯上。

LESSON 55



it his pen hand
a in has man
p h e

The man.

The man has a pen.
Is the pen in his hand?
It is in his hand.

A pen.

这个男人有一支钢笔。
钢笔在他手里吗？
钢笔在他手里。

LESSON 56



hen

fat

rat

box

big

run

from

can

f

b

x

u

A fat hen.

A big rat.

The fat hen is on the box.
The rat ran from the box.
Can the hen run?

这只肥母鸡在盒子上。
老鼠从盒子里跑了出来。
母鸡会跑开吗？

LESSON 57

Rab Ann hat catch see



e ch s

See Rab! See Ann!
See! Rab has the hat.
Can Ann catch Rab?

看看拉波！看看安！
瞧！拉波叼了顶帽子。
安能追上拉波吗？

LESSON 58

she pat too now
let me



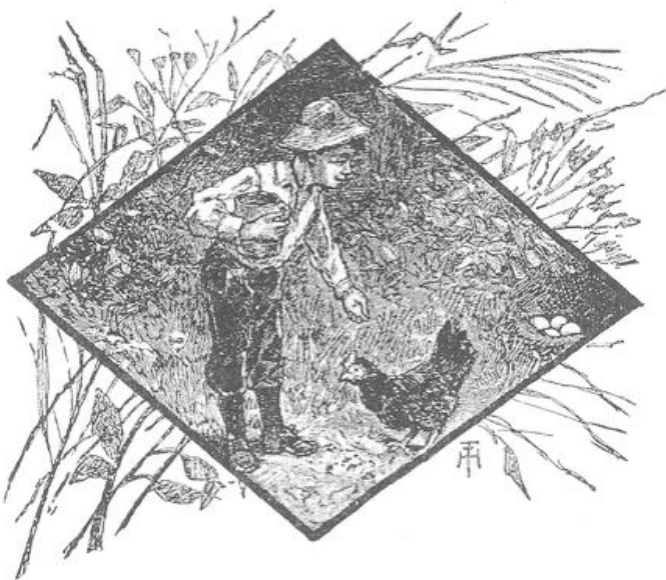
sh oo ow l

Ann can catch Rab.
See! She has the hat.
Now Ann can pat Rab.
Let me pat Rab, too.

安能够追上拉波。
瞧！她拿到了那顶帽子。
现在，安可以拍拍拉波。
也让我拍拍拉波吧。

LESSON 59

Ned *eggs* *black* *left*
fed *nest* *them* *get*



will *a black hen* *the nest*
w *ck*

Ned has fed the hen.
She is a black hen.
She has left the nest.
See the eggs in the nest!
Will the hen let Ned get
them?

内德已经喂了母鸡。
它是一只黑色的母鸡。
它离开了鸡窝。
瞧，窝里还有鸡蛋呢！
母鸡会让内德拿走鸡蛋吗？

LESSON 60

head

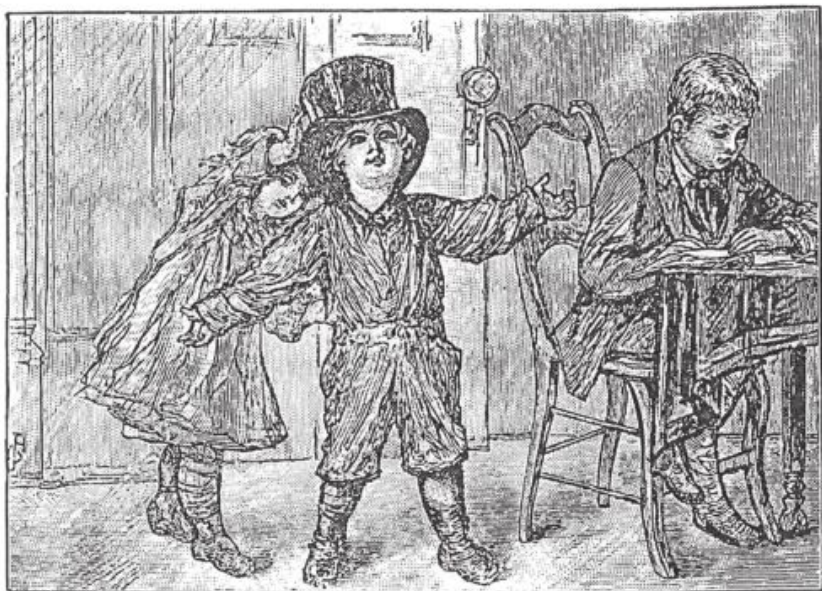
he

Nat

come

with

and



O

Let me get the black hat. Now Ned has it on his head, and he is a big man.

Come, Nat, see the big man with his black hat.

【中文阅读】

我要戴那顶黑色帽子。

内德正戴在自己的头上，成了个身材高大的人。

过来，奈特，看一下这个戴着黑色帽子的高大男人。

LESSON 61 复习

pat
hat
Rab

catch
can
Ann

has
black
fed

left
eggs
get

Ned is on the box. He has a pen in his hand. A big rat is in the box. Can the dog catch the rat?

Come with me, Ann, and see the man with a black hat on his head.

The fat hen has left the nest. Run, Nat, and get the eggs.

The cat ran. Ann ran.
The man has a hat.



The cat ran. Ann ran.
The man has a hat.

【中文阅读】

内德坐在盒子上。他手里拿了支钢笔。盒子里有只大老鼠。那只狗能抓住老鼠吗？

安，跟我来。瞧，那个头上戴着一顶黑色的帽子的人。

那只肥母鸡离开了鸡窝。跑过去，奈特，把鸡蛋捡走。

那只猫在跑。安在跑。

那个男人戴了一顶帽子。

LESSON 62



Nell some

pan him

yes do

you have

I to

i y v o

Do you see Nell?

Yes, she has a pan with some eggs in it.

Let me have the pan and the eggs, will you, Nell?

Has the black hen left the nest?

I will now run to catch Rab. Will you run, too?

【中文阅读】

你看见内尔了吗？

是的，她拿着一个盘子，里面有些鸡蛋。

把盘子和鸡蛋给我好吗，内尔？

那只黑色的母鸡离开鸡窝了吗？

我现在要跑过去抓住拉波。你也跟我一起去吗？

LESSON 63



<i>O</i>	<i>whip</i>	<i>Ben</i>
<i>up</i>	<i>still</i>	<i>sit</i>
<i>if</i>	<i>stand</i>	<i>Jip</i>
<i>o</i>	<i>wh</i>	<i>j</i>

O Ben! let me get in, will you?
Yes, if you will sit still.
Stand still, Jip, and let Ann get in.
Now, Ben, hand me the whip.
Get up, Jip!

【中文阅读】

噢，本！让我上去，好吗？
好的，除非你坐着别动。

站着别动，吉普，让安上来。

好，本，把鞭子给我。

驾，吉普！

LESSON 64

Kitty

nice

sweet

sing

just

hang

cage

then



song

pet

put

not

k g c a y n g u

Kitty has a nice pet. It can sing a sweet song.

She has just fed it.

She will now put it in the cage, and hang the cage up. Then the cat can not catch it.

【中文阅读】

凯蒂有只可爱的宠物。它会唱甜美的歌。

凯蒂刚喂过它了。

现在她要把宠物放到笼子里，把笼子挂起来。这样猫就够不着它了。

LESSON 65

Tom

top

Kitty's

at



back

look

good

doll

think

spot

th

n

oo

Look at Tom and his dog. The dog has a black spot on his back.
Do you think he is a good dog?

Tom has a big top, too. It is on the box with Kitty's doll.

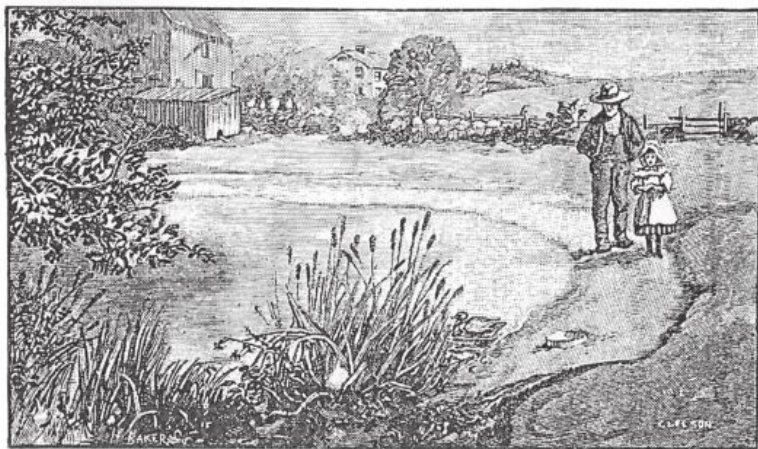
【中文阅读】

瞧，汤姆和他的狗。狗的背上有一块黑色的斑点。你认为它是一只听话的狗吗？

汤姆还有一只大陀螺。陀螺和凯蒂的娃娃一起放在盒子上。

LESSON 66

<i>sun</i>	<i>we</i>	<i>how</i>	<i>pond</i>
<i>stop</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>go</i>	<i>swim</i>
<i>her</i>	<i>us</i>	<i>hot</i>	<i>duck</i>
	<i>e</i>	<i>o</i>	



The sun is up. The man has fed the black hen and the fat duck.
Now the duck will swim in the pond. The hen has run to her
nest.

Let us not stop at the pond now, for it is hot.
See how still it is! We will go to see Tom and his top.

【中文阅读】

太阳正在升起。那个男人已经喂过黑母鸡和肥鸭子。
现在，鸭子要去池塘游泳，母鸡向窝里跑去。
我们别停留在池塘边，因为这里太热了。

瞧，这里多么安静呀！我们去看看汤姆和他的陀螺吧。

LESSON 67

John	rock	set	jump
fun	must	may	under
skip	bank	but	touch

O John! the sun has just set. It is not hot, now.

Let us run and jump. I think it is fun to run, and skip, and jump.

See the duck on the pond! Her nest is up on the bank, under the rock.

We must not touch the nest, but we may look at it.

【中文阅读】

噢，约翰！太阳刚刚落山。现在，天不热了。

让我们出去跑跑跳跳吧。我认为跑步、跳跃和跳高都很有趣。

看看池塘里的鸭子吧。它的窝在岸边的岩石下面。

我们一定不能碰它的窝，但可以看一看。

LESSON 68 复习

The sun has set, and the pond is still.

John, Ned, Ben, Tom, and Nell stand on the bank, and look at the duck.

The dog with a black spot on his back, is with Tom. See! Tom has his hat in his hand. He has left his big top on the box.

Kitty's doll is on the rock.

Nell has put her pet in the cage. It will sing a sweet song. The duck has her nest under the rock.

It is not hot now. Let us run, and skip, and jump on the bank. Do you not think it is fun?

【中文阅读】

太阳已经落山了，池塘里静悄悄。

约翰、内德、本、汤姆和内尔站在岸边看鸭子。

那条背上有块黑斑的狗和汤姆在一起。瞧，汤姆的手上拿着自己的帽子，他把大陀螺放在盒子上了。

凯蒂的娃娃在岩石上。

内尔把她的宠物放进笼子里。它将唱一支甜美的歌曲。鸭子的窝在岩石下面。

现在天不热了。让我们在岸上跑步、跳跃、跳高吧。你不觉得这很好玩吗？

LESSON 69

are ink moss this tub upset
a

The pen and the ink are on the stand. Is this a good pen? The moss is on the rock. This duck can swim. Ben upset the tub.

The pen and the ink are on the stand. Is this a good pen?
The moss is on the rock. This duck can swim.
Ben upset the tub.

【中文阅读】

讲台上放着钢笔和墨水。这是一支好钢笔吗？
苔藓长在岩石上。这只鸭子会游泳。
本把浴盆弄翻了。

LESSON 70

nut
men

did
met

shut
step

shall
into

lost
hunt

fox
mud

Will the dog hunt a fox?
Ben lost his hat. Shall I
shut the box? I met him
on the step. Did you jump
into the mud? I have a
nut. I met the men.



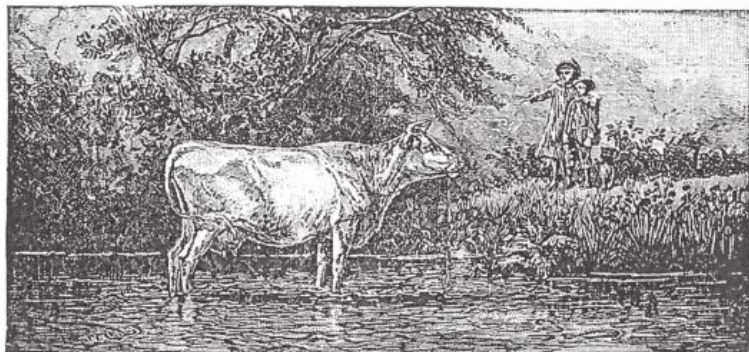
Will the dog hunt a fox?
Ben lost his hat.
Shall I shut the box?
I met him on the step.
Did you jump into the mud?
I have a nut.
I met the men.

狗会猎取狐狸吗?
本丢了他的帽子。
我应当盖上盒子吗?
我在楼梯上遇见他。
你跳进泥里去了吗?
我有一个坚果。
我遇见了那些男人。

LESSON 71

<i>Kate</i>	<i>old</i>	<i>no</i>	<i>grass</i>
<i>dear</i>	<i>likes</i>	<i>be</i>	<i>drink</i>
<i>milk</i>	<i>cow</i>	<i>out</i>	<i>gives</i>

a



O Kate! the old cow is in the pond: see her drink! Will she not come out to get some grass?

No, John, she likes to be in the pond. See how still she stands!
The dear old cow gives us sweet milk to drink.

【中文阅读】

噢，凯特！池塘里有一头老奶牛。瞧，它正在喝水！难道它不想上来吃草吗？

不，约翰，它喜欢待在池塘里。看，它站着一动也不动！
这头可爱的老奶牛为我们提供甜甜的牛奶喝。

LESSON 72



<i>mamma</i>	<i>large</i>	<i>as</i>	<i>pa pa</i>
<i>arms</i>	<i>ride</i>	<i>far</i>	<i>barn</i>
<i>both</i>	<i>Prince</i>	<i>trot</i>	<i>your</i>

Papa, will you let me ride with you on Prince? I will sit still in your arms.

See, mamma! We are both on Prince. How large he is!

Get up, Prince! You are not too fat to trot as far as the barn.

【中文阅读】

爸爸，让我和你一起骑在普林斯上好吗？我会乖乖地坐在你胳膊上不动。

看，妈妈！我们两个人都骑在普林斯背上了。它块头真大呀！

跑起来，普林斯！你也不算太胖，不至于跑不到谷仓那里吧。

LESSON 73



<i>of</i>	<i>that</i>	<i>toss</i>	<i>fall</i>
<i>well</i>	<i>Fanny</i>	<i>ball</i>	<i>wall</i>
<i>was</i>	<i>pretty</i>	<i>done</i>	<i>what</i>

a

O Fanny, what a pretty ball!
Yes; can you catch it, Ann?
Toss it to me, and see.
I will not let it fall.
That was well done.

Now, Fanny, toss it to the top of the wall, if you can.

【中文阅读】

噢，范妮，好漂亮的球呀！

是的，你能接住吗，安？

扔给我看看。

我不会让它掉在地上的。

太好了！

现在，范妮，如果可能，把球扔到墙顶上。

LESSON 74

had

went

call

might

flag

near

swam

swing



Did you call us, mamma?

I went with Tom to the pond. I had my doll, and Tom had his flag.

The fat duck swam to the bank, and we fed her. Did you think we might fall into the pond?

We did not go too near, did we, Tom?

May we go to the swing, now, mamma?

【中文阅读】

你叫我们了吗，妈妈？

我和汤姆去池塘了。我拿着我的娃娃，汤姆拿着他的旗子。

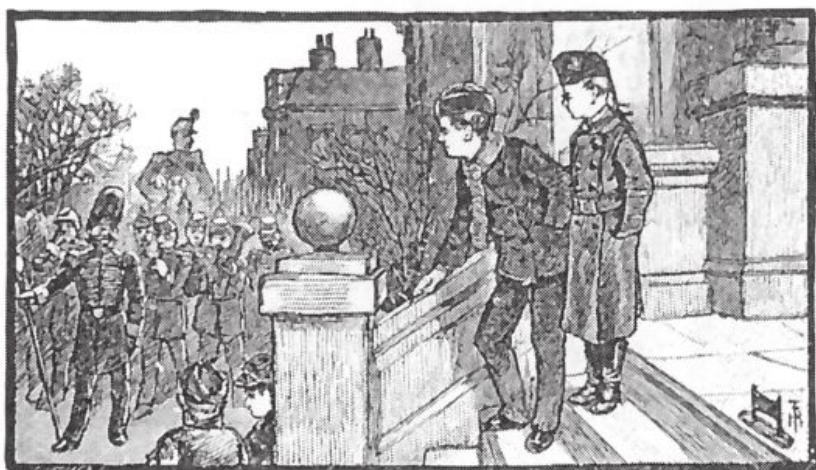
肥鸭子游到岸上，我们给它喂食。你认为我们可能会掉进池塘吗？

我们没有走得太近，是吧，汤姆？

我们现在可以去荡秋千了吧，妈妈？

LESSON 75

<i>here</i>	<i>band</i>	<i>hear</i>	<i>horse</i>
<i>play</i>	<i>they</i>	<i>pass</i>	<i>where</i>
<i>front</i>	<i>fine</i>	<i>hope</i>	<i>comes</i>



e

Here comes the band! Shall we call mamma and Fanny to see it?

Let us stand still, and hear the men play as they pass.

I hope they will stop here and play for us.

See the large man in front of the band, with his big hat. What has he in his hand? How fine he looks!

Look, too, at the man on that fine horse.

If the men do not stop, let us go with them and see where they go.

【中文阅读】

乐队来了！我们能叫妈妈和范妮一起来看吗？

当乐队经过时，我们都站着别动，听他们演奏。

我希望他们会停下来为我们演奏。

瞧，乐队前边有一个大个子，头上戴着一顶高高的帽子。他手里拿着什么？他看起来多么神气呀！

再瞧瞧骏马上的那个男人。

如果乐队不停下来，我们就跟着他们，看看他们去哪里。

LESSON 76

<i>Bess</i>	<i>happy</i>	<i>make</i>	<i>cart</i>
<i>tent</i>	<i>woods</i>	<i>little</i>	<i>very</i>
<i>bed</i>	<i>Robert</i>	<i>gone</i>	<i>draw</i>



Bess and Robert are very happy; papa and mamma have gone to the woods with them.

Robert has a big tent and a flag, and Bess has a little bed for her doll.

Jip is with them. Robert will make him draw Bess and her doll

in the cart.

【中文阅读】

贝丝和罗伯特感到非常幸福，爸爸和妈妈带他们去树林了。

罗伯特有一顶大帐篷和一面旗子，贝丝为她的娃娃准备了一张小床。

吉普和他们在一起。罗伯特要它拉着贝丝和马车里的娃娃。

LESSON 77

James

made

my

sport

lap

doll's



Mary

sang

lay

spade

dig

sand

said y

“Kate, will you play with me?” said James. “We will dig in the sand with this little spade. That will be fine sport.”

“Not now James” said Kate; “for I must make my doll's bed. Get Mary to play with you.”

James went to get Mary to play with him. Then Kate made the doll's bed.

She sang a song to her doll, and the doll lay very still in her lap.

Did the doll hear Kate sing?

【中文阅读】

“凯特，跟我一起玩好吗？”詹姆斯说，“我们用这把小铲子在沙地上挖个坑。这是项不错的运动。”

“现在不行，詹姆斯，”凯特说，“因为我必须给娃娃铺床。找玛丽玩吧。”

詹姆斯去找玛丽跟他一起玩。然后凯特去给娃娃铺床。

她给娃娃唱了一首歌，娃娃静静地躺在她的膝盖上。

娃娃听见凯特唱歌了吗？

LESSON 78

its shade brook picks all
by help stones glad soft



Kate has left her doll in its little bed, and has gone to play with Mary and James. They are all in the shade, now, by the brook.

James digs in the soft sand with his spade, and Mary picks up little stones and puts them in her lap.

James and Mary are glad to see Kate. She will help them pick up stones and dig, by the little brook.

【中文阅读】

凯特把她的娃娃放在床上，然后去找玛丽和詹姆斯一起玩。他们现在都在小溪边的树阴下。

詹姆斯用他的小铲子在松软的沙子上挖坑，玛丽在捡小石子，然后放在膝盖上。

詹姆斯和玛丽看见凯特非常高兴。凯特将帮助他们在小溪边捡石子，挖坑。

LESSON 79 复习

“What shall we do?”said Fanny to John.“I do not like to sit still. Shall we hunt for eggs in the barn?”

“No”said John;“I like to play on the grass. Will not papa let us catch Prince, and go to the big woods?”

“We can put the tent in the cart, and go to some nice spot where the grass is soft and sweet.”

“That will be fine,”said Fanny.“I will get my doll, and give her a ride with us.”

“Yes,”said John,“and we will get mamma to go, too. She will hang up a swing for us in the shade.”

【中文阅读】

“我们做些什么？”范妮对约翰说。“我不愿这么呆坐着。我们去谷仓里找鸡蛋吧？”

“不，”约翰说，“我喜欢在草地玩。爸爸让不让我们骑着普林斯去大树林吗？”

“我们可以把帐篷放进马车里，然后去找片草地，草地上的草又柔软又芳香。”

“这样挺好。”范妮说，“我去拿我的娃娃，让她和我们一起骑马。”

“好的。”约翰说，“我们还要请妈妈跟我们一起去。她会在阴凉的地方给我们搭一个秋千。”

LESSON 80

*peep
take*

*while
sleep*



tuck safe oh wet feet

chick can't feels wing

Peep, peep! Where have you gone, little chick? Are you lost?
Can't you get back to the hen?

Oh, here you are! I will take you back. Here, hen, take this
little chick under your wing.

Now, chick, tuck your little, wet feet under you, and go to sleep
for a while.

Peep, peep! How safe the little chick feels now!

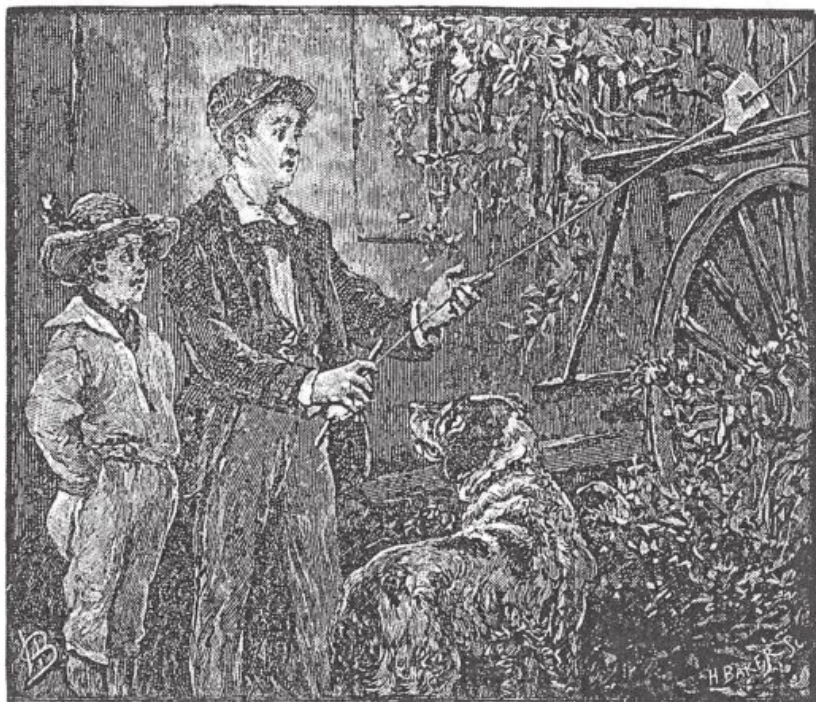
【中文阅读】

吱吱，吱吱！你到哪里了，小鸡？你迷路了吗？你回不到母鸡妈妈身边了吗？

噢，你在这里！我带你回去。这儿，母鸡，把这只小鸡带回来，放在你的翅膀下面。

小鸡，现在把你弄湿的小脚丫缩在你身下，然后睡一会。
吱吱，吱吱！现在小鸡感到多么安全呀！

LESSON 81



wind *time* *there* *fence*

kite *high* *eyes* *bright*

flies *why* *day* *shines*

This is a fine day. The sun shines bright. There is a good wind, and my kite flies high. I can just see it.

The sun shines in my eyes; I will stand in the shade of this high fence.

Why, here comes my dog! He was under the cart. Did you see

him there?

What a good time we have had! Are you not glad that we did not go to the woods with John?

The pond is still. How it shines in the hot sun! Let us go into the woods where we can sit in the shade.



The pond is still. How it shines in the hot sun!

Let us go into the woods where we can sit in the shade.

【中文阅读】

天气晴朗，阳光明媚，风和日丽。我的风筝飞得高高的，我刚好能够看得见。

阳光刺眼睛，我站在高篱笆的阴凉下。

哎呀，我的狗来了！它在二轮马车底下。你看见它了吗？

我们度过了一段多么美好的时光呀！我们没带约翰去树林，你不高兴了吧？

池塘静悄悄。在炎热的阳光下闪闪发光！

我们去树林里吧，我们可以坐在树阴下。

LESSON 82

<i>wish</i>	<i>float</i>	<i>tie</i>	<i>know</i>
<i>rope</i>	<i>boat</i>	<i>try</i>	<i>shore</i>
<i>give</i>	<i>pole</i>	<i>don't</i>	<i>push</i>
<i>drag</i>	<i>won't</i>	<i>oar</i>	<i>funny</i>



“Kate, I wish we had a boat to put the dolls in. Don't you?”

“I know what we can do. We can get the little tub, and tie a rope to it, and drag it to the pond. This will float with the dolls in it, and we can get a pole to push it from the shore.”

“What a funny boat, Kate! A tub for a boat, and a pole for an oar! Won't it upset?”

“We can try it, Nell, and see.”

“Well you get the tub, and I will get a pole and a rope. We will put both dolls in the tub, and give them a ride.”

The dolls had a nice ride
to the pond. A soft wind
made the tub float out.
Nell let the pole fall on
the tub, and upset it.



The dolls had a nice ride to the pond.

A soft wind made the tub float out.

Nell let the pole fall on the tub, and upset it.

【中文阅读】

“凯特，我希望我们有一条船把布娃娃们放进去。你说呢？”

“我知道怎么做。我们可以拿一个小浴盆，把一根绳子系在上面，拖到池塘里。布娃娃就会和浴盆一起漂流，我们可以拿根竿子从岸上推它走。”

“多有趣的一条船呀，凯特！浴盆当船，竿子当桨！它不会翻吧？”

“我们可以试一试，内尔，看看怎么样。”

“好的，你去找浴盆，我去找竿子和绳子。我们把两个布娃娃都放进去，让它们一起乘船。”

两个布娃娃在池塘里乘船很舒服。

微风吹来，浴盆飘走了。

内尔把竿子放在浴盆上，把浴盆弄翻了。

LESSON 83

<i>bound</i>	<i>Rose</i>	<i>called</i>	<i>got</i>
<i>drown</i>	<i>found</i>	<i>brave</i>	<i>came</i>



<i>Ponto</i>	<i>jumped</i>	<i>mouth</i>
<i>around</i>	<i>brought</i>	<i>water</i>

“Here, Ponto! Here, Ponto!” Kate called to her dog. “Come, and get the dolls out of the pond.”

Rose went under, but she did not drown. Bess was still on the top of the water.

Ponto came with a bound, and jumped into the pond. He swam around, and got Bess in his mouth, and brought her to the shore.

Ponto then found Rose, and brought her out, too.
Kate said, "Good, old Ponto! Brave old dog!"
What do you think of Ponto?

【中文阅读】

“过来，庞托！过来，庞托！”凯特向她的狗喊道。“快去把布娃娃从池塘里救上来！”

罗丝已经沉到水底下去了，但她没有被淹死。贝丝仍然漂在水上面。

庞托猛跳过来，一头扎进池塘里。他游到附近，将贝丝叼在嘴里，把她带到岸上。

然后，庞托又找到了罗丝，也把她带了上来。

凯特说：“好极了，老庞托！勇敢的老庞托！”

你认为庞托怎么样？

LESSON 84

<i>June</i>	<i>Lucy's</i>	<i>air</i>	<i>kind</i>
<i>trees</i>	<i>singing</i>	<i>blue</i>	<i>when</i>
<i>pure</i>	<i>says</i>	<i>sky</i>	<i>picnic</i>



u

a

What a bright June day! The air is pure. The sky is as blue as it can be.

Lucy and her mamma are in the woods. They have found a nice

spot, where there is some grass.

They sit in the shade of the trees, and Lucy is singing.

The trees are not large, but they make a good shade.

Lucy's kind mamma says that they will have a picnic when her papa can get a tent.

【中文阅读】

六月天阳光多明媚呀！空气清新，天空蔚蓝。

露西和她妈妈在树林里。他们找到了一块好地方，那里有很多青草。

她们坐在树阴下，露西在唱歌。

树并不太高大，但遮出了一片凉快的树阴。

慈爱的露西妈妈说，等爸爸搭好帐篷后，他们就要开始野餐了。

LESSON 85 复习

James and Robert have gone into the shade of a high wall to play ball.

Mary and Lucy have come up from the pond near by, with brave old Ponto, to see them play.

When they toss the ball up in the air, and try to catch it, Ponto runs to get it in his mouth.

Now the ball is lost. They all look for it under the trees and in the grass; but they can not see it. Where can it be?

See! Ponto has found it. Here he comes with it. He will lay it at little Lucy's feet, or put it in her hand.

【中文阅读】

詹姆斯和罗伯特已经去高墙下的阴凉处打球了。

玛丽和露西带着勇敢的老狗庞托从附近的池塘走来，来看他们打球。

当他们把球抛向空中，想接住时，庞托跑过去接住球叼在嘴里了。

现在球丢了。他们都在树下和草地找，但谁也没找着。球会在哪里呢？

瞧！庞托找到了。他带着球跑了过来。他将把球放在小露西的脚边，或放在她手里。

LESSON 86

<i>boy</i>	<i>our</i>	<i>spoil</i>	<i>hurrah</i>
<i>own</i>	<i>coil</i>	<i>noise</i>	<i>fourth</i>
<i>such</i>	<i>join</i>	<i>thank</i>	<i>about</i>
<i>hoist</i>	<i>pay</i>	<i>July</i>	<i>playing</i>

oi



“Papa, may we have the big flag?” said James.

“What can my little boy do with such a big flag?”

“Hoist it on our tent, papa. We are playing Fourth of July.”

“Is that what all this noise is about? Why not hoist your own flags?”

“Oh! they are too little.”

“You might spoil my flag.”

“Then we will all join to pay for it. But we will not spoil it, papa.”

“Take it, then, and take the coil of rope with it.”

“Oh! thank you. Hurrah for the flag, boys!”

【中文阅读】

“爸爸，我们能用一下那面大旗子吗？”詹姆斯问道。

“我的小男子汉们用一面这么大的旗子干嘛呀？”

“我要在我们的帐篷上举起它，我们正在玩七月四日美国独立的游戏呢。”

“你们就为这个吵吵嚷嚷吗？为什么不升起自己的旗子？”

“噢，它们太小了。”

“你们可能会弄坏我的旗子。”

“那样我们就一起赔偿您。但是，我们是不会弄坏的，爸爸。”

“拿去吧，并把绳圈也拿走。”

“噢，谢谢您！太好啦！旗子拿到了，伙计们！”

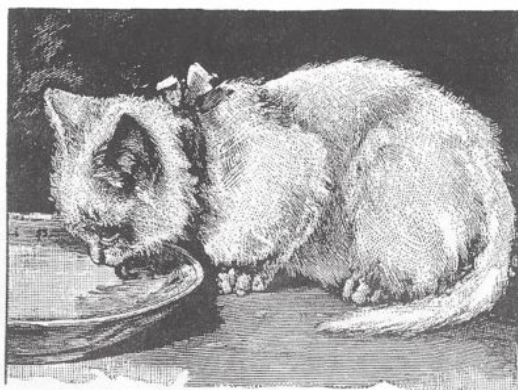
LESSON 87

finished

bonnet

lesson

saved



white

away

I've

am

work

scamper

ready

garden

Kitty, my pretty, white kitty,

Why do you scamper away ?

I've finished my work and my lesson,

And now I am ready for play.

Come, kitty, my own little kitty,

I've saved you some milk come and see,

Now drink while I put on my bonnet,

And play in the garden with me.

THE WHITE KITTEN

Kitty, my pretty, white kitty.

Why do you scamper away?
I've finished my work and my lesson,
And now I am ready for play.

Come, kitty, my own little kitty,
I've saved you some milk come and see.
Now drink while I put on my bonnet,
And play in the garden with me.

【中文阅读】

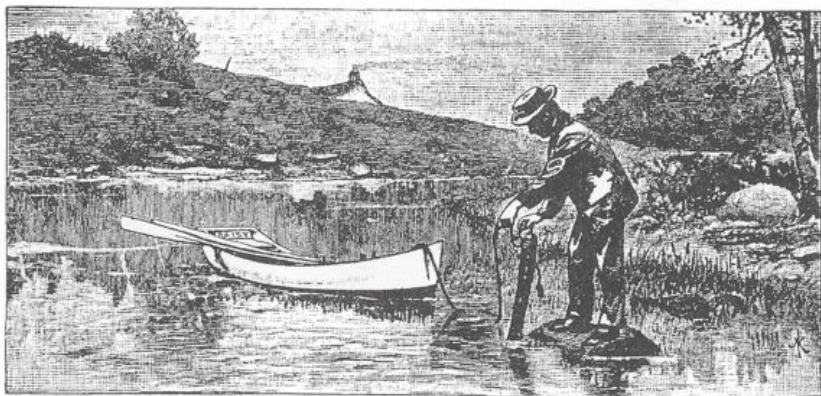
白色的猫咪

猫咪，我可爱的、白色的猫咪，
你为什么蹦蹦跳跳地离开？
我已经完成了我的工作和功课，
现在我要准备玩了。

来，猫咪，我的小猫咪，
我给你省出了些牛奶，过来看看；
我戴上我的儿童帽，你喝着牛奶，
然后和我一起到花园玩儿吧。

LESSON 88

are *always* *line* *Frank*
row *been* *keeps* *home*



Frank has a pretty boat. It is white, with a black line near the water.

He keeps it in the pond, near his home. He always takes good care of it.

Frank has been at work in the garden, and will now row a while.

【中文阅读】

弗兰克有一条漂亮的小船。船是白色的，在靠近水面的地方有一条黑线。

他把船停靠在家附近的池塘里。他总是小心地养护船。

弗兰克在花园里干完活了，现在他可以去划一会船了。

LESSON 89

much
seen

one
grandma

yet
corn

hungry
would

o



“What is that?” said Lucy, as she came out on the steps. “Oh, it is a little boat! What a pretty one it is!”

“I will give it to you when it is finished,”said John, kindly. “Would you like to have it?”

“Yes, very much, thank you, John. Has grandma seen it?”

“Not yet; we will take it to her by and by. What have you in your pan, Lucy?”

“Some corn for my hens, John; they must be very hungry by this time.”

【中文阅读】

“那是什么？”露西从台阶上走下来，问道。“噢，是条小船。多么漂亮的小船呀！”

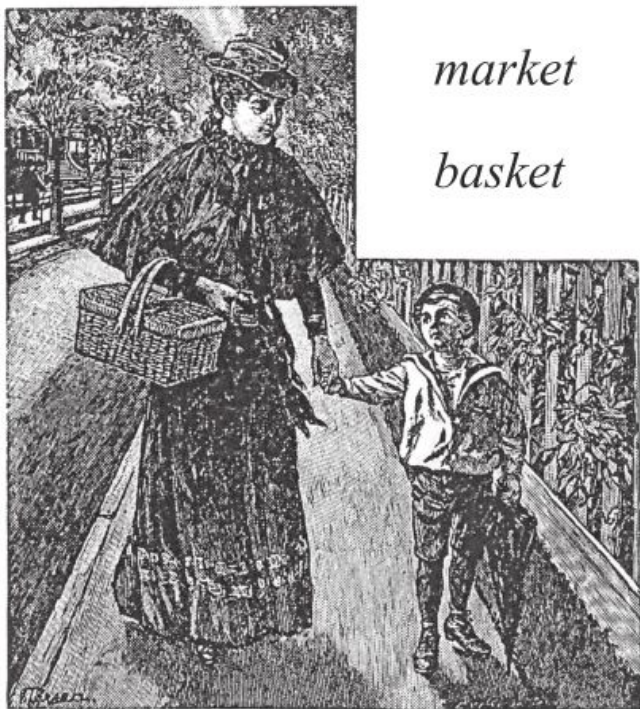
“等做完后，我把它送给你。”约翰亲切地说，“你喜欢吗？”

“想要，非常想要，谢谢你，约翰。奶奶见过了吗？”

“还没有，我们以后会给她看的。你的锅里是什么，露西？”

“是一些给母鸡吃的玉米，约翰。它们现在一定很饿了。”

LESSON 90



market

bread

basket

bought

meat

tea

trying

tell

which

James has been to market with his mamma.

She has bought some bread, some meat, and some tea, which are in the basket on her arm.

James is trying to tell his mamma what he has seen in the market.

【中文阅读】

詹姆斯和妈妈来到了市场。

妈妈买了些面包、肉和茶，并把它放进胳膊上挎着的篮子里。

詹姆斯正想告诉妈妈他在市场上都看到了什么。

LESSON 91

reads so wears please

could hair

fast love

easy gray

chair who



glasses

See my dear, old grandma in her easy-chair! How gray her hair is! She wears glasses when she reads.

She is always kind, and takes such good care of me that I like to do what she tells me.

When she says, "Robert, will you get me a drink?" I run as fast as I can to get it for her. Then she says, "Thank you, my boy."

Would you not love a dear, good grandma, who is so kind? And would you not do all you could to please her?

【中文阅读】

看见我亲爱的老奶奶了吧，她正躺在安乐椅上！她的头发都灰白了！她看书时，要戴上眼镜。

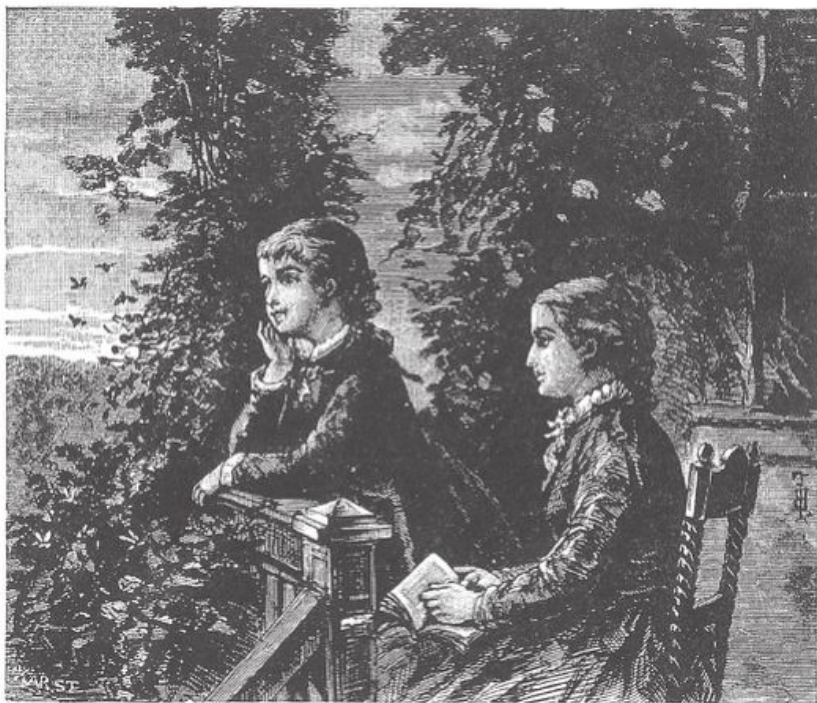
她总是非常和蔼，对我特别照顾，我愿意听她的话。

当她说：“罗伯特，你能给我拿点喝的来吗？”我立刻跑去给她拿来。然后她就说：“谢谢你，我的乖孩子。”

你难道不喜欢这么一位可爱、善良的奶奶吗？你难道不愿意做一切能让她高兴的事情吗？

LESSON 92

does wonder mother other
bee honey listen flower



“Come here, Lucy, and listen! What is in this flower?”

“O mother! it is a bee. I wonder how it came to be shut up in the flower!”

“It went into the flower for some honey, and it may be it went to sleep. Then the flower shut it in.

“The bee likes honey as well as we do, but it does not like to be shut up in the flower.

“Shall we let it out, Lucy?”

“Yes; then it can go to other flowers, and get honey.”

【中文阅读】

“过来，露西，听，花里面是什么？”

“噢，妈妈！是一只蜜蜂。奇怪，它怎么会被关在花里面！”

“它飞进花里去采蜜，后来可能睡着了，然后花就把它关在里面了。

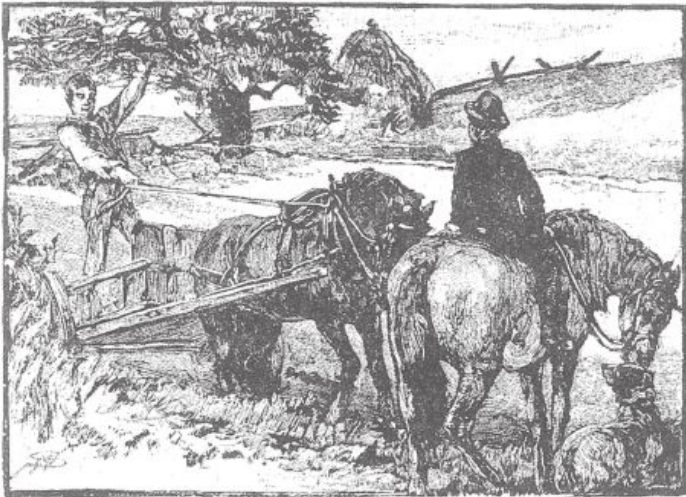
“蜜蜂和我们一样喜欢花蜜，但它一定不喜欢被关在花里。”

“我们把它弄出来好吗，露西？”

“好的，这样它能够飞到其他花那儿采蜜了。”

LESSON 93

<i>best</i>	<i>hitched</i>	<i>their</i>	<i>should</i>
<i>or</i>	<i>riding</i>	<i>live</i>	<i>holds</i>
<i>hay</i>	<i>driving</i>	<i>tight</i>	<i>early</i>



Here come Frank and James White. Do you know where they live?

Frank is riding a horse, and James is driving one hitched to a cart. They are out very early in the day. How happy they are!

See how well Frank rides, and how tight James holds the lines!

The boys should be kind to their horses. It is not best to whip them.

When they have done riding, they will give the horses some hay or corn.

Some horses can trot very fast. Would you like to ride fast? One day I saw a dog hitched to a little cart. The cart had some corn in it.



Some horses can trot very fast.
Would you like to ride fast?
One day I saw a dog hitched up a little cart.
The cart had some corn in it.

【中文阅读】

弗兰克和詹姆斯·怀特过来了。你知道他们住在哪儿吗？
弗兰克骑着一匹马，詹姆斯赶着一辆马车。今天他们出来得很早。他们多高兴呀！

瞧，弗兰克骑得多好呀！詹姆斯把缰绳抓得多紧呀！
男孩们应当善待他们的马。鞭打它们不是最好的办法。
他们骑完马之后，会给马喂些干草或玉米。

有些马能小跑得很快。
你喜欢骑快马吗？
一天，我看见一只狗被套在一辆小的二轮马车上。
车上有些玉米。

LESSON 94

looking

thought

picking

heard

chirp

were

told

search

dearly

young

girl

loved

birds



children

besides

A little girl went in search of flowers for her mother. It was early in the day, and the grass was wet. Sweet little birds were singing all around her.

And what do you think she found besides flowers? A nest with young birds in it.

While she was looking at them, she heard the mother bird chirp, as if she said, "Do not touch my children, little girl, for I love them dearly."

The little girl now thought how dearly her own mother loved her.

So she left the birds. Then picking some flowers, she went home, and told her mother what she had seen and heard.

【中文阅读】

一个小女孩出去给妈妈采花。天很早，草还是湿的。漂亮的小鸟在她周围唱歌。

除了花之外，你认为她还发现了什么？一个鸟窝，里面有许多刚出生的小鸟。

当小女孩盯着它们看时，她听见鸟妈妈叽叽喳喳地叫，好像在说：“小姑娘，别碰我的孩子，我深深地爱着它们。”

小女孩此刻想起了自己的妈妈是多么地爱她。

所以，她离开了那些鸟。采了些花后，她回到了家，告诉了妈妈她的一切所见所闻。

LESSON 95

eight

ask

after

town

past

ah

ticket

right

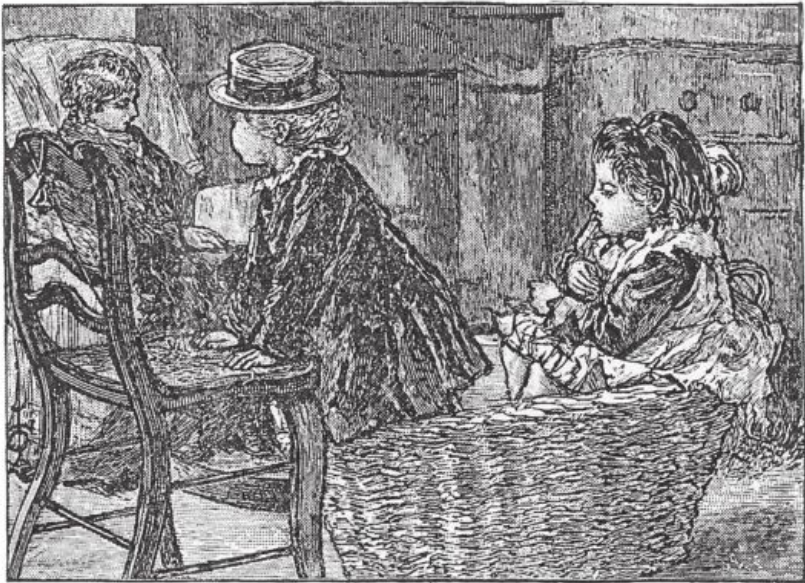
half

two

train

ding

lightning



“Mamma, will you go to town?”

“What do you ask for a ticket on your train?”

“Oh! we will give you a ticket, mamma.”

“About what time will you get back?”

“At half past eight.”

“Ah! that is after bedtime. Is this the fast train?”

“Yes, this is the lightning train.”

“Oh! that is too fast for me.”

“What shall we get for you in town, mamma?”

“A big basket, with two good little children in it.”

“All right! Time is up! Ding, ding!”

【中文阅读】

“妈妈，你要去小镇上吗？”

“你们的火车票多少钱呢？”

“噢！我们给你一张票，妈妈。”

“你们大约几点回来？”

“八点半。”

“啊！那已经过了睡觉时间了。这是辆快车吗？”

“是的，这是辆快速火车。”

“噢，对我来说，太快了。”

“妈妈，我们从小镇上给你买些什么回来？”

“一个大篮子，里面坐着两个听话的小孩。”

“好的！时间到了！叮，叮！”

LESSON 96

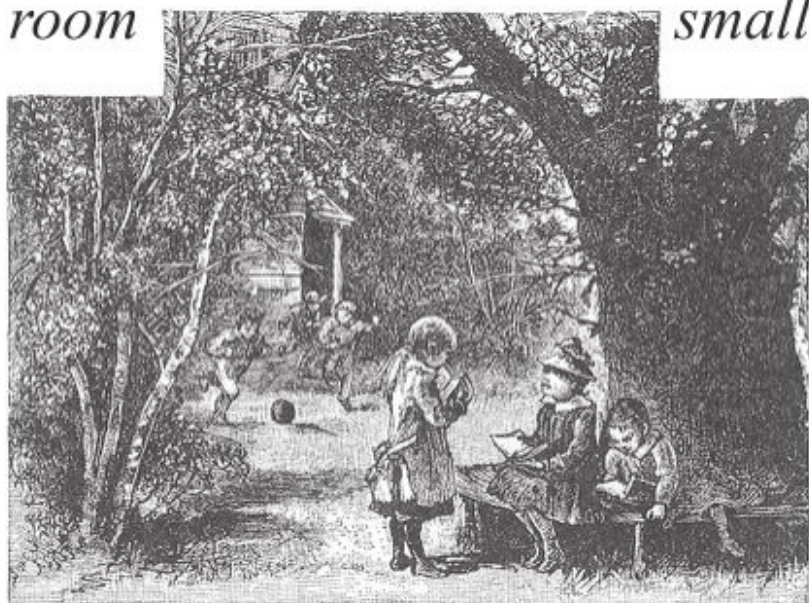
school

even

three

room

small



book

teacher

noon

rude

reading

poor

It is noon, and the school is out. Do you see the children at play? Some run and jump, some play ball, and three little girls play school under a tree.

What a big room for such a small school!

Mary is the teacher. They all have books in their hands, and Fanny is reading.

They are all good girls, and would not be rude even in playing

school.

Kate and Mary listen to Fanny as she reads from her book.

What do you think she is reading about? I will tell you. It is about a poor little boy who was lost in the woods.

When Fanny has finished, the three girls will go home.

In a little while, too, the boys will give up their playing.

【中文阅读】

中午，学校放学了。你看见孩子们在玩耍吗？一些孩子在蹦蹦跳跳，一些在踢球，有三个小女孩在树下玩上课游戏。

这么小的学校竟有这么一个大教室！

玛丽是位老师。她们手里都拿着书，范妮正在读书。

她们都是好女孩，即使在玩上课游戏时也不会不懂礼貌。

范妮在读书，凯特和玛丽在听。

你认为她在读什么呢？我来告诉你。这是一个可怜的小男孩在森林里迷路的故事。

当范妮讲完之后，三个女孩就要回家了。

再过一会儿，男孩们的游戏也该结束了。

LESSON 97

<i>apple</i>	<i>mew</i>	<i>tease</i>	<i>cracker</i>
<i>down</i>	<i>new</i>	<i>silly</i>	<i>asleep</i>
<i>wants</i>	<i>calls</i>	<i>knew</i>	<i>friends</i>
<i>upon</i>	<i>flew</i>	<i>Poll</i>	<i>Polly</i>



Lucy has a new pet. Do you know what kind of bird it is? Lucy calls her Polly.

Polly can say, "Poor Poll! Poor Poll! Polly wants a cracker;" and she can mew like a cat.

But Polly and the cat are not good friends. One day Polly flew down, and lit upon the cat's back when she was asleep.

I think she knew the cat would not like that, and she did it to tease her.

When Lucy pets the cat, Polly flies up into the old apple tree, and will not come when she calls her. Then Lucy says, "What a silly bird!"

【中文阅读】

露西养了一只新的宠物。你知道它是什么鸟吗？露西叫它波利。

波利会说：“可怜的鹦鹉！可怜的鹦鹉！波利想要一块饼干。”另外，它还会喵喵地学猫叫。

但是波利和猫不是好朋友。一天，当猫睡着时，波利飞下来，落在了猫的背上。

我认为，波利知道猫不喜欢这样，它这么做是欺负猫。

当露西跟猫玩耍时，波利就飞到那颗老苹果树上。露西叫它时，它也不飞下来。然后露西就说：“多么淘气的鸟呀！”

LESSON 98 复习

“Well, children, did you have a nice time in the woods?”

“Oh yes, mother, such a good time! See what sweet flowers we found, and what soft moss. The best flowers are for grandma. Won't they please her?”

“Yes; and it will please grandma to know that you thought of her.”



“Rab was such a good dog, mother. We left him under the big tree by the brook, to take care of the dolls and the basket. When we came back, they were all safe. No one could get them while Rab was there. We gave him some of the crackers from the basket.”

“O mother, how the birds did sing in the woods!

“Fanny said she would like to be a bird, and have a nest in a tree. But I think she would want to come home to sleep.”

“If she were a bird, her nest would be her home. But what would mother do, I wonder, without her little Fanny?”

【中文阅读】

“孩子们，你们在树林里玩得高兴吗？”

“噢，妈妈，我们玩得高兴极了！瞧，我们采的花多么漂亮呀，青苔多么柔软呀。这些最漂亮的花是给奶奶的。这些花会令奶奶高兴吧？”

“会呀，知道你们惦记着她，奶奶会很高兴的。”

“妈妈，拉波真是一条好狗。我们把它留在小溪边的大树旁，让它照看布娃娃和篮子。当我们回来时，布娃娃和篮子都安然无恙的在那里。只要拉波在那里，就没有人能拿走它们。我们从篮子里拿了些饼干给拉波吃。”

“噢，妈妈，鸟是怎么在树林里唱歌的？”

“范妮说，她想变成一只鸟，并在树上垒个窝。但是我觉得她是想回家睡觉了。”

“如果她是一只鸟，她的窝就是她的家。我不知道，没有小范妮，妈妈该怎么办呢？”

LESSON 99

beach shells these seat

waves going ever sea

watch evening lazy side



These boys and girls live near the sea. They have been to the beach. It is now evening, and they are going home.

John, who sits on the front seat, found some pretty shells. They

are in the basket by his side.

Ben White is driving. He holds the lines in one hand, and his whip in the other.

Robert has his hat in his hand, and is looking at the horses. He thinks they are very lazy; they do not trot fast.

The children are not far from home. In a little while the sun will set, and it will be bedtime.

Have you ever been at the seaside? Is it not good sport to watch the big waves, and to play on the wet sand?

【中文阅读】

这些男孩和女孩住在大海附近。他们到海边了。现在是傍晚，他们正在回家的路上。

约翰坐在前面座位上，他找到了一些贝壳，贝壳放在他身边的篮子里。

本·怀特在驾车。他一只手抓着缰绳，另一只手拿着鞭子。

罗伯特手里拿着顶帽子，看着马。他认为马太懒，跑得不快。

孩子们离家并不远。再过一会，太阳就要落山了，睡觉的时间就到了。

你到过海边吗？观看高大的海浪，在湿润的沙滩上玩，难道不是一项很好的体育活动吗？

LESSON 100

log

quiet

proud

pulled

fish

stump

river

father



One evening Frank's father said to him, "Frank, would you like to go with me to catch some fish?"

"Yes; may I go? and with you, father?"

"Yes, Frank, with me."

"Oh, how glad I am!"

Here they are, on the bank of a river. Frank has just pulled a fine fish out of the water. How proud he feels!

See what a nice, quiet spot they have found. Frank has the stump of a big tree for his seat, and his father sits on a log nearby. They like the sport.

【中文阅读】

一天傍晚，弗兰克的父亲对他说：“弗兰克，你愿意和我一起去钓鱼吗？”

“愿意，我能去吗？和你一起去，爸爸？”

“是的，弗兰克，和我一起去。”

“噢，我太高兴了！”

他们来到河边，坐在岸边。弗兰克刚刚把一条大鱼钓出水面。他感觉好骄傲呀！

瞧，他们找到了一个多么美丽、多么安静的地方呀！弗兰克坐在一棵大树的树桩上，爸爸则坐在附近的一根原木上。他们喜欢钓鱼这项运动。

LESSON 101

rain
say
drops

outside
window
sometimes

often
sound
only

pitter
patter
music

I wish, Mamma you would tell me where the rain comes from. Does it come from the sky? And when the little drops pitter-patter on the window do you think they are playing with me? I can not work or read, for I love to listen to them. I often think their sound is pretty music. But the rain keeps children at home and sometimes I do not like that; then,

The little raindrops only say,
"Pit, pitter, patter, pat;
While we play on the out-side,
Why can't you play on that?"

I wish, Mamma you would tell me where the rain comes from. Does it come from the sky? And when the little drops pitter-patter on the window do you think they are playing with me? I can not work or read, for I love to listen to them. I often think their sound is pretty music. But the rain keeps children at home and sometimes I do not like that, then.

The little raindrops only say, "Pit, pitter, patter, pat; While we play on the outside, Why can't you play on that?"

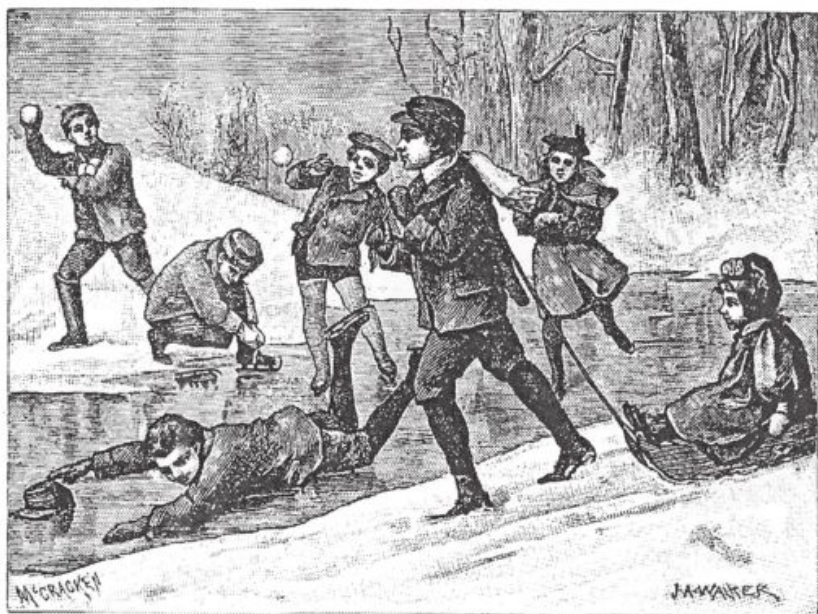
【中文阅读】

妈妈，我希望你能告诉我雨是从哪里来的。是来自天空吗？当小雨滴噼里啪啦地敲打窗户时，你认为他们是在跟我玩吗？我无法学习，无法看书，因为我喜欢听雨滴声。我经常认为，他们的声音非常像音乐。但是雨也将孩子们留在家中，有时候我也不喜欢。

小雨滴只说道：“噼里啪啦，啪嗒啪嗒；我们在外面玩，你为什么不能在外面玩？”

LESSON 102

<i>sled</i>	<i>throw</i>	<i>winter</i>	<i>hurt</i>
<i>ice</i>	<i>cover</i>	<i>Henry</i>	<i>next</i>
<i>skate</i>	<i>ground</i>	<i>merry</i>	<i>snow</i>
<i>sister</i>	<i>laughing</i>	<i>pair</i>	



I like winter, when snow and ice cover the ground. What fun it is to throw snowballs, and to skate on the ice!

See the boys and girls! How merry they are! Henry has his sled, and draws his little sister. There they go!

I think Henry is kind, for his sister is too small to skate.

Look! Did you see that boy fall down? But I see he is not hurt, for he is laughing.

Some other boys have just come to join in the sport. See them put on their skates.

Henry says, that he hopes his father will get a pair of skates for his sister next winter.

【中文阅读】

我喜欢冬天，雪和冰覆盖了大地。扔雪球、滑冰，多么有趣呀！

瞧，那些男孩和女孩！他们多么快活呀！亨利有一个雪橇，拉着他的小妹妹。

我认为亨利非常善良，因为他妹妹太小，不会滑冰。

看！你看见那个男孩摔倒了吗？但是我认为他没有受伤，因为他还在笑呢。

一些其他的男孩子们刚刚加入了滑冰队伍。看，他们穿上了冰鞋。

亨利说，他希望明年冬天，爸爸能给妹妹买一双冰鞋。

LESSON 103

paw *polite*

means *isn't*

speak *sir*

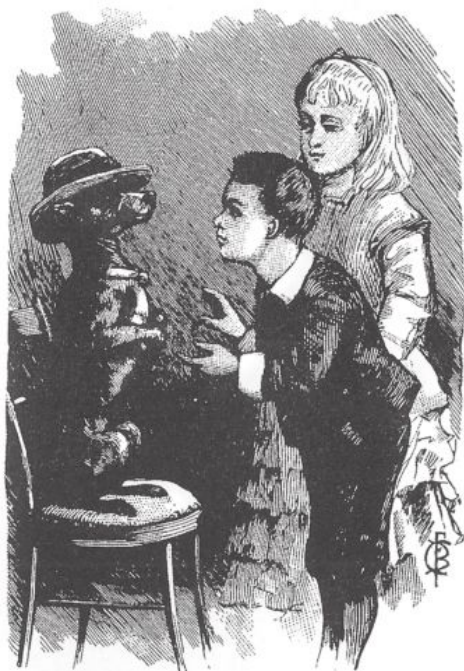
shake *Fido*

tricks *teach*

dinner

Ellen

bowwow



Ellen, do look at Fido! He sits up in a chair, with my hat on. He looks like a little boy; but it is only Fido.

Now see him shake hands. Give me your paw, Fido. How do you do, sir? Will you take dinner with us. Fido? Speak!

Fido says, "Bowwow," which means, "Thank you, I will."

Isn't Fido a good dog, Ellen? He is always so polite.

When school is out, I will try to teach him some other tricks.

【中文阅读】

艾伦，来看看弗艾多！它坐在椅子上，戴着我的帽子。它看起来像一个小男孩，但它就是弗艾多。

现在，它在摇手。给我你的小爪子，弗艾多。你好，先生。你愿意和我们一起吃晚饭吗？弗艾多，说话！

弗艾多说：“汪汪汪。”意思是，“谢谢你，我愿意。”

艾伦，难道弗艾多不是一条好狗吗？它总是这么有礼貌。
放学后，我会设法教它一些其他的游戏。

LESSON 104

puss

shed

pain

way

stole

saw

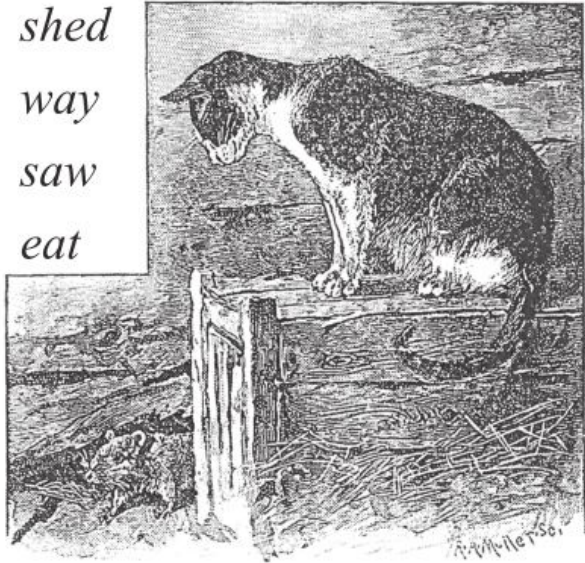
hid

eat

Hattie

suffer

sorry



something

caught

tried

Nero

“O Hattie! I just saw a large rat in the shed; and old Nero tried to catch it.”

“Did he catch it, Frank?”

“No; Nero did not; but the old cat did.”

“My cat?”

“No, it was the other one.”

“Do tell me how she got it, Frank. Did she run after it?”

“No, that was not the way. Puss was hid on a big box. The rat stole out, and she jumped at it and caught it.”

“Poor rat! It must have been very hungry; it came out to get something to eat.”

“Why, Hattie, you are not sorry puss got the rat, are you?”

“No, I can not say I am sorry she got it; but I do not like to see even a rat suffer pain.”

【中文阅读】

“噢，海蒂！我刚看见仓库里有一只大老鼠，老尼禄试图抓住它。”

“尼禄抓住老鼠了吗，弗兰克？”

“没有，尼禄没有抓到，但那只老猫抓到了。”

“我的猫？”

“不是，是另一只猫。”

“一定告诉我猫是怎么抓到老鼠的，弗兰克。猫追这只老鼠吗？”

“不，不是那样的。猫藏在一个大盒子上，老鼠偷偷跑出来，猫就跳过去抓住了它。”

“可怜的老鼠！它一定是非常饿了，所以出来找点吃的。”

“为什么？海蒂，你不会是因为猫抓住了老鼠而难过吧？”

“不，我不能说猫抓到了老鼠而难过。但即使是一只老鼠遭受痛苦，我也不愿看到。”

LESSON 105

roll

build

grandpa

hard

foam

ships

houses

long

sail

break

wooden

blow



Mary and Lucy have come down to the beach with their grandpa. They live in a town near the sea.

Their grandpa likes to sit on the large rock, and watch the big ships as they sail far away on the blue sea. Sometimes he sits there all day long.

The little girls like to dig in the sand, and pick up pretty shells. They watch the waves as they roll up on the beach, and break into white foam.

They sometimes make little houses of sand, and build walls around them; and they dig wells with their small wooden spades.

They have been picking up shells for their little sister. She is too young to come to the beach.

I think all children like to play by the seaside when the sun is bright, and the wind does not blow too hard.

【中文阅读】

玛丽和露西跟爷爷一起来到海滩上。他们住在大海附近的一个小镇上。

爷爷喜欢坐在一块大岩石上，望着那些大船在蔚蓝的海面上驶向远方。有时候，他会待在那里一整天。

小女孩们喜欢在沙滩上挖洞，捡一些漂亮的贝壳。她们观看波浪被翻卷到沙滩上，泛起白色泡沫。

有时候她们建造沙滩小房子，在房子周围垒墙，用小木铲挖井。她们为小妹妹捡了一些贝壳，因为妹妹太小，来不了沙滩。

我想，在阳光明媚、风和日丽的日子，孩子们都喜欢来沙滩玩。

LESSON 106

asked

four

night

lad

cents

fifty



wanted

Willie's

rabbits

carried

telling

master

One day, Willie's father saw a boy at the market with four little white rabbits in a basket.

He thought these would be nice pets for Willie; so he asked the lad how much he wanted for his rabbits.

The boy said, "Only fifty cents, sir."

Willie's father bought them, and carried them home.

Here you see the rabbits and their little master. He has a pen for them, and always shuts them in it at night to keep them safe.

He gives them bread and grass to eat. They like grass, and will take it from his hand. He has called in a little friend to see them.

Willie is telling him about their funny ways.

Some rabbits are as white as
snow, some are black, and others
have white and black spots.
What soft, kind eyes they have!



Some rabbits are as white as snow, some are black,
and others have white and black spots.
What soft, kind eyes they have.

【中文阅读】

一天，威利的父亲在市场上看见一个男孩，他的篮子里有四只小白兔。

他觉得对威利来说，兔子会是漂亮的宠物。所以，他问小伙子，兔子多少钱。

男孩回答：“只要五毛钱，先生。”

威利的父亲买下兔子，并带回了家。

这样，你就看见兔子和它们的小主人了。威利给兔子准备了一只笼子，晚上把它们关在笼子里，以保证安全。

他喂兔子面包和青草吃。兔子喜欢吃青草，它们从威利的手里吃青草。威利还叫来了一个小朋友一起看兔子。

威利正在把有关兔子的趣事告诉小朋友呢。

有些兔子像雪一样白，有些是黑色的，
而另一些则有白色和黑色斑点。
它们有一双多么温柔、多么可爱的眼睛呀！

LESSON 107

bush

cunning

place

show

find

broken

over

bring

again

fasten



“Come here, Rose. Look down into this bush.”

“O Willie! a bird's nest! What cunning, little eggs! May we take it, and show it to mother?”

“What would the old bird do, Rose, if she should come back

and not find her nest?”

“Oh, we would bring it right back, Willie!”

“Yes; but we could not fasten it in its place again. If the wind should blow it over, the eggs would get broken.”

【中文阅读】

“过来，罗丝。低头看看这个灌木丛。”

“噢，威利！一个鸟巢！多么可爱的小鸟蛋呀！我们能把鸟巢带走给妈妈看吗？”

“罗丝，如果鸟妈妈回来找不到鸟巢怎么办？”

“噢，我们会把它带回来的，威利！”

“是的，但我们再也无法把它固定在原来的地方。如果风吹来，鸟蛋就会被弄破。”

LESSON 108

strong
sends

round
claws

dry
flit

bill
God

worked
spring

“How does the bird make the nest so strong, Willie?”

“The mother bird has her bill and her claws to work with, but she would not know how to make the nest if God did not teach her. Do you see what it is made of?”

“Yes, Willie, I see some horse-hairs and some dry grass. The old bird must have worked hard to find all the hairs, and make them into such a pretty, round nest.”

“Shall we take the nest, Rose?”

“Oh no, Willie! We must not take it; but we will come and look at it again, some time.”

God made the little birds to sing.

And flit from tree to tree;

'Tis He who sends them in the spring

To sing for you and me.



God made the little birds to sing,
And flit from tree to tree;
'Tis He who sends them in the spring
To sing for you and me.

“威利，鸟儿是如何把鸟巢做得这么结实的？”

“鸟妈妈用嘴和爪子做的，但如果上帝不教她，她是不会知道如何筑鸟巢的。你知道，鸟巢是用什么做的吗？”

“知道，威利，我看到了一些马毛和干草。鸟妈妈一定费了很大的劲才找到这些马毛，并把它们建成这么漂亮的圆型鸟巢。”

“罗丝，我们能拿走这个鸟巢吗？”

“噢，不行，威利！我们不能拿走它，但我们以后会再来看它。”

上帝让小鸟会唱歌，
从一棵树飞到另一棵树；
是上帝派小鸟在春天来到这里，
给你和我唱歌。

LESSON 109

feathers *ago* *fly* *worm* *crumb*
feeding *ugly* *off* *feed* *brown*
guess *things*



“Willie, when I was feeding the birds just now, a little brown bird flew away with a crumb in its bill.”

“Where did it go, Rose?”

“I don't know; away off, somewhere.”

“I can guess where, Rose. Don't you know the nest we saw some days ago? What do you think is in it now?”

“O Willie, I know! Some little brown birds. Let us go and see them.”

“All right; but we must not go too near. There! I just saw the old bird fly out of the bush. Stand here, Rose. Can you see?”

“Why, Willie, what ugly little things! What big mouths they have, and no feathers!”

“Keep still, Rose. Here comes the old bird with a worm in her bill. How hard she must work to feed them all!”

【中文阅读】

“威利，当我刚才在喂鸟时，一只棕色的鸟嘴里含着一片面包屑飞走了。”

“罗丝，它飞到哪里去了？”

“我不知道，它飞走了，不知去了哪里。”

“罗丝，我能猜到哪里。你还记得几天前我们看到的那个鸟巢吗？你认为现在里面会有什么呢？”

“噢，威利，我知道了！一些棕色的小鸟。我们去看看它们吧。”

“好的，但我们不能走得太近。在那儿！我刚好看到鸟妈妈从灌木丛里飞出来。站在这里，罗丝。你看见了吗？”

“嘿，威利，多么丑的小东西呀！嘴那么大，身上也没长羽毛！”

“站着别动，罗丝。鸟妈妈飞过来了，嘴里叼着一只虫。她要养活所有这些孩子，多辛苦啊！”

LESSON 110

falling
begun
morning

counts
griefs
Lord

woes
stars
each

nigh
tear
joys

When the stars at set of sun
Watch you from on high,
When the morning has begun,
Think the Lord is nigh.

All you do and all you say,
He can see and hear:
When you work and when you play,
Think the Lord is near.

All your joys and griefs He knows,
Counts each falling tear,
When to Him you tell your woes,
Know the Lord will hear.

When the stars at set of sun,
Watch you from on high.
When the morning has begun,

Think the Lord is nigh.

All you do and all you say,
He can see and hear:
When you work and when you play,
Think the Lord is near.

All your joys and griefs He knows,
Counts each falling tear.
When to Him you tell your woes,
Know the Lord will hear.

【中文阅读】

日落之后星星出，
它们高空俯视你；
清晨曙光来临时，
上帝就在你身旁。

你的一切所作所言，
他都能够看见听见；
无论工作和玩耍，
上帝就在你身边。

他知道你的欢乐和悲伤，
他看见你的微笑和眼泪；
当你向他诉说痛苦时，
相信他一定会听见。

LESSON 111

whistle
pocket

willow



note

filled

dead

sick

walk

every

blew

lane

lame

taking

cane

took

One day, when Mary was taking a walk down the lane, trying to sing her doll to sleep, she met Frank, with his basket and cane.

Frank was a poor, little, lame boy. His father and mother were dead. His dear, old grandma took care of him, and tried to make him happy.

Every day, Mary's mother filled Frank's basket with bread and meat, and a little tea for his grandma.

“How do you do, Frank?” said Mary. “Don't make a noise; my doll is going to sleep. It is just a little sick today.”

“Well, then, let us whistle it to sleep.” And Frank, taking a willow whistle out of his pocket, blew a long note.

“Oh, how sweet!” cried Mary. “Do let me try.”

【中文阅读】

一天，玛丽一边在小巷里散步，一边唱歌哄她的布娃娃睡觉。她碰到了弗兰克，弗兰克手里拿着篮子和拐杖。

弗兰克是个贫穷的跛脚小男孩。他的父亲和母亲都去世了，他亲爱的奶奶照顾他。奶奶想方设法让他过得幸福。

每天，玛丽的妈妈都给弗兰克的篮子装一些面包、肉类和一些茶，让他带给奶奶。

“你好，弗兰克。”玛丽说，“小点声，我的娃娃正要睡觉。她今天有点病了。”

“那么，我们给她吹口哨哄她睡觉吧。”说着，弗兰克从口袋里拿出一个柳木口哨，吹出了一个长音。

“噢，多么甜美呀！”玛丽说，“让我也试试。”

LESSON 112

turned
almost

face
soon

cried
more
because

low
cry

once

“Yes, Mary, I will give it to you, because you are so good to my grandma.”

“Oh! thank you very much.” Mary blew and blew a long time. “I can't make it whistle,” said she, almost ready to cry.



“Sometimes they will whistle, and sometimes they won't,” said Frank. “Try again, Mary.”

She tried once more, and the whistle made a low, sweet sound. “It whistles!” she cried.

In her joy, she had turned the doll's face down, and its eyes shut tight, as if it had gone to sleep.

“There!” cried Frank, “I told you the way to put a doll to sleep,

is to whistle to it.”

“So it is,” said Mary. “Dear, little thing; it must be put in its bed now.”

So they went into the house. Frank's basket was soon filled, and he went home happy.

【中文阅读】

“好的，玛丽，我会把它送给你，因为你对我奶奶太好了。”

“噢，非常感谢。”玛丽吹呀，吹呀，吹了很长时间。“我吹不响。”玛丽说，急得要哭了。

“口哨有时候响，有时候不响。”弗兰克说，“再试试，玛丽。”

玛丽又试了一次，口哨发出低沉、悦耳的声音。“口哨响了。”她喊道。

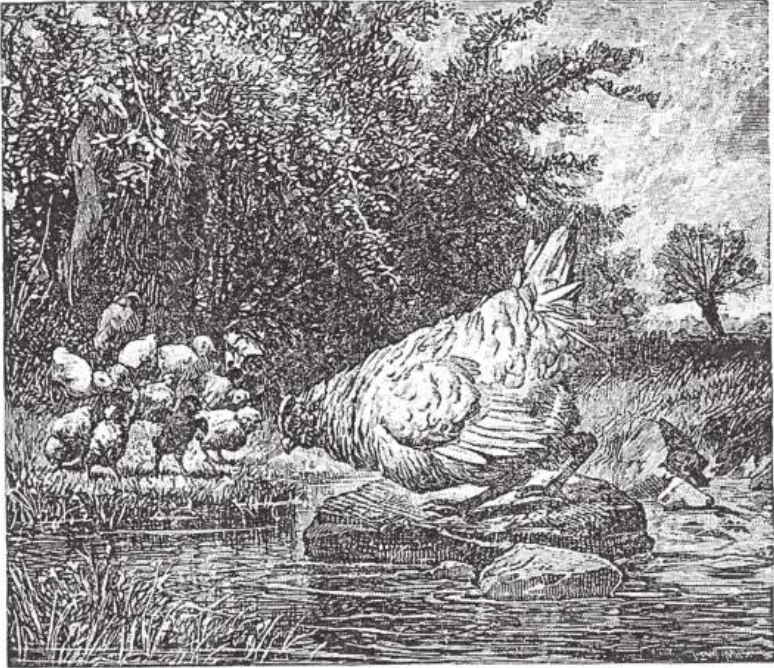
在玩的时候，她把娃娃的脸转向下面，它的双眼紧闭，好像睡着了。

“看！”弗兰克说，“我说的对吧，哄娃娃睡觉的方法就是吹口哨。”

“是的。”玛丽说，“亲爱的小宝宝，现在必须把你放到床上了。”

于是，他们走进屋里。弗兰克的篮子很快就被装满了，然后他高高兴兴地回家了。

LESSON 113



<i>stood</i>	<i>himself</i>	<i>flapping</i>	<i>first</i>
<i>twelve</i>	<i>flapped</i>	<i>walked</i>	<i>flap</i>
<i>obey</i>	<i>better</i>	<i>Chippy</i>	<i>food</i>
<i>stone</i>	<i>before</i>	<i>chickens</i>	<i>kept</i>

There was once a big, white hen that had twelve little chickens. They were very small, and the old hen took good care of them. She found food for them in the daytime, and at night kept them under her wings.

One day, this old hen took her chickens down to a small brook. She thought the air from the water would do them good.

When they got to the brook, they walked on the bank a little while. It was very pretty on the other side of the brook, and the old hen thought she would take her children over there.

There was a large stone in the brook: she thought it would be easy for them to jump to that stone, and from it to the other side.

So she jumped to the stone, and told the children to come after her. For the first time, she found that they would not obey her.

She flapped her wings, and cried, "Come here, all of you! Jump upon this stone, as I did. We can then jump to the other side. Come now!"

"O mother! we can't, we can't, we can't!" said all the little chickens.

"Yes you can, if you try," said the old hen. "Just flap your wings, as I did, and you can jump over."

"I am flapping my wings," said Chippy, who stood by himself; "but I can't jump any better than I could before."

【中文阅读】

从前，有一只很大的白色母鸡，生了十二只小鸡。小鸡很小，老母鸡好好地照顾着它们。白天，老母鸡给小鸡找食物，晚上则把它们保护在自己的翅膀下。

一天，这只老母鸡带着小鸡去一条小溪边。它觉得水边的空气会对小鸡的身体有好处。

当它们来到小溪时，它们在岸上走了一会。小溪的对岸非常漂亮，老母鸡想，它应该带小鸡过去。

小溪里有一块大石头，老母鸡想，先跳到这块石头上，然后再跳到对岸就容易了。

于是，它就跳到石头上，然后告诉孩子们跟着它跳。第一次，它发现孩子们不听她的话。

它扇动着翅膀，喊道：“过来，你们都过来！像我一样，跳到这块石头上来。这样我们就能跳到对岸。现在就过来！”

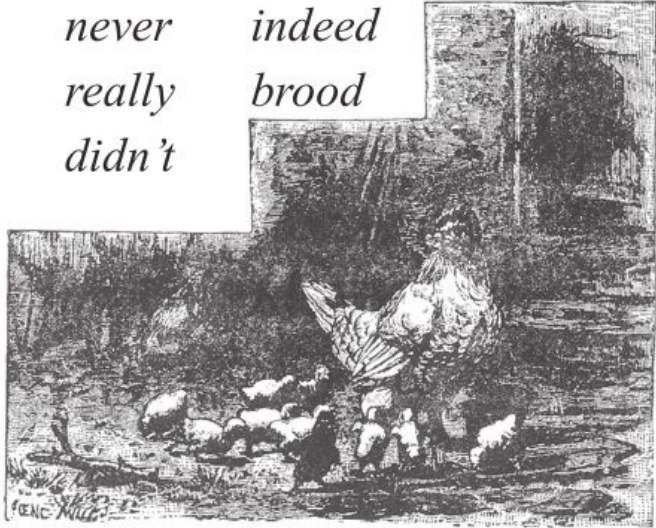
“噢，妈妈！我们做不到！我们做不到！”所有的小鸡都说。

“如果你们试一下，就能做到。”老母鸡说道，“就像我一样，扇动一下翅膀，就可以跳过来了。”

“我正在扇动翅膀，”单独站在一旁的小鸡芝比说，“但我无法跳得比平时更远。”

LESSON 114

chirped *never* *indeed*
slowly *really* *brood*
began *didn't*
use
door
bite
piece



"I never saw such children," said the old hen. "You don't try at all."

"We can't jump so far, mother. Indeed we can't, we can't!" chirped the little chickens.

"Well," said the old hen, "I must give it up." So she jumped back to the bank, and walked slowly home with her brood.

"I think mother asked too much of us," said one little chicken to the others.

"Well, I tried," said Chippy.

"We didn't," said the others; "it was of no use to try."

When they got home, the old hen began to look about for something to eat. She soon found, near the back door, a piece of bread.

So she called the chickens, and they all ran up to her, each one trying to get a bite at the piece of bread.

"No, no!" said the old hen. "This bread is for Chippy. He is the only one of my children that really tried to jump to the stone."

【中文阅读】

“我从来没有见过像你们这样的孩子，”老母鸡说，“你们根本就不想试一试。”

“我们不可能跳得那么远，妈妈。我们的确不能，的确不能！”小鸡们喳喳地说道。

“那好吧，”老母鸡说，“我必须放弃了。”她跳回到岸上，和小鸡们一起慢慢地走回了家。

“我想，妈妈对我们要求太高了。”一只小鸡对其他的小鸡说。

“我尝试了。”芝比说。

“我们还没有。”其他的小鸡说，“但尝试也没有用。”

当它们到家时，老母鸡开始到处找吃的。不久，它就发现在靠后门的地方有一块面包。

于是，它就招呼孩子们，它们都向她跑来，每只小鸡都想咬一口面包。

“不！不！”老母鸡说道，“这块面包是给芝比的。他是我的孩子中，唯一真正尝试跳到石头上去的孩子。”

LESSON 115

last *slates* *write* *waste*

neat *taken* *clean* *learn*

reader *parents* *second*



We have come to the last lesson in this book. We have finished

the First Reader.

You can now read all the lessons in it, and can write them on your slates.

Have you taken good care of your book? Children should always keep their books neat and clean.

Are you not glad to be ready for a new book?

Your parents are very kind to send you to school. If you are good, and if you try to learn, your teacher will love you, and you will please your parents.

Be kind to all, and do not waste your time in school. When you go home, you may ask your parents to get you a Second Reader.

【中文阅读】

这是本书的最后一课。我们已经学完了读本第一册。

现在你可以阅读这本书里的所有课文，把它们写在你的画板上。

你好好爱护这本书了吗？孩子们应当始终把书保持得既整齐又干净。

要准备学习一本新书了，你难道不高兴吗？

你的父母非常爱你，把你送到学校。如果你是个好孩子，如果你努力学习，老师会喜欢你，父母也会很高兴。

在学校里对所有人都要友好，不要浪费时间。当你回家后，可以请父母给你买读本第二册。

A B C D E F G

H I J K L M N

O P Q R S T U

V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i

j k l m n o p q

r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0



美国
语文
读本

2

「美」威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

「美」威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

❖ 2 ❖

McGuffey's Second Eclectic Reader

最纯粹的美德读本、最纯正的美语阅读、最经典的美式教育

一本影响了美国五代人的经典课本
了解美国，从启蒙读本开始

中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS





The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

2

McGuffey's Eclectic Primer

McGuffey's First Eclectic Reader



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



中青文传媒

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

美国语文读本.2：汉英对照 /（美）麦加菲（McGuffey, W. H.）编；刘白玉，刘夏青，张杰译．—北京：中国青年出版社，2013.5（塑造美国的88本书）

ISBN 978-7-5153-1440-2

I．①美… II．①麦…②刘…③刘…④张…

III．①英语 - 阅读教学 - 中小学 - 美国 - 课外读物 IV．①G634.413

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2013）第030637号

美国语文读本2

作 者：[美]威廉·H·麦加菲

译 者：刘白玉 刘夏青 张 杰

策划编辑：陈 晨 李玲香

责任编辑：孙雪蕾

美术编辑：夏 蕊 张 建

出 版：中国青年出版社

发 行：北京中青文文化传媒有限公司

电 话：010-65516873/65518035

公司网址：www.cyb.com.cn

购书网址：zqwts.tmall.com www.diyijie.com

制 作：中青文制作中心

印 刷：北京盛源印刷有限公司

版 次：2013年6月第1版

印 次：2013年6月第1次印刷

开 本：787×1092 1/16

字 数：120千字

印 张：13

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5153-1440-2

定 价：28.90元

我社将与版权执法机关配合大力打击盗印、盗版活动，敬请广大读者协助举报，经查实将给予举报者重奖。

举报电话：

北京市版权局版权执法处

010-64081804

中国青年出版社

010-65516873

010-65518035

中青版图书，版权所有，盗版必究

编者的话

1910年，年仅19岁的胡适考取“庚子赔款”第二期官费生赴美留学，就读于康奈尔大学。偶遇美国小学新生开学，胡适难抑好奇跑去旁听，内心受到极大震动。美国启蒙第一课只有一个内容，便是令全体学生宣读誓词：“我保证善用我的思辨才能；我保证发展我独立的思想；我保证接受教育，从而使自己能够独立判断。”正是这段誓词，让胡适深刻体会到：美国之所以成为美国，全在于其“独立之精神，自由之思想”，而这一理念成了胡适先生一生坚守的信念。

美国，距其建国不过200余年，却已是世界强国。我们不禁要问：这个民族，究竟是如何在这么短的时间内做到经济上飞速发达，政治上游刃有余的？更为重要的是，它如何将这关系国本的“思想与精神”赋予它的民众，令他们秉持信仰，坚守信念？

2012年5月，美国馆藏量最大、历史最悠久的国会图书馆遴选出88部对美国社会最具影响力的书籍，定名为“塑造美国的书”（Books That Shaped America）。《飘》、《麦田守望者》、《了不起的盖茨比》、《第22条军规》、《汤姆叔叔的小屋》等历久弥新、耳熟能详的经典名著均入选。这些书籍或曾在当时社会引发争议，或甫一亮相即引起极大轰动，或令人愤慨，或引人怒骂，或发人深思，但仍对美国乃至全世界读者了解美国社会发挥了重要作用。

为此，我们引进并翻译出版了这套“塑造美国的88本书”丛书。力争客观、原生态地呈现美国的人文社会、政治制度以及美国历史发展和民主进程，在一个个美国故事中，讲述真实的美国和美国人，宏观展示美国的诞生、成长和强大，美国人自我意识的觉醒和认同。它们包括：推动北美人民走上公开独立道路的战斗檄文《常识》；成就美国宪法和联邦制度的政治经典《联邦党人文集》；激励无数年轻人的世界上最著名的自传《富兰克林自传》；影响美国五代人的经典教科书《美国语文读本》；美国哲学和美式生活方式的代表之作《实用主义》；美国移民人手一册的人生指南《穷理查智慧书》；点燃美国20世纪60年代性解放运动的性学经典《金赛性学报告》；来自美国总统世家的对教育的反思与批判《亨利·亚当斯的教育》；出版史上的奇迹、永远的励志畅销书《人性的弱点》，等等。

这套“塑造美国的88本书”丛书将自始至终贯彻严肃认真的学风和生动活泼的文风，分辑陆续推出。

约四百年前，弗朗西斯·培根在《伟大的复兴》一书序言中，曾经这样谈到书中描述的对象，他“希望人们不要把它看作一种意见，而要看作是一项事业，并相信我们在这里所做的不是为某一宗派或理论

奠定基础，而是为人类的福祉和尊严……”我们怀着真挚的感情，把这段话献给“塑造美国的88本书”丛书的读者，希望广大读者关心她、批评她、帮助她。

让她成为我们共同的事业。

中青文传媒
“塑造美国的88本书”丛书编委会
2013年6月

目录

CONTENTS

编者的话

LESSON 1 EVENING AT HOME●家人团聚的夜晚

LESSON 2 BUBBLES●吹泡泡

LESSON 3 WILLIE'S LETTER●威利的信

LESSON 4 THE LITTLE STAR●小星星

LESSON 5 TWO DOGS●两条狗

LESSON 6 AFRAID IN THE DARK●害怕黑暗

LESSON 7 BABY BYE●宝贝再见

LESSON 8 PUSS AND HER KITTENS●猫和小猫

LESSON 9 KITTY AND MOUSIE●猫和老鼠

LESSON 10 AT WORK●专心做事

LESSON 11 WHAT A BIRD TAUGHT●小鸟说什么

LESSON 12 SUSIE SUNBEAM●阳光女孩苏西

LESSON 13 IF I WERE A SUNBEAM●如果我是阳光

- LESSON 14 HENRY, THE BOOTBLACK●擦鞋童亨利
- LESSON 15 DON'T WAKE THE BABY●不要吵醒宝宝
- LESSON 16 A KIND BROTHER●善良的哥哥
- LESSON 17 MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING●我什么都做不了
- LESSON 18 THE KINGBIRD●王鸟
- LESSON 19 EVENING HYMN●黄昏赞歌
- LESSON 20 THE QUARREL●争吵
- LESSON 21 THE BEE●蜜蜂
- LESSON 22 THE SONG OF THE BEE●蜜蜂之歌
- LESSON 23 THE TORN DOLL●撕破的布娃娃
- LESSON 24 SHEEP-SHEARING●剪羊毛
- LESSON 25 THE CLOUDS●云
- LESSON 26 PATTY AND THE SQUIRREL●帕蒂和松鼠
- LESSON 27 THE SPARROW●麻雀
- LESSON 28 SAM AND HARRY●萨姆和哈里
- LESSON 29 THE LITTLE RILL●小溪
- LESSON 30 THE BOAT UPSET●翻船
- LESSON 31 MARY'S LETTER●玛丽的信

- LESSON 32 THE TIGER●老虎
- LESSON 33 THE FIRESIDE●火炉旁
- LESSON 34 BIRDIE'S MORNING SONG●鸟儿的晨歌
- LESSON 35 WILLIE AND BOUNCE●威利和鲍恩斯
- LESSON 36 WILLIE AND BOUNCE (CONCLUDED)●威利和鲍恩斯
(结束篇)
- LESSON 37 THE KITCHEN CLOCK●厨房里的钟
- LESSON 38 THE NEW SCALES●新秤
- LESSON 39 THE BEAR AND THE CHILDREN●狗熊和孩子们
- LESSON 40 THE LITTLE HAREBELL●小风信子
- LESSON 41 THE FISHHAWK●鱼鹰
- LESSON 42 WHAT THE LEAF SAID●树叶在说什么
- LESSON 43 THE WIND AND THE LEAVES●风儿和树叶
- LESSON 44 MAMMA'S PRESENT●妈妈的礼物
- LESSON 45 MARY'S STORY●玛丽的故事
- LESSON 46 RALPH WICK●拉尔夫·维克
- LESSON 47 COASTING DOWN THE HILL●滑下山坡
- LESSON 48 THE FOX AND THE DUCKS●狐狸和鸭子
- LESSON 49 PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES●不要以貌取人

- LESSON 50 THE STORY-TELLER●讲故事的人
- LESSON 51 THE STORY TELLER (CONCLUDED)●讲故事的人 (结束篇)
- LESSON 52 THE OWL●猫头鹰
- LESSON 53 THE OWL (CONCLUDED)●猫头鹰 (结束篇)
- LESSON 54 GRANDFATHER'S STORY●爷爷的故事
- LESSON 55 GOD IS GREAT AND GOOD●伟大而仁爱的上帝
- LESSON 56 A GOOD OLD MAN●善良的老人
- LESSON 57 THE GREEDY GIRL●贪吃的小女孩
- LESSON 58 A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING●物归原处
- LESSON 59 MY MOTHER●我的妈妈
- LESSON 60 THE BROKEN WINDOW●被打破的窗户
- LESSON 61 THE BROKEN WINDOW (CONCLUDED)●被打破的窗户 (结束篇)
- LESSON 62 FRANK AND THE HOURGLASS●弗兰克和沙漏
- LESSON 63 MARCH●三月
- LESSON 64 JENNY'S CALL●珍妮的召唤
- LESSON 65 POOR DAVY●可怜的大卫
- LESSON 66 ALICE'S SUPPER●爱丽丝的晚餐

LESSON 67 A SNOWSTORM●一场暴风雪

LESSON 68 BESSIE●贝希

LESSON 69 BESSIE (CONCLUDED)●贝希（结束篇）

LESSON 70 CHEERFULNESS●欢乐

LESSON 71 LULLABY●摇篮曲

[返回总目录](#)

LESSON 1

EVENING AT HOME

家人团聚的夜晚

newspaper	cold	order	seem	through
stockings	chat	story	light	Harry
branches	kiss	burns	Mrs.	events
another	Mr.	stool	lamp	mends



1 . It is winter. The cold wind whistles through the branches of the trees.

2 . Mr. Brown has done his day's work, and his children, Harry and Kate, have come home from school. They learned their lessons well today, and both feel happy.

3 . Tea is over. Mrs. Brown has put the little sitting room in

order. The fire burns brightly. One lamp gives light enough for all. On the stool is a basket of fine apples. They seem to say, "Won't you have one?"

4 . Harry and Kate read a story in a new book. The father reads his newspaper, and the mother mends Harry's stockings.

5 . By and by, they will tell one another what they have been reading about, and will have a chat over the events of the day.

6 . Harry and Kate's bedtime will come first. I think I see them kiss their dear father and mother a sweet good night.

7 . Do you not wish that every boy and girl could have a home like this?

【中文阅读】

1 . 正值冬季，寒风呼啸着吹过树枝。

2 . 布朗先生结束了白天的工作，他的两个孩子——哈里与凯特放学回家了。他们白天的功课学得很好，两人都很开心。

3 . 全家人喝完茶后，布朗夫人把小客厅整理得井井有条。炉火烧得通红，台灯照亮了整个房间。凳子上摆着一篮子红通通的大苹果，似乎在说：“难道不想来一个吗？”

4 . 哈里与凯特在认真阅读新书里的故事。爸爸在看报纸，妈妈则在给哈里补袜子。

5 . 过一会儿，他们就会相互讲述自己刚才看到的故事，并聊聊白天发生的事。

6 . 到了哈里与凯特睡觉的时间了。他们亲了亲爱的爸爸妈妈，并向他们道了晚安。

7 . 你难道不希望每个孩子都能有这样一个温暖的家吗？

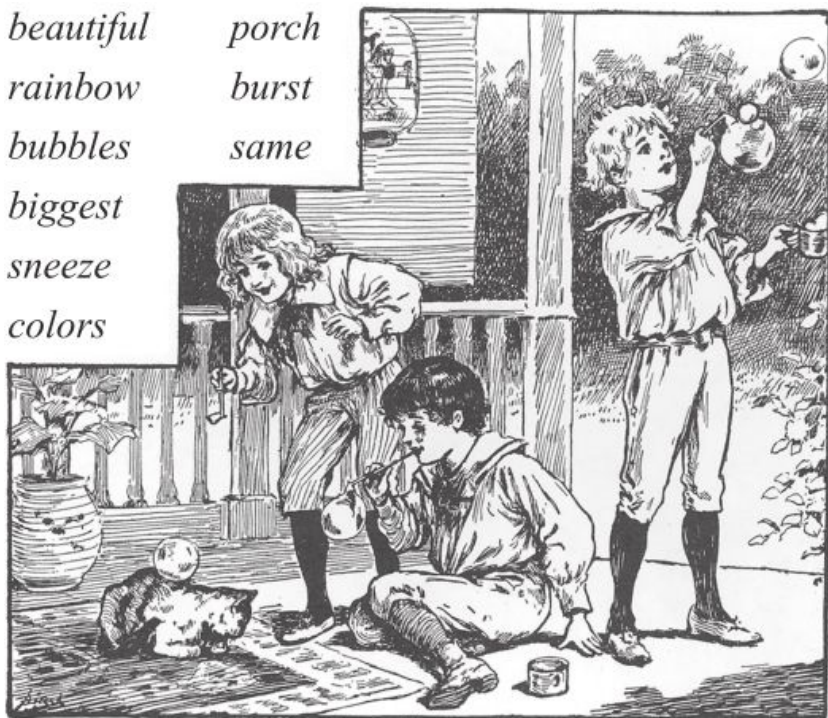
LESSON 2

BUBBLES

吹泡泡

beautiful
rainbow
bubbles
biggest
sneeze
colors

porch
burst
same



mine

soap

wash

red

many

1 . The boys have come out on the porch to blow bubbles. The old cat is asleep on the mat by the door.

2 . “Ha! ha!” laughs Robert, as a bubble comes down softly on the old cat’s back, and does not burst.

3 . Willie tries to make his bubble do the same. This time it comes down on the cat’s face, and makes her sneeze.

4 . “She would rather wash her face without soap,” says Harry, “Now let us see who can make the biggest bubble.”

5 . “Mine is the biggest,” says Robert. “See how high it floats in the air! I can see—ah! it has burst.”

6 . “I can see the house and the trees and the sky in mine,” says Willie; “and such beautiful colors.”

7 . “How many, Willie?”

8 . “Red, one; blue, two; there—they are all out. Let us try again.”

9 . “I know how many colors there are,” says Harry, “Just as many as there are in the rainbow.”

10 . “Do you know how many that is?”

【中文阅读】

1 . 几个小男孩来到走廊吹泡泡，一只老猫在门边的地毯上睡着了。

2 . 一个大泡泡轻轻落在老猫的后背上，但没有破。逗得罗伯特哈哈大笑。

3 . 威利也想吹这么个泡泡，不料泡泡却落在猫的脸上，惹得老猫打了个喷嚏。

4 . “猫可不想用肥皂泡洗脸！”哈里说，“现在比比看谁吹的泡泡最大？”

5 . “我吹得最大。”罗伯特说，“看，它飞得多高呀！快看，啊，它破了。”

6 . “我能通过我吹的泡泡看见房子、树和天空。”威利说，“还有好多好多漂亮的颜色。”

7 . “威利，共有多少种颜色呀？”

8 . “第一种是红的，第二种是蓝的，第三种……它们都出来了。我们再数一遍。”

9 . “我知道一共有几种，”哈里说，“正好和彩虹的颜色一样多。”

10 . “那么，你知道彩虹有几种颜色吗？”

LESSON 3

WILLIE'S LETTER



威利的信

rubber
number

gun
ten

parlor
o'clock

street
shoot

New York, Dec. 10, 1878.

Dear Santa Claus:

Papa is going to give me a Christmas tree, and he says that you will put nice things on it if I ask you. I would like a gun that will shoot, and a rubber ball that I can throw hard, and that will not break Mamma's windows or the big glass in the parlor.

Now, please don't forget to come. I live on Fourth St., number ten.

I will go to bed at eight o'clock, and shut my eyes tight.

I will not look indeed I won't.

Your little boy
Willie.

New York, Dec. 10, 1878.

Dear Santa Claus:

Papa is going to give me a Christmas tree, and he says that you will put nice things on it if I ask you. I would like a gun that will shoot, and a rubber ball that I can throw hard, and that will not break Mamma's windows or the big glass in the parlor.

Now, please don't forget to come. I live on Fourth St., number ten.

I will go to bed at eight o'clock, and shut my eyes tight.
I will not look indeed I won't.

Your little boy
Willie.

【中文阅读】

纽约市，1878年12月10日

亲爱的圣诞老人：

爸爸要送给我一棵圣诞树。爸爸说，如果我请求您，您就会把漂亮的礼物放到圣诞树上。我想要一支能打子弹的手枪，一个能弹得高高的橡皮球。我不会打碎妈妈的窗户，也不会打碎客厅里的玻璃。

请您别忘了来我家，我住在第四大街十号。

我今晚将在8点钟上床睡觉，我会把眼睛闭得紧紧的。

我不会睁开眼睛，真的不会。

您的宝贝
威利

LESSON 4

THE LITTLE STAR

小星星

above
never
diamond

world
spark
twinkle

dark
dew
blazing

oft
till

1 . Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

2 . When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light;
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

3 . Then, if I were in the dark,
I would thank you for your spark.
I could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

4 . And when I am sound asleep,
Oft till you through my window peep;
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

【中文阅读】

1 . 一闪一闪小星星 ,

我想知道你是谁，
高高挂在天空上，
好似钻石放光芒。

2．夕阳西下夜来临，
露水打湿小青草。
你即发出微弱光，
一闪一闪照夜空。

3．当我身处黑暗中，
感谢发光照亮我。
没有你的闪闪亮，
我会迷路失方向。

4．当我夜晚入梦乡，
你从窗户偷照我。
你的眼睛从不闭，
直到太阳从东升。

注释

【1】 oft，常用于英语古诗中，“常常，再三”的意思。

LESSON 5

TWO DOGS

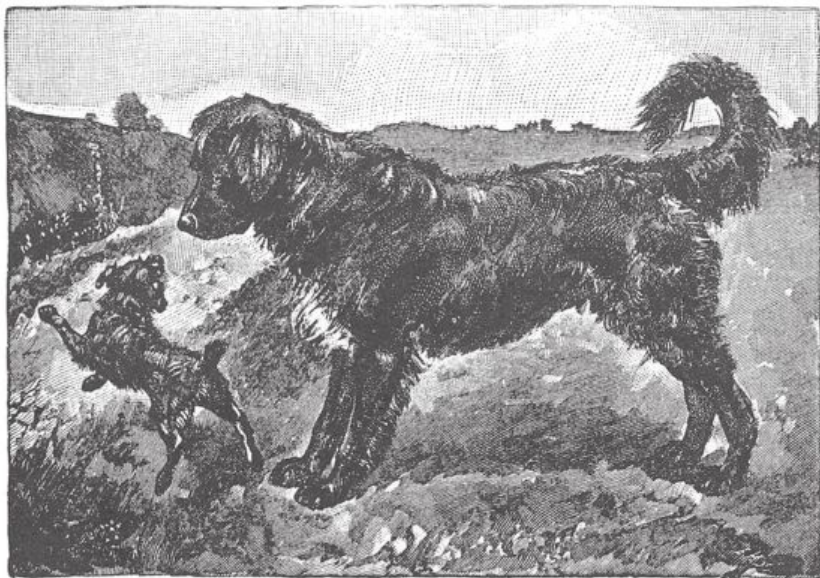
两条狗

behind
Dodger
terrier
shaggy
guards

together
minutes
country
friskily
Newfoundland

noble
crib
scold
fits
yard

Scotch
wagon
fellow
cellar
harness



1 . James White has two dogs. One is a Newfoundland dog, and the other is a Scotch terrier.

2 . The Newfoundland is a large, noble fellow. He is black, with a white spot, and with long, shaggy hair. His name is Sport.

3 . Sport is a good watchdog, and a kind playfellow. Every

night he guards the house while James and his father are asleep.

4 . In the daytime, James often uses Sport for his horse. He has a little wagon, and a set of small harness which just fits the dog.

5 . He hitches Sport to this wagon, and drives over the country. In this way, he can go almost as fast as his father with the old family horse.

6 . The name of James's Scotch terrier is Dodger. He is called Dodger because he jumps about so friskily. He is up on a chair, under the table, behind the door, down cellar, and out in the yard, —all in a minute.

7 . Dodger has very bright eyes, and he does many funny things. He likes to put his paws up on the crib, and watch the baby.

8 . The other day he took baby's red stocking, and had great fun with it; but he spoiled it in his play, and James had to scold him.

9 . Everyone likes to see James White with his two dogs. They always seem very happy together.

【中文阅读】

1 . 詹姆斯·怀特有两条狗：一条是纽芬兰犬，另一条是苏格兰犬。

2 . 纽芬兰犬既高大又名贵，颜色是黑的，缀着白色斑点；毛发长而蓬松。它的名字叫斯波特。

3 . 斯波特既善于看家护院，又善于与人为伴。每天晚上，当詹姆斯和爸爸熟睡后，斯波特便看守家门。

4 . 白天，詹姆斯经常把斯波特当马骑。他有一辆小马车，还有一套正好适合这条狗的小马具。

5 . 他把斯波特拴在小车上，赶着它跑遍整个村庄。驱车奔跑，斯波特几乎和爸爸养的老马跑得一样快。

6 . 詹姆斯的苏格兰犬叫道吉尔。之所以取这个名字，是因为它跳得很欢。道吉尔能够在一分钟之内跳到椅子上，躲在桌子下，藏在门后，钻进地窖，最后又跑到院子里。

7 . 道吉尔双眼明亮，调皮可爱。它喜欢将爪子趴在婴儿床的围栏上，看着小宝宝。

8 . 有一天，道吉尔拿着小宝宝的红色长袜玩耍，玩得很开心，却不小心把长袜弄破了，气得詹姆斯骂了它一顿。

9 . 大家都喜欢看着詹姆斯牵着两条狗玩，他们在一起似乎总是快乐无比。

LESSON 6

AFRAID IN THE DARK

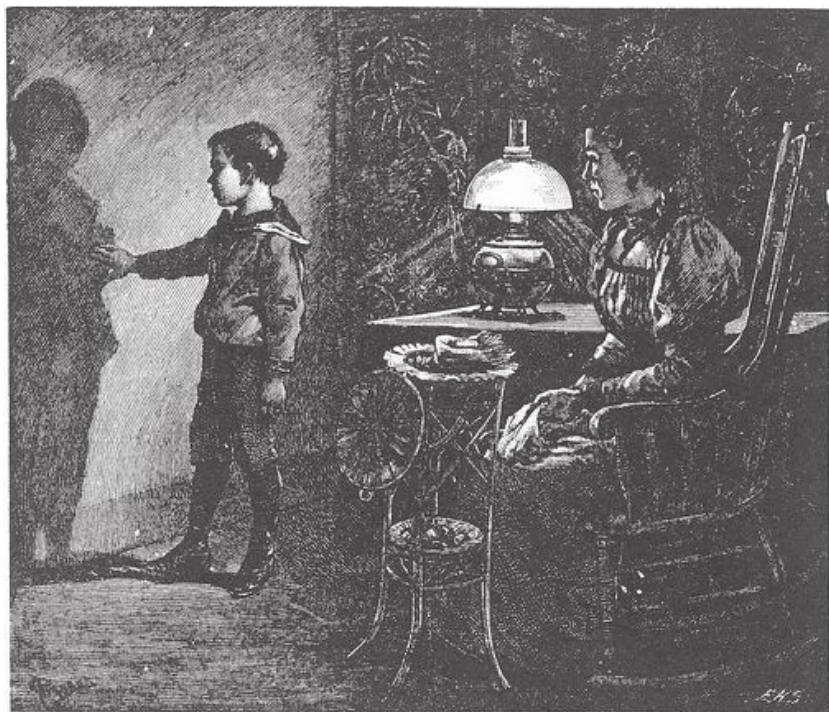
害怕黑暗

between
afraid

bureau
shadow

stairs
held

needle
stir



1 . "Willie, will you run upstairs, and get my needle book from the bureau?"

2 . But Willie did not stir. "Willie!" said mamma. She thought he had not heard.

3 . "I'm afraid," said Willie.

4 . "Afraid of what?"

5 . "It's dark up there."

6 . "What is the dark?" asked mamma. "See! It is nothing but a shadow." And she held her hand between the lamp and the workbasket on the table.

7 . "Now it is dark in the basket; but as soon as I take my hand away, it is light."

8 . "Come and stand between the lamp and the wall, Willie. See! There is your shadow on the wall. Can your shadow hurt you?"

9 . "Oh no, mamma! I am sure it can not hurt me."

10 . "Well, the dark is only a big shadow over everything."

11 . "What makes the big shadow, mamma?"

12 . "I will tell you all about that, Willie, when you are a little older. But now, I wish you would find me a brave boy who is not afraid of shadows, to run upstairs and get my needlebook."

Beautiful faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there;
Beautiful hands are they that do
Deeds that are noble good and true;
Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe.

Beautiful faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there;
Beautiful hands are they that do
Deeds that are noble good and true;
Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe.

13 . "I am brave, mamma. I will go. —Here it is."

14 . "Thank you, my brave little man. You see the dark didn't hurt you."

【中文阅读】

1. “威利，上楼帮我把写字台抽屉里的针线盒拿下来好吗？”
2. 但威利没反应。“威利！”妈妈喊道。她以为威利没有听见。
3. “我害怕。”威利说。
4. “你怕什么？”
5. “楼上很黑。”
6. “黑什么？”妈妈问道，“看，楼上除了影子外，什么都没有。”妈妈把手放在桌子上的台灯和篮子之间。
7. “现在篮子上有暗影了，但当我拿开手时，篮子就又亮了。”
8. “威利，过来站在台灯和墙之间。看！墙上有你的影子，你的影子能伤到你吗？”
9. “噢，不能，妈妈，影子肯定伤不到我。”
10. “黑暗只不过是东西后面的大影子。”
11. “妈妈，这个大影子是怎么形成的？”
12. “威利，等你长大了我再告诉你吧。不过现在，我希望你是一个勇敢的孩子，不怕影子。上楼去把我的针线盒拿下来吧。”
13. “妈妈，我很勇敢，我去拿。……妈妈，给你。”
14. “谢谢，我勇敢的小男子汉。妈妈说对了吧，影子没有伤到你吧。”

拥有美丽面容，
传递快乐精神；
拥有美丽双手，
行出美善真理；
拥有美丽双脚，
驱走他人痛苦。

LESSON 7

BABY BYE

宝贝再见

spiders

stay

nose

crawls

beck

goes

speck

dot

shoes



tickling

neck

secret

legs

open

toes

choose

nod

spread

believe

six

1 . Baby Bye,
Here's a fly;
We will watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose.

2 . Spots of red

Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck!
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes,
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears.

3 . Flies can see
More than we;
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Open your eye;
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell,
Spiders never use flies well;
Then away,
Do not stay.
Little fly, good day.

【中文阅读】

1 . 宝贝乖，
这里有只苍蝇，
咱俩一起观看。
苍蝇在爬，
爬上了高墙，
却没掉下来！
如果咱俩也有六条腿，
相信也能在蛋壳上走。
苍蝇下来了，
踮着脚尖，
蹭着小鼻子。

2 . 红色的斑点，
点缀在头上，

背上彩虹开始展开。
那小斑点，
是它的脖子，
瞧，正在点头打招呼！
如果你愿意，我可以告诉你，
何处能找到它的鞋子，
三双小鞋，
毛发制作，
穿上再不脱去。

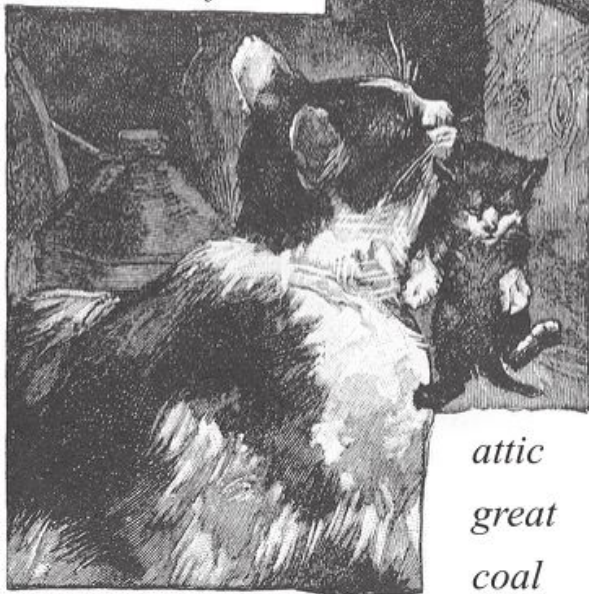
3. 苍蝇所见世界，
多于我们所见。
它们的眼睛多明亮！
小小苍蝇，
睁开双眼，
蜘蛛就在眼前！
告诉你个小秘密，
蜘蛛从未善待你。
快快离开，
莫停留，
小小苍蝇，祝你好运！

LESSON 8

PUSS AND HER KITTENS

猫和小猫

servant *suddenly*
longer *returned*
lived *tired*
since *five*



anxious
trouble
certain
nearly
dozen
seven
strange
proper
seemed

1 . Puss, with her three kittens, had lived in the coal cellar; but one day she thought she would carry them to the attic.

2 . The servant thought that was not the proper place for them; so she carried them back to the cellar.

3 . Puss was certain that she wanted them in the attic; so she carried them there again and again, five, six, seven, —yes, a dozen times; for each time the servant took them back to the cellar.

4 . Poor puss was nearly tired out, and could carry them no longer.

5 . Suddenly she went away. Where do you think she went?

6 . She was gone a long time. When she returned, she had a strange cat with her that we had never seen before.

7 . She seemed to tell him all about her great trouble, and he listened to her story.

8 . Then the strange cat took the little kittens, one by one, and carried them to the attic. After this he went away, and we have never seen him since.

9 . The servant then left the kittens in the attic, for she saw how anxious puss was to have them stay there.

10 . Was not the strange cat kind to puss? This lesson should teach children to be ever ready to help one another.

【中文阅读】

1 . 猫妈妈和它的三只小猫一直生活在煤窖里。一天，猫妈妈想，她要将小猫搬到阁楼里。

2 . 仆人觉得阁楼不适合它们居住，又把它们搬回了煤窖。

3 . 猫妈妈十分想让小猫住在阁楼里，所以她一次次地将小猫搬到阁楼里。五次，六次，七次……十几次了，但每一次都被仆人搬回来。

4 . 可怜的猫妈妈精疲力竭，再也无力搬它们了。

5 . 有一天，她突然离开了。你知道她去哪儿吗？

6 . 她离开了好久好久。回来时，带来了一只我们从未见过的陌生的猫。

7 . 猫妈妈似乎把自己所有的麻烦都告诉了那只猫，那只猫仔细听着。

8 . 然后，那只陌生的猫将小猫一只一只地搬到阁楼。之后，他走了，我们再也没有见到他。

9 . 仆人让小猫留在了阁楼上。仆人看得出来，猫妈妈是多么渴望让自己的小宝宝留在那里呀！

10 . 那只陌生的猫对猫妈妈是多么友好啊！这节课教会了孩子们应该随时帮助他人。

LESSON 9

KITTY AND MOUSIE

猫和老鼠



nine mousie

fro frolic

bit slipped

spied

crow

teeth

pearl

used

1 . Once there was a little kitty,
White as the snow;
In a barn he used to frolic,
Long time ago.

2 . In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the little kitty,
Long time ago.

3 . Two black eyes had little kitty,

Black as a crow;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

4 . Four soft paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

5 . Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

6 . When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried out "Oh!"
But she slipped away from kitty,
Long time ago.

【中文阅读】

1 . 很久很久前，
曾经有只猫，
浑身白如雪，
常在谷仓玩。

2 . 很久很久前，
谷仓小老鼠，
听到小猫叫，
吓得四处逃。

3 . 很久很久前，
小猫两黑眼，
黑得像乌鸦，
探寻小老鼠。

4 . 很久很久前，
小猫四软爪，
软得像雪团，

逮到小老鼠。

5．很久很久前，
九颗珍珠牙，
整齐排一行，
咬住小老鼠。

6．很久很久前，
小猫咬住鼠，
小鼠嗷嗷叫，
挣脱后逃掉。

LESSON 10

AT WORK

专心做事

washed
harm

hours
any

precious
brushed

game
end

1 . A little play does not harm any one, but does much good. After play, we should be glad to work.

2 . I knew a boy who liked a good game very much. He could run, swim, jump, and play ball; and was always merry when out of school.

3 . But he knew that time is not all for play; that our minutes, hours, and days are very precious.

4 . At the end of his play, he would go home. After he had washed his face and hands, and brushed his hair, he would help his mother, or read in his book, or write upon his slate.

5 . He used to say, "One thing at a time." When he had done with work, he would play; but he did not try to play and to work at the same time.

【中文阅读】

1 . 玩乐不会对任何人有坏处，反而会有很多好处。但结束之后，应当快乐地工作。

2 . 我认识一个非常喜欢玩乐的小男孩。他会跑步、游泳、跳高、打球。放学后总是特别高兴。

3.但他知道，时间并不总是用来玩的。每分钟，每小时，每天都十分珍贵。

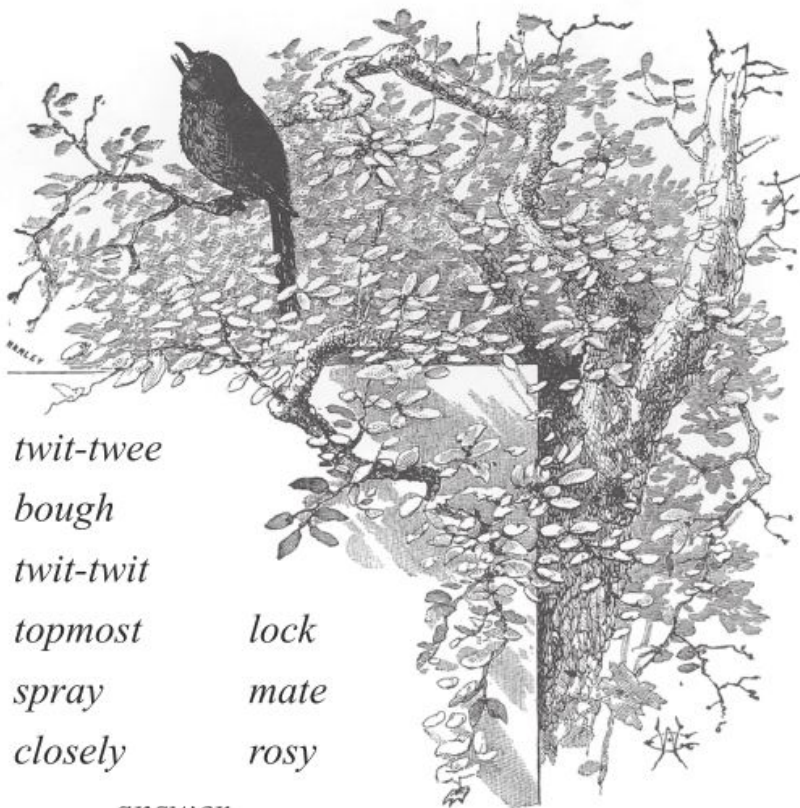
4 . 每次玩完之后，他就回家。先洗脸、洗手、梳头，然后帮妈妈干活。干完活后看书或在小黑板上写字。

5. 他经常说：“一次专心做一件事。”只有完成作业后，他才去玩。他从不边学边玩。

LESSON 11

WHAT A BIRD TAUGHT

小鸟说什么



twit-twee

bough

twit-twit

topmost lock

spray mate

closely rosy

answer

1 . Why do you come to my apple tree,
Little bird so gray?
Twit-twit, twit-twit, twit-twit-twee!
That was all he would say.

2 . Why do you lock your rosy feet
So closely round the spray?
Twit-twit, twit-twit, twit-tweet!
That was all he would say.

3 . Why on the topmost bough do you get,
Little bird so gray?
Twit-twit-twee! twit-twit-twit!
That was all he would say.

4 . Where is your mate? come, answer me,
Little bird so gray.
Twit-twit-twit! twit-twit-twee!
That was all he would say.

(Alice Cary)

【中文阅读】

1 . 小灰鸟，
为何飞到苹果树上？
叽喳喳，叽喳喳，
那就是它的回答。

2 . 为何将你的小红腿，
紧紧扣在小花枝上？
叽喳喳，叽喳喳，
那就是它的回答。

3 . 小灰鸟，
为何飞到枝头上？
叽喳喳，叽喳喳，
那就是它的回答。

4 . 小灰鸟，
告诉我同伴在哪里？
叽喳喳，叽喳喳，
那就是它的回答。

(爱丽丝·卡里)

LESSON 12

SUSIE SUNBEAM

阳光女孩苏西

brightness
playmates
questions
Sunbeam
gladness

pleasant
unkind
smiling
cheered
unless

learned
ragged
crowed
Susie
name

dress
word
child
gave
gate

1 . Susie Sunbeam was not her real name; that was Susan Brown. But every one called her Susie Sunbeam, because she had such a sweet, smiling face, and always brought brightness with her when she came.



2 . Her grandfather first gave her this name, and it seemed to fit the little girl so nicely that soon it took the place of her own.

3 . Even when a baby, Susie laughed and crowed from morning till night. No one ever heard her cry unless she was sick or hurt.

4 . When she had learned to walk, she loved to go about the house and get things for her mother, and in this way save her as many steps as she could.

5 . She would sit by her mother's side for an hour at a time, and ask her ever so many questions, or she would take her new book and read.

6 . Susie was always pleasant in her play with other children. She never used an unkind word, but tried to do whatever would please her playmates best.

7 . One day, a poor little girl with a very ragged dress was going by and Susie heard some children teasing her and making fun of her.

8 . She at once ran out to the gate, and asked the poor little girl to come in. "What are you crying for?" Susie asked.

9 . "Because they all laugh at me," she said.

10 . Then Susie took the little girl into the house. She cheered her up with kind words, and gave her a nice dress and a pair of shoes.

11 . This brought real joy and gladness to the poor child, and she, too, thought that Susie was rightly called Sunbeam.

【中文阅读】

1 . 阳光女孩苏西并非她的真名，她的真名叫苏珊·布朗。但是，人们都叫她阳光女孩苏西，因为她长着一张甜美的笑脸，无论走到哪里，总是笑容灿烂。

2 . 爷爷第一个称她为阳光女孩苏西。此名似乎非常适合她，不久，阳光女孩苏西就代替了她的真名。

3 . 即使是在苏西婴儿时，她也是从早到晚欢笑伴随。除了有病或受伤，其他时候没有人听到过她的哭声。

4 . 当她学走路时，便喜欢帮妈妈满屋子拿东西，这样妈妈省了很多力气。

5 . 有时候她会坐在妈妈身边，花整整一个小时问很多问题；有时候则捧着她的书看。

6 . 和其他小朋友玩耍时，苏西总是欢欢喜喜。她从来不说不友

好的话，尽量让小伙伴们高兴。

7. 一天，当一位衣衫褴褛的贫穷小姑娘路过时，苏西听到别人在嘲笑她，拿她逗乐。

8. 苏西立刻跑到大门口，让那个可怜的小姑娘进屋。“你为什么哭呀？”苏西问道。

9. “他们都取笑我。”小姑娘说。

10. 于是，苏西将小姑娘领进屋里，用亲切的话鼓励她，并送给她一件漂亮的连衣裙和一双鞋。

11. 这带给了这个小姑娘真正的快乐。和其他人一样，这个小姑娘也认为苏西是名副其实的“阳光女孩”。

LESSON 13

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

如果我是阳光

woodlands	divine	raised	until
drooping	blessed	whose	seek
upward	hovels	inner	steal
heaven	hearts	die	roaming
lilies			

1 . “If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do;
I would seek white lilies,
Roaming woodlands through.
I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.”

2 . “If I were a sunbeam,



I know where I'd go;
Into lowly hovels,

Dark with want and woe:
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.”

3 . Are you not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner brightness
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed you,
Scatter light divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

【中文阅读】

1 . 如果我是阳光，
我知道该做什么；
我会在林中漫步，
寻找白色百合。
我会偷偷藏身其中，
将柔和的光洒满它们身上，
直到朵朵百合，
长出花蕾开放。

2 . 如果我是阳光，
我知道该去哪里；
我会走进充满黑暗、贫穷、悲哀的小屋，
我会不停地发光发亮，
直到悲伤的心充满希望；
他们会想到天堂，
他们和我甜美的家。

3 . 幸福美满的孩子，
难道你不是阳光？
内心如果充满光明，
会没有阳光吗？
啊，正如上帝已经赐福给你，

你也去释放神圣之光吧！
如果没有阳光的地方，
要么死亡，要么去发光。

LESSON 14

HENRY, THE BOOTBLACK

擦鞋童亨利

support

along

boots

belong

dollar

years

manage

taught

corner

notice

money

blackening

gentlemen

honest

quite

buy

earned



1 . Henry was a kind, good boy. His father was dead, and his mother was very poor. He had a little sister about two years old.

2 . He wanted to help his mother, for she could not always earn enough to buy food for her little family.

3 . One day, a man gave him a dollar for finding a pocketbook which he had lost.

4 . Henry might have kept all the money, for no one saw him when he found it. But his mother had taught him to be honest, and never to keep what did not belong to him.

5 . With the dollar he bought a box, three brushes, and some blacking. He then went to the corner of the street, and said to every one whose boots did not look nice, "Black your boots, sir, please? "

6 . He was so polite that gentlemen soon began to notice him, and to let him black their boots. The first day he brought home fifty cents, which he gave to his mother to buy food with.

7 . When he gave her the money, she said, as she dropped a tear of joy, "You are a dear, good boy, Henry. I did not know how I could earn enough to buy bread with, but now I think we can manage to get along quite well."

8 . Henry worked all the day, and went to school in the evening. He earned almost enough to support his mother and his little sister.

【中文阅读】

1 . 亨利是个善良的孩子。爸爸去世了，妈妈很穷，家里还有个两岁大的小妹妹。

2 . 妈妈赚的钱常常不够家里吃的，所以亨利想帮妈妈。

3 . 有一天，亨利帮人找到了丢失的钱包，那个人给了亨利一块钱。

4 . 当时，亨利可以留下所有捡到的钱，因为他捡钱包时没人看见。但妈妈教过他为人要诚实，绝不能拿不属于自己的东西。

5 . 他用那一块钱买了一个盒子、三把刷子和一些黑鞋油。然后，他走到街角，对路过时靴子上有尘土的人说：“先生，让我为您擦擦鞋好吗？”

6 . 他文明有礼的举动让人们立刻注意到他。他擦皮鞋的生意就这样做起来了。第一天，他赚了五毛钱，回家后交给妈妈买吃的。

7 . 当他把钱交给妈妈时，妈妈流下了幸福的泪水：“亨利，好孩子，你真可爱。以前我不知道如何才能赚足够的钱买面包，现在我知道我们能做到了。”

8 . 亨利白天要干一整天的活，晚上则去学校上课。他赚的钱几乎足以供养妈妈和小妹妹。

LESSON 15

DON'T WAKE THE BABY

不要吵醒宝宝

tread
talk

whisper
cheerful

softly
careful

Baby sleeps, so we must tread
Softly round her little bed,
And be careful that our toys
Do not fall and make a noise.

We must not talk, but whisper low,
Mother wants to work, we know,
That, when father comes to tea,
All may neat and cheerful be.

Baby sleeps, so we must tread
Softly round her little bed,
And be careful that our toys
Do not fall and make a noise.

We must not talk, but whisper low,

Mother wants to work, we know,
That, when father comes to tea,
All may neat and cheerful be.

【中文阅读】

宝宝睡着了。
我们在她床边要轻手轻脚，
小心我们的玩具，
不要掉在地上弄出声响。

我们不能说话，只能低声耳语。
我们知道妈妈要干活，
当爸爸回家喝茶时，
整个房间都干干净净，充满欢乐。

LESSON 16

A KIND BROTHER

善良的哥哥

full
slip

load
wrong

heavy
handle

middle
brother

heavier
deceived



1 . A boy was once sent from home to take a basket of things to his grandmother.

2 . The basket was so full that it was very heavy. So his little brother went with him, to help carry the load.

3 . They put a pole under the handle of the basket, and each then took hold of an end of the pole. In this way they could carry the basket very nicely.

4 . Now the older boy thought, "My brother Tom does not know about this pole."

5 . "If I slip the basket near him, his side will be heavy, and mine light; but if the basket is in the middle of the pole, it will be as heavy for me as it is for him."

6 . "Tom does not know this as I do. But I will not do it. It would be wrong, and I will not do what is wrong."

7 . Then he slipped the basket quite near his own end of the pole. His load was now heavier than that of his little brother.

8 . Yet he was happy; for he felt that he had done right. Had he deceived his brother, he would not have felt at all happy.

【中文阅读】

1 . 从前，父母叫哥哥给奶奶送一篮子东西。

2 . 篮子装得满满的，很重。于是，弟弟要跟哥哥一起去，帮着哥哥抬篮子。

3 . 他们把一根竿子放到篮子的把手下，两人各抬竿子的一端。这样，他们就能很轻松地抬起篮子。

4 . 这时，哥哥想：“我弟弟汤姆不懂得这根竿子的作用。”

5 . “如果我把篮子滑得离他近一些，他那端就会重一些，我这端就会轻一些。但如果篮子在中间，两端就一样重。”

6 . “虽然汤姆不懂得这个道理，但我不能这么做。这么做是错误的，我不能做错误的事。”

7 . 然后，哥哥把篮子滑得离自己这端近些。他抬的这端比他弟弟那端重多了。

8 . 但哥哥却非常高兴，因为他觉得自己做的对。如果他欺骗了弟弟，他将会感到不快乐。

LESSON 17

MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

我什么都做不了

busy	mischief	looked	unto	glee
contriving	ringlets	noddle	drew	nun
pressing	fingers	carpet	wise	lips
embrace	ponder	lashes	climb	true

1 . “What are you good for, my brave little man?

Answer that question for me, if you can,—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,—
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for. Now ponder it well.”

2 . Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
“Good to love you, mamma, good to love you.”

(Emily Huntington Miller)

【中文阅读】

1.“你能做什么，我勇敢的小男子汉？
如果可以，就回答我。
你，手指像修女一样白，
你，卷发像阳光一样亮。
你整天都想方设法地捣蛋、淘气、逗乐。
看看你聪明的小脑袋是否能回答。
你能做什么？好好想一想。”

2.地毯上可爱的小脚丫，
吧嗒吧嗒地爬上我的座位。
睫毛下一双可爱的眼睛，
调皮欢快地看着我；
两只小手轻轻地捧起我的脸，
然后紧紧地、深情地拥抱着我。
玫瑰般的小嘴唇，道出了真实的答案：
“我能爱你呀，妈咪，我能爱你！”

（艾米丽·亨廷顿·米勒）

LESSON 18

THE KINGBIRD

王 鸟

berries

robin

short

rid

dart

sharp

worms



strikes

eagle

king

foe

fails

hawk

active

- 1 . The kingbird is not bigger than a robin.
- 2 . He eats flies, and worms, and bugs, and berries.
- 3 . He builds his nest in a tree, near some house.
- 4 . When there are young ones in the nest, he sits on the top of a tree near them.
- 5 . He watches to see that no bird comes to hurt them or their mother.
- 6 . If a hawk, a crow, or even an eagle comes near, he makes a dash at it.
- 7 . Though he is so small, he is brave, and he is also very active.
- 8 . He never fails to drive off other birds from his nest.

- 9 . He flies around and around the eagle, and suddenly strikes him with his sharp bill.
- 10 . He strikes at his eye, and then darts away before the eagle can catch him.
- 11 . Or he strikes from behind, and is off again before the eagle can turn round.
- 12 . In a short time, the great eagle is tired of such hard blows, and flies away. He is very glad to get rid of his foe.
- 13 . Is not the little fellow a brave bird?
- 14 . Because he can drive off all other birds, he is called the KINGBIRD.

【中文阅读】

- 1 . 这只王鸟不如知更鸟大。
- 2 . 它吃苍蝇、蠕虫、昆虫和浆果。
- 3 . 它在房子附近的树上搭了一个窝。
- 4 . 当小鸟在窝里时，王鸟便趴在附近的树枝上。
- 5 . 它在留意是否有其他鸟来伤害小鸟和它们的妈妈。
- 6 . 如果有隼、乌鸦，甚至鹰靠近，它就会猛扑过去。
- 7 . 虽然它很小，但却很勇敢且活跃。
- 8 . 它总能把窝周围的鸟驱走，从没失过手。
- 9 . 它一圈又一圈地绕着鹰飞，然后突然用锋利的嘴去啄它。
- 10 . 它啄鹰的眼睛，然后迅速飞走，鹰根本抓不住它。
- 11 . 或者它从鹰的背后袭击，不等鹰转过身来便迅速飞走。
- 12 . 鹰无法忍受如此猛烈的攻击，不久便飞走了。王鸟很高兴赶走了敌人。
- 13 . 难道这个小家伙不勇敢吗？
- 14 . 因为它能赶走其他所有的鸟，所以人们都称它为“王鸟”。

LESSON 19

EVENING HYMN

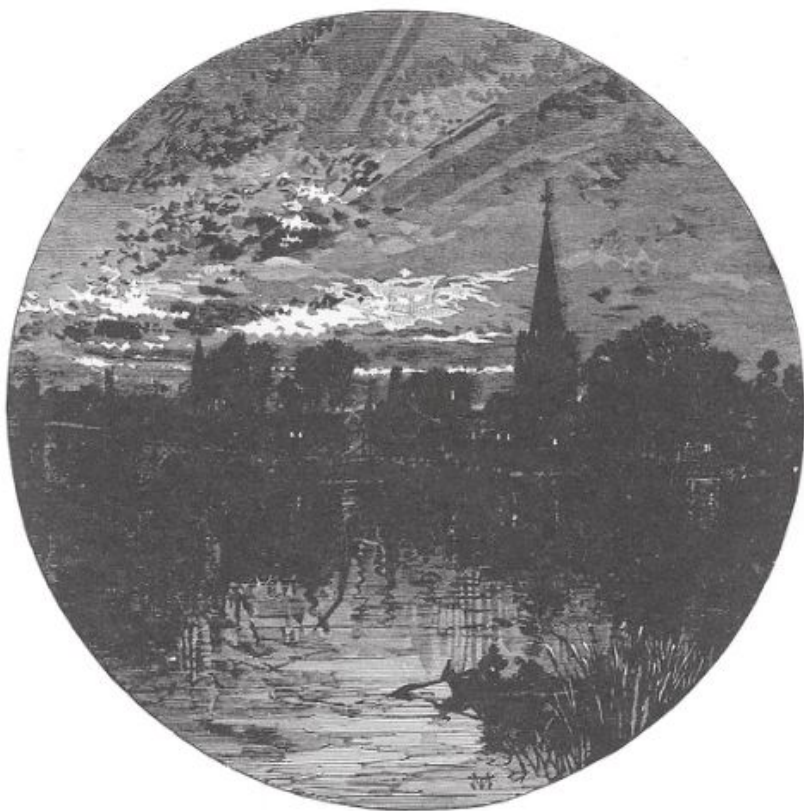
黄昏赞歌

watching
darkness

gathers
across

angels
lonely

begin
beasts



1 . Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,

Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 . Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 . Through the lonely darkness,
May the angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

【中文阅读】

1 . 白天已结束，
夜晚正临近，
黄昏的影子，
悄然越天空。

2 . 天空越来越黑，
星星开始眨眼睛，
鸟兽与花朵，
很快入梦乡。

3 . 但愿天使，
穿越孤独夜空，
展开白色翅膀，
守护我的温床。

LESSON 20

THE QUARREL

争吵

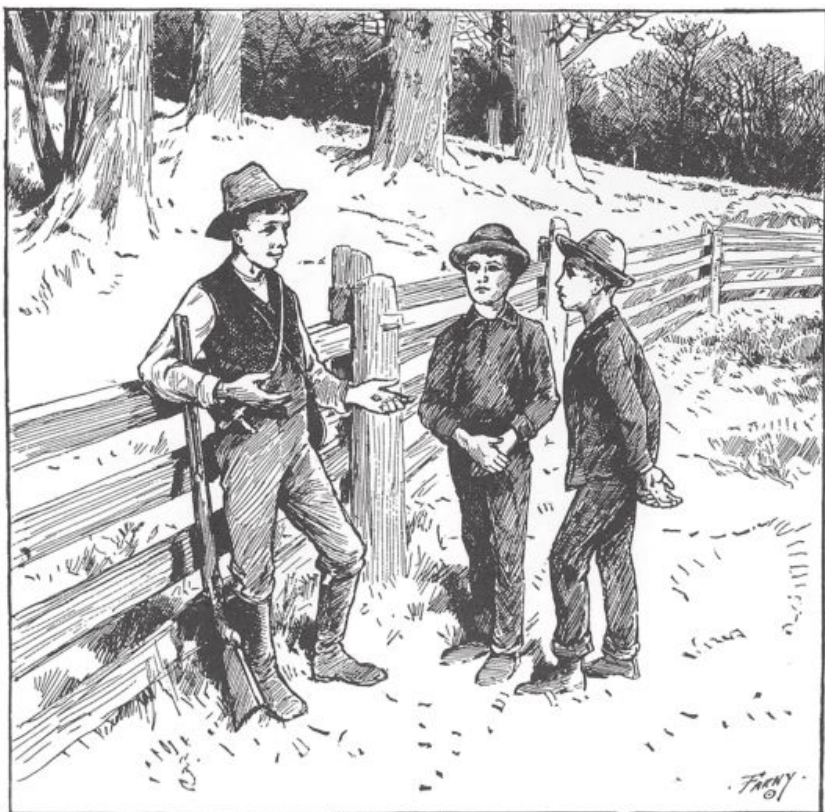
divided
settling

quarrel
kernel

agree
equal

thus
apt

settle
parts



1 . Under a great tree in the woods, two boys saw a fine, large nut, and both ran to get it.

- 2 . James got to it first, and picked it up.
- 3 . “It is mine,” said John, “for I was the first to see it.”
- 4 . “No, it is mine,” said James, “for I was the first to pick it up.”
- 5 . Thus, they at once began to quarrel about the nut.
- 6 . As they could not agree whose it should be, they called an older boy, and asked him.
- 7 . The older boy said, “I will settle this quarrel.”
- 8 . He took the nut, and broke the shell. He then took out the kernel, and divided the shell into two parts, as nearly equal as he could.
- 9 . “This half of the shell,” said he, “belongs to the boy who first saw the nut.”
- 10 . “And this half belongs to the boy who picked it up.”
- 11 . “The kernel of the nut, I shall keep as my pay for settling the quarrel.”
- 12 . “This is the way,” said he, laughing, “in which quarrels are very apt to end.”

【中文阅读】

- 1 . 在树林里的大树下有一颗又大又漂亮的坚果，两个男孩一同看到了，都跑过去捡。
- 2 . 詹姆斯先跑到，捡起了果子。
- 3 . “果子是我的，”约翰说，“是我先看见的。”
- 4 . “不是你的，是我的，”詹姆斯说，“是我先捡到的。”
- 5 . 于是，他们开始为这个果子争吵起来。
- 6 . 由于他俩无法就果子是谁的达成一致，便叫来了一个年龄大一些的男孩来定夺。
- 7 . 那个年龄较大的男孩说：“我能解决这场争吵。”
- 8 . 他拿着果子，敲开壳，拿出果仁，然后把壳尽可能地分成平均的两半。
- 9 . “这一半壳，”他说，“属于第一个看到果子的人。”
- 10 . “这一半壳，则属于先捡到果子的人。”
- 11 . “至于果仁嘛，就当我解决争端的报酬。”
- 12 . “这就是解决争吵的好办法。”他笑着说。

LESSON 21

THE BEE

蜜蜂

creatures
defense
workers

drones
driven
queen

inside
killed
stings

hive
cells
shape

idle
size
wax



1 . Bees live in a house that is called a hive. They are of three kinds,—workers, drones, and queens.

2 . Only one queen can live in each hive. If she is lost or dead,

the other bees will stop their work.

3 . They are very wise and busy little creatures. They all join together to build cells of wax for their honey.

4 . Each bee takes its proper place, and does its own work. Some go out and gather honey from the flowers; others stay at home and work inside the hive.

5 . The cells which they build, are all of one shape and size, and no room is left between them.

6 . The cells are not round, but have six sides.

7 . Did you ever look into a glass hive to see the bees while at work? It is pleasant to see how busy they always are.

8 . But the drones do not work. Before winter comes, all the drones are driven from the hive or killed, that they may not eat the honey which they did not gather.

9 . It is not quite safe for children to handle bees. They have sharp stings that they know well how to use in their defense.

【中文阅读】

1 . 蜜蜂住在蜂房里，那是它们的家。蜜蜂有三种：工蜂、雄蜂和蜂王。

2 . 每个蜂房里只有一只蜂王。如果蜂王失踪或死了，其他的蜜蜂就会停止工作。

3 . 蜜蜂是既聪明又勤劳的小动物。它们一起合作，建造蜡质蜂巢储存蜂蜜。

4 . 每只蜜蜂都各就各位，各司其职。一些蜜蜂出去采蜜，其他蜜蜂则留在蜂房里工作。

5 . 它们建造的蜂巢均形状相同，大小一致，两个蜂巢之间没有一点空隙。

6 . 这些蜂巢不是圆的，而是六边形的。

7 . 你见过玻璃蜂房里的蜜蜂工作的情景吗？看见它们总是忙忙碌碌的，真是令人高兴。

8 . 但雄蜂不工作。冬天来临之前，所有的雄蜂都被驱逐出蜂房，或被杀死，他们不能吃不是自己采的蜜。

9 . 孩子们与蜜蜂打交道是不安全的，因为蜜蜂身上有用于保护自己的锋利的刺。

LESSON 22

THE SONG OF THE BEE

蜜蜂之歌

blossoms
smelling
fragrant
treasure
summer
daffodillies

dreary
toiling
thistle
yellow
clover
columbine

weary
levies
weeds
meadow
cloudy
humming

pinks
buzz
scent
tax
daisy



1 . Buzz! buzz! buzz!
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow;
A jolly, good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

2 . In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy

He's making his wax:
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms,
He levies a tax!

3 . Buzz! buzz! buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings:
He never gets lazy;
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

4 . Buzz! buzz! buzz!
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.

(Marian Douglas)

【中文阅读】

1 . 嗡嗡嗡！
这就是蜜蜂之歌。
腿是黄色。
既是快乐的好伙伴，
又是伟大的劳动者。

2 . 阳光明媚的日子，
采花酿蜜；
乌云密布的日子，

制作蜂蜡；
在香石竹上、百合花上，
漂亮的水仙花上，
及耧斗花上，
逐一采蜜！

3．嗡嗡嗡！
嗡嗡地倒挂在芳香的苜蓿草上；
玫瑰的香味，
令翅膀芬芳；
从野生蓟到雏菊，
再到草地的野花，
到处采珍宝，
从不偷懒！

4．嗡嗡嗡！
整个夏天，
从早上第一缕阳光出现到夜晚降临，
不停地唱歌和劳作。
啊，人类会感到疲倦，
认为工作枯燥乏味；
但如果没有工作，
生活才更艰辛！

（玛利娅·道格拉斯）

LESSON 23

THE TORN DOLL

撕破的布娃娃

unhappy
heedless
growing
harshly
easily



promised
became
careless
leaving
effects



<i>annoy</i>	<i>ma'am</i>	<i>blame</i>	<i>worse</i>	<i>torn</i>
<i>hardly</i>	<i>nicest</i>	<i>spend</i>	<i>habit</i>	<i>evil</i>

1 . Mary Armstrong was a pretty little girl, but she was heedless about some things.

2 . Her way of leaving her books and playthings just where she had used them last, gave her mother much trouble in picking them up and putting them in their proper places.

3 . She had often told Mary the evil effects of being so careless. Her books became spoiled, and her toys broken.

4 . But worse than this was the growing habit of carelessness,

which would be of great harm to her all her life. It would make her unhappy, and would annoy her friends.

5 . One day Mary and her mother went out into their pleasant yard, to spend an hour in the open air. Mrs. Armstrong took her work with her.

6 . Mary ran about and played with Dash, her pet dog, and was having a happy time.

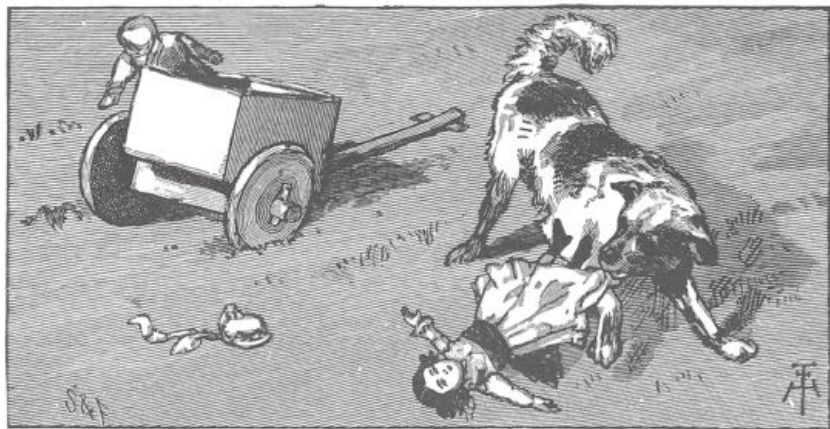
7 . But in a corner of the yard she found her nicest doll all torn and broken, and its dress covered with mud.

8 . She knew, at once, that Dash had done this, and she scolded him harshly.

9 . Carrying the broken doll to her mamma. she showed it to her, and could hardly keep from crying.

10 . Mrs. Armstrong asked Mary if she had not left the doll on the porch where Dash could easily get it; and Mary had to answer, "Yes, ma'am."

11 . "Then you must not blame the dog, Mary, for he does not know it is wrong for him to play with your doll. I hope this will be a lesson to you hereafter, to put your things away when you are through playing."



12 . "I will try," said Mary. And her mother promised to mend the doll as well as she could.

【中文阅读】

1. 玛丽·阿姆斯特朗是一个漂亮的小女孩，但是对有些事却马马虎虎。

2. 她常常把书和玩具随手丢在最后用过的地方，这给妈妈添了不少麻烦，妈妈不得不把这些东西捡起来放回原处。

3. 妈妈常常告诉玛丽这么粗心的后果。她的书破了，玩具也弄坏了。

4. 更糟糕的是，她粗心大意的习惯却与日剧增。这将给她的生活带来极大危害。这也使她不幸福，让她的朋友讨厌她。

5. 一天，玛丽和妈妈到院子里呼吸新鲜的空气。阿姆斯特朗太太顺便把手上的活也带来了。

6. 玛丽和她的宠物狗黛狮东奔西跑，玩得很开心。

7. 但是在院子的一个角落，玛丽发现她的最漂亮的布娃娃被撕破了，娃娃的裙子上也沾满了泥土。

8. 她马上就明白，这是黛狮干的，她狠狠地责骂了它一通。

9. 玛丽把撕破的娃娃拿给妈妈看，差点哭了出来。

10. 阿姆斯特朗太太问玛丽，是否把娃娃放在黛狮很容易够得到的门廊上了，玛丽不得不承认：“是的，妈妈。”

11. “那么，玛丽，你就不应该责怪黛狮了，因为黛狮根本不知道撕破娃娃是错误的。我希望你能吸取这个教训，玩的时候把玩具放好。”

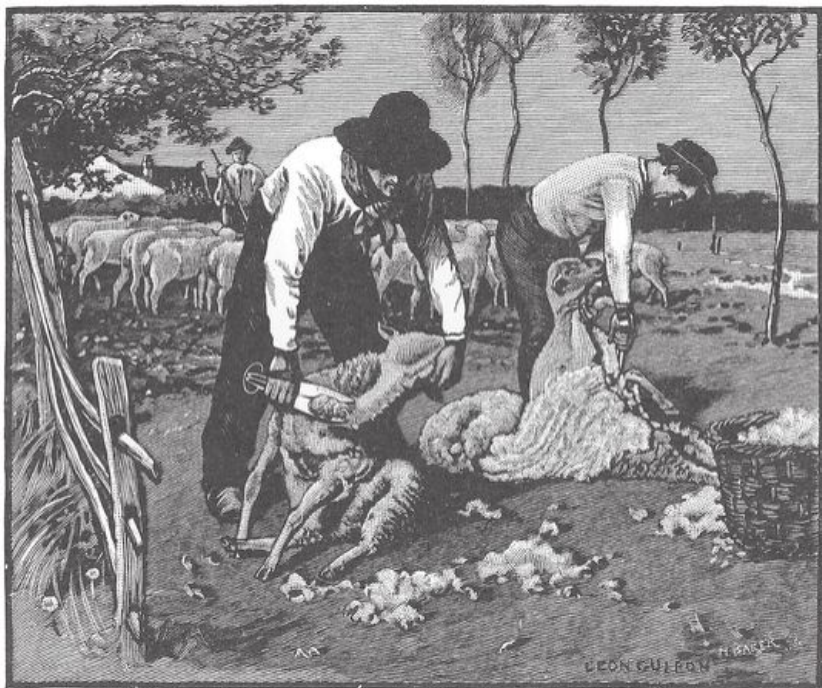
12. “我会的。”玛丽说。同时，妈妈答应玛丽尽量把娃娃补好。

LESSON 24

SHEEP-SHEARING

剪羊毛

thoroughly	month	dried	dyed	cuts
shearer	sheep	those	spun	dirt
otherwise	woven	cloth	wool	rub



1 . Sheep are washed and sheared some time in the month of June. This should be done quite early in the month, before the hot days begin.

2 . It is fine sport for those who look on, but not much fun for

the sheep.

3 . It is best for the sheep to have the wool taken off; otherwise they would suffer in the summer time.

4 . When the time comes for washing the sheep, they are driven to a pond or a little river.

5 . Then they are thrown into the water, one at a time. The men who are in the water catch them, and squeeze the wet wool with their hands to get the dirt all out of it.

6 . When the wool is thoroughly dried, the sheep are taken to the shearer; and he cuts off the wool with a large pair of shears.

7 . It is then dyed, spun, and woven into cloth.

8 . In a short time, before the cold winter comes, new wool grows out on the sheep. By the coming of spring there is so much, that it must be cut off again.

【中文阅读】

1 . 绵羊要在6月里洗澡、剪毛。这项工作应该尽量在6月的早些时候完成，否则天就热了。

2 . 对旁观者来说，这挺有趣；但对绵羊来说，却并不好玩。

3 . 对绵羊来说，最好是剪下羊毛，否则到夏天就得遭罪。

4 . 当到给绵羊洗澡的时候，把它们赶到池塘或小河边。

5 . 然后，将绵羊扔到水里，一次一只。水里的人们抓住绵羊，用双手紧拧湿漉漉的羊毛，直到脏东西都洗掉。

6 . 当羊毛彻底干了以后，绵羊便被赶到剪羊毛的地方，剪羊毛的工人用一把大剪子剪羊毛。

7 . 然后，给羊毛染色、纺线，最后织成布料。

8 . 在寒冷的冬天来临之前，绵羊身上又长出了新的羊毛。春天到来时，羊毛长得越来越厚，又必须再次剪掉。

LESSON 25

THE CLOUDS



云

bearers
rays

earth
grain

warm
clouds

sultry
o'er

wander
we're

1 . Clouds that wander through the sky,
Sometimes low and sometimes high;
In the darkness of the night,
In the sunshine warm and bright.
Ah! I wonder much if you
Have any useful work to do.

2 . Yes, we're busy night and day,
As o'er the earth we take our way.
We are bearers of the rain
To the grass, and flowers, and grain;
We guard you from the sun's bright rays,
In the sultry summer days.

【中文阅读】

1 . 在漆黑的夜晚，
在温暖灿烂的阳光下。
云在天空漫步，
时高，时低；
啊！我真想知道，
你是否有很多事情要做。

2 . 是的，我们日夜忙碌，

以我们的方式守护着大地。
我们承载着雨滴，
洒向小草、鲜花和庄稼；
在炎热的夏日，
我们守护着他们免受阳光的照射。

LESSON 26

PATTY AND THE SQUIRREL

帕蒂和松鼠



people forest
squirrel cool
nearest tame
hollow snug
shoulder miles
sticks
gentle
though
Patty

1 . Little Patty lives in a log house near a great forest. She has no sisters, and her big brothers are away all day helping their father.

2 . But Patty is never lonely; for, though the nearest house is miles away, she has many little friends. Here are two of them that live in the woods.

3 . But how did Patty teach them to be so tame? Patty came to the woods often, and was always so quiet and gentle that the

squirrels soon found they need not be afraid of her.

4 . She brought her bread and milk to eat under the trees, and was sure to leave crumbs for the squirrels.

5 . When they came near, she sat very still and watched them. So, little by little, she made them her friends, till, at last, they would sit on her shoulder, and eat from her hand.

6 . Squirrels build for themselves summer houses. These are made of leaves, and sticks, and moss. They are nice and cool for summer, but would never do for the winter cold and snow.

7 . So these wise little people find a hollow in an old tree. They make it warm and snug with soft moss and leaves; and here the squirrels live all through the long winter.

【中文阅读】

1 . 小帕蒂住在大森林旁的一间小木屋里。她没有姐妹，她的哥哥每天都在外面帮助爸爸干活。

2 . 尽管最近的邻居离他们有几英里远，但帕蒂从来不孤独，因为她有很多的小伙伴。其中有两个就住在树林里。

3 . 帕蒂是怎么让它们这么驯服的呢？帕蒂经常到树林里，她很安静，很温柔。不久小松鼠们就发现它们不必害怕她。

4 . 帕蒂把面包和牛奶带到树下吃，并且总会给小松鼠留下些面包屑。

5 . 当它们靠近的时候，帕蒂就安静地坐着，看着它们。慢慢地，他们成为了朋友。小松鼠会坐到她的肩膀上，吃她手里的食物。

6 . 松鼠为自己建造夏天住的房子，是用叶子、木棍和苔藓建造的。这种房子夏天住非常舒适凉快，但却不适合寒冬居住，特别是下雪天。

7 . 这些聪明的小家伙在一棵古树里找了一个树洞。他们还用柔软的苔藓和树叶来把它装扮得既温暖又舒适；在这里，小松鼠们将度过一个漫长的寒冬。

LESSON 27

THE SPARROW

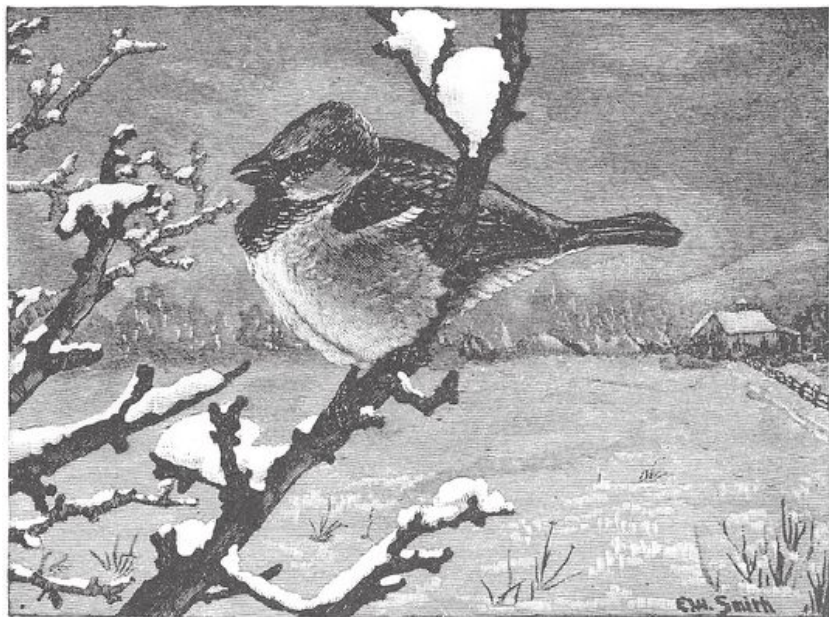
麻雀

frightened
complains
sparrow

intend
plums
ripest

wheat
choose
robbing

Thomas
shocking
breakfast



plenty

share

treat

tales

wait

1 . Glad to see you, little bird;
It was your little chirp I heard:
What did you intend to say?
“Give me something this cold day”?

2 . That I will, and plenty, too;
All the crumbs I saved for you.
Don't be frightened—here's a treat:
I will wait and see you eat.

3 . Shocking tales I hear of you;
Chirp, and tell me, are they true?
Robbing all the summer long;
Don't you think it very wrong?

4 . Thomas says you steal his wheat;
John complains, his plums you eat—
Choose the ripest for your share,
Never asking whose they are.

5 . But I will not try to know
What you did so long ago:
There's your breakfast, eat away;
Come to see me every day.

【中文阅读】

1 . 很高兴见到你，小鸟；
我听到了你啾啾的叫声：
你想对我说什么？
“在这寒冷的天气里给我点吃的？”

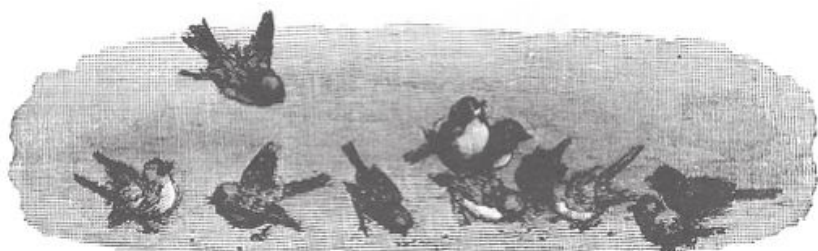
2 . 我会给你备好足够的食物，
我为你保存了所有的面包屑。
别害怕，我来款待你，
我等着你，看你享用。

3 . 我听说了你的很多可怕的传言，
唧唧，告诉我，那都是真的吗？
整个夏天你都在抢掠，
你不觉得这是不对的吗？

4 . 托马斯说你偷了他的小麦，

约翰说你吃了他的梅子。
你总是选择熟透了的食物，
却从来不问它们到底属于谁。

5 . 但我不想知道，
很久以前你都做过什么；
这是你的早餐，来吃吧，
记得每天来看我。



LESSON 28

SAM AND HARRY

萨姆和哈里

afternoon

supper

deep

length

carriage

threw



hedge

stood

truly

road

few

sad

1 . One fine summer afternoon, Sam was walking home from school. He went along slowly, reading a book.

2 . Sam had spent all his money for the book, but he was a

happy boy.

3 . At length he came into the highroad, where there was a gate. A blind man stood, holding it open.

4 . The poor man said, "Please give me a few cents to buy some bread!" But Sam gave him nothing .

5 . What! did Sam give the poor blind man nothing? Yes; for, as I told you, he had spent all his money.

6 . So Sam walked on, very sad. Soon after, a fine carriage came up, and in it were Harry and his mother.

7 . The blind man stood, and held out his hat. "Let us give the poor man something," said Harry to his mother.

8 . His mother gave him some cents. Harry took them, but did not put them into the man's hat.

9 . He threw them into the hedge as far as he could. The poor man could not find them, for, you know, he was blind.

10 . Sam had turned back to look at the fine carriage. He saw Harry throw the cents into the hedge; so he came back at once, and looked for the money until he found it all for the blind man.

11 . This took so long a time, that he almost lost his supper.

12 . Which of the boys do you think was truly kind to the poor man?

13 . I know which he thanked most in his heart.

【中文阅读】

1 . 一个夏日美好的午后，萨姆放学回家。他一边慢慢走着，一边读书。

2 . 萨姆为了买这本书花光了他所有的钱，但他很快乐。

3 . 最后他走上了一条公路，那里有一扇大门，一个盲人站在那里，把门打开。

4 . 这个可怜的人说，“请给我点儿钱让我买些面包！”萨姆没给他。

5 . 什么？萨姆什么都没给那个可怜人吗？是的，因为就如我所说的，他买书花光了他所有的钱。

6 . 因此，萨姆非常难过地继续往前走。过了一会儿，一辆非常好的马车赶了上来，哈里和他的妈妈坐在里面。

7 . 这个盲人站在那里，手里拿着帽子。“我们给这个可怜的人些钱吧，”哈里对他的妈妈说。

8 . 哈里的妈妈给了他几分钱。哈里拿着钱，但他没有把钱投到

那个盲人的帽子里。

9. 哈里使尽全力，把钱扔到了远处的篱笆里。那个可怜人肯定找不到，因为你知道的，他看不见。

10. 萨姆转过身看着那辆漂亮的马车。他看到哈里把钱扔到了篱笆里，因此他赶快跑回去在草丛里找到钱，并且把钱交给了那个盲人。

11. 做这些花了他很长的时间，他差点错过了他的晚餐。

12. 你认为哪个男孩是真正对那个可怜的盲人好呢？

13. 我知道他在心里最感谢谁。

LESSON 29

THE LITTLE RILL

小溪

rippling	fringe	stray	thou	mill
village	brink	clear	wild	hill
course	bathe	tiny	pool	rill

1 . Run, run, thou tiny rill;
Run, and turn the village mill;
Run, and fill the deep, clear pool
In the woodland's shade so cool,
Where the sheep love best to stray
In the sultry summer day;
Where the wild birds bathe and drink,
And the wild flowers fringe the brink.



2 . Run, run, thou tiny rill,

Round the rocks, and down the hill;
Sing to every child like me;
The birds will join you, full of glee:
And we will listen to the song
You sing, your rippling course along.

【中文阅读】

1. 流啊，流啊，潺潺溪流，
去转动乡间的磨坊，
去填满深深的清澈池塘；
在炎炎夏日，
流动在树林里凉爽的树荫下，
流向那羊群最喜欢流浪的地方；
野鸟在这里洗澡、喝水，
野花在溪边灿烂开放。

2. 流啊，流啊，潺潺溪流，
绕过岩石，流下山坡，
对着每个像我这样的孩子唱歌；
鸟儿欢快地也加入，
我们为歌声倾倒，
你一路歌唱，
你的潺潺流水声也一路奔向远方。

LESSON 30

THE BOAT UPSET

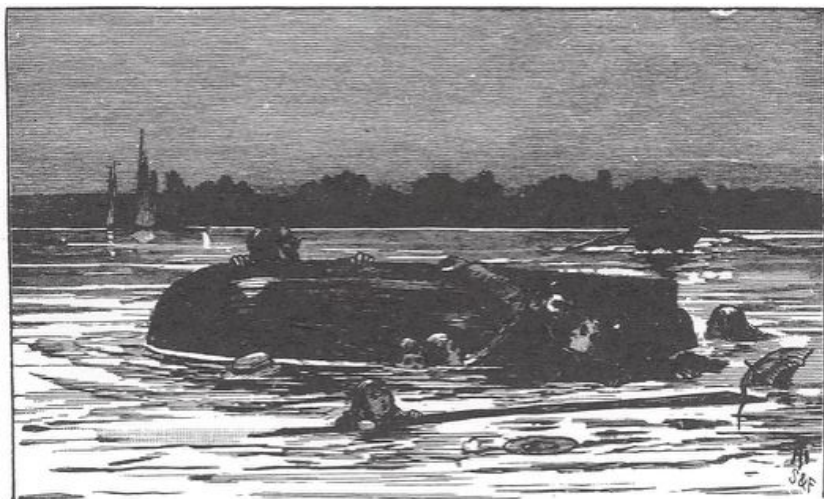
翻船

hastened	possible	balance	Edgar	save
boatman	danger	quickly	move	trip
stretched	several	started	folks	fell

1 . “Sit still, children. Do not move about in the boat,” said Mr. Rose to the young folks he was taking for a trip on the water.

2 . The boat was a large one, and could not easily be upset. There were in it Mr. and Mrs. Rose, the boatman, and several little boys and girls.

3 . “Keep still, please, young gentlemen,” said the boatman, when Edgar Rose and Thomas Read began to move from one side to the other.



4 . They kept quiet for a short time only. Edgar soon wanted a stick which Thomas held in his hand. He lost his balance in trying to get the stick, and fell into the water.

5 . Mr. and Mrs. Rose both started up, and stretched out their arms to save him; but in so doing, they upset the boat.

6 . Every one fell into the water, and all were in the greatest danger of being drowned.

7 . Another boat was near, with but one man in it. He hastened to them as quickly as possible, and saved them from drowning.

8 . Children should always be careful and quiet when they are in a boat on the water, and should obey what older people tell them.

【中文阅读】

1 . “坐好了，孩子们。不要在船上乱动。”罗斯先生对孩子们说。他正在划船。

2 . 船很大，不会轻易翻掉的。船上有罗斯夫妇、船夫及几个孩子。

3 . 当埃德加·罗斯和托马斯·里德开始从船的一头跑到另一头时，船夫说：“请好好坐着，年轻的先生们。”

4 . 他们仅仅安静了一小会儿。片刻之后，埃德加想要托马斯手里的棍子。在他想要夺棍子的时候，他一下失去了平衡，掉进了水里。

5 . 罗斯先生和罗斯太太赶忙伸出手去救他，但当他们要救他的时候，却把船给弄翻了。

6 . 所有的人都掉到了水里，他们都面临着被淹死的巨大风险。

7 . 另一条船正在附近，但船上只有一个人。那人见状赶快把船划向他们，把他们都从水里救了出来。

8 . 当船在水中划行时，孩子们一定要小心和安静，要听大人的话。

LESSON 31

MARY's LETTER

玛丽的信

Forest Hill, June 25, 1878.
My Dear Fanny:

This morning, while out rowing, we all came near being drowned. Brother Ed, in trying to take a stick from Tom Reed, tripped and fell out of the boat. Papa and Mamma caught at him to save him, and before we knew it we were all in the water. The boat upset and how we were all saved I can hardly tell. A man in another boat which was near, picked us up.

Had it not been for this, you would to-day have no cousin.

Mary Rose.

Forest Hill, June 25, 1878

My Dear Fanny:

This morning, while out rowing, we all came near being drowned. Brother Ed, in trying to take a stick from Tom Reed, tripped and fell out of the boat. Papa and Mamma caught at him to save him, and before we knew it we were all in the water. The boat upset and how we were all saved I can hardly tell. A man in another boat which was near, picked us up.

Had it not been for this, you would to-day have no cousin.

Mary Rose.

【中文阅读】

森林山，6月25日，1878

亲爱的法妮：

今天早上我们划船时，差点淹死了。埃德加弟弟想要从托马斯那里抢一个棍子，结果掉下船了。爸爸妈妈想要伸手拉他上来，我们还没明白怎么回事，就都掉到水里了。船翻了，我也说不清楚我们是怎么被救的。附近船上的一个人把我们救了上来。

如果我们没被救上来的话，今天你就没有表姐了。

玛丽·罗斯

LESSON 32

THE TIGER

老虎

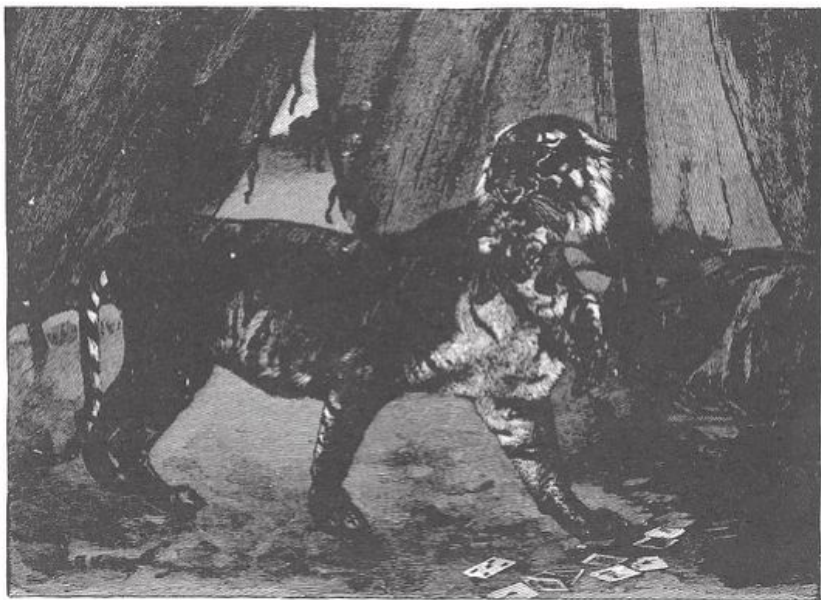
lion
prey
seize
roar

body
tiger
chain
giant

stripes
collar
unlike
slightest

delight
tigress
swiftest
officers

English
frightful
animals
whiskers



1 . The tiger is a giant cat. His body is nearly covered with black stripes.

2 . Unlike the lion, he runs so fast that the swiftest horse can not overtake him. He goes over the ground by making bounds or springs, one after another.

3 . By night, as well as by day, the tiger watches for his prey.

With a frightful roar, he will seize a man, and carry him off.

4 . Have you ever thought what use whiskers are to cats? Lions have great whiskers, and so have tigers and all other animals of the cat kind.

5 . Whenever you find an animal with whiskers like the cat's, you may be sure that animal steals softly among branches and thick bushes.

6 . By the slightest touch on the tiger's whiskers, he knows when there is anything in his road.

7 . A few years ago, some English officers went out to hunt. When coming home from their day's sport, they found a little tiger kitten.

8 . They took it with them and tied it, with a collar and chain, to the pole of their tent. It played about, to the delight of all who saw it.

9 . One evening, just as it was growing dark, they heard a sound that frightened them greatly. It was the roar of a tiger.

10 . The kitten pulled at the chain, and tried to break away. With a sharp cry, it answered the voice outside.

11 . All at once, a large tigress bounded into the middle of the tent. She caught her kitten by the neck, and broke the chain which bound it.

12 . Then turning to the door of the tent, she dashed away as suddenly as she had come.

【中文阅读】

1 . 老虎像只巨大的猫，他的全身布满了黑色的斑纹。

2 . 与狮子不同，老虎跑得非常快，就算是跑得最快的马也追不上它。它在大地驰骋，一次又一次跳跃、飞奔。

3 . 日日夜夜，老虎都守候着它的猎物。随着一声大吼，它就会抓住一个人，并会致他于死地。

4 . 你有没有想过猫的胡须的用处？与老虎和其他的猫科动物一样，狮子也有很长的胡须。

5 . 每当你看到长着猫一样胡须的动物，就会发现，他们常常偷偷地藏树枝和茂密的灌木丛里。

6 . 借助它的胡须轻微的触觉，老虎知晓何时会有什么东西出现在它的周围。

7 . 几年前，一些英国官员外出打猎。当他们结束了白天的狩猎

要回家时，他们发现了一只小老虎。

8．他们抓住了小老虎，并且用项圈和链子把它拴在帐篷的杆子上。小老虎四处跑，这让看到它的人感到很开心。

9．一天傍晚，天渐渐黑了，他们听见了十分恐怖的声音——老虎的吼声。

10．小老虎使劲拉扯锁链，想要挣脱逃走。它尖叫一声，回应着外面老虎的吼叫声。

11．突然，一只大母老虎跳进了帐篷中。它扯断了绑缚的锁链，叼起了小老虎的脖子。

12．然后，它转身到了帐篷门口，像来时一样迅速地跑走了。

LESSON 33

THE FIRESIDE

火炉旁

then
Katie
Jane

usual
better
reason

cousin
crackle
tonight

fireside
knitting
happier

sewing
perhaps
instructive



1 . One winter night, Mrs. Lord and her two little girls sat by a bright fire in their pleasant home. The girls were sewing, and their mother was busy at her knitting.

2 . At last, Katie finished her work, and, looking up, said,

“Mother, I think the fire is brighter than usual. How I love to hear it crackle!”

3 . “And I was about to say,” cried Mary, “that this is a better light than we had last night.”

4 . “My dears,” said their mother, “it must be that you feel happier than usual tonight. Perhaps that is the reason why you think the fire better, and the light brighter.”

5 . “But, mother,” said Mary, “I do not see why we are happier now than we were then; for last night cousin Jane was here, and we played 'Puss in the corner' and 'Blind man' until we all were tired.”

6 . “I know! I know why!” said Katie. “It is because we have all been doing something useful tonight. We feel happy because we have been busy.”

7 . “You are right, my dear,” said their mother. “I am glad you have both learned that there may be something more pleasant than play, and, at the same time, more instructive.”

【中文阅读】

1 . 一个冬天的夜晚，罗德太太和她的两个女儿坐在火炉旁。女儿们在做针线活，罗德太太忙着织毛衣。

2 . 最后，凯蒂做完了她的活，她抬起头说：“妈妈，我觉得今晚的火比以往的旺，我真喜欢听这种噼里啪啦的声音。”

3 . 玛丽喊道：“我刚也想说，今晚的火比昨晚的亮。”

4 . 妈妈说：“亲爱的孩子们，你们今晚一定比以往都要快乐。也许这就是为什么你们觉得今晚的火更旺，火光更亮。”

5 . 玛丽说：“但是妈妈，我不明白为什么我们今天比以往快乐呢？昨天晚上表姐简在我们家，我们一起玩了挤墙角和捉迷藏的游戏，一直玩到很晚才结束。”

6 . 凯蒂说：“我知道！我知道为什么！那是因为我们今晚做了有用的事情。我们快乐是因为我们都很忙碌。”

7 . 妈妈说：“你说的对，亲爱的。我很高兴你们都能明白有比玩耍更令人愉快的事情，同时它也更有意义。”

LESSON 34

BIRDIE'S MORNING SONG

鸟儿的晨歌

dewdrops	hopping	laziest	bends	sung
patience	instead	darling	ought	rest
slumber	myself	reply	miss	lose

1 . Wake up, little darling, the birdies are out,
And here you are still in your nest!
The laziest birdie is hopping about;
You ought to be up with the rest.
Wake up, little darling, wake up!



2 . Oh, see what you miss when you slumber so long—
The dewdrops, the beautiful sky!
I can not sing half what you lose in my song;
And yet, not a word in reply.
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

3 . I've sung myself quite out of patience with you,
While mother bends o'er your dear head;
Now birdie has done all that birdie can do:
Her kisses will wake you instead!
Wake up, little darling, wake up!

(George Cooper)

【中文阅读】

1 . 起床吧，小宝贝，鸟儿们都已离巢，
你却还赖在被窝里！
最懒的鸟儿都在跳来跳去，
你应该跟他们一样。
起床吧，小宝贝，起床吧！

2 . 噢，看哪！你一直赖床，
你错过了露珠和美丽的天空！
我无法重唱你错过的歌曲，
你一直不说一句话。
起床吧，小宝贝。起床吧！

3 . 当妈妈弯下腰亲吻你的脸时，
我对自己说我已经对你失去耐心；
现在小鸟已经完成了它的使命，
妈妈的吻会替我叫醒你！
起床吧，小宝贝，起床吧！

(乔治·库柏)

LESSON 35

WILLIE AND BOUNCE

威利和鲍恩斯

sent
load
cake

store
circle
blocks

Bounce
ripples
strolled

floating
catching
however

1 . Two fast friends were Willie Brown and his little dog Bounce. Willie could never think of taking a walk without Bounce. Cake and play were equally shared between them.

2 . Willie taught his dog many cunning tricks, and often said that Bounce could do almost anything in the world but talk.

3 . There came a time, however, when Bounce really told Willie's father something, though he could not talk. Let me tell you how he did this.

4 . It was on a bright summer afternoon. Willie had strolled with Bounce down to the river, which was not more than two blocks from his father's store.

5 . Willie began to throw stones into the water, and to watch the ripples as they made one circle after another.

6 . Bounce lay on the grass, watching the flies that buzzed around his nose, and catching any that came too near.

7 . There were some logs floating in the river near the shore. Willie jumped upon one of them, to see if he could throw a stone across the river.



8 . He drew back, and sent the stone with all his might. Just as it left his hand, the log turned, and he fell into the water.

9 . He was very much frightened, for he did not know how to swim, and there was no one to hear, though he called as loud as he could for help.

【中文阅读】

1 . 威利·布朗和他的小狗鲍恩斯是好朋友。威利无法想象没有鲍恩斯一起散步的情形。他们常常平分蛋糕，一起玩耍。

2 . 威利教给鲍恩斯很多小把戏。他说这个世界上除了说话没有鲍恩斯做不到的事情。

3 . 有一次，尽管鲍恩斯不能说话，但他确实告诉了威利的爸爸一些事情。让我来告诉你它是怎样做到的。

4. 那是一个夏日的午后，威利与鲍恩斯在离他爸爸商店不超过两个街区的一条河边散步。

5. 威利开始往河里扔石头，然后看着波纹一圈圈地扩展开来。

6. 鲍恩斯躺在草地上，看着苍蝇绕着它的鼻子嗡嗡地飞，还不停地抓那些飞的很近的苍蝇。

7. 在河中靠岸边的地方漂浮着一些圆木。威利跳上一根圆木，想试试能不能把石头扔到河对岸。

8. 他后退几步，用尽全身力气扔出石头。就在石头脱手的那一刹那，圆木翻了，威利掉进了水里。

9. 他很害怕，因为他不会游泳。尽管他使劲高呼救命，但根本没有人听见。

LESSON 36

WILLIE AND BOUNCE (CONCLUDED)



威利和鲍恩斯 (结束篇)

yelp
sprang

loudly
clothes

against
opened

looking
distress

barking
scratched

1 . Poor little Bounce gave a great yelp of distress. If he had been a big water dog, he could have jumped in and brought his master out.

2 . He ran up and down the bank two or three times, barking, looking first at Willie and then around. Then he started, as fast as he could run, up the street to the store.

3 . When he got there the door was shut, but he scratched against it and barked loudly, until some one came and opened it.

4 . He caught hold of Mr. Brown's clothes, then ran to the door, then back again, catching at him, barking, and jumping.



5 . A friend who was in the store said to Mr. Brown, "Something must be wrong; I would put on my hat, and go with the dog." Bounce, seeing Mr. Brown take his hat, started for the river.

6 . Then Mr. Brown thought of Willie. As he came to the river, he saw Willie's hat floating on the water, and his small arm thrown up.

7 . He sprang in and caught him just as he was going down for the last time, and quickly carried him to the bank. Willie soon got over his fright, and no one seemed to be more delighted than Bounce.



【中文阅读】

1. 可怜的小鲍恩斯发出一阵悲痛的一声。如果它是一条会游泳的狗，它肯定马上跳进河里把主人救上来。

2. 它在河岸边来回跑了两三趟，汪汪叫着。它看着主人，急得团团转。最后，它飞快地跑上大街，往商店跑去。

3. 当它跑到商店的时候，店门已经关上了。它使劲抓门，并且大声叫，直到有人开门。

4. 鲍恩斯抓住布朗先生的衣服往门口跑，它用力抓住他，又跳又叫。

5. 布朗先生对商店里的一个朋友说：“一定出了什么事，我戴上帽子，跟着这条狗去看看。”鲍恩斯看到布朗先生带上帽子，就朝河边跑去了。

6. 布朗先生想到了威利。当他跑到河边的时候，他看到威利的帽子漂在水面上，他的小胳膊在水里不停摇晃着。

7. 正当威利要沉到水里的时候，布朗先生及时跳进水中，把威利抓了上来，带到了岸上。威利渐渐地从恐慌中缓过神来。看到这一切，没有比鲍恩斯更高兴的了。

LESSON 37

THE KITCHEN CLOCK

厨房里的钟

talkative

improve

obliging

written

tick-tock

clock

truthful

itself

kitchen

fear

reaches

most



1 . Listen to the kitchen clock!
To itself it ever talks,
From its place it never walks;

“Tick-tock-tick-tock: ”
Tell me what it says.

2 . “I'm a very patient clock,
Never moved by hope or fear,
Though I've stood for many a year;
Tick-tock-tick-tock: ”
That is what it says.

3 . “I'm a very truthful clock:
People say about the place,
Truth is written on my face;
Tick-tock-tick-tock: ”
That is what it says.

4 . “I'm a most obliging clock;
If you wish to hear me strike,
You may do it when you like;
Tick-tock-tick-tock: ”
That is what it says.

5 . “I'm a very friendly clock;
For this truth to all I tell,
Life is short, improve it well;
Tick-tock-tick-tock: ”
That is what it says.

6 . What a talkative old clock!
Let us see what it will do
When the hour hand reaches two;
“Ding-ding—tick-tock: ”
That is what it says.

【中文阅读】

1 . 听，厨房里的钟，
它正在自言自语，
它在那里从未离开过，
“滴答，滴答”，

告诉我它在说什么。

2.“我是一个耐心的钟，
待在这里多年，
从来未因欲望和恐惧而离开，
滴答，滴答”，
那就是它所说的。

3.“我是一个真诚的钟，
人们指着我的脸说，
真相就写在那里，
滴答，滴答”，
那就是它所说的。

4.“我是一个体贴的钟，
如果你想听到我的钟声，
你随时可以让我敲响，
滴答，滴答”，
那就是我所说的。

5.“我是一个友好的钟，
我向所有人阐述着这个真理，
人生短暂，莫要虚度，
滴答，滴答”，
那就是我所说的。

6.真是一个健谈的老钟，
让我们看看它是如何工作，
当它的指针指向“2”时，
“叮叮，当当”，
那就是它所说的。

LESSON 38

THE NEW SCALES

新 秤

Herbert

find

inches

beam

pine

groove

hole

gimlet

orange

post

thread

thick

next

scales

peel

ribbon



1 . “Herbert, will you please peel my orange?” said Lucy. Herbert was reading his new book, but he put it down at once, and took the orange from his little sister.

2 . “Shall I make a pair of scales, Lucy, for you to use when you play store?”

3. “Oh yes! but how can you do that!”

4 . “I’ll show you. First, we must take the peel off in two little cups, one just as large as the other. While I do this, see if you can find me two nice sticks about ten inches long.”

5 . Lucy ran out to the woodhouse to find the sticks.—“ Will these do?”

6 . “No, they are too hard. Find some pine sticks if you can.”

7 . “Here are some.”

8 . “These will do nicely. Now I must make a scalebeam and a post. Can you find me a little block for a post, Lucy?”

9 . “Will a ribbon block do, Herbert?”

10 . “Yes, if it is not too thick.”

11 . “Here is one an inch thick.”

12 . “That will be just right. Now get the little gimlet.”

13 . Herbert worked away until he had made the beam and the post. Then he made a hole in the middle of the block, and put the post in. Next, he put the beam into a little groove at the top of the post, so that it would balance nicely.

14 . “Now, Lucy, we must have a needle and some thread. We must put four threads to each cup; then we will tie the threads to the ends of the beam.

15 . “There, Lucy, what do you think of that?”

16 . “Why, Herbert, that is just as nice as the real scales in father's store; and you may have all my orange for making them.”



【中文阅读】

1.“赫伯特，你能帮我剥个桔子吗？”露西问道。赫伯特正在看他的新书，他立刻放下书，从他的妹妹手里拿起桔子。

2.“露西，我是否该给你做一个新秤，在你玩商店游戏的时候使用？”

3.“噢，好呀，可是你会做吗？”

4. “我做给你看。首先，我们必须把桔子皮剥成两个一模一样的小杯。我做这个的时候，你去找两个大约十英寸长的小棒。”

5. 露西跑到柴房去找小棒。“这个可以吗？”

6. “不行，这太硬了。尽量去找两根松枝。”

7. “这有一些。”

8. “这些不错。现在我必须做一个秤杆和一个秤砣。你能帮我找个小石块做秤砣吗，露西？”

9. “长条儿的可以吗，赫伯特？”

10. “如果不太粗的话，可以。”

11. “这个有一英寸粗。”

12. “刚刚好，拿个小锥子。”

13. 赫伯特一直做，把秤杆和秤砣都做好了。然后他在小石块中间打了个洞，把标杆插了进去。他再把秤杆放到了顶端的一个小槽里，这样就能让它保持住平衡。

14. “现在，露西，我们必须拿点针线。每个小杯上面系四根线，然后我们把小杯绑到秤杆的两端。”

15. “露西，你看怎么样？”

16. “哦，赫伯特，这个秤跟爸爸商店里那个一样好。你把我所有的桔子都做成秤吧。”

LESSON 39

THE BEAR AND THE CHILDREN

狗熊和孩子们

smelt *hide*
crept *laid*
floor *inn*
bear *fur*



youngest *danced* *joyfully* *marched*
soldiers *badly* *running* *eldest*

1 . In the parlor of an inn in a small town, sat a man who had

been going about with a bear. He was waiting for his supper, and the bear was tied up in the yard.

2 . Up in the attic, three little children were playing together. The eldest might have been six years old; the youngest, not more than two.

3 . Stump! stump! stump! Some one was coming up the stairs.

4 . The door flew open suddenly, and there stood the great, shaggy bear. He had got tired of waiting, and had found his way to the stairs.

5 . The children were badly frightened. Each one crept into a corner, but the bear found them all out, and smelt their clothes, but did not hurt them.

6 . “This must be a great dog,” they said, and they began to pat him.

7 . Then the bear lay down on the floor, and the youngest boy climbed on his back, hid his head in the shaggy fur, and played at “hide and seek”.

8 . The eldest boy took his drum and began to strike it, when the bear rose on his hind legs and danced. At that the children gave a merry shout.

9 . The two younger boys took their wooden guns, and gave the bear one. Away they all marched around the room, keeping step.

10 . Now the frightened mother of the children came to the door. But the youngest boy shouted, joyfully. “See, we are playing soldiers!”

11 . Then the bear's master came running up, and took the bear away.

【中文阅读】

1 . 在小镇上一个客栈的客厅里，坐着一个远行的男人，还带着一只熊。他坐在那里等着他的晚饭，熊被拴在院子里。

2 . 在阁楼上，有三个小孩一起玩耍。最大的六岁，最小的不到两岁。

3 . 咚！咚！咚！有人上楼。

4 . 门一下开了，门口站着那只大大的毛蓬松的熊。它等得不耐烦了，自己找上来了。

5 . 孩子们吓坏了，躲到墙角。熊找到了他们，但嗅了嗅他们的

衣服，并没有伤害他们。

6．“这一定是条大狗。”他们开始去轻轻地拍它。

7．熊趴在地上，最小的那个孩子爬到了它的背上，并把头埋在了熊蓬松的毛中，玩起了捉迷藏。

8．当熊抬起后腿跳舞的时候，最大的男孩敲起了他的鼓。孩子们高兴地欢呼起来。

9．两个年纪小点的男孩拿出了他们的木头枪，还给了熊一把。他们一起围着屋子列队踏步。

10．孩子们受惊的妈妈出现在门口。而最小的孩子还高兴地喊道，“看，我们正在玩扮士兵的游戏。”

11．后来，熊的主人上来把熊带走了。

LESSON 40

THE LITTLE HAREBELL

小风信子

fair
fled

lady
never

drear
despair

clinging
nodding

harebell
blooming

"Tell me, little harebell,
Are you lonely here,
Blooming in the shadow
On this rock so drear?"

"Clinging to this bit of earth,
As if in mid-air,
With your sweet face turned to me,
Looking strangely fair?"

"Lady" said the harebell,
Nodding low its head,
"Though this spot seems dreary,
Though the sunlight's fled,

"Know that I'm not lonely
That I neer despair:
God is in the shadow
God is everywhere."

"Tell me, little harebell,
Are you lonely here.
Blooming in the shadow
On this rock so drear?"

"Clinging to this bit of earth,
As if in mid-air,
With your sweet face turned to me,
Looking strangely fair?"

"Lady" said the harebell,
Nodding low its head,
"Though this spot seems dreary,

Though the sunlight's fled.”

“Know that I'm not lonely
That I never despair:
God is in the shadow
God is everywhere.”

【中文阅读】

“告诉我，小风信子，
在这岩石的阴影下，
悲伤地开放，
你孤单吗？”

“附在一点点泥土上，
好似长在半空中。
你把甜蜜的脸转向我，
展现出惊人的美丽。”

“女士，”风信子说，
并低垂下它的头。
“尽管这里阴郁，
尽管阳光已经褪去。”

“但是我并不孤单，
也从未绝望：
上帝就在这阴影里，
上帝无处不在。”



LESSON 41

THE FISHHAWK

鱼 鹰

rough

beneath

seaside

timidly

robber

spots

osprey



often

fiercely

twenty

compels

breast

mode

hooked

1 . The fishhawk, or osprey, is not so large as the eagle; but he has, like the eagle, a hooked bill and sharp claws.

2 . His color is a dark brown, with black and white spots, and his length is from twenty to twenty-two inches. His breast is mostly white. His tail and wings are long.

3 . The fishhawk is often found sitting upon a tree over a pond, or lake, or river. He is also found by the seaside.

4 . He watches the fish as they swim in the water beneath him; then he darts down suddenly and catches one of them.

5 . When he catches a fish in his sharp, rough claws, he carries it off to eat, and, as he flies away with it for his dinner, an eagle sometimes meets him.

6 . The eagle flies at him fiercely with his sharp bill and claws,

and compels the hawk to drop the fish.

7 . Then the eagle catches the fish as it falls, before it reaches the ground, and carries it off.

8 . The poor fishhawk, with a loud cry, timidly flies away. He must go again to the water and catch another fish for his dinner.

9 . Thus you see, that the eagle is a robber. He robs fishhawks, whose only mode of getting a living is by catching fish.

【中文阅读】

1 . 鱼鹰，也叫鸮，不像老鹰那么大，却拥有像鹰一样钩状的喙和锋利的爪子。

2 . 鱼鹰是深棕色的，带有黑色和白色的斑点。它一般是二十至二十二英寸长，它的胸部大多数是白色的，它的尾巴和翅膀都很长。

3 . 鱼鹰经常会坐在池塘边、湖边或者河边的树上，有的时候它们也会出现在海边。

4 . 观察着身下水中游动的鱼，然后它会突然俯冲，抓住其中的一条鱼。

5 . 当鱼鹰用它锋利而粗暴的爪子抓住一条鱼之后，它会把鱼带走吃掉。它带着美食飞走，有时会遇到老鹰。

6 . 老鹰凶猛地冲向鱼鹰，用它锋利的喙和爪子迫使鱼鹰放下鱼。

7 . 然后，老鹰会在鱼落地之前抓住它，把它带走。

8 . 可怜的鱼鹰只能大叫一声，胆怯地飞走。它被迫再一次回到水里，重新寻觅他的晚餐。

9 . 你看，鱼鹰的生存模式就是抓鱼，而老鹰像是个强盗，把鱼从鱼鹰那里抢走。

LESSON 42

WHAT THE LEAF SAID



树叶在说什么

leaf	task	twice	sighing	holidays
gay	twig	meant	stopped	different
puff	edge	matter	autumn	hundreds
lead	grew	rustled	October	trembling

1 . Once or twice a little leaf was heard to cry and sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is blowing. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf ?"

2 . "The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me on the ground to die."

3 . The twig told it to the branch, and the branch told it to the tree. When the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the trembling leaf.

4 . "Do not be afraid," it said, "hold on tight, and you shall not go off till you are ready."

5 . So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on singing and rustling. It grew all the summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the leaf saw all the leaves around growing very beautiful.

6 . Some were yellow, some were brown, and many were striped with different colors. Then the leaf asked the tree what this meant.



7 . The tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these colors because of their joy."

8 . Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. When it was gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no bright colors on them.

9 . So the leaf said, "O branch! why are you lead-colored while we are all beautiful and golden?"

10 . "We must keep on our working clothes," said the tree, "for our work is not yet done; but your clothes are for holidays, because your task is now over."

11 . Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over.

12 . Then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence, among hundreds of leaves, and has never waked to tell us what it

dreamed about.

【中文阅读】

1. 有一两次，当微风吹起的时候，有人听到小叶子在哭泣、在叹息，其他的叶子也常会这样。小嫩枝说：“你怎么了，小叶子？”

2. 小叶子说：“风告诉我，有一天它会把我吹下来，扔到地上枯死。”

3. 小嫩枝把这件事情告诉了大树枝，大树枝又告诉了大树。大树知道后，它全身沙沙作响，传话给瑟瑟发抖的小叶子。

4. 大树说：“别害怕，小叶子，抓紧，直到你准备好了你才会掉下去。”

5. 小叶子不再叹息，它继续唱歌，继续沙沙作响。它活了一个夏天一直到10月。当明媚的秋日到来的时候，小叶子发现它周围的叶子都变得异常美丽。

6. 有些变成了黄色，有些变成棕色，还有很多变得五彩斑斓。小叶子问大树这意味着什么。

7. 大树说：“所有的这些叶子都准备飞走。因为他们快乐，所以变成了这样的颜色。”

8. 小叶子也想要飞走。想到这些的时候，它已变得非常美丽。当它的颜色变得艳丽时，它看到树枝上没有了明亮的色彩。

9. 小叶子说：“哦，树枝，为什么当我们都变得美丽灿烂的时候，你却变得暗淡无光了呢？”

10. 大树说：“我们必须穿上工作服，因为我们的工作还没有完成，但你的工作已经完成了，所以你换上了假日的衣裳。”

11. 此时，一阵风吹来，小叶子毫不犹豫地飞走了，风把它吹得高高的，带着它在空中翩翩起舞。

12. 它轻轻地落在了篱笆下，跟其他成百上千的叶子在一起，它再也没有醒来告诉我们：它们究竟梦到了什么。

LESSON 43

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

风儿和树叶

gold
fields
glade

lambs
leaves
vale

fondly
fleecy
dream

cricket
farewell
content

whirling
coverlet
fluttering



1 . “Come, little leaves,” said the wind one day.
“Come o’er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dress of red and gold,
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold.”

2 . Soon as the leaves heard the wind’s loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

3 . “Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long;
Little brook, sing us your farewell song,—
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.”

4 . “Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?”

5 . Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

(George Cooper)

【中文阅读】

1 . 一天，风儿说：
“过来，小叶子，
和我一起去牧场玩耍，
穿上你金红色的裙子，
夏天走了，天气凉了。”

2 . 不久，叶子听到了风儿大声的呼唤，
它们翩翩地飞下，
飘过棕色的田野，
它们舞动着、飞翔着，
唱着它们知道的柔美的歌。

3 . “小蟋蟀，再见，我们做了那么久的朋友，
小溪，给我们唱支告别的歌，
看到我们离开你会很难过，
啊，你会想念我们，我们都知道。”

4 . “亲爱的小羊羔，在毛茸茸的羊群里，
妈妈会保护你们不受伤害，

我们在山谷和林间关切地看着你，
告诉我，你会梦见我们美好的阴凉吗？”

5．飞舞着，盘旋着，小叶子离开了，
冬天在召唤它们，它们心满意足，
它很快入睡，大地为床，
白雪为被，轻轻地盖在它们的头上。

（乔治·库珀）

LESSON 44

MAMMA'S PRESENT

妈妈的礼物

wore
jolly

green
deal

joke
trim

Jessie
expect

presents
leggings

1 . Jessie played a good joke on her mamma. This is the way she did it.

2 . Jessie had gone to the woods with Jamie and Joe to get green branches to trim up the house for Christmas. She wore her little cap, her white furs, and her red leggings.

3 . She was a merry little girl, indeed; but she felt sad this morning because her mother had said, "The children will all have Christmas presents, but I don't expect any for myself. We are too poor this year."



4 . When Jessie told her brothers this, they all talked about it a great deal. "Such a good, kind mamma, and no Christmas present! It's too bad."

5 . "I don't like it," said little Jessie, with a tear in her eye.

6 . "Oh, she has you," said Joe.

7 . "But I am not something new," said Jessie.

8 . "Well, you will be new, Jessie," said Joe, "when you get back. She has not seen you for an hour."

9 . Jessie jumped and laughed. "Then put me in the basket, and carry me to mamma, and say, 'I am her Christmas present.'"

10 . So they set her in the basket, and put green branches all around her. It was a jolly ride. They set her down on the doorstep, and went in and said, "There's a Christmas present out there for you, mamma."

11 . Mamma went and looked, and there, in a basket of green branches, sat her own little laughing girl.

12 . "Just the very thing I wanted most," said mamma.

13 . "Then, dear mamma," said Jessie, bounding out of her leafy nest, "I should think it would be Christmas for mammas all the time, for they see their little girls every day."

【中文阅读】

1 . 杰西跟妈妈开了一个很好的玩笑。她是这么说的。

2 . 杰西、杰米和乔一起去树林里找绿树枝来为圣诞节装扮房子。她带着小帽子，穿着白色的皮衣，穿着红色的袜子。

3 . 杰西其实是个快乐的小女孩。但今年她感到很难过。因为她的妈妈说：“孩子们都会有圣诞节礼物，但我没有礼物，因为我们家太穷了。”

4 . 杰西把这些告诉哥哥们，他们在一起谈了很多。“我们的妈妈那么好，那么善良，却没有圣诞礼物，这太糟糕了。”

5 . “我不想这样。”小杰西眼含着泪花说。

6 . 乔说：“噢，她拥有你。”

7 . “我不是什么礼物。”杰西说。

8 . 乔说：“你是最好的礼物，杰西，当你回去的时候，妈妈有一个小时没有看见你了。”

9 . 杰西又跳又笑。她说：“把我装在篮子里，并带给妈妈，对她说，我是她的圣诞节礼物。”

10 . 他们把杰西装在篮子里，在她的周围放上很多绿色的枝叶。

这真是个令人愉快的事。他们把杰西放在屋外台阶上，进去对妈妈说，“妈妈，外面有一份给您的圣诞节礼物。”

11. 妈妈出来看到，在装满绿色枝叶的篮子里，坐着她最亲爱的小女儿。

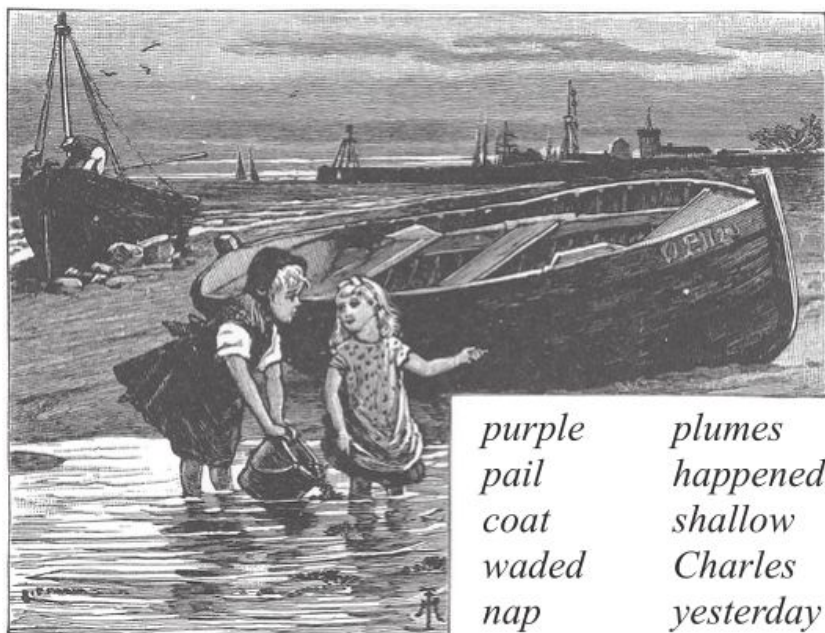
12. 妈妈说：“这是妈妈最想要的礼物。”

13. 杰西跳出了篮子，说：“亲爱的妈妈，我想每一天对天下的妈妈来说都是圣诞节，因为她们每天都能看到她们的孩子。”

LESSON 45

MARY'S STORY

玛丽的故事



<i>purple</i>	<i>plumes</i>
<i>pail</i>	<i>happened</i>
<i>coat</i>	<i>shallow</i>
<i>waded</i>	<i>Charles</i>
<i>nap</i>	<i>yesterday</i>

1 . Father, and Charles, and Lucy, and I went to the beach yesterday. We took our dinner, and stayed all day.

2 . Father and Charles went out a little way from the shore in a boat, and fished, while Lucy and I gathered sea mosses.

3 . We took off our shoes and stockings, and waded into the shallow water. We had a pail to put our seaweeds in.

4 . We found such beautiful ones. Some were purple, some pink, and some brown. When they were spread out in the water, the purple ones looked like plumes, and the brown ones like little trees.

5 . Such a funny thing happened to Lucy. She slipped on a

stone, and down she went into the water. How we both laughed! But the wind and sun soon dried Lucy's dress.

6 . Then father came and took us in the boat for a row. After that we had a picnic dinner in the woods.

7 . Then father spread his coat on the grass, and took a nap while we children played on the beach.

【中文阅读】

1 . 我和爸爸、查理斯、露西昨天去了海滩。我们在那儿待了一天。

2 . 爸爸和查理斯划了一条船在岸边不远处钓鱼，露西和我去拾海苔。

3 . 我们脱下鞋和袜子，走进浅水里。我们提着一个桶去捡海苔。

4 . 我们发现了那么多漂亮的海苔。有紫色的，有粉色的，有棕色的。当它们在水里展开的时候，紫色的海苔像羽毛一样，棕色的海苔则像小树。

5 . 一件有意思的事情发生在露西身上。她在一块石头上滑下，一下掉进了水里。我们都笑了，不过风和阳光一会儿就把露西的裙子弄干了。

6 . 不久爸爸来接我们上船。然后，我们在树林里野餐。

7 . 爸爸把他的衣服铺在草地上。当我们这些孩子在海滩上玩耍时，爸爸小睡了一会儿。

LESSON 46

RALPH WICK

拉尔夫·维克

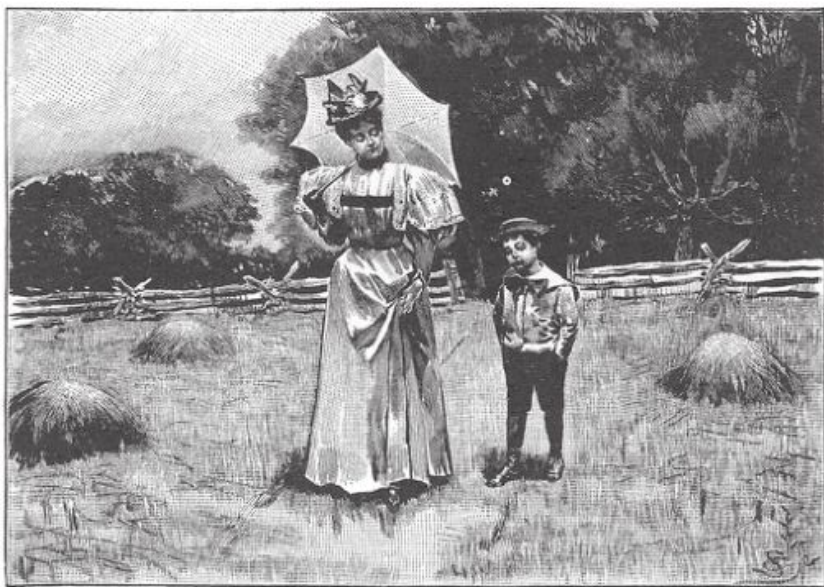
bid
hay
tore

sore
stem
point

smile
shone
pluck

Ralph
Wick
thorns

forget
scream
snatched



1 . Ralph Wick was seven years old. In most things he was a fine boy, but he was too apt to cry.

2 . When he could not have what he wanted, he would cry for it and say, "I will have it."

3 . If he was told that it would hurt him, and he could not have it, he would begin to tease and cry.

4 . One day, he went with his mother into the fields. The sun

shone. The grass was cut. The flowers were in bloom.

5 . Ralph thought he was, for once, a good boy. A smile was on his face. He wished to do as he was told.

6 . He said, "Mother, I will be good now. I will do as you bid me. Please let me toss this hay."

7 . "That I will," said his mother. So they threw the hay, as Ralph wished, and he was very happy.

8 . "Now you must be tired," said his mother. "Sit down here, and I will get a nice red rose for you."

9 . "I would like to have one," said Ralph. So his mother brought the red rose to him.

10 . "Thank you, mother," he said. "But you have a white one, also. Please give me that."

11 . "No, my dear," said his mother. " See how many thorns it has on its stem. You must not touch it. If you should try to pluck a rose like this, you would be sure to hurt your hand."

12 . When Ralph found that he could not have the white rose, he began to scream, and snatched it. But he was soon very sorry. The thorns tore his hand. It was so sore he could not use it for some time.

13 . Ralph did not soon forget this. When he wanted what he should not have, his mother would point to his sore hand. He at last learned to do as he was told.



1. 拉尔夫·维克7岁了。大多数情况下他是个好孩子，但有时候他也会哭闹。

2. 当他得不到他想要的东西时，他就会哭着说：“我想要。”

3. 如果告诉他这对他不好，不能给他，他就会又哭又闹。

4. 一天，他跟妈妈去田里。阳光灿烂，草都被整理平整，花儿也开了。

5. 拉尔夫想着，“我是个好孩子。”他脸上露出了笑容。他想要按照妈妈之前教过的那样去做。

6. 他说：“妈妈，我现在要做个好孩子。我会按照你吩咐的做。请让我去扔干草吧。”

7. 妈妈说：“我和你一起吧。”他们一起扔了干草，正如拉尔夫想的那样，他很快乐。

8. 妈妈说：“你现在一定累了吧，坐在这儿，我给你摘一朵漂亮的红玫瑰。”

9. 拉尔夫说：“我很想要一朵。”妈妈摘了一朵红玫瑰给他。

10. 他说：“谢谢，妈妈。但是，你有一朵白玫瑰，给我那朵好吗？”

11. 妈妈说：“不行，亲爱的。看这个茎上有好多刺。你千万别碰它。如果你摘一朵带刺的玫瑰，你会被扎着的。”

12. 当拉尔夫发现自己得不到那朵白玫瑰时，他就开始大吵大闹，并一把夺了过来。不久，他就尝到了不听话的后果。刺扎破了他的手，手疼了很长时间。

13. 拉尔夫很快忘记了这件事情。当他想得到他不该得到的东西时，妈妈就会指指他受伤的手。最终他学听话了。

LESSON 47

COASTING DOWN THE HILL



滑下山坡

slope
track
health
frosty

voices
cheeks
aglow
Isabel

rushing
flooding
coasting
pleasure

beaming
laughter
trudging
landscape

Frosty is the morning;
But the sun is bright,
Flooding all the landscape
With its golden light.
Hark the sounds of laughter
And of voices shrill!
See the happy children
Coasting down the hill!

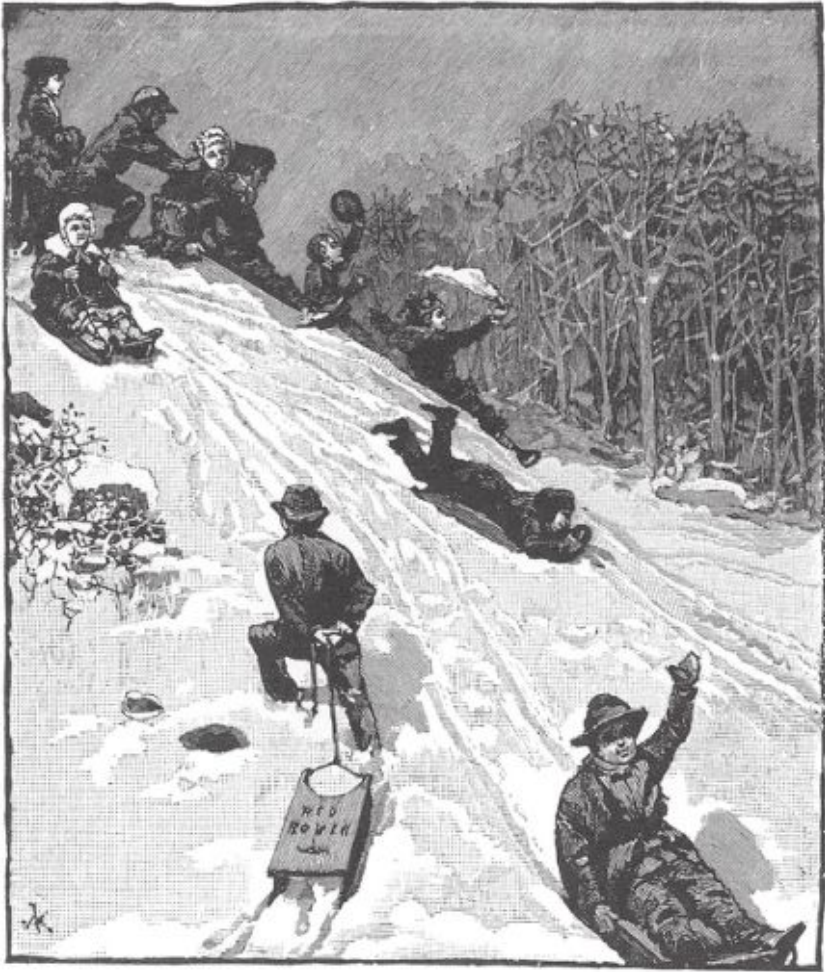
There are Tom and Charley,
And their sister Nell;
There are John and Willie,
Kate and Isabel,—

Eyes with pleasure beaming,
Cheeks with health aglow;
Bless the merry children,
Trudging through the snow!

Now I hear them shouting,
"Ready! Clear the track!"
Down the slope they're rushing;
Now they're trotting back.
Full of fun and frolic,
Thus they come and go,
Coasting down the hillside,
Trudging through the snow.

Frosty is the morning;
But the sun is bright,
Flooding all the landscape
With its golden light.
Hark the sounds of laughter
And of voices shrill!
See the happy children
Coasting down the hill!

There are Tom and Charley,
And their sister Nell;



There are John and Willie,
Kate and Isabel,
Eyes with pleasure beaming,
Cheeks with health aglow;
Bless the merry children,
Trudging through the snow!

Now I hear them shouting,
"Ready! Clear the track!"
Down the slope they're rushing,
Now they're trotting back.

Full of fun and frolic,
Thus they come and go.
Coating down the hillside,
Trudging through the snow.

【中文阅读】

结霜的清晨，
阳光灿烂，
金色的阳光，
洒满大地，
听那笑声，
听那尖叫声，
看这些快乐的孩子，
滑下山坡！

那儿有汤姆和查理，
还有他们的姐姐内尔，
那儿有约翰和威利，
还有凯特和伊莎贝尔，
眼中闪烁着喜悦，
脸颊透着健康的红晕，
祝福这些快乐的孩子，
涉过这片雪地！

现在我听见他们在叫喊，
“预备，清理跑道！”
他们冲下斜坡，
又马上跑回来，
打闹着，嬉戏着，
他们来来回回，
滑下山坡，
涉过这片雪地。

LESSON 48

THE FOX AND THE DUCKS

狐狸和鸭子

heed
flock

sight
flight

slyly
snaps

stream
hidden

drifting
circling

1 . On a summer day, a man sitting on the bank of a river, in the shade of some bushes, watched a flock of ducks on the stream.

2 . Soon a branch with leaves came drifting among them, and they all took wing. After circling in the air for a little time, they settled down again on their feeding ground.

3 . Soon another branch came drifting down among them, and again they took flight from the river; but when they found the branch had drifted by and done them no harm, they flew down to the water as before.



4 . After four or five branches had drifted by in this way, the ducks gave little heed to them. At length, they hardly tried to fly out of their way, even when the branches nearly touched them.

5 . The man who had been watching all this, now began to wonder who had set these branches adrift. He looked up the stream, and spied a fox slyly watching the ducks. "What will he do next?" thought the man.

6 . When the fox saw that the ducks were no longer afraid of the branches, he took a much larger branch than any he had yet used, and stretched himself upon it so as to be almost hidden. Then he set it afloat as he had the others.

7 . Right among the flock drifted the sly old fox, and, making quick snaps to right and left, he seized two fine young ducks, and floated off with them.

8 . The rest of the flock flew away in fright, and did not come back for a long time.

9 . The fox must have had a fine dinner to pay him for his cunning, patient work.

【中文阅读】

1 . 夏日的一天，在河岸边灌木丛中，一个人坐在树荫下面，看

着河里的一群鸭子。

2. 一个带叶子的树枝漂到了鸭子中间，瞬间鸭子张开翅膀飞了起来。在空中盘旋了片刻之后，它们回到了刚刚的觅食地。

3. 一会儿又有一支树枝漂到了它们中间，它们又都飞了起来。但当它们发现树枝已漂走，对他们没什么危害的时候，它们又都像以前一样飞回到水面。

4. 当有四五支树枝像这样漂走之后，鸭子们就不再注意了。最终，几支树枝几乎碰着它们，它们都不会飞离水面。

5. 那个人一直在看着这些，想着是谁把这些树枝放在水里让它们漂过来的呢。他顺着河流往上看，发现有只狐狸正鬼鬼祟祟地看着这些鸭子。“下一步它想干什么呢？”这个人想。

6. 当狐狸发现鸭子们不再害怕树枝的时候，它就拿着一支更大的树枝，躲在后面隐藏起来，然后树枝像之前那样漂过去。

7. 狡猾的老狐狸准确无误地漂到了鸭子中间，然后向左右猛咬，迅速抓住两只肥硕的鸭子，离开了水面。

8. 剩下的鸭子惊慌地飞走了，很长时间都没有回来。

9. 狐狸吃了一顿丰盛的晚餐，来犒劳自己。它的狡猾、耐心得到了回报。

LESSON 49

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES

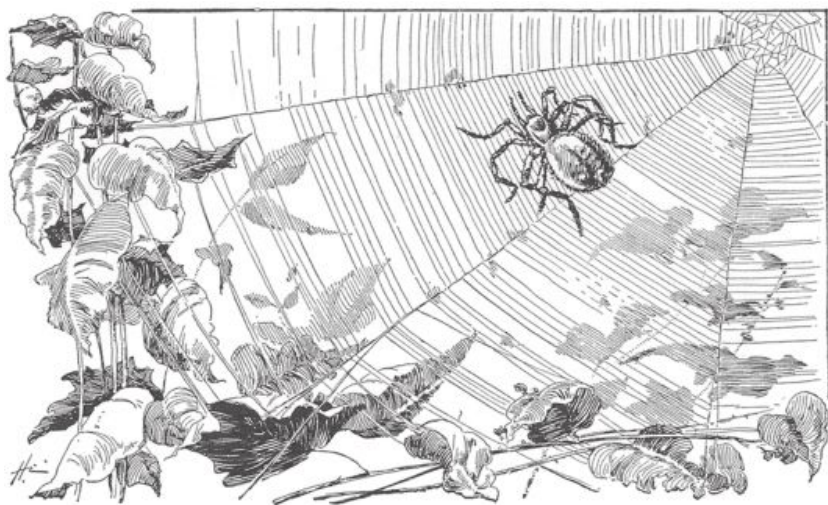
不要以貌取人

saint
plain
worth
silver

silken
sinner
steady
tender

simple
spinner
murder
proverb

poverty
splendor
planning
remember



1 . The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

2 . She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her;

But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

3 . My child, who reads this simple lay,
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendor.

4 . 'T is [1] not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her walls of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

(Alice Cary)

【中文阅读】

1 . 蜘蛛穿着朴素的棕色裙子，
她是一个沉着的结网人，
看看她，像老鼠一样的安静，
漫步在她银色的城堡里，
你永远、永远也猜不到，
她如何获取她的晚餐。

2 . 她看起来似乎一辈子都不会担心疾病的困扰，
当她小心地在网上移走，
或当她织着她的丝线的时候，
她一直在谋划着，谋划着，谋划着，
杀死猎物的方法。

3 . 当我的孩子读到这首短诗时，
他垂下眼睛，若有所思。
想起了那些古老的谚语：

不要以貌取人，
无论你贫穷还是富有，
财富都生不带来，死不带去。

4. 那不是房子，也不是裙子，
那造就了圣人和罪人，
看看那蜘蛛坐那儿结网，
关闭了她银色的墙，
你永远、永远、永远都猜不到，
她获得晚餐的方法。

（爱丽丝·卡里）

注释

【1】 "T is = It is.

LESSON 50

THE STORY-TELLER

讲故事的人

civil
alone

Peter
Pindar

Towser
persons

appear
travelers



1 . Peter Pindar was a great storyteller. One day, as he was going by the school, the children gathered around him.

2 . They said, "Please tell us a story we have never heard." Ned said, "Tell us something about boys and dogs."

3 . "Well," said Peter, "I love to please good children, and, as you all appear civil, I will tell you a new story; and it shall be about a boy and some dogs, as Ned asks."

4 . “But before we begin, let us sit down in a cool, shady place. And now, John, you must be as still as a little mouse. Mary, you must not let Towser bark nor make a noise.”

5 . “A long way from this place, there is a land where it is very cold, and much snow falls.”

6 . “The hills are very high there, and travelers are often lost among them. There are men there who keep large dogs. These are taught to hunt for people lost in the snow.”

7 . “The dogs have so fine a scent, that they can find persons by that alone.”

8 . “Sometimes it is so dark, that they can not see anything. Those who are lost often lie hid in the snowdrifts. ”

【中文阅读】

1 . 彼得·品达故事讲得非常精彩。一天，当他路过学校时，孩子们都聚集到了他的周围。

2 . 他们说：“请给讲一个我们没有听过的故事吧。”内德说：“给我们讲关于男孩和狗的故事吧。”

3 . “好吧，”彼得说，“我喜欢给乖孩子讲故事。因为你们表现都很好，我就给你们讲一个新故事。就像内德要求的那样，这是个关于一个男孩和许多狗的故事。”

4 . “不过，在开始讲之前，让我们先找一个阴凉的地方坐下。现在，约翰，你必须像小老鼠那样保持安静。玛丽，你一定不要让唐瑟（一只大狗的名字）叫出声或发出噪音。”

5 . “从前，有一个离这很远的地方。那里非常冷，经常下大雪。”

6 . “那里的山很高，旅行者经常在山间迷路。住在那里的人们养了很多条大狗，并训练它们在大雪中寻找迷路的人。”

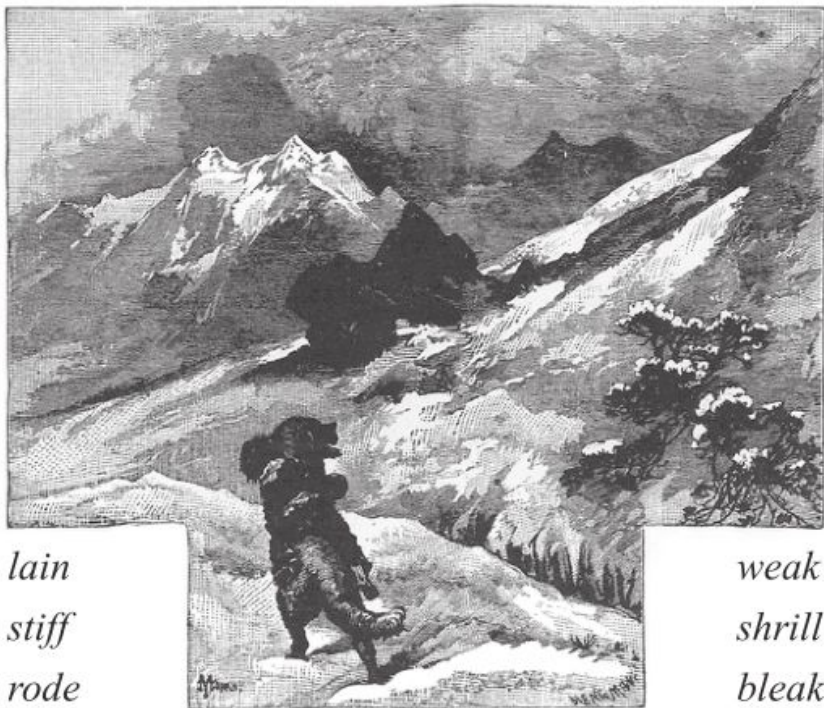
7 . “狗的嗅觉很灵敏，它们仅凭嗅觉就可以寻找到人。”

8 . “有时候外面很黑，他们什么都看不清。那些迷路的人常常被埋在雪堆里。”

LESSON 51

THE STORY TELLER (CONCLUDED)

讲故事的人（结束篇）



lain
stiff
rode

weak
shrill
bleak

1 . “One cold, bleak night, the snow fell fast, and the wind blew loud and shrill. It was quite dark. Not a star was to be seen in the sky.”

2 . “These good men sent out a dog, to hunt for those who might want help. In an hour or two, the dog was heard coming

back.”

3 . “On looking out, they saw him with a boy on his back. The poor child was stiff with cold. He could but just hold on to the dog's back.”

4 . “He had lain for a long time in the snow, and was too weak to walk.”

5 . “He felt something pull him by the coat, and heard the bark of a dog. He put out his hand, and felt the dog. The dog gave him another pull.”

6 . “This gave the poor boy some hope, and he took hold of the dog. He drew himself out of the snow, but he could not stand or walk.”

7 . “He got on the dog's back, and put his arms round the dog's neck, and held on. He felt sure that the dog did not mean to do him any harm.”

8 . “Thus he rode all the way to the good men's house.”

9 . “They took care of him, till the snow was gone. Then they sent him to his home.”

【中文阅读】

1 . 一个寒冷而萧瑟的夜晚，雪下得很大，大风呼呼地吹。外面一片漆黑，天空中看不到一颗星星。

2 . 善良的人们把一只狗放了出去，让它去寻找那些可能需要帮助的人。约一两个小时后，这只狗回来了。

3 . 人们向外张望，看到它的背上背着一个男孩，这个可怜的孩子被冻僵了，他只能一动不动地趴在狗背上。

4 . 他已经在雪中埋了很长时间，虚弱得无法走路。

5 . 他感觉有东西在拉他的大衣，还听到了狗的叫声。他伸出手摸到了这只狗，狗又拉了拉他。

6 . 这给这个可怜的男孩带来了希望。他紧紧抓住狗，并借力使劲把自己从雪堆里拉出来。但那时他已经无法走路，甚至连站都站不起来了。

7 . 他爬上狗背，用胳膊搂住狗的脖子，抱住了它。他十分确信这只狗不会伤害他。

8 . 他一路都趴在狗背上，最终到达了好心人的家。

9 . 他们一直照顾他，直到雪停，然后把他送回了家。

LESSON 52

THE OWL



猫头鹰

oak
bag

dusk
Fred

fight
who

squeak
awake

ruffled
creeping

- 1 . “Where did you get that owl, Harry?”
- 2 . “Fred and I found him in the old, hollow oak.”
- 3 . “How did you know he was there?”
- 4 . “I’ll tell you. Fred and I were playing ‘hide and seek’ round the old barn, one night just at dusk.”
- 5 . “I was just creeping round the corner, when I heard a loud squeak, and a big bird flew up with something in his claws.”
- 6 . “I called Fred, and we watched him as he flew to the woods. Fred thought the bird was an owl, and that he had a nest in the old oak.”
- 7 . “The next day we went to look for him, and, sure enough, he was there.”
- 8 . “But how did you catch him? I should think he could fight like a good fellow with that sharp bill.”
- 9 . “He can when he is wide awake; but owls can’t see very well in the daytime, and he was taking a nap.”
- 10 . “He opened his great eyes, and ruffled up his feathers, and said, ‘Who! Who!’ ‘Never mind who,’ Fred said, and slipped him into a bag.”

【中文阅读】

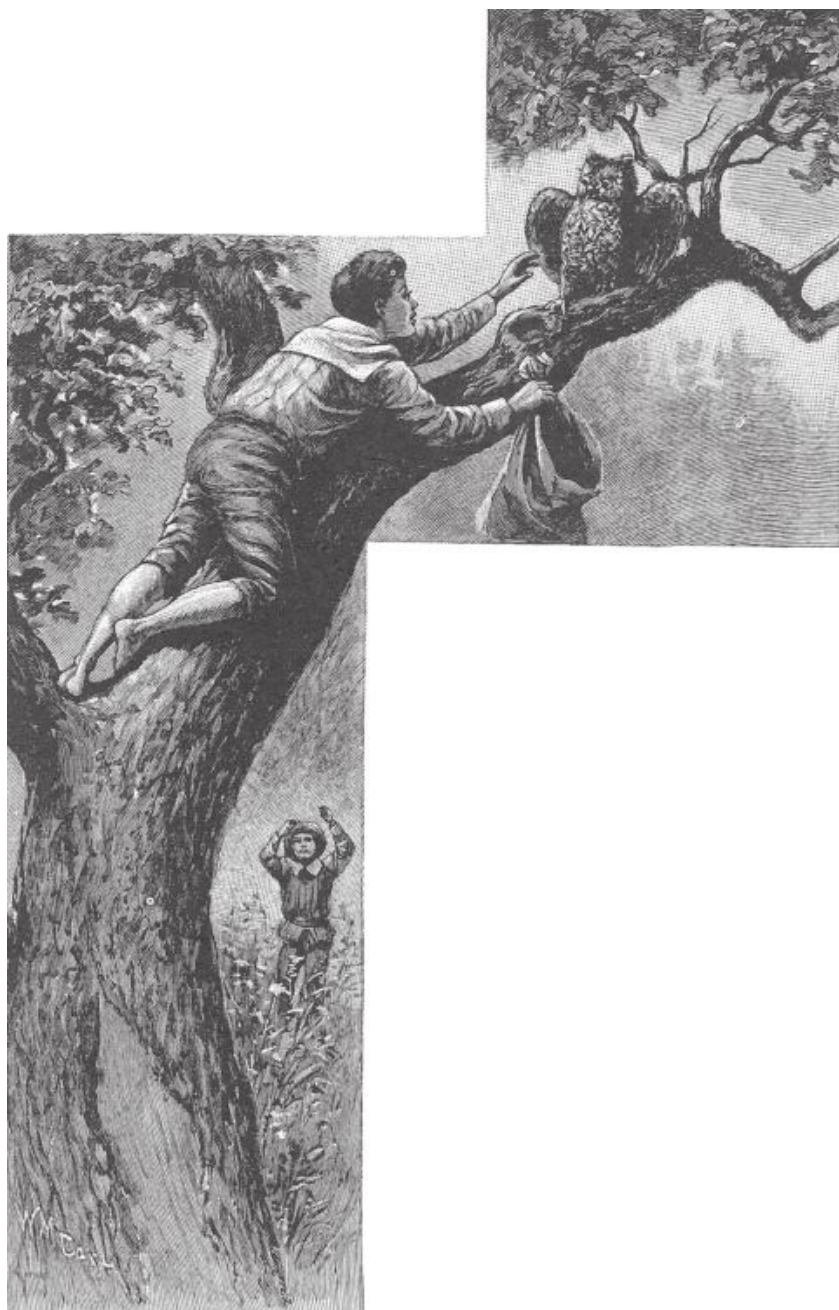
- 1 . “哈里，你是从哪里捉到这只猫头鹰的？”
- 2 . “弗瑞德和我在一棵老橡树的树洞里找到它的。”

3.“你怎么知道它在那儿呢？”

4.“让我来告诉你吧。一天傍晚，弗瑞德和我正在谷仓周围玩捉迷藏。”

5.“我刚爬过拐角处，就听见一阵响亮的鸟叫声。一只大鸟腾空飞起，爪子上还抓着一个东西。”

6.“我把弗瑞德喊过来，一起看着它飞向树林。费瑞德觉得那是只猫头鹰并推测它的窝就在那棵老橡树里。”



7. “第二天，我们去找它，发现它果然就在那里。”

8. “但你们是怎么捉着它的呢？它有锋利的喙，肯定会像一名勇

士一样搏斗。”

9.“它醒着的时候是那样的，但猫头鹰在白天是看不清东西的，而且那时它在打盹儿。”

10.“它睁开大眼睛，竖起羽毛，叫道：‘咕！咕！’不用害怕。”费瑞德说着，就把它塞进了袋子里。”

LESSON 53

THE OWL (CONCLUDED)

猫头鹰 (结束篇)

while
mice
winking

bones
rolled
comical

scarcely
surprise
ducklings

mouser
swallows
capture

1 . “What are you going to do with him, Harry?”

2 . “Let him go. He doesn't like this cage half so well as his old oak tree. A young owl can be tamed easily, but this one is too old to tame.”

3 . “But won't he catch all your ducklings and little chickens?”

4 . “No, not while there are any rats or mice around. Father says an owl is a good mouser, and can catch more mice than half a dozen cats.”



5. "I'm glad I had a look at him before you let him go. What soft feathers he has!"

6. "Yes, he can fly so softly that you can scarcely hear him, and for this reason he can easily surprise and capture his prey."

7. "How comical he looks, winking his big eyes slowly, and turning his head from side to side!"

8. "Yes, he is watching your dog. Be still. Bounce!"

9. "We have just found out a funny thing about his way of eating. He breaks the bones of a mouse, and then swallows it whole. After an hour or two, he throws up the bones and fur rolled up in a little ball."

【中文阅读】

1. "哈里，你打算把它怎么办呢？"

2. "放了它吧。它对这个笼子的感情连对老橡树的一半也没有。一只幼小的猫头鹰很容易被驯化，但这只已经长大了，无法再驯化了。"

3. "但它不会去抓你的那些小鸭和小鸡吗？"

4. "不会的，当周围有田鼠或老鼠的时候它是不会抓的。爸爸说猫头鹰是捕鼠能手，一只猫头鹰比五六只猫抓的老鼠还多。"

5. "我非常高兴能在你放走它之前看到它，它的羽毛多柔软啊！"

6. "是啊，它飞起来很轻，几乎没有声音。这样它就能轻易地突袭并抓到它的猎物了。"

7. "它看起来好滑稽呀，慢悠悠地眨着大眼睛，头还左右摇晃。"

8. "是啊，它正在盯着你的狗看呢！呆着别动，鲍恩斯！"

9. "我们刚发现了它吃东西的方式特别有趣。它先咬断老鼠的骨头，然后把它全部吞下去。过一两个小时后，再把骨头和鼠毛攒成一个小球吐出来。"

LESSON 54

GRANDFATHER'S STORY

爷爷的故事



broad *knee*

fig *fresh*

city *trout*

underneath

fought

surprised

clapping

garden

carrying

fighting

1 . “Come and sit by my knee, Jane, and grandfather will tell you a strange story.”

2 . “One bright summer day, I was in a garden in a city, with a friend.” We rested underneath a fig tree. The broad leaves were green and fresh.

3 . “We looked up at the ripe, purple figs. And what do you think came down through the branches of the fig tree over our

heads?”

4 . “Oh, a bird, grandfather, a bird!” said little Jane, clapping her hands.

5 . “No, not a bird. It was a fish; a trout, my little girl.”

6 . “Not a fish, grandfather! A trout come through the branches of a tree in the city? I am sure you must be in fun.”

7 . “No, Jane, I tell you the truth. My friend and I were very much surprised to see a fish falling from a fig tree.”

8 . “But we ran from under the tree, and saw a fishhawk flying, and an eagle after him.”

9 . “The hawk had caught the fish, and was carrying it home to his nest, when the eagle saw it and wanted it.”

10 . “They fought for it. The fish was dropped, and they both lost it. So much for fighting!”

【中文阅读】

1 . “简，过来坐到我的膝边。爷爷给你讲一个神奇的故事。”

2 . “一个阳光明媚的夏日，一个城市的花园里，我和一位朋友在一棵无花果树下坐着休息。无花果树上长着嫩绿宽大的叶子。”

3 . “我们抬头看见了许多已经熟透的紫色无花果。如果那时有东西从无花果树的树枝上掉到我们头上，你觉得会是什么呢？”

4 . “噢，一只鸟，爷爷，肯定是一只鸟。”简拍着手说。

5 . “不，不是一只鸟。我的乖孩子，是一条鱼，一条红鲑鱼。”

6 . “爷爷！肯定不是鱼，鲑鱼怎么能从城市里的一棵树的树枝上掉下来呢？我敢肯定您一定是在开玩笑。”

7 . “不，简，我说的是实话。当朋友和我看到一条鱼从无花果树上掉下来时也感到非常惊讶。”

8 . “不过当我们从树下跑出来时，看到了一只鱼鸮飞过，一只老鹰就跟在它后面。”

9 . “那只鱼鸮抓住了一条鱼，想把它带回自己的巢里。这时被老鹰看到了，老鹰也想要这条鱼。”

10 . “它们为了这条鱼打了起来。鱼掉了下来，它们谁也没有得到鱼。争鱼大战也由此停止了。”

LESSON 55

GOD IS GREAT AND GOOD

伟大而仁爱的上帝

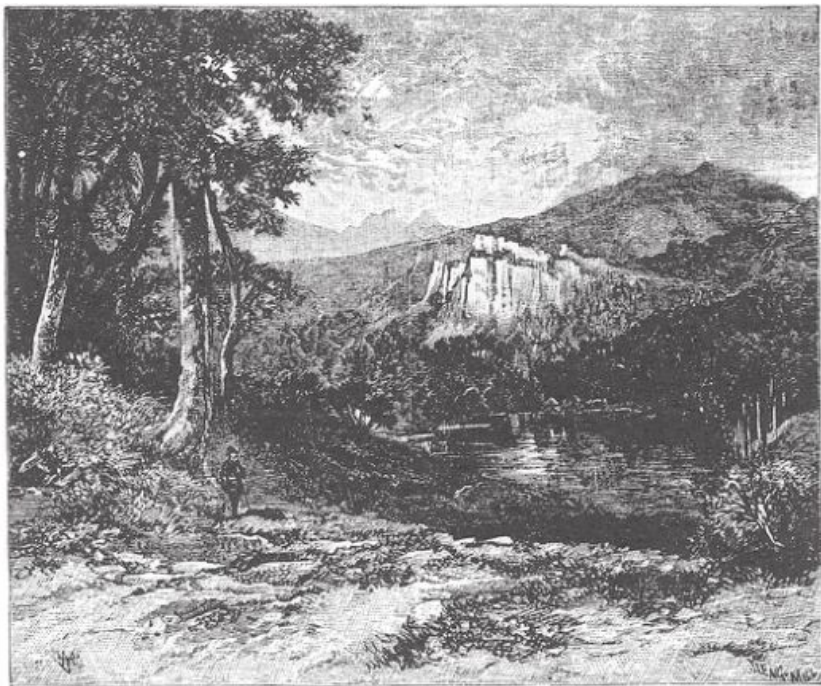
flow

wide

steep

lakes

twinkling



1 . I know God made the sun
To fill the day with light;
He made the twinkling stars
To shine all through the night.

2 . He made the hills that rise

So very high and steep;
He made the lakes and seas,
That are so broad and deep.

3 . He made the streams so wide,
That flow through wood and vale;
He made the rills so small,
That leap down hill and dale.

4 . He made each bird that sings
So sweetly all the day;
He made each flower that springs
So bright, so fresh, so gay.

5 . And He who made all these,
He made both you and me;
Oh, let us thank Him, then,
For great and good is He.

【中文阅读】

1 . 我知道是上帝创造了太阳，
给世界带来了光明。
是上帝创造了闪耀繁星，
闪烁在黑夜的苍穹。

2 . 是他让群山拔地而起，
如此高峻，如此陡峭。
是他创造了江河湖泊，
如此广阔，如此深奥。

3 . 是他让河流广布，
穿过森林和河谷。
是他让小溪潺潺，
流过了深山幽谷。

4 . 是他赐予鸟儿美妙的嗓音，
整日甜美歌唱。
是他赐予花儿绽放的美丽，

如此鲜艳，如此清新，如此艳丽。

5．上帝创造了万物，
创造了你我。
让我们感谢主，
感谢他的伟大和仁爱。

LESSON 56

A GOOD OLD MAN

善良的老人

hoe
droll

grave
hymn

knock
prayed

except
cottage



1 . There once lived an old man in a snug, little cottage. It had two rooms and only two windows. A small garden lay just behind it.

2 . Old as the poor man was, he used to work in the fields. Often he would come home very tired and weak, with his hoe or spade on his shoulder.

3 . And who do you think met him at the door? Mary and Jane, his two little grandchildren.

4 . They were too young to work, except to weed in the garden, or bring water from the spring.

5 . In winter, as they were too poor to buy much wood or coal, they had little fire; so they used to sit close together to keep warm. Mary would sit on one of the old man's knees, and Jane on the

other.

6 . Sometimes their grandfather would tell them a droll story. Sometimes he would teach them a hymn.

7 . He would often talk to them of their father, who had gone to sea, or of their good, kind mother, who was in her grave. Every night he prayed God to bless them, and to bring back their father in safety.

8 . The old man grew weaker every year; but the little girls were glad to work for him, who had been so good to them.

9 . One cold, windy night, they heard a knock at the door. The little girls ran and opened it. Oh, joy to them! There stood their father.

10 . He had been at sea a long time. He had saved some money, and had now come home to stay.



11 . After this the old man did not have to work. His son worked for him, and his grandchildren took care of him. Many happy days they spent together.

【中文阅读】

1. 从前，有一位老人，他住在一个温暖的小农舍里。这个农舍只有两间屋子和两扇窗户。小农舍的后面有一个小花园。

2. 这个贫穷的老人经常下地干农活。他肩头扛着锄头和铲子，回到家时，已经精疲力竭了。

3. 你猜猜是谁在门口等候着他？是玛丽和简，老人的两个孙女。

4. 她们年纪太小干不了太多的活，只能帮着在花园里拔草，或去泉边打点水。

5. 冬天，她们因为太穷没钱买足够的木头和炭块，只能生起小小的火炉。他们常常紧紧地靠在一起取暖。玛丽坐在老人的一个膝盖上，简坐在另一个膝盖上。

6. 有时，爷爷会给她们讲有趣的故事；有时，他会教她们唱圣歌。

7. 爷爷时常讲起她们的爸爸，他是一位出海的水手；也会谈及她们善良而亲切的妈妈，她已经去世了。每个夜晚，他都会向上帝祈祷，祈祷上帝能保佑孩子，并保佑她们的爸爸能平安回来。

8. 这位老人的身体一年不如一年。但两个小姑娘非常乐意帮慈爱的爷爷干活。

9. 在一个寒冷的夜晚，风很大。她们听到一阵敲门声就跑过去开门。噢，她们高兴极了。站在外面的是她们的爸爸。

10. 他出海很长一段时间了。现在他已经攒了一些钱，打算回家常住。

11. 自此之后，老人不需要再干农活了，儿子接替了他，孙女们负责照料他。他们从此过上了幸福的生活。

LESSON 57

THE GREEDY GIRL

贪吃的小女孩

dined
needs
tastes

gayly
lively
Laura

doctor
acorns
greedy

glutton
readers
tempers



1 . Laura English is a greedy little girl. Indeed, she is quite a glutton. Do you know what a glutton is? A glutton is one who eats too much, because the food tastes well.

2 . Laura's mother is always willing she should have as much to eat as is good for her; but sometimes, when her mother is not watching, she eats so much that it makes her sick.

3 . I do not know why she is so silly. Her kitten never eats more than it needs. It leaves the nice bones on the plate, and lies down to sleep when it has eaten enough.

4 . The bee is wiser than Laura. It flies all day among the flowers to gather honey, and might eat the whole time if it pleased. But it eats just enough, and carries all the rest to its hive.

5 . The squirrel eats a few nuts or acorns, and frisks about as

gayly as if he had dined at the king's table.

6 . Did you ever see a squirrel with a nut in his paws? How bright and lively he looks as he eats it!

7 . If he lived in a house made of acorns, he would never need a doctor. He would not eat an acorn too much.

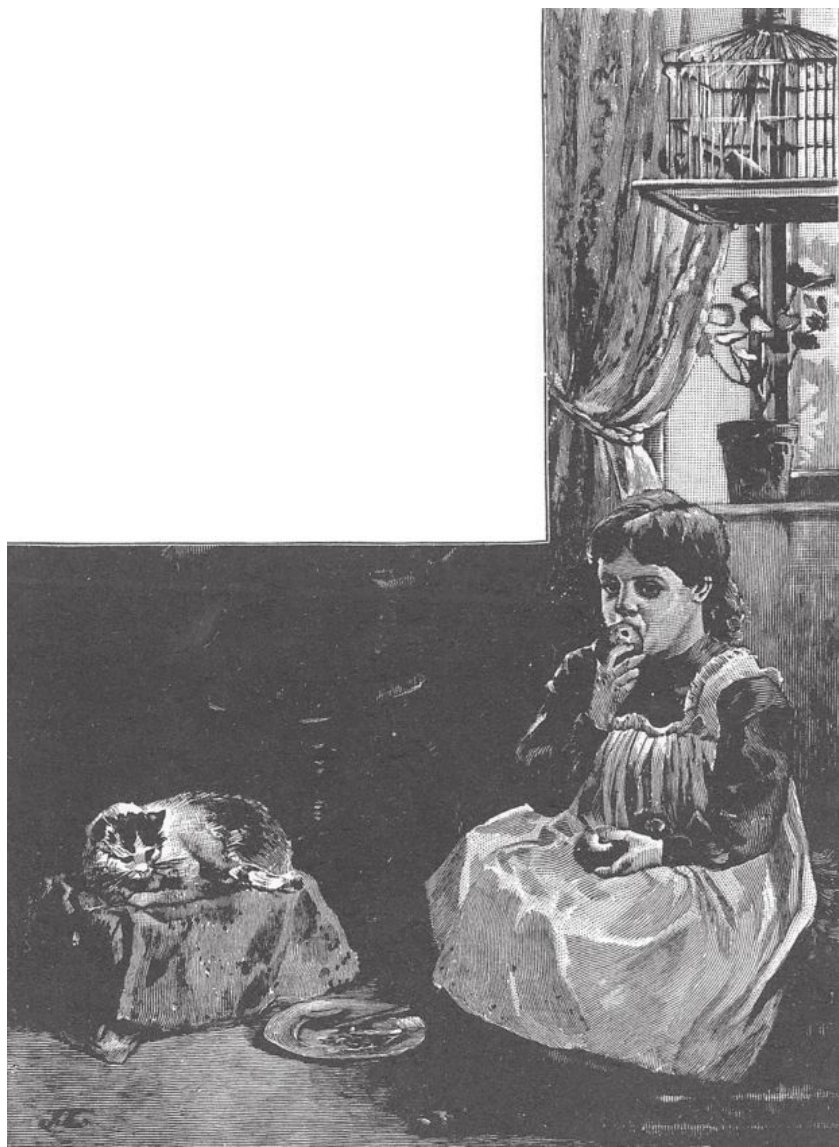
8 . I do not love little girls who eat too much. Do you, my little readers?

9 . I do not think they have such rosy cheeks, or such bright eyes, or such sweet, happy tempers as those who eat less.

【中文阅读】

1 . 劳拉·英格丽是一个贪吃的小女孩。事实上，她算是个贪食者。你知道什么是贪食者吗？贪食者就是只要东西好吃，就吃的超量的人。

2 . 劳拉的妈妈一直希望她的饭量适度，保证健康。但有时，劳拉趁妈妈不注意就会暴食，以致最后都生病了。



3. 我不知道她为什么那么傻。她的小猫吃饭时从不超量。吃饱后便离开盘子里美味的骨头，躺下睡觉。

4. 蜜蜂也比劳拉聪明。它每天都飞来飞去，在花丛中采蜜。如果它愿意，它可以整天不停地吃。但它总会吃得刚刚饱，然后把剩下的带回蜂房。

5. 松鼠吃坚果或橡子时，会像出席国王的宴席一样高兴得又蹦又跳。

6. 你见过手里捧着坚果的松鼠吗？它吃坚果的样子是多么聪明可爱呀！

7. 即使它住在橡子做的房子里，也不会生病，因为它不会吃下过多的橡子。

8. 我不喜欢吃的超量的小女孩。我的小读者，你们喜欢吗？

9. 我认为她们不能像那些吃的适量的人一样，拥有红润的脸蛋、明亮的眼睛和温和快乐的性格。

LESSON 58

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING



物归原处

lend
yours
using

Sarah
willing
borrow

comfort
thimble
offended

ashamed
elsewhere
depended

Mary: I wish you would lend me your thimble, Sarah. I can never find my own.

Sarah: Why is it, Mary, you can never find it?

Mary: How can I tell? But if you will not lend me yours, I can borrow one elsewhere.

Sarah: I am willing to lend mine to you, Mary. But I would very much like to know why you come to me to borrow so often.

Mary: Because you never lose any of your things, and always know where to find them.

Sarah: And why do I always know where to find my things?

Mary: I do not know why, I am sure. If I did know, I might sometimes find my own.

Sarah: I will tell you the secret. I have a place for everything, and I put everything in its place when I have done using it.

Mary: O Sarah! who wants to run and put away a thing as soon as she has used it, as if her life depended upon it?

Sarah: Our life does not depend upon it, but our comfort does, surely. How much more time will it take to put a thing in its place, than to hunt for it or to borrow whenever you want to use it?



Mary: Well, Sarah, I will never borrow of you again, you may depend upon it.

Sarah: You are not offended with me, I hope.

Mary: No, but I am ashamed. Before night, I will have a place for everything, and then I will keep everything in its place. You have taught me a lesson that I shall remember.

【中文阅读】

玛丽：萨拉，我希望你能把顶针借给我，我怎么也找不到自己的了。

萨拉：为什么呀，玛丽，你怎么会找不到了？

玛丽：我哪里知道为什么。不过如果你不愿意把你的借给我，我可以去找别人借。

萨拉：我愿意把我的借给你，玛丽。但我很想知道你为什么经常向我借东西。

玛丽：因为你从没有弄丢过你的东西，你总是知道在哪儿能找到它们。

萨拉：那么为什么我总知道我的东西在哪里呢？

玛丽：我肯定不知道为什么。如果我知道的话，我就可以找到丢失的东西了。

萨拉：让我告诉你原因吧。我的每件东西都有固定的存放地方，当我用完后，我会把东西放回原来的地方。

玛丽：噢，萨拉！谁会坚持在用完一件东西之后立马收拾好放回原处呀，仿佛生活就靠这了？

萨拉：我们的生活不取决于它，但我们生活的舒适感却取决于它。我们把东西放回原处所花的时间，比我们想用东西时去找或去借的时间多多少呢？

玛丽：好吧，萨拉，我以后不会再向你借东西了，你可能也需要它们。

萨拉：我希望你没有生我的气。

玛丽：当然不会，但我觉得有些惭愧。晚上之前，我会把所有东西收拾好，把它们放回固定的地方。你给我上了一堂终生难忘的教育课。

LESSON 59

MY MOTHER

我的妈妈

constant
ear
didst [\[1\]](#)
hark
none
thine
ease
rejoice

leading
lull
meek
thee [\[2\]](#)
mild
nurse
thy [\[3\]](#)
fretful



Hark! My mother's voice I hear,
Sweet that voice is to my ear;
Ever soft, it seems to tell,
Dearest child, I love thee well.

Love me, mother? Yes, I know.
None can love so well as thou.
Was it not upon thy breast,
I was taught to sleep and rest?

Didst thou not, in hours of pain,
Lull this head to ease again?
With the music of thy voice,
Bid my little heart rejoice?

Ever gentle, meek and mild,

Thou didst nurse thy fretful child.
Teach these little feet the road
Leading on to heaven and God.

What return then can I make?
This fond heart, dear mother take;
Thine it is, in word and thought,
Thine by constant kindness bought.

【中文阅读】

听！我听到了妈妈的声音，
那么悦耳，那么温柔。
似乎在说：
“我最亲爱的宝贝，我爱你。”

妈妈爱我？是的，我知道。
没有人像你那么爱我。
不正是你的怀抱，
让我安然入眠。

你刚刚不是熬过了几个小时
一遍遍地安抚我？
用你音乐般的声音
让我快乐？！

那么温柔、温顺、温和，
安抚着你烦躁的宝贝。
引领着他们的脚步，
踏上通往天堂和上帝的道路。

我又能给你什么回报呢？
亲爱的妈妈，你是那么慈爱。
你的声音、言语和思想，
都充满着涓涓的慈爱。

注释

【1】 didst：古英语用法，同“did”。

【2】 thee：古英语用法，同“you”。

【3】 thy：古英语用法，同“yours”，意为“你的”。

LESSON 60

THE BROKEN WINDOW

被打破的窗户

skipping
engaged

mean
Mason

George
Ellet

gift

1 . George Ellet had a bright silver dollar for a New-year gift.

2 . He thought of all the fine things he might buy with it.

3 . The ground was all covered with snow; but the sun shone out bright, and everything looked beautiful.

4 . So George put on his hat, and ran into the street. As he went skipping along, he met some boys throwing snowballs. George soon engaged in the sport.

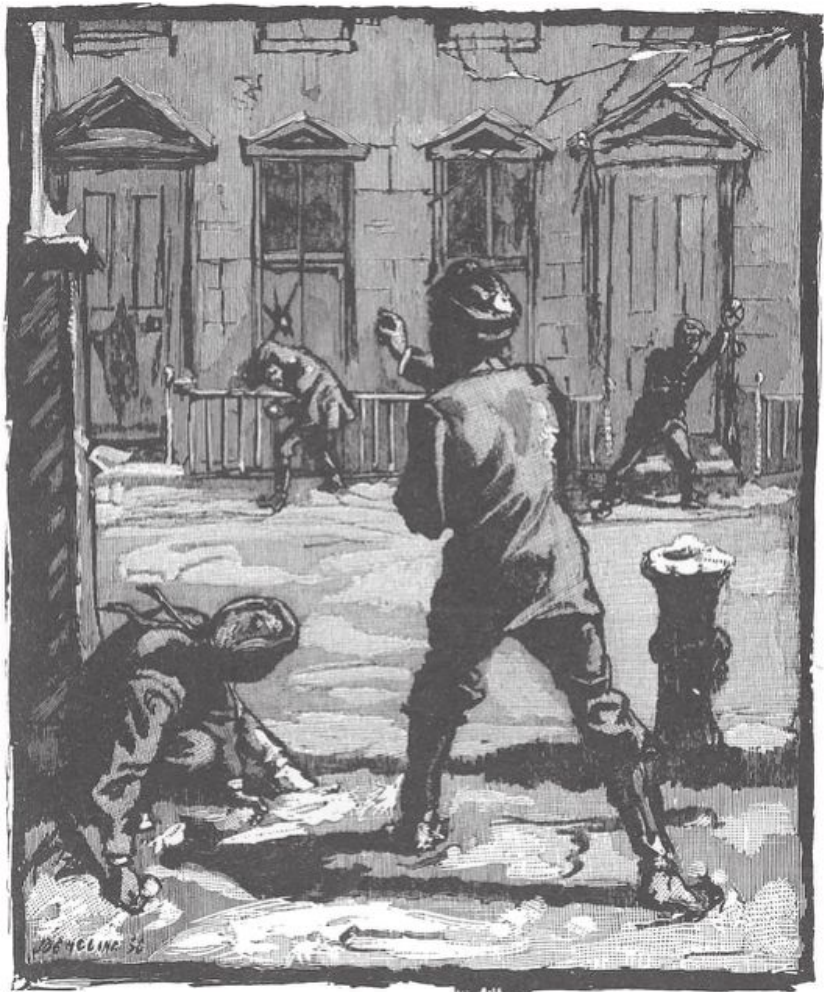
5 . He sent a ball at James Mason, but it missed him, and broke a window on the other side of the street.

6 . George feared some one would come out of the house and find him. So he ran off as fast as he could.

7 . As soon as he got round the next corner, George stopped, because he was very sorry for what he had done.

8 . He said to himself, "I have no right to spend my silver dollar, now. I ought to go back, and pay for the glass I broke with my snowball."

9 . He went up and down the street, and felt very sad. He wished very much to buy something nice. He also wished to pay for the broken glass.



10 . At last he said, "It was wrong to break the window, though I did not mean to do it. I will go and pay for it, if it takes all my money. I will try not to be sorry. I do not think the man will hurt me if I pay for the mischief I have done."

【中文阅读】

- 1 . 乔治·艾略特收到一枚闪闪发亮的银币，用来购买新年礼物。
- 2 . 他想遍了所有能用这枚硬币买到的好东西。
- 3 . 雪覆盖了整个大地，但在灿烂的阳光的照射下，一切看上去

都很美。

4. 乔治戴上帽子跑到街上。正当他沿着街道一蹦一跳地走时，他看到一群男孩正在打雪仗。乔治很快便加入到游戏中。

5. 他向詹姆斯·马森扔出一个雪球，不仅没有打中他，还打破了街对面的一扇窗户。

6. 乔治害怕有人从房子里出来责备他，便以最快的速度跑掉了。

7. 就在乔治跑到下一个路口时，他停住了，因为他对自己刚做的事情感到很愧疚。

8. 他自言自语地说：“我现在没有权利花掉我的银币了。我应该回去，赔偿我用雪球打破的那块玻璃。”

9. 他在街上来来回回地走着，感到十分难过。他非常渴望能买些心爱的东西，同时又希望能赔偿打破的玻璃。

10. 最后他说：“尽管我不是故意的，但打破玻璃是我的错。所以我要赔偿，即使花掉我所有的钱，我也不会后悔。如果我能为自己犯下的错误做出补偿，我觉得房屋的主人就不会责怪我了。”

LESSON 61

THE BROKEN WINDOW (CONCLUDED)



被打破的窗户 (结束篇)

merchant
partner

honestly
without

rang
rich

mind
bell

1 . George started off, and felt much happier for having made up his mind to do what was right.

2 . He rang the doorbell. When the man came out, George said, "Sir, I threw a snowball through your window. But I did not intend to do it. I am very sorry, and wish to pay you. Here is the dollar my father gave me as a New-year gift."

3 . The gentleman took the dollar, and asked George if he had no more money. George said he had not. "Well," said he, "this will do."

4 . So, after asking George his name, and where he lived, he called him an honest boy, and shut the door.

5 . George went home at dinner time, with a face as rosy, and eyes as bright, as if nothing had gone wrong. At dinner, Mr. Ellet asked him what he had bought with his money.

6 . George very honestly told him all about the broken window, and said he felt very well without any money to spend.

7 . When dinner was over, Mr. Ellet told George to go and look in his cap. He did so, and found two silver dollars there.

8 . The man, whose window had been broken, had been there, and told Mr. Ellet about it. He gave back George's dollar and another besides.



9 . A short time after this, the man came and told Mr. Ellet that he wanted a good boy to stay in his store.

10 . As soon as George left school, he went to live with this man, who was a rich merchant. In a few years he became the merchant's partner.

【中文阅读】

1 . 乔治上路了，他为自己做出正确的决定而感到开心。

2 . 他按响了门铃。里面的人走了出来，乔治说：“先生，我扔雪球时打破了您的窗户，但我不是故意的。我很抱歉，希望可以补偿您。这是我爸爸给我买新年礼物的钱。”

3 . 那位先生接过钱，问乔治还有没有多余的钱。乔治回答说他没有了。“那好吧。”他说，“这些就够了。”

4. 就这样，在问完乔治的名字和住址后，他夸奖乔治是一个诚实的男孩，然后关上了门。

5. 乔治在晚饭时分回到了家，脸上红光满面，眼睛明亮有神，就像什么糟糕的事情都没有发生过。晚饭时，艾略特先生问他用自己的钱买了什么。

6. 乔治非常诚实地把他打破窗户的事情告诉了爸爸，然后说他虽然没有用钱买想要的东西，却感觉好极了。

7. 晚饭结束后，艾略特先生叫乔治去看看他的帽子里有什么。乔治照做了，他在帽子里面发现了两枚银币。

8. 那个被打破窗户的人来过他家了，告诉了艾略特先生乔治打破窗户的事。他退还了乔治的那枚银币，还多给了一枚。

9. 又过了一段时间，这个人来告诉艾略特先生，他需要一个乖男孩到他的店里工作。

10. 乔治从学校毕业后，就搬过去和这个人一起生活，原来他是一个非常富有的商人。几年以后，乔治成为了这位富商的合伙人。

LESSON 62

FRANK AND THE HOURGLASS

弗兰克和沙漏

line
grain
study

figure
verse
busily

second
advice
followed

perfectly
impatient
understand



1 . Frank was a very talkative little boy. He never saw a new thing without asking a great many questions about it.

2 . His mother was very patient and kind. When it was proper to answer his questions, she would do so.

3 . Sometimes she would say, "You are not old enough to

understand that, my son. When you are ten years old, you may ask me about it, and I will tell you.”

4 . When his mother said this, he never teased any more. He knew she always liked to answer him when he asked proper questions.

5 . The first time Frank saw an hourglass, he was very much amused; but he did not know what it was.

6 . His mother said, “An hourglass is made in the shape of the figure 8 . The sand is put in at one end, and runs through a small hole in the middle. As much sand is put into the glass as will run through in an hour.”

7 . Frank watched the little stream of sand. He was impatient, because it would not run faster. “Let me shake it, mother,” said he, “it is lazy, and will never get through.”

8 . “Oh yes, it will, my son,” said his mother, “The sand moves by little and little, but it moves all the time.”

9 . “When you look at the hands of the clock, you think they go very slowly, and so they do; but they never stop.”

10 . “While you are at play the sand is running, grain by grain. The hands of the clock are moving, second by second.”

11 . “At night, the sand in the hourglass has run through twelve times. The hour hand of the clock has moved all around its great face.”

12 . “This is because they keep at work every minute. They do not stop to think how much they have to do, and how long it will take them to do it.”

13 . Now, Frank's mother wanted him to learn a little hymn; but he said, “Mother, I can never learn it.”

14 . His mother said, “Study all the time. Never stop to ask how long it will take to learn it. You will be able to say it very soon.”

15 . Frank followed his mother's advice. He studied line after line, very busily; and in one hour and a half he knew the hymn perfectly.

【中文阅读】

1 . 弗兰克是一个非常健谈的小男孩。每当看到一件新东西，他都会无一例外地提出一大堆问题。

2. 他的妈妈非常善良，并且非常有耐心。只要弗兰克问的问题能够回答，她就会回答他。

3. 有时她会说：“你还小，这些问题对于你来说还理解不了，我的儿子。当你满十岁的时候，你再问我，我会告诉你的。”

4. 每当妈妈这样说的时候，弗兰克就会乖乖的不再问了。他知道只要他问合适的问题，妈妈总是很愿意回答。

5. 弗兰克第一次看见沙漏的时候，他觉得非常有趣，但不知道这是做什么用的。

6. 妈妈说：“沙漏是按照阿拉伯数字8的形状做成的，一端的沙子穿过中间的一个细洞流到另一端。沙子的总量刚好够它们流上一个小时。”

7. 弗兰克注视着流下来的细沙。他很快失去了耐心，因为沙子流得太慢。“妈妈，让我摇摇吧。”他说，“沙子太懒了，根本不会流完的。”

8. “噢，是的，它流得慢，但最终会流完的，我的孩子。”妈妈说，“沙子虽然一点儿一点儿地流，但它们却一直在流动呀。”

9. “当你看钟表上的指针时，可能觉得它们走得非常慢。沙子也是一样，你觉得他们流得很慢，但它们从没有停过。”

10. “当你玩耍的时候，沙子在一粒一粒地流，钟表上的指针也在一秒一秒地走。”

11. “一个晚上，沙漏里的沙子会来回流动十二次，钟表上的时针也会在钟表盘上转整整一圈。”

12. “这是因为它们每分钟都在工作。它们从不停下来考虑它们要做多少工作，还需要多长时间来完成。”

13. 现在，弗兰克的妈妈想要他学一首短圣歌，他却说：“妈妈，我永远都学不会这个。”

14. 他的妈妈说：“那就一直学。永远不要停下来问这个要学多长时间。你很快就能学会的。”

15. 弗兰克听取了妈妈的建议，他学了一行又一行，非常努力。一个半小时之后，他已经完全学会了这首圣歌。

LESSON 63

MARCH

三月

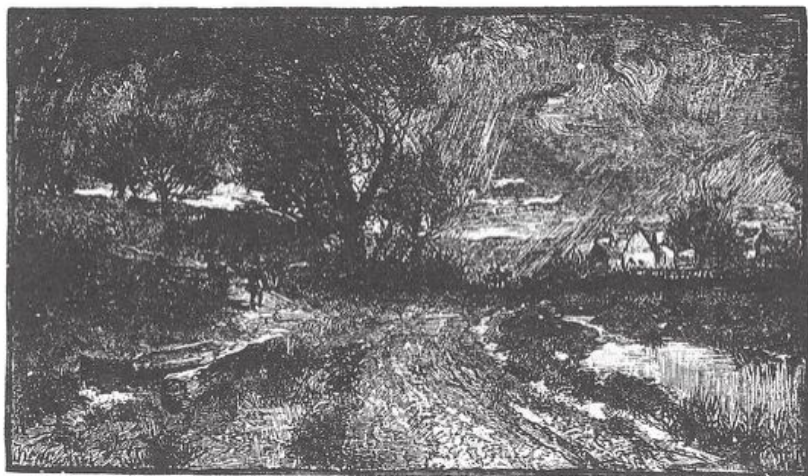
sleet

cheerly

cruel

taps

free



1 . In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing;
Far beneath our feet.

2 . Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,—
“Darlings, are you here?”
Till they answer, “We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear.”

3 . “Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring,” they say.

Then she answers, "He is going,
Going on his way."

4 . "Poor old Winter does not love you;
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you;—
Set you free at last."

(Mary Mapes Dodge)

【中文阅读】

1 . 在风雪中，
在雨淞中，
小花开始成长，
在深深的地底。

2 . 轻轻地拍拍春天，高兴地说：
“亲爱的，是你来了吗？”
直到他们回答：
“亲爱的，我们马上就准备好了。”

3 . 他们说：“春天请告诉我们，
冬天和它的雪花去了哪里？”
春天回答：
“它们正离开，已在路上了。”

4 . “可怜的冬天老人不爱你们。
但他的时代已过去；
我的鸟儿们即将在你的头顶歌唱；
让你最终得到自由。”

(玛丽·梅普斯·道奇)

LESSON 64

JENNY's CALL

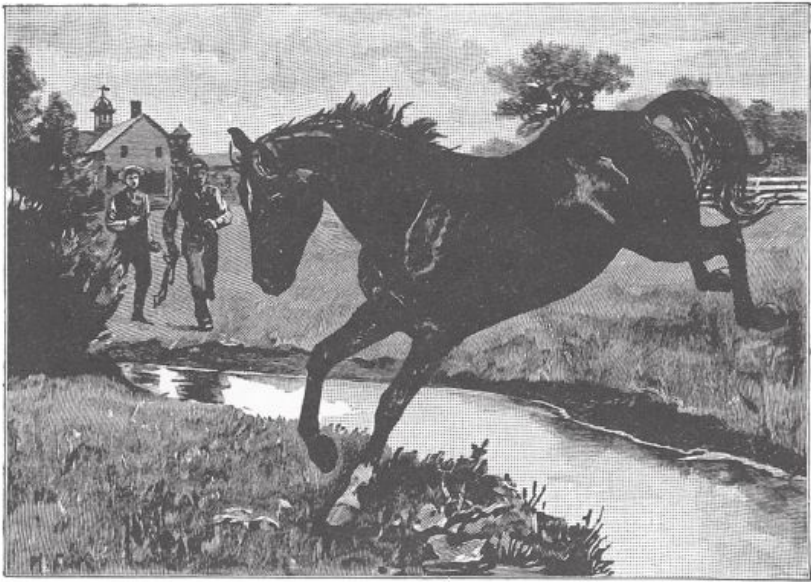
珍妮的召唤

late	straw	Jenny	snorted	Templar
aunt	rogue	report	grazing	directly
ditch	acted	service	suppose	caressed
hired	erect	pricked	moment	groceries

1 . “It's of no use, Mrs. Templar; I have been trying the greater part of an hour to catch that rogue of a horse. She won't be caught.”

2 . Such was the report the hired man brought in to Mrs. Templar one pleasant May morning, when she had been planning a ride.

3 . “I suppose it can not be helped, but I wanted her very much,” she said, as she turned away.



4 . "What was it you wanted, mother?" asked Jenny Templar, a bright, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl of twelve, who had just come into the room.

5 . "Fanny," said the mother. "It is such a beautiful morning, I meant to drive down to the village, get some groceries, then call for your Aunt Ann, have a nice ride up the river road, and bring her home to dinner."

6 . "But father is away for all day, and the men have been trying nearly an hour to catch Fanny; one of the men says she can't be caught."

7 . "Maybe she can't by him," said Jenny, with a merry laugh. "But, get ready, mother; you shall go if you like. I'll catch Fanny, and harness her, too."

8 . "Why, my child, they say she jumped the ditch three or four times, and acted like a wild creature. You'll only be late at school, and tire yourself for nothing."

9 . "It won't take me long, mother. Fanny will come to me," said Jenny, cheerily. She put on her wide straw hat, and was off in a moment, down the hill, to the field where the horse was grazing.

10 . The moment Fanny heard the rustle of Jenny's dress, she pricked up her ears, snorted, and, with head erect, seemed ready to bound away again.

11 . “Fanny! O Fanny!” called Jenny, and the beautiful creature turned her head. That gentle tone she well knew, and, glad to see her friend, she came directly to the fence, and rubbed her head on the girl's shoulder. As soon as the gate was opened, she followed Jenny to the barn.



12 . The men had treated her roughly, and she remembered it. But she knew and loved the voice that was always kind, and the hand that often fed and caressed her. She gave love for love, and willing service for kindness.

【中文阅读】

1 . “没有用，坦普勒夫人。我已经花了近一小时来捉这匹凶悍的马，但怎么也捉不住她。”

2 . 这就是在五月某个美好的清晨，坦普勒夫人打算乘马车出门时，她的雇工给她的回话。

3 . “我料到这样做无济于事，但我非常需要它。”她边转身边说道。

4 . “妈妈，你需要什么？”刚刚走进屋子的珍妮·坦普勒问道。她今年十二岁，长着一头棕黑亮丽的头发和一双棕色的眼睛。

5 . “我需要范尼。”妈妈说，“今天早上天气不错，我想乘马车去村里买些杂货，然后叫上你的安阿姨一起沿河观赏，再带她回家吃晚

餐。”

6.“但你爸爸一整天都不在家，那些人花了近一个小时试图捉住范尼。还无法捉住她。”

7.“也许她仅仅不能被那个人捉住。”珍妮快乐地笑着说，“不过妈妈，做好准备吧，如果你想说的话就能去。我会把范尼捉住，并且给它套上马具。”

8.“怎么可能，我的孩子？他们说它三四次都跳过水沟，就像只野兽一样。这会让你上学迟到，把你弄得精疲力尽却于事无补。”

9.“不会花很长时间的，妈妈。范尼会到我这儿来的。”珍妮兴高采烈地说。她戴上她的宽草帽，立刻出发，下山到了放马的田野。

10.就在这时，范尼听到了珍妮走路时裙子发出的沙沙声。它竖起耳朵，喷着鼻息，挺着脑袋，似乎做好了再次逃走的准备。

11.“范尼！喂，范尼！”珍妮叫道。漂亮的马儿转过头。它很熟悉那温和的声音，于是高兴地跨过栅栏跑过去见它的朋友珍妮。它用头在珍妮肩膀上蹭了蹭，大门被打开后，它跟着珍妮一起进入了马厩。

12.刚才那些人曾对范尼太粗暴，范尼记住了这些。它能分辨出那些总是十分亲切的声音，以及那些经常喂它、爱抚它的手。它用温顺回报人们的喜爱，乐意为友善的人效劳。

LESSON 65

POOR DAVY

可怜的大卫

rung	Davy	violet	recess	arrange
ferns	maple	dainty	lingered	prettiest

1 . It was recess time at the village school. The bell had rung, and the children had run out into the bright sunshine, wild with laughter and fun.

2 . All but poor Davy. He came out last and very slowly, but he did not laugh. He was in trouble, and the bright, golden sunlight did not make him glad.

3 . He walked across the yard, and sat down on a stone behind the old maple. A little bird on the highest branch sang just to make him laugh.

4 . But Davy did not notice it. He was thinking of the cruel words that had been said about his ragged clothes. The tears stole out of his eyes, and ran down his cheeks.

5 . Poor Davy had no father, and his mother had to work hard to keep him at school.

6 . That night, he went home by the path that led across the fields and through the woods. He still felt sad.

7 . Davy did not wish to trouble his mother; so he lingered a while among the trees, and at last threw himself on the green moss under them.



8 . Just then his teacher came along. She saw who it was, and stopped, saying kindly, "What is the matter, Davy?"

9 . He did not speak, but the tears began again to start.

10 . "Won't you tell me? Perhaps I can help you."

11 . Then he told her all his trouble. When he ended, she said, cheerily, "I have a plan, Davy, that I think will help you."

12 . "Oh, what is it?" he said, sitting up with a look of hope, while a tear fell upon a blue violet.

13 . "Well, how would you like to be a little flower merchant?"

14 . "And earn money?" said Davy. "That would be jolly. But where shall I get my flowers?"

15 . "Right in these woods, and in the fields," said his teacher. "Here are lovely blue violets, down by the brook are white ones, and among the rocks are ferns and mosses. Bring them all to my house, and I will help you arrange them."



16 . So, day after day, Davy hunted the woods for the prettiest flowers, and the most dainty ferns and mosses. After his teacher had helped to arrange them, he took them to the city that was near, and sold them.

17 . He soon earned money enough to buy new clothes. Now the sunshine and the bird's songs make him glad.

【中文阅读】

1 . 现在是一所乡村学校的下课时间。铃声响了，孩子们欣喜地笑着，冲出教室跑到灿烂的阳光下。

2 . 除了可怜的大卫。他最后一个慢吞吞地走出了教室，脸上没有一丝笑容。他遇到了麻烦，金灿灿的阳光也没能令他高兴起来。

3 . 他穿过操场，坐在老枫树后面的石头上。一只小鸟在最高处的枝头上唱起了歌，只想让大卫笑起来。

4 . 大卫却没有注意到它。他正在想人们嘲笑他的破衣服时所说的那些刻薄的话。眼泪偷偷地从眼睛里流出来，顺着脸颊滴落下来。

5 . 可怜的大卫没有爸爸，他的妈妈不得不辛苦地工作，以供他

上学。

6. 那天晚上，他穿过田野和树林的小路回家，心里仍然很难过。

7. 大卫不想让他的妈妈烦心，他在树林里逗留了一会儿，结果滑倒在树下绿色的青苔上。

8. 就在这时，他的老师走了过来。她看到了大卫，于是停下脚步，和蔼地说道：“怎么了，大卫？”

9. 他没有说话，眼泪却再次流了下来。

10. “你不想告诉我吗？或许我能帮助你呢。”

11. 于是，大卫把所有的烦恼都告诉了老师。当他讲完后，老师说：“我有一个主意，大卫，我觉得这能帮助你。”

12. “哦？什么主意？”他说。他满怀希望地坐了起来，一滴眼泪落在了一朵蓝色的紫罗兰上。

13. “好吧，你想不想做一个卖花的小商人？”

14. “卖花赚钱？”大卫说，“这是个好主意，但我从哪儿才能采到花呢？”

15. “就从树林和田野里采。”老师说，“这里有许多可爱的蓝色紫罗兰，小溪边有一些白色的，这些石头中还有些蕨类和苔藓。你把它们都带到我家，我会帮你整理好的。”

16. 于是，大卫每天都到树林里寻找漂亮的花，以及苔藓和最美味的蕨类。等老师帮他整理好之后，他就把它们带到城里去卖。

17. 很快，他就赚到了足够的钱买新衣服。现在，阳光和鸟儿的歌唱都会让他高兴起来。

LESSON 66

ALICE'S SUPPER

爱丽丝的晚餐

deep	flour	dough	miller	whether
cook	afar	dusty	cradles	grinding
glow	doth	valley	reapers	a-
				kneading

1 . Far down in the valley the wheat grows deep,
And the reapers are making the cradles sweep;
And this is the song that I hear them sing,
While cheery and loud their voices ring:
“ 'T is the finest wheat that ever did grow!
And it is for Alice's supper—ho! ho!”

2 . Far down by the river the old mill stands,
And the miller is rubbing his dusty hands;
And these are the words of the miller's lay,
As he watches the millstones grinding away:
“ 'T is the finest flour that money can buy,
And it is for Alice's supper—hi! hi!”

3 . Downstairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow,



And cook is a-kneading the soft, white dough;
And this is the song she is singing to-day,
As merry and busy she's working away:
“ 'T is the finest dough, whether near or afar,
And it is for Alice's supper—ha! ha!”

4 . To the nursery now comes mother, at last,
And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?
'T is a plateful of something, all yellow and white,
And she sings as she comes, with her smile so bright:
“ 'T is the best bread and butter I ever did see,
And it is for Alice's supper—he! he!”

【中文阅读】

1. 山谷深处，小麦成熟了。
农民们正在收割粮食。
愉快而响亮的声音响起来了，
我听到他们这样唱道：
“这是我们种过的最优质的小麦！
我们用它做成爱丽丝的晚餐！吼吼！”

2. 遥远的河边，有一座磨坊，
磨坊主搓着布满老茧的双手。
当他看到磨石转动的时候，
磨坊主说出了这样的话：
“这是能用钱买到的最好的面粉，
我们用它做成爱丽丝的晚餐！嗨嗨！”

3. 楼下的厨房，生起了火，
厨师正把面粉揉成雪白柔软的面团。
当她快乐而忙碌地工作时，
他唱出了这样的歌：
“这是世界上最好吃的面团，
我们用它做成爱丽丝的晚餐！哈哈！”

4. 最后妈妈来到幼儿园，
她手上端着的是什么？
黄白相间，
进来时，她满脸微笑地唱道：
“这是我所见过的最棒的面包，
用它来做爱丽丝的晚餐！呵呵！”

注释

【1】 "T is = It is.

LESSON 67

A SNOWSTORM

一场暴风雪

tall
firs
roof

hung
north
flakes

storm
gowns
fairies

picket
sparked
captains

1 . Last night, the cold north wind blew great snow clouds over the sky. Not a star, not a bit of blue sky could be seen.

2 . Soon the tiny flakes floated softly down, like flocks of little white birds. Faster and faster they came, till they filled the air. They made no noise, but they were busy all night long.



3 . They covered all the ground with a soft, white carpet. They hung beautiful plumes on the tall, green firs. The little bushes, they put to sleep in warm nightgowns and caps.

4 . They hid the paths so that the boys might have the fun of digging new ones. They turned the old picket fence into a row of soldiers, and the gate posts into captains, with tall white hats on.

5 . The old corn basket that was left out by the barn, upside down, they made into a cunning little snow house with a round roof.

6 . When the busy little flakes had done their work, the sun came up to see what they had been about.

7 . He must have been pleased with what he saw, for he smiled such a bright, sweet smile, that the whole white world sparkled as if it were made of little stars.

8 . Who would have thought that the black clouds could hide the little fairies that made the earth so beautiful!

【中文阅读】

1. 昨天夜里，北风呼啸，乌云密布。看不见一颗星星，整个天空也不见一丝蓝色。

2. 不久，小小的雪花静悄悄地飘落下来，就像一群白色的小鸟。雪花越落越快，直到弥漫整个天空。它们静静地下了一整夜。

3. 它们给大地披上了白色柔软的毯子，它们在高大而青翠的杉木上悬起美丽的羽毛，它们为酣睡的小灌木穿上暖和的长袍和帽子。

4. 它们把小路藏了起来，男孩子们高兴地开发了一条新路。它们把又老又尖的篱笆变成了一排士兵，大门俨然成了队长，戴着又高又白的帽子站在那儿纹丝不动。

5. 被扔到了谷仓外的旧玉米篮子，倒立在地上，被雪花装扮成了一个漂亮的圆顶小雪屋。

6. 当勤劳的小雪花们完成了它们的工作，太阳探出头，看看它们都做了什么。

7. 太阳一定对雪花们的作品非常满意，因为他笑得如此灿烂和甜蜜。整个洁白的世界闪闪发光，就像一颗颗小星星在眨眼睛。

8. 谁会想得到，那黑色的乌云背后藏着那么多可以把世界装扮得如此美丽的小精灵呢！

LESSON 68

BESSIE



贝 希

dug
toad
forth

roots
spool
apron

thump
heaped
closets

offense
smoothed
dandelions

1 . One day, Bessie thought how nice it would be to have a garden with only wild flowers in it. So into the house she ran to find her Aunt Annie, and ask her leave to go over on the shady hillside, across the brook, where the wild flowers grew thickest.

2 . “ Yes, indeed, you may go,” said Aunt Annie, “but what will you put the roots and earth in while you are making the garden?”

3 . “Oh,” said Bessie, “I can take my apron.”

4 . Her aunt laughed, and said, “A basket will be better, I think.” So they looked in the closets and the attic, everywhere; but some of the baskets were full, and some broken; not one could they find that would do.

5 . Then Aunt Annie turned out the spools and the bags from a nice large workbasket, and gave that to Bessie. “You may have this for your own,” she said, “to fill with earth, or flowers, or anything you like.”

6 . “Oh! thank you,” said Bessie, and she danced away through the garden. She slipped through the gate, out into the field all starred with dandelions, down in the hollow by the brook, then up on the hillside out of sight among the shady trees.



7 . How she worked that afternoon! She heaped up the dark, rich earth, and smoothed it over with her hands. Then she dug up violets, and spring-beauties, and other flowers,—running back and forth, singing all the while.

8 . The squirrels peeped out of their holes at Bessie. The birds sang in the branches overhead. Thump, came something all at once into the middle of the bed. Bessie jumped and upset the basket, and away it rolled down the hill.

9 . How Bessie laughed when she saw a big, brown toad winking his bright eyes at her, as if he would say, “No offense, I hope.”

10 . Just then Bessie heard a bell ringing loudly. She knew it was calling her home; but how could she leave her basket? She must look for that first.

11 . “Waiting, waiting, waiting,” all at once sang a bird out of sight among the branches, “waiting, Bessie.”

12 . “Sure enough,” said Bessie, “perhaps I’m making dear mother or auntie wait; and they are so good to me. I’d better let the basket wait. Take care of it, birdie; and don’t jump on my flowers,

Mr. Toad.”

【中文阅读】

1. 一天，贝希想，如果她有一个开满花的花园该有多好啊。于是她跑进房子，去找安妮阿姨，问她自己可不可以越过绿树成荫的山坡，穿过小溪，到长满野花的地方去。

2. “没有问题，你当然可以去。”安妮阿姨说，“但你在建造花园的时候用什么来装花草和土壤呢？”

3. “噢。”贝希说，“我可以拿着我的围裙。”

4. 她的阿姨笑着说：“我觉得带个篮子会更好。”于是，她们到壁橱和阁楼里去找篮子。她们到处找，可那些篮子不是满的就是坏的，没有一个可用。

5. 于是，安妮阿姨拿来一个漂亮的大针线盒，倒空了里面的线轴和布，交给了贝希。“这个给你吧。”她说，“你可以用它来装土装花，装任何你喜欢的东西。”

6. “噢，谢谢你。”贝希说。她蹦蹦跳跳穿过花园，跑出大门。她跑进长满蒲公英的田野，穿过溪边山洞，登上了绿树成荫的山坡。

7. 看看她一下午都做了什么！她把肥沃的黑土堆成一堆，然后用双手平整好。接着，她挖出紫罗兰、春美人及其他花。她跑前跑后，忙来忙去，嘴里一直哼着歌。

8. 松鼠们从它们的洞里探出头来瞧着贝希，鸟儿在头顶的树枝上唱着歌。砰的一声，一个东西一下子蹦到道路中央。贝希吓得跳了起来，篮子也翻了，滚到了山下。

9. 可贝希笑得合不拢嘴，她看到一只棕色的大蛤蟆眨着一双明亮的大眼睛望着她，好像在说：“希望我没有给你添乱。”

10. 就在这时，贝希听到了一阵响亮的铃声。她知道那是叫她回家的铃声，但她怎么能把篮子丢掉呢？她必须先把篮子找回来。

11. “等等，等等，等等。”藏在树枝后的一只小鸟叫道，“等等再捡吧，贝希。”

12. “当然可以。”贝希说，“可能我亲爱的妈妈或阿姨在等我，她们对我很好。我还是让篮子等我一会儿吧。小鸟，请好好照看我的篮子。蛤蟆先生，千万别跳到我的花上去哦。”

LESSON 69

BESSIE (CONCLUDED)

贝希 (结束篇)

visit

soaked

obedient

ruined



1 . She was back at the house in a few minutes, calling,
“Mother! mother! auntie! Who wants me?”

2 . “I, dear,” said her mother. “I am going away for a long visit,
and if you had not come at once, I could not have said good-by to
my little girl.”

3 . Then Bessie's mother kissed her, and told her to obey her
kind aunt while she was gone.

4 . The next morning, Bessie waked to find it raining hard. She
went into her aunt's room with a very sad face. “O auntie! this old

rain!”

5 . “This new, fresh, beautiful rain, Bessie! How it will make our flowers grow, and what a good time we can have together in the house!”

6 . “I know it, auntie; but you will think me so careless!”

7 . “To let it rain?”

8 . “No; don't laugh, Aunt Annie; to leave your nice basket out of doors all night; and now it will be soaked and ruined in this—this—beautiful rain.” Bessie did not look as if the beautiful rain made her very happy.

9 . “You must be more careful, dear, another time,” said her aunt, gently. “But come, tell me all about it.”

10 . So Bessie crept very close to her auntie's side, and told her of her happy time the day before; of the squirrel, and the toad, and how the basket rolled away down the hill; and then how the bell rang, and she could not stop to find the basket.

11 . “And you did quite right,” said her aunt. “If you had stopped, your mother must have waited a whole day, or else gone without seeing you. When I write, I will tell her how obedient you were, and that will please her more than anything else I can say.”

【中文阅读】

1 . 几分钟后她回到了家，喊道：“妈妈！妈妈！阿姨！谁在找我？”

2 . “是我，亲爱的。”她的妈妈说，“我打算出个远门。如果你不马上回来的话，我可能就不能和我的宝贝道别了。”

3 . 然后，贝希的妈妈亲了亲她，告诉她妈妈不在的日子里要听阿姨的话。

4 . 第二天，贝希起床之后发现外面的雨下得很大。她满面愁容走进阿姨的房间，说：“噢，阿姨，这雨真讨厌！”

5 . “贝希！这是一场清新美丽的雨，它会让我们花朵长大。并且我们可以一起在房子里度过一段美好的时光啊！”

6 . “我知道，阿姨。但你会怪我很不小心！”

7 . “你是说下雨这件事？”

8 . “不是，别笑了，安妮阿姨。昨天我把你漂亮的篮子丢在门外一整夜，现在它该被这场美丽的雨淋湿了。”这场美丽的雨看起来并没有让她开心。

9 . “亲爱的，下次你必须更加小心一些。”她的阿姨温柔地

说，“来，告诉我昨天都发生了什么。”

10．于是，贝希慢慢地来到阿姨身边，告诉了她昨天自己有多么高兴。她说到了松鼠，说到了蛤蟆，也说到了篮子是怎么滚下了山坡，接着铃声怎么响了，以致她没能停下来去找篮子。

11．“你做得很对。”她的阿姨说，“如果你停下来找篮子，你妈妈肯定会等一整天，或是没见到你就走了。我给她写信时，我会告诉她你多么听话，这会让她比听到任何事情都更高兴的。”

LESSON 70

CHEERFULNESS



欢乐

sought
lofty

surely
maiden

welcome
cherished

lightsome
introduce

There is a little maiden—
Who is she? Do you know?
Who always has a welcome,
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May time,
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.
lightsome introduce

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she were the sun;
And she is sought and cherished
And loved by everyone;

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low;
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her.
You certainly can guess;
What! I must introduce her?
Her name is Cheerfulness.

(Marian Douglas)

【中文阅读】

有一个小姑娘——
她是谁？你们想知道吗？
无论她走到哪里，
都会受到大家的欢迎。

她的脸像五月的晴天，
她的声音如百灵鸟，
她轻快的话语，
是世上最甜美的音符。

她像太阳一样，
让世界更加明亮。
无论是老人，还是小孩，
无论是贵族，还是平民，

大家到处找寻她，拥抱着她，
每个人都珍爱她。
这个小姑娘到底是谁呢？
有人知道吗？

你肯定见过她，
你也一定能猜得到。
什么？要我介绍她？
她的名字叫快乐。

(玛利娅·道格拉斯)

LESSON 71

LULLABY

摇篮曲

western breathe dying moon babe sails

1 . Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

2 . Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

(Tennyson)

【中文阅读】

1 . 轻轻地，甜甜地，
西海岸的风！

轻轻地吹，
西海岸的风！
拂过微波，
带着朦胧的月光，
来到我的身边，
我的宝贝，我的宝贝，
快快睡吧。

2．睡吧，睡吧！
爸爸很快就会回来。
睡吧，睡吧，睡在妈妈的怀抱里！
爸爸很快就会回来，
回来看他摇篮里的宝贝。
在银色的月光下，
西边的海上波光闪闪。
睡吧，睡吧，我的宝贝，
快快睡吧。

（丁尼生）



美国语文读本

3

「美」威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

「美」威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

3

McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader

最纯粹的美德读本、最纯正的美语阅读、最经典的美式教育

一本影响了美国五代人的经典课本
了解美国，从启蒙读本开始



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS





The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编
(英汉双语图文版)

3

McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



图书在版编目（CIP）数据

美国语文读本．3：汉英对照 / （美）麦加菲（McGuffey, W. H.）编；刘白玉，刘夏青，韩小宁译．—北京：中国青年出版社，2013.5（塑造美国的88本书）

ISBN 978-7-5153-1494-5

I．①美… II．①麦… ②刘… ③刘… ④韩…

III．①英语 - 阅读教学 - 中小学 - 美国 - 课外读物 IV．①G634.413

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2013）第052931号

美国语文读本3

作 者：[美]威廉·H·麦加菲

译 者：刘白玉 刘夏青 韩小宁

策划编辑：陈 晨 李玲香

责任编辑：肖 佳 胡莉萍

美术编辑：夏 蕊 张 建

出 版：中国青年出版社

发 行：北京中青文文化传媒有限公司

电 话：010-65516873/65518035

公司网址：www.cyb.com.cn

购书网址：zqwts.tmall.com www.diyijie.com

制 作：中青文制作中心

印 刷：北京盛源印刷有限公司

版 次：2013年6月第1版

印 次：2013年6月第1次印刷

开 本：787×1092 1/16

字 数：200千字

印 张：17

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5153-1494-5

定 价：38.90元

我社将与版权执法机关配合大力打击盗印、盗版活动，敬请广大读者协助举报，经查实将给予举报者重奖。

举报电话：

北京市版权局版权执法处

010-64081804

中国青年出版社

010-65516873

010-65518035

中青版图书，版权所有，盗版必究

目录

CONTENTS

- LESSON 1 The Shepherd Boy ● 牧童
- LESSON 2 Johnny's First Snowstorm ● 乔尼初次见暴风雪
- LESSON 3 Let it Rain ● 下雨吧
- LESSON 4 Castle-building ● 建城堡
- LESSON 5 Castle-building ● 建城堡（结束篇）
- LESSON 6 Lend a Hand ● 伸出一只手
- LESSON 7 The Truant ● 逃学者
- LESSON 8 The White Kitten ● 小白猫
- LESSON 9 The Beaver ● 海狸
- LESSON 10 The Young Teacher ● 小老师
- LESSON 11 The Blacksmith ● 铁匠
- LESSON 12 A Walk in the Garden ● 花园中漫步
- LESSON 13 The Wolf ● 狼来了
- LESSON 14 The Little Bird's Song ● 小鸟之歌

- LESSON 15 Harry and Annie ● 哈里和安妮
- LESSON 16 Bird Friends ● 鸟类和人类是朋友
- LESSON 17 What the Minutes say ● 分针之语
- LESSON 18 The Widow and the Merchant ● 寡妇和商人
- LESSON 19 The Birds Set Free ● 小鸟自由了
- LESSON 20 A Moment too Late ● 为时已晚
- LESSON 21 Humming Birds ● 蜂鸟
- LESSON 22 The Wind and the Sun ● 风和太阳
- LESSON 23 Sunset ● 日落
- LESSON 24 Beautiful Hands ● 美丽的手
- LESSON 25 Things to Remember ● 应牢记之事
- LESSON 26 Three Little Mice ● 三只小老鼠
- LESSON 27 The New Year ● 新年
- LESSON 28 The Clock and the Sundial ● 时钟与日晷
- LESSON 29 Remember ● 记住
- LESSON 30 Courage and Cowardice ● 勇敢与怯懦
- LESSON 31 Weighing an Elephant ● 称象
- LESSON 32 The Soldier ● 战士

LESSON 33 The Echo ● 回声

LESSON 34 George's Feast ● 乔治的美餐

LESSON 35 The Lord's Prayer ● 主祷文

LESSON 36 Finding the Owner ● 寻找失主

LESSON 37 Bats ● 蝙蝠

LESSON 38 A Summer Day ● 夏日

LESSON 39 I will Think of It ● 我要想一想

LESSON 40 Charlie and Rob ● 查理和罗伯

LESSON 41 Ray and his Kite ● 芮和他的风筝

LESSON 42 Beware of the First Drink ● 谨防第一次饮酒

LESSON 43 Speak Gently ● 轻声细语

LESSON 44 The Seven Sticks ● 七根棍子

LESSON 45 The Mountain Sister ● 山妹子

LESSON 46 Harry and the Guidepost ● 哈里和路牌

LESSON 47 The Money Amy didn't Earn ● 艾米没有赚到的钱

LESSON 48 Who Made the Stars? ● 星星是谁造的

LESSON 49 Deeds of Kindness ● 善举

LESSON 50 The Alarm Clock ● 闹钟

- LESSON 51 Spring ● 春
- LESSON 52 True Courage ● 真正的勇敢
- LESSON 53 The Old Clock ● 老时钟
- LESSON 54 The Waves ● 海浪
- LESSON 55 Don't Kill the Birds ● 不要杀害鸟类
- LESSON 56 When to Say No ● 什么时候说“不”
- LESSON 57 Which Loved Best? ● 谁最爱妈妈
- LESSON 58 John Carpenter ● 约翰·卡朋特
- LESSON 59 Persevere ● 持之以恒
- LESSON 60 The Contented Boy ● 知足的男孩
- LESSON 61 Little Gustava ● 小古斯塔瓦
- LESSON 62 The Insolent Boy ● 无礼的男孩
- LESSON 63 We are Seven ● 我们是七个
- LESSON 64 Mary's Dime ● 玛丽的硬币
- LESSON 65 Mary Dow ● 玛丽·道
- LESSON 66 The Little Loaf ● 小块面包
- LESSON 67 Susie and Rover ● 苏茜和罗孚
- LESSON 68 The Violet ● 紫罗兰

LESSON 69 No Crown for Me ● 不要给我花冠

LESSON 70 Young Soldiers ● 小战士

LESSON 71 How Willie Got out of the Shaft ● 威利是怎样逃出枯井的

LESSON 72 The Pert Chicken ● 无礼的小公鸡

LESSON 73 Indian Corn ● 印第安玉米

LESSON 74 The Snowbird's Song ● 雪鸟之歌

LESSON 75 Mountains ● 高山

LESSON 76 A Child's Hymn ● 儿童赞美诗

LESSON 77 Holding the Fort ● 守住堡垒

LESSON 78 The Little People ● 小人儿

LESSON 79 Good Night ● 晚安

[返回总目录](#)

LESSON 1

THE SHEPHERD BOY

牧童

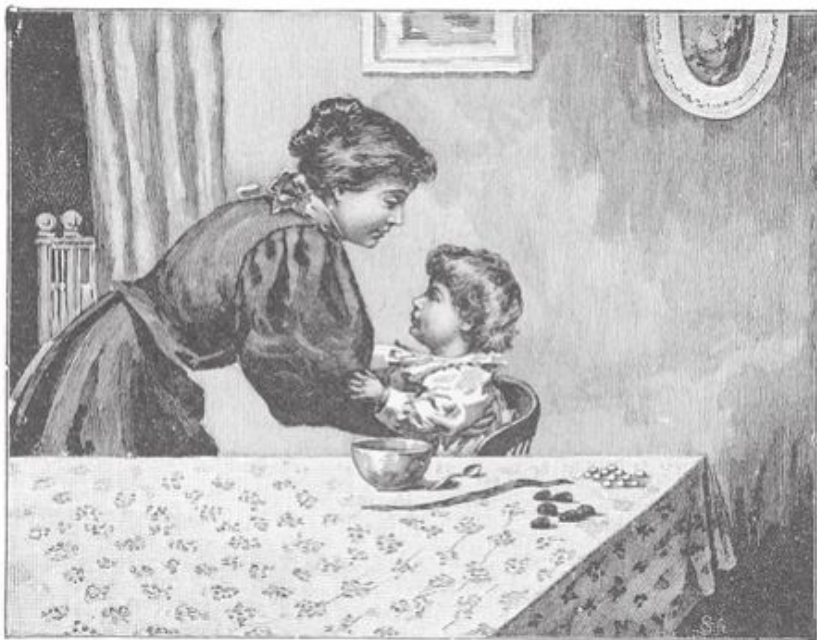
either
glossy

trickle
entered

fancied
shepherd

murmur
chestnuts

reflected
command



1 . Little Roy led his sheep down to pasture,
And his cows, by the side of the brook;
But his cows never drank any water,
And his sheep never needed a crook.

2 . For the pasture was gay as a garden,

And it glowed with a flowery red;
But the meadows had never a grass blade,
And the brooklet—it slept in its bed:

3 . And it lay without sparkle or murmur,
Nor reflected the blue of the skies;
But the music was made by the shepherd,
And the sparkle was all in his eyes.

4 . Oh, he sang like a bird in the summer!
And, if sometimes you fancied a bleat,
That, too, was the voice of the shepherd,
And not of the lambs at his feet.

5 . And the glossy brown cows were so gentle
That they moved at the touch of his hand
O'er [the](#) wonderful, rosy-red meadow,
And they stood at the word of command.

6 . So he led all his sheep to the pasture,
And his cows, by the side of the brook;
Though it rained, yet the rain never pattered
O'er the beautiful way that they took.

7 . And it wasn't in Fairyland either,
But a house in the midst of the town,
Where Roy, as he looked from the window,
Saw the silvery drops trickle down.

8 . For his pasture was only a table,
With its cover so flowery fair,
And his brooklet was just a green ribbon,
That his sister had lost from her hair.

9 . And his cows were but glossy horse-chestnuts,
That had grown on his grandfather's tree;
And his sheep only snowy-white pebbles,
He had brought from the shore of the sea.

10 . And at length when the shepherd was weary,

And had taken his milk and his bread,
And his mother had kissed him and tucked him,
And had bid him "good night" in his bed;

11 . Then there entered his big brother Walter,
While the shepherd was soundly asleep,
And he cut up the cows into baskets,
And to jackstones turned all of the sheep.

(Emily S . Oakey)

【中文阅读】

1 . 小罗伊赶着羊群来到牧场，
赶着牛群来到小溪边；
但牛群不需要在溪边喝水，
羊群也不需要他挥舞牧鞭。

2 . 牧场像花园一样漂亮，
散发着亮丽的红色光芒；
但草地却从不长草，
小溪也只在自己的温床上静静流淌。

3 . 小溪既不发光也不呢喃低语，
更不会折射天空的湛蓝；
但牧童唱起欢快的歌谣，
眼里闪烁着迷人的光芒。

4 . 噢，他像夏日的小鸟在欢唱！
如果你恍若听到咩咩的叫声，
那一定是牧童在欢唱，
而非他脚边的小羊羔。

5 . 油光闪亮的棕色母牛特别温顺，
在牧童的轻轻抚摸下，
漫步在玫瑰红的奇妙草地上，
牧童一下令便立刻停下不动。

6 . 牧童就这样领着牛羊群，
在小溪边游荡；
尽管开始下雨，

但雨滴却不像往日那样欢快地啪嗒啪嗒。

7. 这里并不是仙境乐园，
只不过是小镇上的一处屋舍；
罗伊从窗户上能够看到，
银色的雨点滴滴流下。

8. 他的牧场只不过是一张桌子，
上面盖了一块带花的桌布；
那潺潺小溪也只是妹妹头上掉下的，
一条绿色丝带。

9. 他的牛群是从祖父种的七叶树上采来的
光滑树片；
他的羊群只是他从海边捡来的，
雪白的鹅卵石。

10. 牧童最终厌倦了这个游戏，
喝光牛奶，吃光面包之后，
妈妈亲吻了他，让他睡觉，
并轻轻道声“晚安”。

11. 牧童正要熟睡之际，
大哥沃尔特走了进来；
他把“牛群”撕碎扔进篮子，
把所有“羊群”换成了小石子。

(艾米莉·S·奥凯)

注释

[1] O'er：古英语用法，同“over”。

LESSON 2

JOHNNY'S FIRST SNOWSTORM

乔尼初次见暴风雪

country groves losing sugar freezes

1 . Johnny Reed was a little boy who never had seen a snowstorm till he was six years old. Before this, he had lived in a warm country, where the sun shines down on beautiful orange groves, and fields always sweet with flowers.

2 . But now he had come to visit his grandmother, who lived where the snow falls in winter. Johnny was standing at the window when the snow came down.

3 . "O mamma!" he cried, joyfully, "do come quick, and see these little white birds flying down from heaven."



4 . "They are not birds, Johnny," said mamma, smiling.

5 . "Then maybe the little angels are losing their feathers! Oh! do tell me what it is; is it sugar? Let me taste it," said Johnny. But when he tasted it, he gave a little jump—it was so cold.

6 . "That is only snow, Johnny," said his mother.

7 . "What is snow, mother?"

8 . "The snowflakes, Johnny, are little drops of water that fall from the clouds. But the air through which they pass is so cold it freezes them, and they come down turned into snow."

9 . As she said this, she brought out an old black hat from the closet. "See, Johnny! I have caught a snowflake on this hat. Look quick through this glass, and you will see how beautiful it is."

10 . Johnny looked through the glass. There lay the pure, feathery snowflake like a lovely little star.

11 . "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!" he cried in delight. "Oh! please show me more snowflakes, mother."

12 . So his mother caught several more, and they were all beautiful.

13 . The next day Johnny had a fine play in the snow, and when he came in, he said, "I love snow; and I think snowballs are a great deal prettier than oranges."

【中文阅读】

1 . 乔尼·瑞德是一个小男孩，直到六岁才看见暴风雪。在这之前，他一直住在一个天气暖和的乡村。在那里，阳光洒满美丽的满是橘子的山坡，田野里到处是芳香扑鼻的鲜花。

2 . 但是，现在他来看望奶奶，奶奶住的地方冬天常常下雪。当雪花纷飞时，乔尼站在窗前定睛观望。

3 . “噢，妈妈！”乔尼快乐地喊道，“快过来，白色的小鸟从天堂上飞下来了。”

4 . “它们不是鸟，乔尼。”妈妈微笑着说。

5 . “那么，它们就是小天使，正在掉羽毛！噢，快告诉我，是什么，是糖吗？让我尝一尝。”乔尼说道。但当他品尝雪花时，他不禁惊跳起来——太凉了。

6 . “那只是雪而已，乔尼。”妈妈说道。

7 . “雪是什么，妈妈？”

8 . “乔尼，雪就是从云彩上掉下的小水滴。不过，水滴从天上掉下来时，被寒冷的空气冻住了，就变成了从天而降的雪花。”

9 . 妈妈一边说，一边从橱柜里拿出一顶黑色的旧帽子。“看，乔

尼，我用帽子接住了一片雪花。快透过这块玻璃看一看，你就知道雪花有多么美了。”

10．乔尼透过玻璃看着雪花，那片纯洁轻柔的雪花就像一颗可爱的小星星。

11．“一闪一闪的小星星！”乔尼快乐地喊道。“噢，妈妈，再给我接些雪花吧！”

12．于是，妈妈又接住了一些雪花，都是那么漂亮！

13．第二天，乔尼在雪地里玩得非常开心，进屋后，他说：“我太喜欢雪了，雪球可比橘子好玩多了。”

LESSON 3

LET IT RAIN

下雨吧

daughter quench wreaths butter thirsty

Rose: See how it rains! Oh dear, dear, dear! how dull it is! Must I stay in doors all day?

Father: Why, Rose, are you sorry that you had any bread and butter for breakfast, this morning?

Rose: Why, father, what a question! I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not get any.

Father: Are you sorry, my daughter, when you see the flowers and trees growing in the garden?

Rose: Sorry? No, indeed. Just now, I wished very much to go out and see them,—they look so pretty.

Father: Well, are you sorry when you see the horses, cows, or sheep drinking at the brook to quench their thirst?

Rose: Why, father, you must think I am a cruel girl, to wish that the poor horses that work so hard, the beautiful cows that give so much nice milk, and the pretty lambs should always be thirsty.

Father: Do you not think they would die, if they had no water to drink?

Rose: Yes, sir, I am sure they would. How shocking to think of such a thing!

Father: I thought little Rose was sorry it rained. Do you think the trees and flowers would grow, if they never had any water on them?

Rose: No, indeed, father, they would be dried up by the sun.

Then we should not have any pretty flowers to look at, and to make wreaths of for mother.

Father : I thought you were sorry it rained. Rose, what is our

bread made of?

Rose : It is made of flour, and the flour is made from wheat, which is ground in the mill.

Father : Yes, Rose, and it was rain that helped to make the wheat grow, and it was water that turned the mill to grind the wheat. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained.

Rose : I did not think of all these things, father. I am truly very glad to see the rain falling.

【中文阅读】

罗丝：瞧，雨下得多大呀！唉，天哪，天哪，天哪！多么无聊啊！难道我一整天都要呆在家里？

父亲：罗丝，你是因为今天早餐吃了面包和黄油而不高兴吗？

罗丝：噢，爸爸，这是什么问题呀！如果我没吃面包和黄油才不高兴呢。

父亲：那么，我的女儿，你是看见花园里盛开的鲜花和茂密的树木而不高兴吗？

罗丝：为这不高兴？不是的，的确不是的。刚才，我还非常想出去看看它们呢——它们实在太漂亮了。

父亲：那么，你是因为看到溪边的小马、小牛、小羊喝水解渴而不高兴吗？

罗丝：得了，爸爸，您一定认为我是一个冷酷无情的小女孩，总希望辛苦干活的可怜小马，产甜奶的漂亮小牛，可爱的小羊都渴着吧。

父亲：如果没有水喝，它们就会死去，你不这么认为吗？

罗丝：是的，爸爸，我也是这么想的。一想到这样的事，多么令人震惊呀！

父亲：我猜到了，小罗丝是因为下雨而不高兴。如果树和花没有雨水落到它们身上，你认为它们还会生长吗？这些你想过没有？

罗丝：不会，它们不会生长了，爸爸，它们会被太阳烤干的。那样我们就看不到美丽的鲜花，没法给妈妈编织花环了。

父亲：我猜到了，你是因为下雨不高兴。罗丝，我们的面包是用什么做的？

罗丝：是面粉做的，面粉是由麦子磨制而成的。

父亲：说对了，罗丝，正是雨水使小麦生长，也是水使磨转动将麦子磨碎的。我猜到了，小罗丝是因为下雨不高兴。

罗丝：爸爸，刚才我没有想这么多事情。现在，看见下雨我真的非常高兴了。

LESSON 4

CASTLE-BUILDING

建城堡

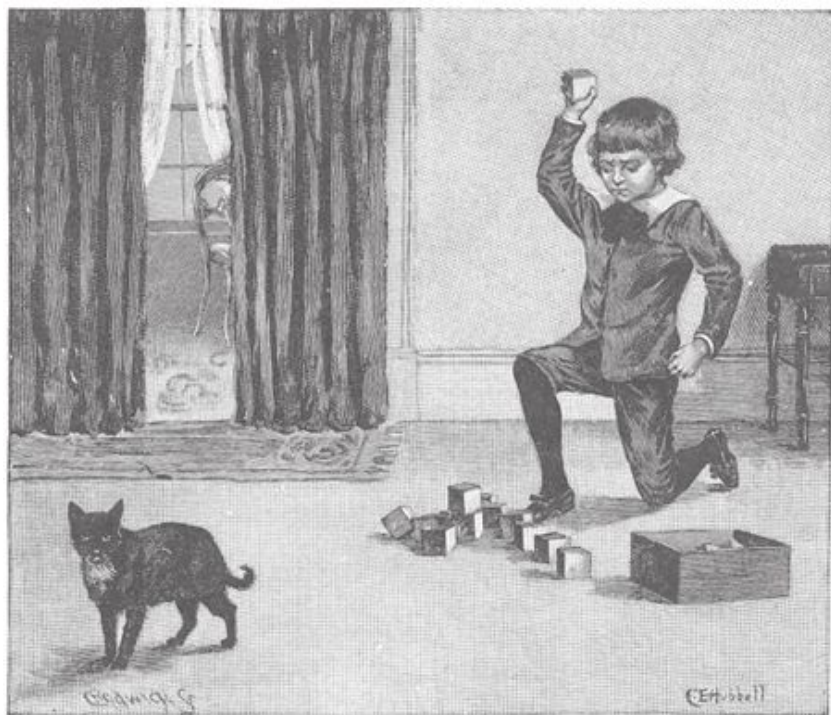
anger
dismay
mimic

castle
sofa
nodded

foundation
interested
exclaimed

rattling
passion
already

tower
pile
spilled



1 . "O pussy!" cried Herbert, in a voice of anger and dismay, as the blockhouse he was building fell in sudden ruin. The playful cat had rubbed against his mimic castle, and tower and wall went

rattling down upon the floor.

2 . Herbert took up one of the blocks and threw it fiercely at pussy. Happily, it passed over her and did no harm. His hand was reaching for another block, when his little sister Hetty sprang toward the cat, and caught her up.

3 . "No, no, no!" said she, "you shan't hurt pussy! She didn't mean to do it!"

4 . Herbert's passion was over quickly, and, sitting down upon the floor, he covered his face with his hands, and began to cry.

5 . "What a baby!" said Joe, his elder brother, who was reading on the sofa. "Crying over spilled milk does no good. Build it up again."

6 . "No, I won't," said Herbert, and he went on crying.

7 . "What's all the trouble here?" exclaimed papa, as he opened the door and came in.

8 . "Pussy just rubbed against Herbert's castle, and it fell down," answered Hetty. "But she didn't mean to do it; she didn't know it would fall, did she, papa?"

9 . "Why, no! And is that all the trouble?"

10 . "Herbert!" his papa called, and held out his hands. "Come." The little boy got up from the floor, and came slowly, his eyes full of tears, and stood by his father.

11 . "There is a better way than this, my boy," said papa. "If you had taken that way, your heart would have been light already. I should have heard you singing over your blocks instead of crying. Shall I show you that way?"

12 . Herbert nodded his head, and papa sat down on the floor by the pile of blocks, with his little son by his side, and began to lay the foundation for a new castle.

【中文阅读】

1 . “噢，可恶的猫！”赫伯特喊道，声音透露着愤怒与沮丧，因为他正在搭建的积木房子突然倒塌了。顽皮的猫撞了一下他的模型城堡，塔和围墙都嘎嘎地倒在了地板上。

2 . 赫伯特拿起一块积木狠劲地向猫扔去。幸运的是，积木从猫的身边飞过去，没有伤着它。他又去拿另一块积木，这时，小妹妹海蒂跑过来，抱起了小猫。

3 . “不！不！不！”她喊道，“你不能伤害小猫！它不是故意的！”

4. 赫伯特顿时怒火中烧，坐在地板上，双手捂着脸哭了起来。

5. “真是小孩子！”一直坐在沙发上看书的哥哥乔开腔了，“哭有什么用呢，再建一座新的就行了。”

6. “不，我才不呢！”赫伯特一边哭着，一边说。

7. “这里发生什么事了？”爸爸推开门走进来问道。

8. “猫咪刚才撞了赫伯特的城堡，城堡倒了。”海蒂回答道，“但猫咪不是故意的，它根本不知道城堡会倒掉，对吧，爸爸？”

9. “它当然知道了！这就是你们的麻烦事？”

10. “赫伯特，过来！”爸爸一边喊，一边伸出手。小赫伯特从地板上站起来，慢慢走过去，眼里含着泪花，站在爸爸身边。

11. “我的孩子，还有一个更好的办法来解决这个问题。”爸爸说道，“如果你能照做的话，现在心里就好受多了。我倒希望听到的是你为你的积木歌唱，而不是为它哭泣。让我来教教你这种方式，好吗？”

12. 赫伯特点了点头，爸爸坐到积木旁边，小儿子依偎在他身边，他们开始为一座新城堡垒地基。

LESSON 5

CASTLE- BUILDING (CONCLUDED)



建城堡 (结束篇)

string	paper	eagerly	dashed	ease
crash	dishes	retorted	sentence	tray

1 . Soon, Herbert was as much interested in castle-building as he had been a little while before. He began to sing over his work. All his trouble was gone.

2 . "This is a great deal better than crying, isn't it?" said papa.

3 . "Crying for what?" asked Herbert, forgetting his grief of a few minutes before.

4 . "Because pussy knocked your castle over."

5 . "Oh!" A shadow flitted across his face, but was gone in a moment, and he went on building as eagerly as ever.

6 . "I told him not to cry over spilled milk," said Joe, looking down from his place on the sofa.

7 . "I wonder if you didn't cry when your kite string broke," retorted Herbert.

8 . "Losing a kite is quite another thing," answered Joe, a little dashed. "The kite was gone forever; but your blocks were as good as before, and you had only to build again."

9 . "I don't see," said papa, "that crying was of any more use in your case than in Herbert's. Sticks and paper are easily found, and you had only to go to work and make another kite." Joe looked down at his book, and went on reading. By this time the castle was finished.

10 . "It is ever so much nicer than the one pussy knocked down," said Hetty. And so thought Herbert, as he looked at it proudly from all sides.

11 . "If pussy knocks that down, I'll—"

12 . "Build it up again," said papa, finishing the sentence for his little boy.

13 . "But, papa, pussy must not knock my castles down. I can't have it," spoke out Herbert, knitting his forehead.



14 . "You must watch her, then. Little boys, as well as grown up people, have to be often on their guard. If you go into the street, you have to look out for the carriages, so as not to be run over, and you have to keep out of people's way."

15 . "In the house, if you go about heedlessly, you will be very apt to run against some one. I have seen a careless child dash suddenly into a room just as a servant was leaving it with a tray of dishes in her hands. A crash followed."

16 . "It was I, wasn't it?" said Hetty.

17 . "Yes, I believe it was, and I hope it will never happen again."

18 . Papa now left the room, saying, "I don't want any more of this crying over spilled milk, as Joe says. If your castles get knocked

down, build them up again."

【中文阅读】

1. 很快，赫伯特就像刚才一样对新建城堡产生了极大兴趣，并开始为自己的工作欢呼。他所有的麻烦都烟消云散了。

2. “这比哭泣好多了，对吧？”爸爸问道。

3. “为什么要哭呢？”赫伯特问道，他已经忘记了刚才的悲伤。

4. “因为小猫撞倒了你的城堡呀。”

5. “噢！”一丝阴影掠过他的面庞，但马上就消失了，他继续建造他的城堡。

6. “我告诉过他，过去了就过去了，哭是没有用的。”乔坐在沙发上，一边说着，一边向这边张望。

7. “我想知道，如果你的风筝断线了，你哭不哭呀？”赫伯特反问道。

8. “丢失风筝是另外一回事。”乔回答道，情绪有些激动。“断了线风筝就永远没了，但是你的积木还完好如初，你只要再搭建就是了。”

9. 这时，爸爸说道：“依我看，无论你，还是赫伯特，在这种情况下，哭都是没用的！棍棒和纸很容易找到，你只要重新做一个风筝就是了。”乔低下头继续看书，不再出声了。这时，新的城堡建完了。

10. “这比刚才猫撞倒的那个好看多了。”海蒂说。赫伯特也这么认为，因为不管从什么方向看，他都感到很自豪。

11. “如果猫再撞倒城堡，我就……”

12. “再建一座。”爸爸赶忙插话说。

13. “但是，爸爸，小猫千万不要再撞倒它了，我可受不了。”赫伯特皱着眉头喊道。

14. “那么，你就要好好看护它。无论小孩子，还是大人，都要时刻提高警惕。如果你在大街上行走，一定要留心马车，防止被它撞倒，同时你还要注意别挡住别人的路。”

15. “即使在家里，如果你走路不小心，也有可能撞上别人。我就亲眼看见一个粗心的孩子，猛然冲进屋里，正好撞上手里拿着一摞盘子要离开房间的仆人。盘子都掉在地上，碎了。”

16. “那不就是我吗！”海蒂说。

17. “是的，我想是的，我希望以后再也不用发生同样的事情了。”

18. “正像乔说的那样，过去了就过去了，哭是没有用的。如果你的城堡再被撞倒，那就再建一座新的。”爸爸一边说着，一边离开了房间。

LESSON 6

LEND A HAND

伸出一只手

tear
envy

daily
forced

honor
prompt

tongues
malicious

suspicion
tomorrow

I.

Send a hand to one another
In the daily toil of life;
When we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.
There is none so rich but may,
In his turn, be forced to borrow;
And the poor man's lot to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

2.

Send a hand to one another:
When malicious tongues have thrown
Dark suspicion on your brother,
Be not prompt to cast a stone.
There is none so good but may
Run adrift in shame and sorrow.

And the good man of to-day
May become the bad to-morrow.

3.

Send a hand to one another:
In the race for Honor's crown;
Should it fall upon your brother.
Let not envy tear it down.
Send a hand to all, we pray,
In their sunshine or their sorrow;
And the prize they've won to-day
May become our own to-morrow

1 . Lend a hand to one another
In the daily toil of life;
When we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.

There is none so rich but may,
In his turn, be forced to borrow;
And the poor man's lot today,
May become our own tomorrow.

2 . Lend a hand to one another:
When malicious tongues have thrown
Dark suspicion on your brother,
Be not prompt to cast a stone.
There is none so good but may
Run adrift in shame and sorrow,
And the good man of today,
May become the bad tomorrow.

3 . Lend a hand to one another:
In the race for Honor's crown;
Should it fall upon your brother.
Let not envy tear it down.
Lend a hand to all, we pray,
In their sunshine or their sorrow;
And the prize they've won today,
May become our own tomorrow.

【中文阅读】

1 . 在艰难的日子里，
请伸手相互帮助；
当遇到可怜的人，
我们要帮他一把。
不图回报，
不是被迫救助；
他今天的遭遇，
明天也许会成为我们的命运。

2 . 请伸手相互帮助：
当恶意的言语，
如脏水泼向他人，
不要雪上加霜。
否则不但无益，
还会带来耻辱和悲伤；

今天的好人，
明天就可能变成坏人。

3．请伸手相互帮助：
当荣耀的光环，
落在他人的头上，
不要嫉妒地将它撕下。
我们祈祷，大家伸手相互帮助，
无论是欢乐还是悲伤；
今天他们获得的奖励，
明天就可能成为我们的荣耀。

LESSON 7

THE TRUANT

逃学者

falsely
guilty

attend
haste

truant
regular

conduct
struggled

therefore
ignorant



1 . James Brown was ten years old when his parents sent him to school. It was not far from his home, and therefore they sent him by himself.

2 . But, instead of going to school, he was in the habit of playing truant. He would go into the fields, or spend his time with idle boys.

3 . But this was not all. When he went home, he would falsely

tell his mother that he had been to school, and had said his lessons very well.

4 . One fine morning, his mother told James to make haste home from school, for she wished, after he had come back, to take him to his aunt's.

5 . But, instead of minding her, he went off to the water, where there were some boats. There he met plenty of idle boys.

6 . Some of these boys found that James had money, which his aunt had given him; and he was led by them to hire a boat, and to go with them upon the water.

7 . Little did James think of the danger into which he was running. Soon the wind began to blow, and none of them knew how to manage the boat.

8 . For some time, they struggled against the wind and the tide. At last, they became so tired that they could row no longer.

9 . A large wave upset the boat, and they were all thrown into the water. Think of James Brown, the truant, at this time!

10 . He was far from home, known by no one. His parents were ignorant of his danger. He was struggling in the water, on the point of being drowned.

11 . Some men, however, saw the boys, and went out to them in a boat. They reached them just in time to save them from a watery grave.

12 . They were taken into a house, where their clothes were dried. After a while, they were sent home to their parents.

13 . James was very sorry for his conduct, and he was never known to be guilty of the same thing again.

14 . He became regular at school, learned to attend to his books, and, above all, to obey his parents perfectly.

【中文阅读】

1 . 詹姆斯·布朗十岁那年，父母送他去学校读书。学校离家不远，所以父母让他自己去上学。

2 . 但是，他并没有按时去学校，反而养成了逃学的坏习惯。他要么去田野里玩，要么跟一些游手好闲的孩子在一起消磨时光。

3 . 不仅逃学，当他回家时，他还跟他妈妈撒谎，说自己去上学了，而且课程非常精彩。

4 . 一天早上，天气晴朗，妈妈告诉詹姆斯放学后赶紧回家，因为想带他一起去姨妈家。

5. 然而，他没有将妈妈的叮嘱放在心上，而是独自去了海边，那里有一些船，他还遇到了几个无所事事的小男孩。

6. 其中几个男孩发现詹姆斯身上有钱，这可是姨妈以前给的零花钱。詹姆斯被他们诱导着去租了一条小船，与大家一起驶向大海。

7. 詹姆斯根本没有意识到他将面临的危险。不久，水面上刮起了大风，他们都不知道如何控制小船。

8. 有那么一小会儿，他们挣扎着逆风而行。很快，他们都精疲力竭，再也划不动船桨了。

9. 一个大浪打来，船翻了，他们都落入了水中。现在，可想而知，詹姆斯——这个逃学的家伙，是什么境遇！

10. 他已经离家很远了，没有人认识他。他的父母根本不知道他正处在危险之中。他在水中挣扎，几乎要被淹死。

11. 幸好一些大人看见了这些孩子，赶快乘船来救他们。大人们及时赶到，把他们从死亡的边缘救了回来。

12. 他们被带进了一所房子，将湿衣服烘干。过了一会儿，他们被送回了各自的家中。

13. 詹姆斯为自己的行为感到很难过，他从此再也没有犯过类似让他内疚的错误。

14. 他成了一个按时上学、认真听课的孩子。更重要的是，他完全听父母的话了。

LESSON 8

THE WHITE KITTEN

小白猫

stroke beggar streaks needful counsel



1 . My little white kitten's asleep on my knee;
As white as the snow or the lilies is she;
She wakes up with a pur
When I stroke her soft fur:
Was there ever another white kitten like her?

2 . My little white kitten now wants to go out
And frolic, with no one to watch her about;
"Little kitten," I say,

"Just an hour you may stay,
And be careful in choosing your places to play."

3 . But night has come down, when I hear a loud "mew;"
I open the door, and my kitten comes through;
My white kitten! ah me!
Can it really be she—
This ill-looking, beggar-like cat that I see?

4 . What ugly, gray streaks on her side and her back!
Her nose, once as pink as a rosebud, is black!
Oh, I very well know,
Though she does not say so,
She has been where white kittens ought never to go.

5 . If little good children intend to do right,
If little white kittens would keep themselves white,
It is needful that they
Should this counsel obey,
And be careful in choosing their places to play.

【中文阅读】

1 . 小白猫在我膝盖上睡着了，
她身上的毛洁白如雪，
像百合花一样纯洁；
当我抚摸她柔软的毛时，
她呼噜一声醒来了。
还能有其他小猫像她这样吗？

2 . 我的小白猫想出去玩耍嬉戏，
但没有人跟着她；
“小猫咪呀，”我说：
“你只能玩一个小时，
好好选个玩耍的地方吧。”

3 . 夜晚降临，我听到了“喵喵”声，
开门一看，正是小猫咪。
我的小白猫！啊，天哪！
这真的是她吗？

一只相貌丑陋、乞丐一样的小猫？

4．背部和身上全是难看的灰色条痕！
玫瑰花蕾般的粉红鼻子也染成了黑色！
噢，我清楚得很，
尽管她并没有说，
她一定去了一个不应该去的地方！

5．如果孩子们想正确行事，
如果小白猫想保持雪白，
那他们就必须
遵守这个忠告：
好好选择玩耍的地方。

LESSON 9

THE BEAVER

海狸

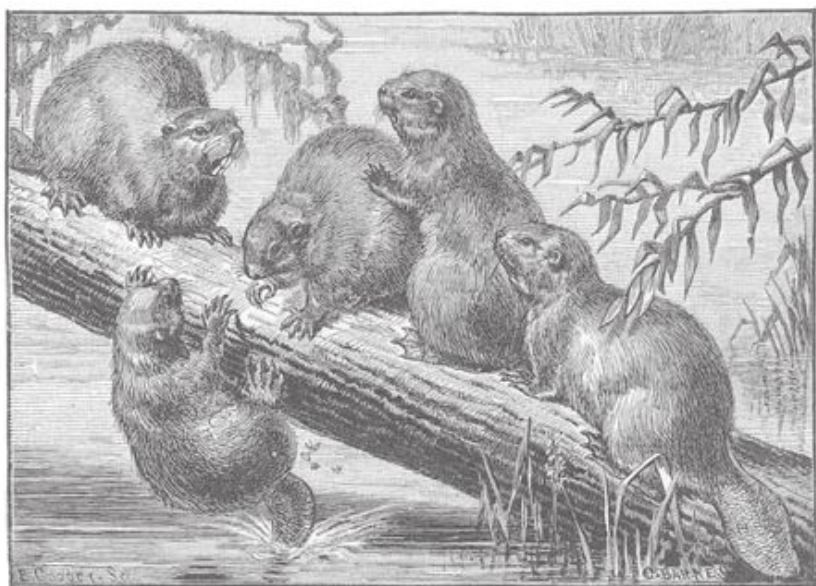
prefer
dumb
height
obtain

trapper
chiefly
purpose
curious

forward
gnawing
tighter
inhuman

material
America
reminded
including

disturbing
cautiously
frequently
constructed



1 . The beaver is found chiefly in North America. It is about three and a half feet long, including the flat, paddle-shaped tail, which is a foot in length.

2 . The long, shining hair on the back is chestnut-colored, while the fine, soft fur that lies next the skin, is grayish brown.

3 . Beavers build themselves most curious huts to live in, and

quite frequently a great number of these huts are placed close together, like the buildings in a town.

4 . They always build their huts on the banks of rivers or lakes, for they swim much more easily than they walk, and prefer moving about in the water.

5 . When they build on the bank of a running stream, they make a dam across the stream for the purpose of keeping the water at the height they wish.

6 . These dams are made chiefly of mud, and stones, and the branches of trees. They are sometimes six or seven hundred feet in length, and are so constructed that they look more like the work of man than of little dumb beasts.

7 . Their huts are made of the same material as the dams, and are round in shape. The walls are very thick, and the roofs are finished off with a thick layer of mud, sticks, and leaves.

8 . They commence building their houses late in the summer, but do not get them finished before the early frosts. The freezing makes them tighter and stronger.

9 . They obtain the wood for their dams and huts by gnawing through the branches of trees, and even through the trunks of small ones, with their sharp front teeth. They peel off the bark, and lay it up in store for winter food.

10 . The fur of the beaver is highly prized. The men who hunt these animals are called trappers.

11 . A gentleman once saw five young beavers playing. They would leap on the trunk of a tree that lay near a beaver dam, and would push one another off into the water.

12 . He crept forward very cautiously, and was about to fire on the little creatures; but their amusing tricks reminded him so much of some little children he knew at home, that he thought it would be inhuman to kill them. So he left them without even disturbing their play.

【中文阅读】

1 . 海狸主要生活在北美地区。海狸大约三英尺半长，其中如桨一样的平坦尾巴就约一英尺长。

2 . 海狸后背上长长的光亮毛发是栗子色的，而紧靠皮肤的精细柔皮毛则是灰棕色的。

3 . 海狸为自己建造的居所大多数奇形怪状，并且常常是很多小

屋相邻，就像城市里的大楼一样。

4. 它们总是将住所建造在河堤或湖边，因为它们在水中游泳比陆地上行走更方便一些，所以它们更喜欢在水中活动。

5. 当它们在潺潺的小溪边建造自己的巢穴时，往往会建造一个跨越小溪的大坝，目的是按照自己的意愿保持水流的高度。

6. 这些大坝主要由泥土、石头和树枝构成。有时候，它们建造的水坝足有六七百英尺长，如此完美的建筑，看上去更像是人类的杰作，而不是出自这些默不作声的小动物们之手。

7. 它们的小屋和大坝都是由同样的材料建造而成的。小屋形状是圆的，墙壁非常厚实，屋顶则由一层厚厚的泥土、树棍和树叶组成。

8. 它们常常在夏末开始建造小屋，但在霜冻来临前不会完工，因为霜冻会使小屋更加结实牢固。

9. 为了得到修建大坝和小屋的木头，海狸用尖尖的前牙噬咬大树的细枝，有时候甚至还会咬断小树的树干。它们剥掉树皮，作为冬天备用的食物。

10. 海狸的皮毛非常珍贵。猎杀这类动物的人被称为狩猎者。

11. 曾经有一位先生，亲眼目睹了五只小海狸在玩耍。它们在自己建造的水坝附近嬉戏，大家都想跳过一棵大树的树干，于是相互推搡着想让另外一个掉进水里。

12. 那位先生很小心地匍匐前进，随时准备射杀这些小动物，但是它们那些有趣的游戏使他想起了家中的孩子们。他心中想道：射杀这些动物是不人道的。因此，他悄悄地离开了，甚至没有打搅小海狸们的嬉闹玩耍。

LESSON 10

THE YOUNG TEACHER

小老师

sign
chalk

marks
ruling

parcels
drawing

venture
pictures

inquire
confused



- 1 . Charles Rose lived in the country with his father, who taught him to read and to write.
- 2 . Mr. Rose told his son that, when his morning lessons were over, he might amuse himself for one hour as he pleased.
- 3 . There was a river near by. On its bank stood the hut of a poor fisherman, who lived by selling fish.
- 4 . His careful wife kept her wheel going early and late. They

both worked very hard to keep themselves above want.

5 . But they were greatly troubled lest their only son should never learn to read and to write. They could not teach him themselves, and they were too poor to send him to school.

6 . Charles called at the hut of this fisherman one day, to inquire about his dog, which was missing.

7 . He found the little boy, whose name was Joe, sitting by the table, on which he was making marks with a piece of chalk. Charles asked him whether he was drawing pictures.

8 . "No, I am trying to write," said little Joe, "but I know only two words. Those I saw upon a sign, and I am trying to write them."

9 . "If I could only learn to read and write," said he, "I should be the happiest boy in the world."

10 . "Then I will make you happy," said Charles. "I am only a little boy, but I can teach you that. "

11 . "My father gives me an hour every day for myself. Now, if you will try to learn, you shall soon know how to read and to write."

12 . Both Joe and his mother were ready to fall on their knees to thank Charles. They told him it was what they wished above all things.

13 . So, on the next day when the hour came, Charles put his book in his pocket, and went to teach Joe. Joe learned very fast, and Charles soon began to teach him how to write.

14 . Some time after, a gentleman called on Mr. Rose, and asked him if he knew where Charles was. Mr. Rose said that he was taking a walk, he supposed.

15 . "I am afraid," said the gentleman, "that he does not always amuse himself thus. I often see him go to the house of the fisherman. I fear he goes out in their boat."

16 . Mr. Rose was much troubled. He had told Charles that he must never venture on the river, and he thought he could trust him.

17 . The moment the gentleman left, Mr. Rose went in search of his son. He went to the river, and walked up and down, in hope of seeing the boat.

18 . Not seeing it, he grew uneasy. He thought Charles must have gone a long way off. Unwilling to leave without learning something of him, he went to the hut.

19 . He put his head in at the window, which was open. There a pleasant sight met his eyes.

20 . Charles was at the table, ruling a copybook. Joe was reading to him, while his mother was spinning in the corner.

21 . Charles was a little confused. He feared his father might not be pleased; but he had no need to be uneasy, for his father was delighted.

22 . The next day, his father took him to town, and gave him books for himself and Joe, with writing paper, pens, and ink.

23 . Charles was the happiest boy in the world when he came home. He ran to Joe, his hands filled with parcels, and his heart beating with joy.

【中文阅读】

1 . 查尔斯·罗斯和父亲住在乡村，父亲在家教他读书、写字。

2 . 罗斯先生告诉他的儿子，每天上午学完课程后，他可以随意玩一个小时。

3 . 他们家附近有一条河。河岸上有一座小屋，小屋里住着一个可怜的穷渔夫，靠打鱼为生。

4 . 渔夫的妻子非常勤劳，每天总是从早忙到晚，一刻也不闲着。夫妻俩都努力地想让生活过得略微好些。

5 . 但他们的最大麻烦是自己唯一的儿子无法读书识字。他们既没有知识无法自己教孩子学习，又因为贫穷而没有能力送孩子去学校学习。

6 . 有一天，查尔斯来到这家人门前，问他们有没有看到过他那只走失的狗。

7 . 他发现渔夫的儿子——一个名叫乔的小男孩，正坐在桌子上用粉笔画东西。查尔斯问他是否在画画。

8 . “没有画画，我在试着写字呢。”乔说，“但我只认识两个字，是从一个标牌上看到的，我正试着写下来呢。”

9 . “如果我能学习阅读和写字，”他继续说，“那我就是世界上最幸福的孩子了。”

10 . “那么，我来让你幸福吧，”查尔斯说，“虽然我只是一个小孩子，但我能教你读书写字。”

11 . “我父亲每天给我一个小时的时间供我自由支配。如果你想学习，你很快就能学会如何阅读和写字了。”

12 . 乔和他的妈妈都快跪下来感谢查尔斯了。他们告诉他，这正是他们最大的心愿。

13 . 于是，第二天，到了查尔斯自由支配的时间时，他便将书放进口袋里，去给乔上课。乔学得很快，不久查尔斯就开始教他如何写字了。

14. 查尔斯走了一会儿之后，一位先生来拜访罗斯先生，问他是否知道查尔斯去了哪里。罗斯先生说，他猜查尔斯可能出去散步了。

15. “我担心，”那位先生说，“他并不总是自己出去玩。我经常看到他去渔夫住的小屋，我担心他坐船出去玩了。”

16. 罗斯先生有点害怕了。他曾经叮嘱过查尔斯不要去河里玩，那样很危险，并且他认为应该相信孩子。

17. 那位先生离开之后，罗斯先生出去寻找自己的儿子。他来到河边，来来回回地寻找，希望看到小船。

18. 什么都没有看到，他开始不安起来。他以为查尔斯一定离岸边很远了。他不愿意一无所获地就此回家，于是便走向了渔夫住的小屋。

19. 小屋有一扇敞开的窗户，他探头向里张望，令人愉悦的一幕映入眼帘。

20. 查尔斯坐在桌子旁边，正在一本字帖上划线，乔在跟着他一起读，而乔的妈妈则坐在一个角落里织布。

21. 看到父亲，查尔斯有点吃惊，他担心父亲可能会不高兴，但他没有必要不安，因为父亲看上去很快乐。

22. 第二天，父亲带他去城里，给他和乔买了很多书，还有写字用的纸、笔和墨水。

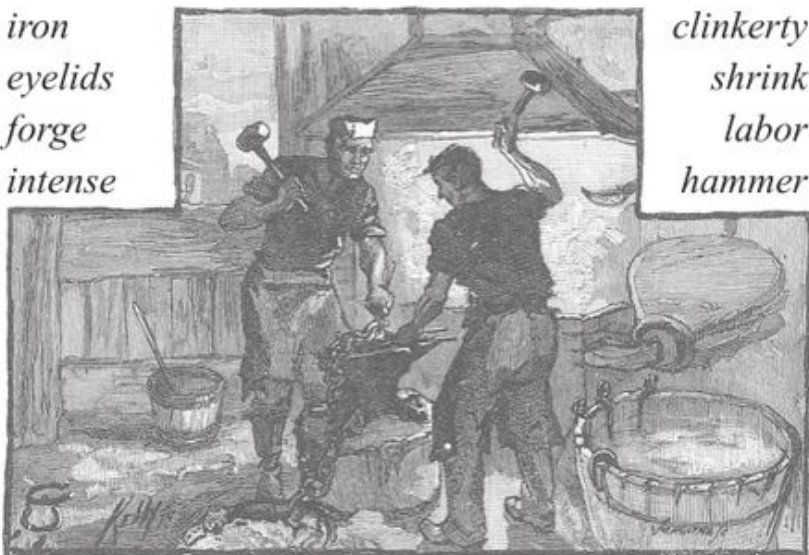
23. 查尔斯感到自己是世界上最幸福的孩子。他刚回到家，就拿着包裹，向乔的家中跑去，高兴得心都快跳出来了。

LESSON 11

THE BLACKSMITH

铁匠

*iron
eyelids
forge
intense*



*clinkerty
shrink
labor
hammer*

1 . Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!
We begin to hammer at morning's blink,
And hammer away
Till the busy day,
Like us, aweary, to rest shall sink.

2 . Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!
From labor and care we never will shrink;
But our fires we'll blow Till our forges glow
With light intense, while our eyelids wink.

3 . Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!
The chain we'll forge with many a link.
We'll work each form
While the iron is warm,
With strokes as fast as we can think.

4 . Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!
Our faces may be as black as ink,
But our hearts are true
As man ever knew,
And kindly of all we shall ever think.

【中文阅读】

1 . 叮当，叮当，叮叮当当！
当天空出现第一缕晨光，
我们就开始捶打，不停劳作，
直到太阳落山
我们才疲惫地回家休息。

2 . 叮当，叮当，叮叮当当！
我们小心翼翼，不停地忙；
吹起熊熊火焰，
直到熔炉发烫，我们不断眨眼，
只因那火光越来越旺。

3 . 叮当，叮当，叮叮当当！
锻造的铁链环环相扣长又长。
我们趁着烙铁热烫，
打造出各种形状，
手起锤落，快如思想跳跃的闪光！

4 . 叮当，叮当，叮叮当当！
我们的脸也许黑得像墨水，
但我们的 heart 却无比真诚，正如人们一直所知，
我们也总是善待各方。

LESSON 12

A Walk in the Garden

花园中漫步

shook
plants

gravel
borders

invited
enjoyed

assure
meddle

continued
admiring



1 . Frank was one day walking with his mother, when they came to a pretty garden. Frank looked in, and saw that it had clean gravel walks, and beds of beautiful flowers all in bloom.

2 . He called to his mother, and said, "Mother, come and look at this pretty garden. I wish I might open the gate, and walk in."

3 . The gardener, being near, heard what Frank said, and kindly invited him and his mother to come into the garden.

4 . Frank's mother thanked the man. Turning to her son, she

said, "Frank, if I take you to walk in this garden, you must take care not to meddle with anything in it."

5 . Frank walked along the neat gravel paths, and looked at everything, but touched nothing that he saw.

6 . He did not tread on any of the borders, and was careful that his clothes should not brush the tops of the flowers, lest he might break them.

7 . The gardener was much pleased with Frank, because he was so careful not to do mischief. He showed him the seeds, and told him the names of many of the flowers and plants.

8 . While Frank was admiring the beauty of a flower, a boy came to the gate, and finding it locked, he shook it hard. But it would not open. Then he said, "Let me in; let me in; will you not let me in this garden?"

9 . "No, indeed," said the gardener, "I will not let you in, I assure you; for when I let you in yesterday, you meddled with my flowers, and pulled some of my rare fruit. I do not choose to let a boy into my garden who meddles with the plants."

10 . The boy looked ashamed, and when he found that the gardener would not let him in, he went slowly away.

11 . Frank saw and felt how much happier a boy may be by not meddling with what does not belong to him.

12 . He and his mother then continued their walk in the garden, and enjoyed the day very much. Before they left, the gardener gave each of them some pretty flowers.

【中文阅读】

1 . 一天，弗兰克和妈妈在散步时，看到了一个非常漂亮的花园。弗兰克忍不住探头向里看了看，看见里面有一条铺着细碎卵石的干净小路，花圃里到处都盛开着鲜花。

2 . 他立刻向妈妈喊道：“妈妈，快来看看这个漂亮的花园。我真希望能打开门，进去走走。”

3 . 正在附近的园丁听到了弗兰克的话，非常亲切地邀请他和他的母亲进去。

4 . 弗兰克的妈妈向园丁表达了谢意。她回头对儿子说：“弗兰克，如果我带你到这个花园里散步，你必须要小心，不能乱动任何东西。”

5 . 弗兰克沿着干净的碎石路小心前行，他四处张望，但却不敢触碰任何看到的東西。

6. 他也没有走下小路，并且小心翼翼，不让自己的衣服刮碰花木，唯恐折断它们。

7. 园丁对弗兰克的行为非常满意，因为他如此小心地避免破坏任何花草。他给弗兰克介绍了很多不同的花种，并告诉他很多鲜花和植物的名称。

8. 正当弗兰克悠闲地欣赏鲜花的美丽时，一个小男孩来到花园门口，发现大门被锁，便使劲地摇晃门。但是，门并没有被晃开。他喊道：“让我进去，让我进去，你不让我进花园了吗？”

9. “是的，我不让你进来了。”园丁说，“我肯定不会再让你进来了。因为昨天我让你进来，你却弄坏了很多鲜花，还把那罕见的果实也摘了下来。我再也不允许一个随意破坏花草的孩子进到花园里来了。”

10. 小男孩有点难为情。当发现园丁再也不会让他进去之后，便慢慢地走开了。

11. 不弄坏不属于自己的东西，做这样一个好孩子多幸福呀！弗兰克看到了，也感受到了。

12. 他和妈妈继续在花园里散步，愉快地享受着这美好的一天。在他们离开花园时，园丁分别送给了他们一些漂亮的鲜花。

LESSON 13

THE WOLF

狼来了

wolf
axes

grieved
clubs

sleeve
order

neighbors
single

earnest
destroy



1 . A boy was once taking care of some sheep, not far from a forest. Near by was a village, and he was told to call for help if

there was any danger.

2 . One day, in order to have some fun, he cried out, with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!"

3 . The men came running with clubs and axes to destroy the wolf. As they saw nothing they went home again, and left John laughing in his sleeve.

4 . As he had had so much fun this time, John cried out again, the next day, "The wolf ! the wolf !"

5 . The men came again, but not so many as the first time. Again they saw no trace of the wolf; so they shook their heads, and went back.

6 . On the third day, the wolf came in earnest. John cried in dismay, "Help! help! the wolf ! the wolf !" But not a single man came to help him.

7 . The wolf broke into the flock, and killed a great many sheep. Among them was a beautiful lamb, which belonged to John.

8 . Then he felt very sorry that he had deceived his friends and neighbors, and grieved over the loss of his pet lamb.

The truth itself is not believed,

From one who often has deceived.

【中文阅读】

1 . 一个小男孩在离森林不远的地方放羊。他居住的村庄就在附近，人们告诉他，如果碰到任何危险，就大喊救命。

2 . 有一天，他为了取乐，使出吃奶的劲儿大喊道：“狼来了！狼来了！”

3 . 人们立刻拿着棍棒和斧头跑来，准备对付大灰狼，但赶来后，却发现没有狼，就都回去了，只留下小男孩约翰一个人捂袖偷笑！

4 . 因为这次行为让约翰感到了诸多乐趣，于是第二天他又喊道：“狼来了！狼来了！”

5 . 人们立刻又都跑来，但这次已经不如上次那么多人了。结果，他们发现自己又上当了，没有见到狼的任何踪影，只得摇摇头，各自回去了。

6 . 到了第三天，狼真的来了。约翰惊慌失措地喊道：“救命呀！救命呀！狼来了！狼来了！”但是，这一次没有一个人前来帮他了。

7 . 狼冲进羊群，咬死了很多羊，其中一只温顺漂亮的小羊羔还是约翰的。

8 . 终于，他为欺骗了朋友和邻居深感懊悔，也为失去了自己的

宠物羊而感到痛苦。

经常说谎的人，

即使说的是真理，也无人相信！

LESSON 14

THE LITTLE BIRD'S SONG

小鸟之歌

melody unnoticed modest content Gracie



1 . A little bird, with feathers brown,
Sat singing on a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
But sweet as it could be.

2 . The people who were passing by,

Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.

3 . But all the bright eyes looked in vain;
Birdie was very small,
And with his modest, dark-brown coat,
He made no show at all.

4 . "Why, father," little Gracie said,
"Where can the birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that,
I'd sit where folks could see."

5 . "I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from the bird,
And try to do what good she can,
Not to be seen or heard."

6 . "This birdie is content to sit
Unnoticed on the way,
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise
From dawn to close of day."

7 . "So live, my child, all through your life,
That, be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song."

【中文阅读】

1 . 一只小鸟，长着棕色羽毛，
坐在枝头吟唱；
歌声温柔轻细，
但却如此清脆悦耳。

2 . 树下路过的人们，
仰头观望小鸟，
这是他们听到的，
最美妙的旋律。

3. 但众人明眼皆徒劳，
因为鸟儿实在太小，
再加上它穿着一件朴实的棕色外套，
根本就无法看见。

4. “哦，爸爸，”小格莉丝问道，
“小鸟会在哪里呢？
如果我歌唱得跟它一样好听，
我一定会坐在人们看得见的地方。”

5. “我希望我的乖女儿
会从小鸟那里学到东西。
努力做到最好，
却不求别人看见或听到。”

6. “小鸟知足地坐在
不引人注目的地方，
甜美地唱着上帝之歌，
从黎明直到日落。”

7. “我的孩子，生命本该如此度过，
无论短暂或久远；
尽管人们会忘记你的容貌，
但不会忘记你的歌声。”

LESSON 15

HARRY AND ANNIE

哈里和安妮

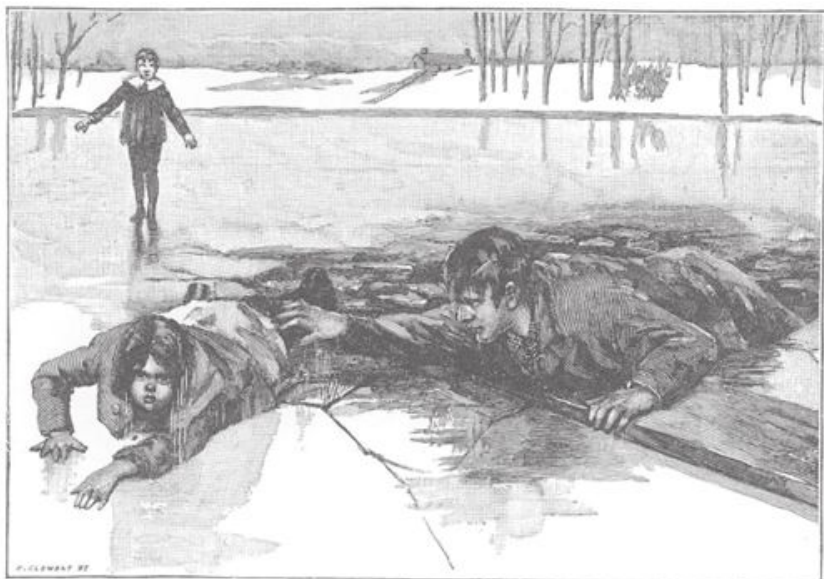
least
bade

thaw
scatter

sliding
pretend

plunged
exploring

naturedly
disobedient



1 . Harry and Annie lived a mile from town, but they went there to school every day. It was a pleasant walk down the lane, and through the meadow by the pond.

2 . I hardly know whether they liked it better in summer or in winter. They used to pretend that they were travelers exploring a new country, and would scatter leaves on the road that they might find their way back again.

3 . When the ice was thick and firm, they went across the

pond. But their mother did not like to have them do this unless some one was with them.

4 . "Don't go across the pond today, children," she said, as she kissed them and bade them good-by one morning; "it is beginning to thaw."

5 . "All right, mother," said Harry, not very good-naturedly, for he was very fond of running and sliding on the ice. When they came to the pond, the ice looked hard and safe.

6 . "There," said he to his sister, "I knew it hadn't thawed any. Mother is always afraid we shall be drowned. Come along, we will have a good time sliding. The school bell will not ring for an hour at least."

7 . "But you promised mother," said Annie.

8 . "No, I didn't. I only said 'All right,' and it is all right."

9 . "I didn't say anything; so I can do as I like," said Annie.

10 . So they stepped on the ice, and started to go across the pond. They had not gone far before the ice gave way, and they fell into the water.

11 . A man who was at work near the shore, heard the screams of the children, and plunged into the water to save them. Harry managed to get to the shore without any help, but poor Annie was nearly drowned before the man could reach her.

12 . Harry went home almost frozen, and told his mother how disobedient he had been. He remembered the lesson learned that day as long as he lived.

【中文阅读】

1 . 哈里和安妮住在离城里一英里远的地方，但是他们每天都要去位于市区的学校上学。沿着小巷和牧场中的池塘边散步，是一件快乐的事情。

2 . 我不知道他们是喜欢夏天还是喜欢冬天。他们曾经假装自己是探索新国度的旅行者，将树叶洒在路上，以便再次找到归途。

3 . 当池塘里的水结成坚硬厚实的冰时，他们便从冰上穿过池塘。但是妈妈不想让他们这么做，除非有成年人在旁随行。

4 . 一天早上，妈妈吻别他们后，说：“孩子们，今天不要从池塘的冰上走了，因为冰已经开始融化了。”

5 . “好吧，妈妈。”哈里有点不耐烦地说，因为他非常喜欢在冰上滑行。当他们来到池塘时，冰看起来还是那么坚硬结实。

6 . 哈里对他的小妹妹说：“看，我就知道冰还没有化呢。妈妈总

是担心我们被淹死。来吧，我们再好好地滑一次冰。学校的钟声还要一个小时才敲响呢。”

7. “但是，你已经答应妈妈了。”安妮说。

8. “不，我没有答应。我只是说‘好吧’，它也有‘没关系’的意思。”

9. “我什么也没说，所以我可以做任何自己喜欢的事情。”安妮说。

10. 于是，他们踏上了冰面，开始滑行着穿越池塘。但还没走多远，冰面就开始塌陷了，他俩都掉进了水里。

11. 在附近池塘边干活的一个男人听到了孩子们的尖叫声，一头扎进水里去救他们。哈里挣扎着自己游到了岸边，但可怜的安妮却差点儿被淹死，幸好那个男人抓住了她。

12. 哈里到家时几乎被冻僵了，他告诉妈妈自己是多么的不听话。今天这个教训令他终生难忘。

LESSON 16

BIRD FRIENDS

鸟类和人类是朋友

wife
faith

greet
grove

beard
crusts

worms
church

prayers
furnished



1 . I once knew a man who was rich in his love for birds, and in their love for him. He lived in the midst of a grove full of all

kinds of trees. He had no wife or children in his home.

2 . He was an old man with gray beard, blue and kind eyes, and a voice that the birds loved; and this was the way he made them his friends.

3 . While he was at work with a rake on his nice walks in the grove, the birds came close to him to pick up the worms in the fresh earth he dug up. At first, they kept a rod or two from him, but they soon found he was a kind man, and would not hurt them, but liked to have them near him.

4 . They knew this by his kind eyes and voice, which tell what is in the heart. So, day by day their faith in his love grew in them.

5 . They came close to the rake. They would hop on top of it, to be first at the worm. They would turn up their eyes into his when he spoke to them, as if they said, "He is a kind man; he loves us; we need not fear him."

6 . All the birds of the grove were soon his fast friends. They were on the watch for him, and would fly down from the green tree tops to greet him with their chirp.

7 . When he had no work on the walks to do with his rake or his hoe, he took crusts of bread with him, and dropped the crumbs on the ground. Down they would dart on his head and feet to catch them as they fell from his hand.

8 . He showed me how they loved him. He put a crust of bread in his mouth, with one end of it out of his lips. Down they came like bees at a flower, and flew off with it crumb by crumb.

9 . When they thought he slept too long in the morning, they would fly in and sit on the bedpost, and call him up with their chirp.

10 . They went with him to church, and while he said his prayers and sang his hymns in it, they sat in the trees, and sang their praises to the same good God who cares for them as he does for us.

11 . Thus the love and trust of birds were a joy to him all his life long; and such love and trust no boy or girl can fail to win with the same kind heart, voice, and eye that he had.

(Adapted from Elihu Burritt)

【中文阅读】

1 . 我曾经认识一个朋友，他特别喜欢鸟，鸟也特别喜欢他。他

住在这片茂密的小树林里，家中既无妻子也无孩子。

2. 他是一位和蔼善良的老人，长着灰白色的胡子，有一双蓝色的眼睛和所有小鸟都喜欢声音。正是因为这个原因，他和小鸟成了朋友。

3. 当他在美丽的林中小路上用耙子干活时，小鸟都会飞到他身边，从他刚刚挖出的新鲜泥土里找虫子吃。起初，小鸟跟他保持一定的距离，足有一两根竿子那么远，但它们很快就发现，这是一个友好和蔼的老人，不但不会伤害它们，而且喜欢它们靠近自己。

4. 通过老人和蔼的眼神和温柔的声音，它们了解了他的心声。所以，一天天地，小鸟越来越相信老人对自己的爱是与日俱增的。

5. 它们慢慢地靠近耙子，跳到耙子顶上争先恐后地抢虫子吃。当老人跟它们说话时，它们就转动小眼珠看他，好像在说：“这是一个善良的人，他喜欢我们，我们不必害怕。”

6. 很快，小树林里所有的小鸟都成了老人的朋友。小鸟或在枝头观看他，或从枝繁叶茂的树上飞下来，叽叽喳喳地和他打招呼。

7. 当他不用耙子和锄头干活时，他就带着面包屑来到林间小路上，把面包屑撒向路面。当面包屑从他手中滑落的刹那，小鸟纷纷从天而降地扑向他，抢着吃食。

8. 老人用行动向我表明了小鸟有多么喜欢他：他将一块面包的一端放进嘴里，让另一端露在外边。结果，小鸟像蜜蜂扑花一样飞向老人，将露在他嘴边的面包一片一片地啄走了。

9. 清晨，当小鸟认为老人在睡懒觉时，会飞进屋里，站在床柱上，叽叽喳喳地叫醒他。

10. 小鸟还会跟老人一起去教堂。当老人在教堂里念诵祈祷词、唱诵赞美诗时，小鸟就站在树上，向既爱我们也眷顾小鸟的慈祥的上帝唱诵赞美歌。

11. 因此，对老人来说，小鸟对他的爱和信任是他终生的喜悦；并且，所有男孩或女孩，只要有他所拥有的善良的心、温柔的声音以及和蔼的眼神，都能够赢得这种爱和信任。

(伊莱休·波利特)

LESSON 17

WHAT THE MINUTES SAY

分针之语

1 . We are but minutes—little things!
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

2 . We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

【中文阅读】

1 . 我们只不过是分针而已——微不足道！
每一分钟都配有六十个羽翼，
我们依此沿着看不见的轨道飞行，
一分钟也不会逆转。

2 . 我们只不过是分针而已，充分利用我们吧，
我们必须告知世人如何加以利用。
那些充分利用每分钟的人，会有无数小时可用；
那些不珍惜分钟的人，会失去数年时光。

LESSON 18

The WIDOW AND THE MERCHANT

寡妇和商人

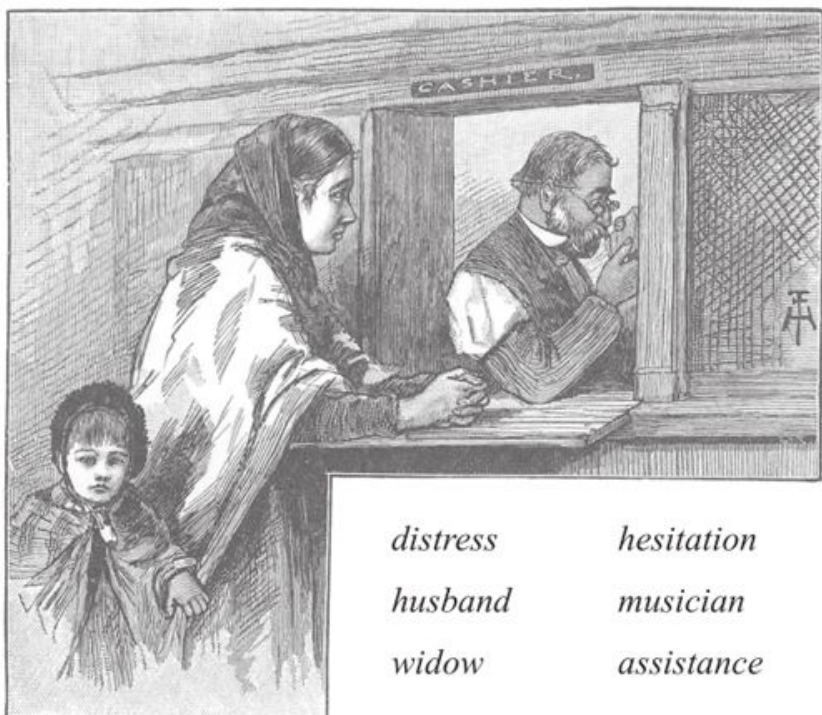
died
pity

woman
mistake

convinced
rewarded

amazed
grateful

wrote
check



distress

hesitation

husband

musician

widow

assistance

1 . A merchant, who was very fond of music, was asked by a poor widow to give her some assistance. Her husband, who was a

musician, had died, and left her very poor indeed.

2 . The merchant saw that the widow and her daughter, who was with her, were in great distress. He looked with pity into their pale faces, and was convinced by their conduct that their sad story was true.

3 . "How much do you want, my good woman?" said the merchant.

4 . "Five dollars will save us," said the poor widow, with some hesitation.

5 . The merchant sat down at his desk, took a piece of paper, wrote a few lines on it, and gave it to the widow with the words, "Take it to the bank you see on the other side of the street."

6 . The grateful widow and her daughter, without stopping to read the note, hastened to the bank. The banker at once counted out fifty dollars instead of five, and passed them to the widow.

7 . She was amazed when she saw so much money. "Sir, there is a mistake here," she said. "You have given me fifty dollars, and I asked for only five."

8 . The banker looked at the note once more, and said, "The check calls for fifty dollars."

9 . "It is a mistake—indeed it is," said the widow.

10 . The banker then asked her to wait a few minutes, while he went to see the merchant who gave her the note.

11 . "Yes." said the merchant, when he had heard the banker's story, "I did make a mistake. I wrote fifty instead of five hundred. Give the poor widow five hundred dollars, for such honesty is poorly rewarded with even that sum."

【中文阅读】

1 . 一个商人，非常喜欢音乐。一天，一个贫穷的寡妇寻求他的帮助。她的丈夫是一位音乐家，可惜英年早逝，没有给她留下什么财产。

2 . 商人发现这个寡妇和跟她在一起生活的女儿极度贫困。他十分同情地看着她们那苍白的脸，心中已被她们的言行说服了，对她们悲伤的故事深信不疑。

3 . “您想要多少钱，夫人？”商人问道。

4 . “五美元就够救我们了。”贫穷的寡妇略带犹疑地说。

5 . 商人坐在桌子旁，拿出一张纸，写了几行字，然后递给那个女人，说道：“拿着它，到街道对面的银行换钱吧。”

6. 感激不尽的女人和她女儿甚至来不及看支票，就匆匆忙忙地来到了银行。银行职员并没有给她五美元，而是立刻数出了五十美元，递给了寡妇。

7. 看到这么多钱，她惊呆了。“先生，一定是弄错了，”她说，“你给了我五十美元，但我只要了五美元。”

8. 银行职员重新看了看支票，说道：“支票上写的是五十美元。”

9. “弄错了，一定是弄错了。”寡妇说道。

10. 银行职员请她耐心等待几分钟，他去找开支票的商人。

11. “是的，”商人听完银行职员的叙述后说：“我的确弄错了。我只写了五十美元，而不是五百美元。给那个可怜的寡妇五百美元吧，因为这种诚实的美德多少钱也换不来。”

LESSON 19

THE BIRDS SET FREE

小鸟自由了

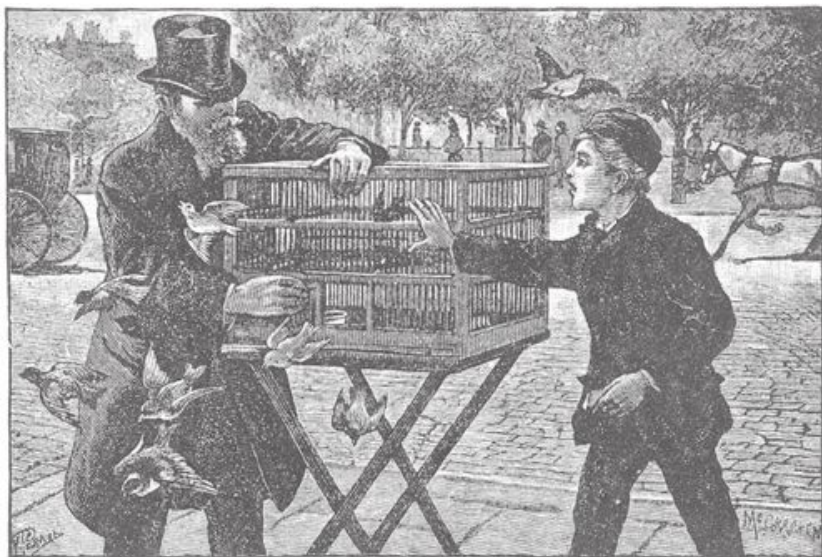
wires
war

trade
French

bargain
apiece

sadness
number

prisoners
resolved



1 . A man was walking one day through a large city. On a street corner he saw a boy with a number of small birds for sale, in a cage.

2 . He looked with sadness upon the little prisoners flying about the cage, peeping through the wires, beating them with their wings, and trying to get out.

3 . He stood for some time looking at the birds. At last he said to the boy, "How much do you ask for your birds? "

4 . "Fifty cents apiece, sir," said the boy. "I do not mean how

much apiece," said the man, "but how much for all of them? I want to buy them all."

5 . The boy began to count, and found they came to five dollars. "There is your money," said the man. The boy took it, well pleased with his morning's trade.

6 . No sooner was the bargain settled than the man opened the cage door, and let all the birds fly away.

7 . The boy, in great surprise, cried, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

8 . "I will tell you why I did it," said the man. "I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see anything in prison which I can make free."

【中文阅读】

1 . 一天，一位先生在一座大城市里慢行。在大街的一个角落里，他看到一个小男孩在兜售笼子里的小鸟。

2 . 他伤心地看着那些囚犯似的小鸟在笼子里飞来飞去，透过丝网向外观望，它们不停地拍打翅膀，想努力飞出来。

3 . 他一直站在那里看着那些小鸟。最后，他问小男孩：“这些鸟多少钱？”

4 . “五十美分一只，先生。”小男孩说。“我不是问你多少钱一只，”那个男人说，“我是问你这些鸟总共多少钱。”

5 . 小男孩开始计算，然后说一共五美元。“给你钱。”男人说道。小男孩拿到钱，很高兴能在早上做成这么一笔买卖。

6 . 交易刚刚完成，那个男人就打开笼子，让所有的鸟儿倾巢而出，飞向天空。

7 . 那个男孩吃惊极了，大喊道：“先生，您在做什么呀？您失去了所有的鸟。”

8 . 那个男人说：“我告诉你我为什么要这么做。作为战犯，我在法国的一所监狱里被囚禁了整整三年。我下定决心，只要我有能力，我绝不想看到任何东西被关进监狱。”

LESSON 20

A MOMENT TOO LATE



为时已晚

downy firmly staid petals crime

1 . A moment too late, my beautiful bird,
A moment too late are you now;
The wind has your soft, downy nest disturbed—
The nest that you hung on the bough.

2 . A moment too late; that string in your bill,
Would have fastened it firmly and strong;
But see, there it goes, rolling over the hill!
Oh, you staid a moment too long.

3 . A moment, one moment too late, busy bee;
The honey has dropped from the flower:
No use to creep under the petals and see;
It stood ready to drop for an hour.

4 . A moment too late; had you sped on your wing,
The honey would not have been gone;
Now you see what a very, a very sad thing
'Tis is to stay a moment too long.

5 . Little girl, never be a moment too late,
It will soon end in trouble or crime;
Better be an hour early, and stand and wait,
Than a moment behind the time.

6 . If the bird and the bee, little boy, were too late,
Remember, as you play along

On your way to school, with pencil and slate,
Never stay a moment too long.

【中文阅读】

1. 只是迟了一点点，我美丽的小鸟，
你只是晚了那么一点点，
你筑在树枝上柔软温暖的巢，
已被风吹毁不见。

2. 只是迟了一点点，你嘴里的绳线，
本来可以把巢紧紧绑牢；
可是你看，它已滚落到山那边！
噢，你逗留的时间短一点点多好。

3. 一点点，忙碌的蜜蜂就迟了一点点，
花朵上的蜜已经滴落在地；
现在再也不必爬到花瓣下察看，
它在那儿摇曳欲滴足有一小时。

4. 只是迟了一点点，如果你快点扇动翅膀，
蜂蜜就不会滴落在地；
现在你看这事多么令人伤心，
哪怕它再多停留一小会儿。

5. 小女孩儿，千万不要迟到，哪怕一点点，
很快就会招致麻烦和恶果；
宁可提早一小时站立等候，
胜过落后迟到一点点。

6. 小男孩儿，如果小鸟和蜜蜂为时已晚，
那么，当你带着你的铅笔和小石板，
在上学途中玩耍流连，
记住，千万不要停留太久，
哪怕只是一点点。

注释

[1] 'T, 古英语用法，同“It”。

LESSON 21

HUMMING BIRDS

蜂鸟

West Indies
sugar plum
necessary

adorn
cotton
rapid

approach
instinct
brilliant

motion
object
fibers

attached
defending
severely



1 . The most beautiful humming birds are found in the West Indies and South America. The crest of the tiny head of one of these shines like a sparkling crown of colored light.

2 . The shades of color that adorn its breast, are equally brilliant. As the bird flits from one object to another, it looks more

like a bright flash of sunlight than it does like a living being.

3 . But, you ask, why are they called humming birds? It is because they make a soft, humming noise by the rapid motion of their wings—a motion so rapid, that as they fly you can only see that they have wings.

4 . One day when walking in the woods, I found the nest of one of the smallest humming birds. It was about half the size of a very small hen's egg, and was attached to a twig no thicker than a steel knitting needle.

5 . It seemed to have been made of cotton fibers, and was covered with the softest bits of leaf and bark. It had two eggs in it, quite white, and each about as large as a small sugarplum.

6 . When you approach the spot where one of these birds has built its nest, it is necessary to be careful. The mother bird will dart at you and try to peck your eyes. Its sharp beak may hurt your eyes most severely, and even destroy the sight.

7 . The poor little thing knows no other way of defending its young, and instinct teaches it that you might carry off its nest if you could find it.

【中文阅读】

1 . 世界上最美丽的蜂鸟仅仅在西印度群岛和南美洲发现过。其中一只小鸟很特别，它的小脑袋上有一个闪烁着耀眼光芒的顶冠，如同色彩斑斓的璀璨皇冠一样。

2 . 装饰它胸脯的色彩，也同样光彩夺目。当蜂鸟从一个地方飞到另一个地方，它看上去更像是一道亮闪闪的光，而不仅仅是一个小生命。

3 . 只是，你可能会问，它们为何被称为蜂鸟呢？那是因为它们在飞行时急速扇动翅膀而发出细微的嗡嗡声。蜂鸟颤动翅膀的速度极快，以至于当它们飞过时，人们只能看到空中翱翔而过的翅膀。

4 . 有一天，我在林中漫步时，发现了一只小蜂鸟的巢，它大概只有半个鸡蛋大，附着在一根细如钢针的小树枝上。

5 . 它看上去就像是棉线织成的，上面覆盖着柔软的叶子和树皮。里面有两只小卵，纯白色的，每个卵都像个冰糖豆一样大小。

6 . 当你靠近这些蜂鸟的巢时，一定要非常小心。因为鸟妈妈会向你扑过来，试图啄你的眼睛。它那尖尖的鸟嘴或许会重伤你的眼睛，甚至可能会让你失明。

7 . 这个可怜的小东西并不知道除此之外还有什么办法可以保护它的小宝宝。它只本能地以为，一旦你找到鸟巢，就会夺走它的幼

子。

LESSON 22

THE WIND AND THE SUN

风和太阳

decide	buckled	mountain	shelter	party
dispute	succeed	forcibly	mantle	oven

1 . A dispute once arose between the Wind and the Sun, as to which was the stronger.

2 . To decide the matter, they agreed to try their power on a traveler. That party which should first strip him of his cloak, was to win the day.

3 . The Wind began. He blew a cutting blast, which tore up the mountain oaks by their roots, and made the whole forest look like a wreck.

4 . But the traveler, though at first he could scarcely keep his cloak on his back, ran under a hill for shelter, and buckled his mantle about him more closely.

5 . The Wind having thus tried his utmost power in vain, the Sun began.

6 . Bursting through a thick cloud, he darted his sultry beams so forcibly upon the traveler's head, that the poor fellow was almost melted.

7 . "This," said he, "is past all bearing. It is so hot, that one might as well be in an oven."

8 . So he quickly threw off his cloak, and went into the shade of a tree to cool himself.

9 . This fable teaches us, that gentle means will often succeed where forcible ones will fail.

【中文阅读】

1 . 有一次，风和太阳起了争执，双方都在强调自己更厉害。

2. 为了解决这个问题，风和太阳都同意在一个旅行者身上施展威力。最先让他脱掉斗篷的一方，就是当天的胜利者。

3. 风先开始发威。它发动了猛烈的攻击，甚至把山上的橡树都连根拔起，整个森林一片狼藉。

4. 这个旅行者起先差点没能保住自己背上的斗篷，但他很快就跑到一个小山丘下躲藏，并且迅速紧紧地扣好了斗篷。

5. 风几乎用尽了全部力气，依然徒劳无功，接下来轮到了太阳进攻。

6. 太阳冲破了厚厚的云层喷薄而出，闷热的强光向旅行者直射过来，这个可怜的家伙都快被融化了。

7. 他自言自语地说：“受不了了，实在太热了，就像在烤箱中一样备受煎熬。”

8. 于是，他快速脱掉了自己的斗篷，走到一片树荫下乘凉。

9. 这则寓言告诉我们，温和的方式往往会成功，而强硬的手段则往往会导致失败。

LESSON 23

SUNSET

日落

sinking streamlet sweetness cowslip



Now the sun is sinking
In the golden west;
Birds and bees and children
All have gone to rest;
And the merry streamlet,
As it runs along,

With a voice of sweetness
Sings its evening song.

2.
Cowslip, daisy, violet,
In their little beds,
All among the grasses
Hide their heavy heads;
There they'll all, sweet darlings,
Lie in the happy dreams.
Till the rosy morning
Wakes them with its beams.

1 . Now the sun is sinking
In the golden west;
Birds and bees and children

All have gone to rest;
And the merry streamlet,
As it runs along
With a voice of sweetness
Sings its evening song.

2 . Cowslip, daisy, violet,
In their little beds,
All among the grasses
Hide their heavy heads;
There they'll all, sweet darlings,
Lie in the happy dreams.
Till the rosy morning
Wakes them with its beams.

【中文阅读】

1 . 太阳就要下山，
天边金光闪耀；
鸟儿、蜜蜂和孩童，
也都已归巢。
快乐的小河，
一路流去，
用它甜美的嗓音，
哼唱着夜曲。

2 . 樱花草、小雏菊、紫罗兰，
也躺在了小小床榻里，
她们沉沉的脑袋，
钻进了草丛的被里；
甜蜜的宝贝儿们，
进入了欢乐的梦乡，
直到那枚红色的晨曦，
用丝缕阳光将她们唤起。

LESSON 24

BEAUTIFUL HANDS



美丽的手

opinion piano coarse bathe sweep

1 . "O Miss Roberts! what coarse-looking hands Mary Jessup has!" said Daisy Marvin, as she walked home from school with her teacher.

2 . "In my opinion, Daisy, Mary's hands are the prettiest in the class."

3 . "Why, Miss Roberts, they are as red and hard as they can be. How they would look if she were to try to play on a piano!" exclaimed Daisy.



4 . Miss Roberts took Daisy's hands in hers, and said, "Your hands are very soft and white, Daisy—just the hands to look beautiful on a piano; yet they lack one beauty that Mary's hands have. Shall I tell you what the difference is?"

5 . "Yes, please, Miss Roberts."

6 . "Well, Daisy, Mary's hands are always busy. They wash dishes; they make fires; they hang out clothes, and help to wash them, too; they sweep, and dust, and sew; they are always trying to help her poor, hard-working mother."

7 . "Besides, they wash and dress the children; they mend their toys and dress their dolls; yet, they find time to bathe the head of the little girl who is so sick in the next house to theirs."

8 . "They are full of good deeds to every living thing. I have seen them patting the tired horse and the lame dog in the street. They are always ready to help those who need help."

9 . "I shall never think Mary's hands are ugly any more, Miss Roberts."

10 . "I am glad to hear you say that, Daisy; and I must tell you

that they are beautiful because they do their work gladly and cheerfully."

11. "O Miss Roberts! I feel so ashamed of myself, and so sorry," said Daisy, looking into her teacher's face with tearful eyes.

12. "Then, my dear, show your sorrow by deeds of kindness. The good alone are really beautiful."

【中文阅读】

1. 黛西·马文和老师一起走在放学回家的路上。她对老师说：“哦，罗伯茨小姐！玛丽·吉塞普的手看上去多么粗糙呀！”

2. “黛西，在我看来，玛丽的的手是全班最美丽的手。”

3. “为什么呀，罗伯茨小姐？她的那双手又红又硬。如果这双手弹起钢琴来，会是什么样子呢？真难以想象！”黛西辩解道。

4. 罗伯茨小姐捧起黛西的手，说：“黛西，你的手非常柔软白皙，正是那种弹钢琴的美丽小手，但是，它们却缺乏玛丽那双手所展示出的美丽。想知道你们哪里有不同吗？”

5. “好啊，罗伯茨小姐，请讲吧。”

6. “好吧，黛西，玛丽的的手总是闲不住——既要洗碗盘、生炉火、洗衣服、晒衣服，又要打扫卫生、清扫灰尘、缝补衣服。她的手总想给努力工作的可怜母亲多些帮助。”

7. “还有，她的双手要给小孩子洗澡、穿衣服，还要修补玩具、给玩偶穿衣服等，但是，它们依然能够抽空给隔壁邻居家生病的小姑娘洗头发。”

8. “对每一个生灵来说，这双手一直在做好事。我还曾经见过这双手轻轻拍打着疲倦的马驹和大街上跛脚的小狗。这双手总在帮助那些需要帮助的对象。”

9. “罗伯茨小姐，我再也不觉得玛丽的的手丑陋不堪了。”

10. “听到你这么说，我很高兴，黛西。而且，我还要告诉你，正是因为这双手欢喜愉悦地做着这些事情，它们才会这么美丽。”

11. “哦，罗伯茨小姐！我真为自己感到羞愧，我很抱歉！”黛西一边说着，一边噙着泪珠看了看老师的脸。

12. “那么，亲爱的黛西，就用你的善举来表明你的懊悔吧。善良的人都是美丽的。”

LESSON 25

THINGS TO REMEMBER

应牢记之事

avoid	prevent	forgive	rise	guide
during	pouting	protection	slam	manner
peevish	howling	satisfied	trust	angry

1 . When you rise in the morning, remember who kept you from danger during the night. Remember who watched over you while you slept, and whose sun shines around you, and gives you the sweet light of day.

2 . Let God have the thanks of your heart, for his kindness and his care; and pray for his protection during the wakeful hours of day.

3 . Remember that God made all creatures to be happy, and will do nothing that may prevent their being so, without good reason for it.

4 . When you are at the table, do not eat in a greedy manner, like a pig. Eat quietly, and do not reach forth your hand for the food, but ask some one to help you.

5 . Do not become peevish and pout, because you do not get a part of everything. Be satisfied with what is given you.

6 . Avoid a pouting face, angry looks, and angry words. Do not slam the doors. Go quietly up and down stairs; and never make a loud noise about the house.

7 . Be kind and gentle in your manners; not like the howling winter storm, but like the bright summer morning.

8 . Do always as your parents bid you. Obey them with a ready mind, and with a pleasant face.

9 . Never do anything that you would be afraid or ashamed that your parents should know. Remember, if no one else sees you, God does, from whom you can not hide even your most secret

thought.

10 . At night, before you go to sleep, think whether you have done anything that was wrong during the day, and pray to God to forgive you. If any one has done you wrong, forgive him in your heart.

11 . If you have not learned something useful, or been in some way useful, during the past day, think that it is a day lost, and be very sorry for it.

12 . Trust in the Lord, and He will guide you in the way of good men. The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

13 . We must do all the good we can to all men, for this is well pleasing in the sight of God. He delights to see his children walk in love, and do good one to another.

【中文阅读】

1 . 当你早上起床时，要记住是谁让你在整夜免遭危险。要记住是谁在你熟睡时一直在身边守护着你，是谁用阳光将你笼罩，每天都给你带来柔和的光亮。

2 . 衷心感谢上帝吧，为了他的仁慈与关爱；并且在你清醒的时候祈求他的护佑。

3 . 请记住，上帝赐给所有的生灵幸福快乐，并且从不会无故地阻止他们获得幸福和快乐。

4 . 当你坐在饭桌旁，不要像猪一样贪婪地吃东西。安安静静地吃，不要伸手去够远处的食物，应该请其他人帮你取。

5 . 不要因为自己没有得到某种东西而轻易撅嘴发脾气，要对自己所拥有的一切心满意足。

6 . 应尽量避免生气、愤怒的表情和恶毒的话语，不要用力摔门，上下楼时应轻手轻脚；永远不要在居家附近制造噪音。

7 . 行为要和善温柔，不要像冬日里咆哮的暴风雪，而要像阳光明媚的夏日清晨。

8 . 听父母的话，要面带愉悦，心甘情愿地顺从他们。

9 . 不要做任何会让自己担心或羞愧的事情，父母都会了然于心。请记住，即便无人看到你的所作所为，上帝也会看到；即使你最隐秘的思想，上帝也会清楚地知晓。

10 . 入夜，上床前，回想一下自己在白天是否做过什么错事，然后向上帝祈求原谅。如果有人做了对不起你的事情，那就真心原谅对方。

11 . 在过去的一天里，如果你没有学到有用的东西，或者没有做

成有意义的事情，想想这虚度的一日吧，你应感到万分愧疚。

12．相信上帝，他会引领你走上好人之路。正义就像是闪耀的光亮，使你生活中的每一天变得越来越完美。

13．我们必须尽力行善，帮助他人，因为这是我主所喜悦的事，他喜欢看到自己的孩子凭爱心行事，相互善待。

LESSON 26

THREE LITTLE MICE

三只小老鼠

exactly
protruded
perplexed

folding
forepaws
lattice

cheese
gazed
queer

chamber
doubt
cozy

rattling
released
staircase



1 . I will tell you the story of three little mice,
If you will keep still and listen to me,
Who live in a cage that is cozy and nice,
And are just as cunning as cunning can be.
They look very wise, with their pretty red eyes,
That seem just exactly like little round beads;
They are white as the snow, and stand up in a row
Whenever we do not attend to their needs;—

2 . Stand up in a row in a comical way,—
Now folding their forepaws as if saying, "please;"
Now rattling the lattice, as much as to say,
"We shall not stay here without more bread and cheese,"
They are not at all shy, as you'll find, if you try
To make them run up in their chamber to bed;
If they don't want to go, why, they won't go—ah! no,
Though you tap with your finger each queer little head.

3 . One day as I stood by the side of the cage,
Through the bars there protruded a funny, round tail;
Just for mischief I caught it, and soon, in a rage,
Its owner set up a most pitiful wail.
He looked in dismay,—there was something to pay,—
But what was the matter he could not make out;
What was holding him so, when he wanted to go
To see what his brothers upstairs were about?

4 . But soon from the chamber the others rushed down,
Impatient to learn what the trouble might be;
I have not a doubt that each brow wore a frown,
Only frowns on their brows are not easy to see.
For a moment they gazed, perplexed and amazed;
Then began both together to—gnaw off the tail!
So, quick I released him,—do you think that it pleased him?
And up the small staircase they fled like a gale.

(Julia C. R. Dorr)

【中文阅读】

1 . 如果你能保持安静，乖乖聆听，
我会给你讲三只小老鼠的故事。
它们住在一个漂亮舒适的笼子里，
像普通老鼠那样狡猾精明。
它们看上去非常聪明，
长着一双漂亮的红眼睛，
看起来就像一对小圆珠子；
它们浑身洁白如雪，
每当我们不理睬它们的请求时，它们就会直立起来，站成一排；

2. 样子非常滑稽可笑，
它们一会儿合拢前爪，仿佛在说“求求你”；
一会儿又咯吱咯吱摆弄着笼子，似乎在说：
“不给面包和奶酪，我们就不待在这里了。”
假如你想让它们跑回房间，上床睡觉，
你就会发现它们一点儿也不害羞；
如果它们不想回去，它们是绝不会回去的！
即使你用手指轻轻敲它们那奇怪的小脑袋，也没有用。

3. 有一天，我站在笼子边，
笼子里伸出一条有趣的圆尾巴；
为了好玩我抓住了它，尾巴的主人很快就生气了，
在笼子里发出了可怜的哀号。
它看上去很沮丧，知道大事不妙，
但是，它又弄不清问题出在了哪里，
它只是想去看楼上的兄弟们在做什么，
究竟是什么抓住了它？

4. 然而，很快地，另外两只小老鼠从楼上的房间里冲了下来，
迫不及待地想了解发生了什么事情；
它们各个眉头微皱，对此我一点儿都不怀疑，
只不过它们那微皱的眉头不太容易被发现罢了。
它们凝视了片刻，既惊讶又困惑；
然后，它们一起上前准备咬断那条尾巴！
于是，我马上就放开了它，它像风一样跑上了小扶梯。
你们认为它会因此而高兴吗？

（朱莉亚·C. R·道尔）

LESSON 27

THE NEW YEAR

新年

Edward
repeat

receive
language

wretched
shivering

thousand
German

gratitude
understood



1 . One pleasant New-year morning, Edward rose, and washed and dressed himself in haste. He wanted to be first to wish a happy New Year.

2 . He looked in every room, and shouted the words of welcome. He ran into the street, to repeat them to those he might meet.

3 . When he came back, his father gave him two bright, new silver dollars.

4 . His face lighted up as he took them. He had wished for a long time to buy some pretty books that he had seen at the bookstore.

5 . He left the house with a light heart, intending to buy the books.

6 . As he ran down the street, he saw a poor German family, the father, mother, and three children shivering with cold.

7 . "I wish you a happy New Year," said Edward, as he was gayly passing on. The man shook his head.

8 . "You do not belong to this country," said Edward. The man again shook his head, for he could not understand or speak our language.

9 . But he pointed to his mouth, and to the children, as if to say, "These little ones have had nothing to eat for a long time."

10 . Edward quickly understood that these poor people were in distress. He took out his dollars, and gave one to the man, and the other to his wife.

11 . How their eyes sparkled with gratitude! They said something in their language, which doubtless meant, "We thank you a thousand times, and will remember you in our prayers."

12 . When Edward came home, his father asked what books he had bought. He hung his head a moment, but quickly looked up.

13 . "I have bought no books," said he, "I gave my money to some poor people, who seemed to be very hungry and wretched."

14 . "I think I can wait for my books till next New Year. Oh, if you had seen how glad they were to receive the money!"

15 . "My dear boy," said his father, "here is a whole bundle of books. I give them to you, more as a reward for your goodness of heart than as a New-year gift."

16 . "I saw you give the money to the poor German family. It was no small sum for a little boy to give cheerfully."

17 . "Be thus ever ready to help the poor, and wretched, and distressed; and every year of your life will be to you a happy New Year."

【中文阅读】

1 . 新年第一天的早晨真是令人愉快呀。爱德华起床后，匆忙洗

漱完毕、穿好衣服。他想成为第一个祝贺新年快乐的人。

2. 他到访了每一个房间，大声地向每位家人恭贺新年。然后，他跑到了街上，向他遇到的每一个人问候新年快乐。

3. 回家后，爸爸给了他两枚崭新锃亮的银币。

4. 拿到这些银币，他的脸上乐开了花。许久以来，他一直想去书店买回那些早已看好的精美的书。

5. 他满怀喜悦地离开家，准备去买书。

6. 跑到街上后，他看到了一家贫穷的德国人，爸爸、妈妈和三个孩子都在寒风中瑟瑟发抖。

7. “祝你们新年快乐！”爱德华带着愉快的心情从他们身旁经过时，向他们问候道。这个男人摇了摇头。

8. 爱德华问道：“你们不是本国人？”这个男人继续摇着头，因为他根本不明白爱德华说的话，又或者他不会讲我们的语言。

9. 但是，他指了指自己的嘴，然后又指了指孩子们，仿佛在说：“这些小家伙们很久都没有吃东西了。”

10. 爱德华马上明白了，这些可怜的人遇到了困难。他拿出自己刚得到的钱，取出一枚银币给了那个男人，把另一枚给了他的妻子。

11. 他们的眼中充满了感激之情！他们用自己的母语说了些什么。毫无疑问，他们一定在说：“我们真是万分地感激你，我们将永远记住你，并为你祈福。”

12. 爱德华回家后，爸爸问他买了些什么书。他失落地低下了头，但是很快又抬了起来。

13. “我没有买书，”他说，“我把钱给了一些穷人，他们看上去又冷又饿，特别可怜。”

14. “我想，我可以等到明年再去买书。哦，要是你能亲眼看到他们收到钱时开心的样子就好了！”

15. “我的好孩子，”爸爸说，“这里有一摞书，我全都送给你了。这是对你的回报，它们是新年礼物，更是对你的善良的奖励。”

16. “我看到你把钱给那家可怜的德国人了。只要能够高高兴兴地施与，对一个小男孩来说，钱多钱少都不重要。”

17. “就这样时刻准备着帮助穷苦之人、不幸之人、受难之人；你生命中的每一年都将会快乐幸福。”

LESSON 28

THE CLOCK AND THE SUNDIAL

时钟与日晷

stock
folly

spirit
steeple

humble
stupid

gloomy
boasting

sundial
modesty

1 . One gloomy day, the clock on a church steeple, looking down on a sundial, said, "How stupid it is in you to stand there all the while like a stock!"



2 . "You nevertell the hour till a bright sun looks forth from the sky, and gives you leave. I go merrily round, day and night, in summer and winter the same, without asking his leave."

3 . "I tell the people the time to rise, to go to dinner, and to come to church."

4 . "Hark! I am going to strike now; one, two, three, four. There it is for you. How silly you look! You can say nothing."

5 . The sun, at that moment, broke forth from behind a cloud, and showed, by the sundial, that the clock was half an hour behind the right time.

6 . The boasting clock now held his tongue, and the dial only smiled at his folly.

7. MORAL.—Humble modesty is more often right than a proud and boasting spirit.

【中文阅读】

1. 在一个阴霾的日子里，教堂塔尖上的时钟低头看了看下面的日晷，说：“你真傻，整天立在那里，就像一截树干似的！”

2. “只有当明亮的太阳从空中照下来，给予许可，你才会计时，而我不同，无论春夏秋冬，无论白天黑夜，我时刻都在愉快地绕行，从来不需要得到太阳的允许。”

3. “我能告诉人们何时起床，何时出去吃饭，何时到教堂来。”

4. “听！我现在要报时了：一，二，三，四。这是给你听的。你看上去多么愚蠢呀！一句话也说不出！”

5. 就在那时，太阳从一片云彩后面喷薄而出。通过日晷的显示，时钟走慢了半个小时。

6. 正在自吹自擂的时钟这下可谓是哑口无言了，日晷转盘只是对它的愚蠢一笑了之。

7. 寓意——谦虚、谦卑往往比骄傲与吹嘘更正确。

LESSON 29

REMEMBER

记住

punish actions wicked falsehood wakeful

1 . Remember, child, remember,
That God is in the sky;
That He looks down on all we do,
With an ever-wakeful eye.

2 . Remember, oh remember,
That, all the day and night,
He sees our thoughts and actions
With an ever-watchful sight.

3 . Remember, child, remember,
That God is good and true;
That He wishes us to always be
Like Him in all we do.

4 . Remember that He ever hates
A falsehood or a lie;
Remember He will punish, too,
The wicked, by and by.

5 . Remember, oh remember,
That He is like a friend,
And wishes us to holy be,
And happy, in the end.

6 . Remember, child, remember,
To pray to Him in heaven;

And if you have been doing wrong,
Oh, ask to be forgiven.

7 . Be sorry, in your little prayer,
And whisper in his ear;
Ask his forgiveness and his love.
And He will surely hear.

8 . Remember, child, remember,
That you love, with all your might,
The God who watches o'er us,
And gives us each delight;
Who guards us ever through the day,
And saves us in the night.

【中文阅读】

1 . 记住，我的孩子，请记住，
上帝一直在天上；
以其永远明辨是非的双眼，
关注着我们的一举一动。

2 . 记住，哦，一定要记住，
无论白天还是黑夜，
他以其清明的双眼，
审视我们的思想和行为。

3 . 记住，我的孩子，请记住吧，
上帝仁慈又正直；
他希望我们也能时刻像他一样。

4 . 记住他永远憎恨
欺骗或谎言；
请记住，他也会逐渐
惩罚那些恶人。

5 . 记住，噢，一定要记住，
他就像一个朋友，
希望我们最终能获得
幸福与圣洁。

6．记住吧，我的孩子，一定要记住，
向天堂里的上帝祈祷；
假如你已经犯下过错，
那就乞求他的原谅。

7．带着忏悔的心，
在他耳边低语你的祷告，
请求他的谅解和慈爱。
他一定能听到。

8．记住吧，我的孩子，一定要记住，
把你全部的爱，献给
一直关注我们，
赋予我们快乐，
日夜守护着我们，
拯救着我们的上帝吧。

LESSON 30

COURAGE AND COWARDICE

勇敢与怯懦

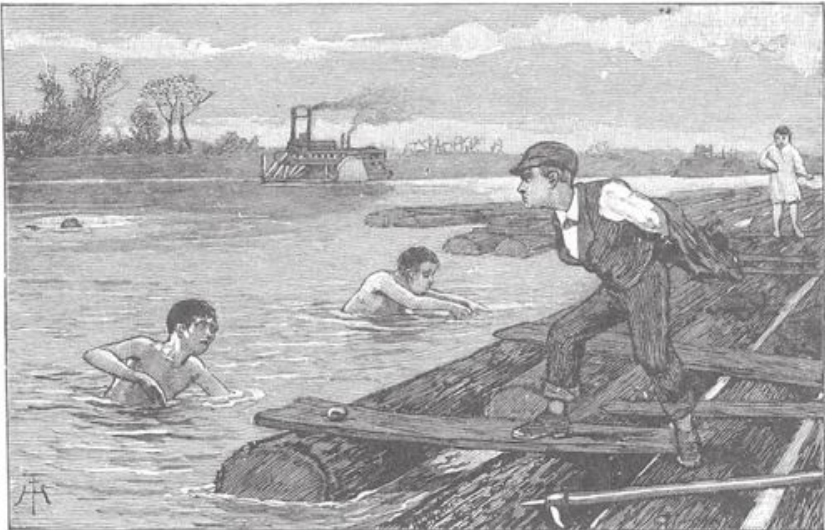
deal
depth

straight
effort

courage
coward

reproach
deserved

cowardice
schoolmates



1 . Robert and Henry were going home from school, when, on turning a corner, Robert cried out, "A fight! let us go and see!"

2 . "No," said Henry; "let us go quietly home and not meddle with this quarrel. We have nothing to do with it, and may get into mischief."

3 . "You are a coward, and afraid to go," said Robert, and off he ran. Henry went straight home, and in the afternoon went to school, as usual.

4 . But Robert had told all the boys that Henry was a coward, and they laughed at him a great deal.

5 . Henry had learned, however, that true courage is shown most in bearing reproach when not deserved, and that he ought to be afraid of nothing but doing wrong.

6 . A few days after, Robert was bathing with some schoolmates, and got out of his depth. He struggled, and screamed for help, but all in vain.

7 . The boys who had called Henry a coward, got out of the water as fast as they could, but they did not even try to help him.

8 . Robert was fast sinking, when Henry threw off his clothes, and sprang into the water. He reached Robert just as he was sinking the last time.

9 . By great effort, and with much danger to himself, he brought Robert to the shore, and thus saved his life.

10 . Robert and his schoolmates were ashamed at having called Henry a coward. They owned that he had more courage than any of them.

11 . Never be afraid to do good, but always fear to do evil.

【中文阅读】

1 . 罗伯特和亨利一起走在放学回家的路上，刚拐过一个路口，罗伯特就大声喊道：“有人在打架！我们快点去看热闹吧。”

2 . 亨利说：“不要去了，我们还是老老实实在家，不要卷入打架事件中。我们不但帮不上什么忙，或许还会给自己带来麻烦。”

3 . “你就是个胆小鬼，是不敢去吧，”罗伯特说完，自己一个人跑去了。亨利径自回家了，下午还是照常去学校上课。

4 . 但是，罗伯特已经告诉其他男生——亨利是个胆小鬼，他们都嘲笑他。

5 . 不过，亨利知道真正的勇敢大多体现在能够忍受本不应得的侮辱上，并且他也知道，只要没做错事，就没有什么可畏惧的。

6 . 几天后，罗伯特和一些同学一起在一个水池里游泳时，不知不觉地游进了深水区。他挣扎着，大声呼救，但一切都是徒劳的。

7 . 那些嘲笑亨利是胆小鬼的孩子们都拼命逃了出来，甚至没有一个人想着去帮助罗伯特。

8 . 罗伯特在迅速下沉，此时，亨利二话没说，脱下衣服，跳入水中。就在罗伯特将要沉下去的那一刻，亨利抓住了他。

9 . 亨利不顾个人安危，费了很大劲才把罗伯特拉到岸边，就这样救了罗伯特一命。

10 . 罗伯特和那些曾经嘲笑亨利是胆小鬼的同学们都感到羞愧。他们承认亨利比他们当中的任何一个都勇敢。

11 . 永远不要畏惧做好事，但时刻当心别做坏事。

LESSON 31

WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT

称象

eastern	deliverance	weight	favorite	clever
sailor	enormous	court	quantity	subject
expense	elephant	stroked	machine	leaning
opening	difficulty	risen	relieved	empty

1 . "An eastern king," said Teddy's mother, "had been saved from some great danger. To show his gratitude for deliverance, he vowed he would give to the poor the weight of his favorite elephant in silver."

2 . "Oh! what a great quantity that would be," cried Lily, opening her eyes very wide. "But how could you weigh an elephant?" asked Teddy, who was a quiet, thoughtful boy.

3 . "There was the difficulty," said his mother. "The wise and learned men of the court stroked their long beards, and talked the matter over, but no one found out how to weigh the elephant."

4 . "At last, a poor old sailor found safe and simple means by which to weigh the enormous beast. The thousands and thousands of pieces of silver were counted out to the people; and crowds of the poor were relieved by the clever thought of the sailor."

5 . "O mamma," said Lily, "do tell us what it was!"

6 . "Stop, stop!" said Teddy. "I want to think for myself—think hard—and find out how an elephant's weight could be known, with little trouble and expense."

7 . "I am well pleased," said his mother, "that my little boy should set his mind to work on the subject. If he can find out the sailor's secret before night, he shall have that orange for his pains."

8 . The boy thought hard and long. Lily laughed at her brother's grave looks, as he sat leaning his head on his hands. Often she teased him with the question, "Can you weigh an elephant,

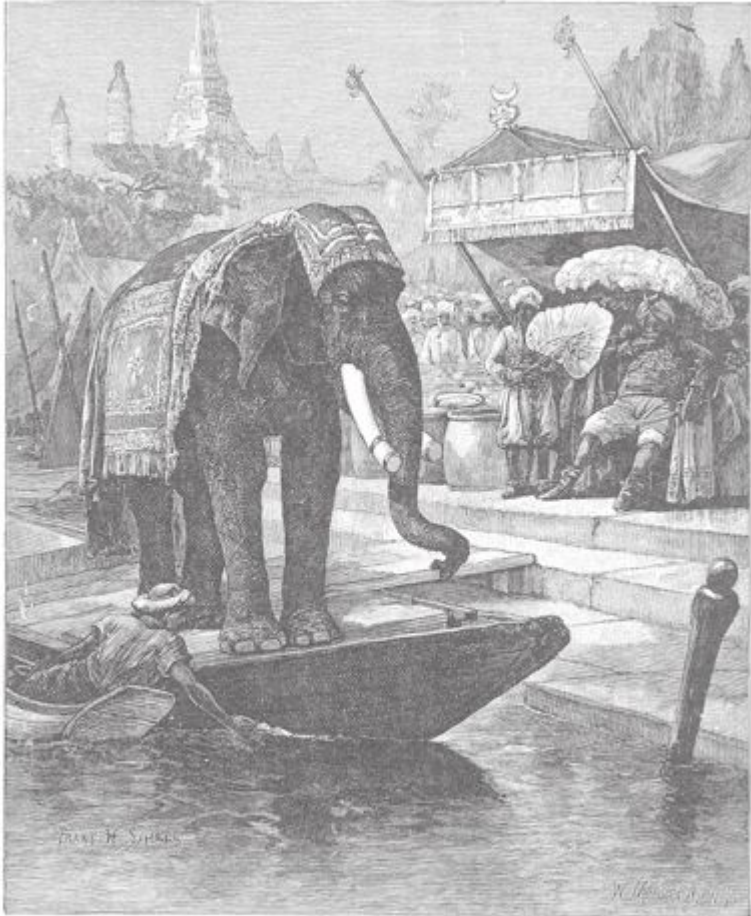
Teddy?"

9 . At last, while eating his supper, Teddy suddenly cried out, "I have it now!"

10 . "Do you think so?" asked his mother.

11 . "How would you do it," asked Lily.

12 . "First, I would have a big boat brought very close to the shore, and would have planks laid across, so that the elephant could walk right into it."



13 . "Oh, such a great, heavy beast would make it sink low in the water," said Lily.

14 . "Of course it would," said her brother. "Then I would mark on the outside of the boat the exact height to which the water had

risen all around it while the elephant was inside. Then he should march on shore, leaving the boat quite empty."

15 . "But I don't see the use of all this," said Lily.

16 . "Don't you?" cried Teddy, in surprise. "Why, I should then bring the heaps of silver, and throw them into the boat till their weight would sink it to the mark made by the elephant. That would show that the weight of each was the same."

17 . "How funny!" cried Lily; "you would make a weighing machine of the boat?"

18 . "That is my plan," said Teddy.

19 . "That was the sailor's plan," said his mother. "You have earned the orange, my boy;" and she gave it to him with a smile.

(Adapted from A. L. O. E)

【中文阅读】

1. 泰迪的妈妈说：“遥远的东方曾有一个国王临危获救。为了表达自己的感激之情，他承诺要向穷人分发银子，发放的银两和他最喜欢的大象一样重。”

2. “哎呀，那可是一笔不小的数目啊，”莉丽瞪大双眼，大声喊道。泰迪百思不得其解，便问道：“但是，如何才能称出大象的重量呀？”他一直是安静而又喜欢思考的孩子。

3. 妈妈接着说：“这就是难题所在，朝廷上那些智者和有学问的人都拄着长胡子，纷纷议论如何称象，可是，最终也没有人想出具体的衡量办法。”

4. “最后，一个贫穷的老水手想出了一个既安全又简单的方法来称量这头巨兽的重量。称出来的成千上万两白银分发给了穷人，这个水手用他的聪明智慧救济了一大批穷人。”

5. 莉丽说：“噢，妈妈，快告诉我们到底是用什么方法！”

6. 可泰迪却说：“不要说，不要说！我要自己想，仔细地想一想，我要自己想出称象的方法，哪怕有点儿麻烦。”

7. 他的妈妈说：“我非常高兴我的小儿可以自己动脑筋想办法解决问题。如果他能在今晚揭开水手称象的秘密，就可以得到那个橘子作奖励。”

8. 这个男孩子认真地想了很久。他双手托腮坐在那里思考时，莉丽却在嘲笑弟弟一本正经的认真模样。她时不时过去取笑他：“泰迪，你真的能称出一头大象的重量吗？”

9. 后来，就在吃晚饭时，泰迪突然大喊道：“我终于知道了！”

10. “真的吗？”妈妈问他。

11. 莉丽也问道：“你想怎么称象啊？”

12.“首先，我需要一艘大船，把船尽量靠近岸边，在船和岸边中间搭上厚木板，这样，大象就能直接走到船上了。”

13.“哇，这么体态肥硕的巨兽一定会让船往下沉的。”莉丽说道。

14.“船当然会往下沉了，”她的弟弟说，“接着，我会在船舷一侧标出大象站在船上时水面上升的准确高度。然后，让它走上岸，船就空了。”

15.“我认为这样做没有什么用。”莉丽说。

16.泰迪吃惊地大喊：“怎么会没有用呢？哎呀，我接下来会把大批银两装到船上，直到它们的重量使船下沉到那个称大象时的刻度，这样就能表明它们的重量相等了。”

17.“多么有趣的主意呀！你会做出一个和船一样的称重机吗？”

18.“这还真是我的计划。”泰迪说。

19.“这也正是那个老水手的办法，”他的妈妈说，“我的儿子，你赢得了橘子。”她微笑着把橘子递给了泰迪。

LESSON 32

THE SOLDIER

战士

ranks	glory	arrayed	weapons	living
clad	armor	victory	contest	battle
blood	enlist	mustered	longing	warrior

1 . A soldier! a soldier! I'm longing to be:
The name and the life of a soldier for me!
I would not be living at ease and at play;
True honor and glory I'd win in my day.

2 . A soldier! a soldier! in armor arrayed;
My weapons in hand, of no contest afraid;
I'd ever be ready to strike the first blow,
And to fight my way through the ranks of the foe.

3 . But then, let me tell you, no blood would I shed,
No victory seek o'er the dying and dead;
A far braver soldier than this would I be;
A warrior of Truth, in the ranks of the free.

4 . A soldier! a soldier! Oh, then, let me be!
My friends, I invite you, enlist now with me.
Truth's bands shall be mustered, love's foes shall give way!
Let's up, and be clad in our battle array!

(J. G. Adams)

【中文阅读】

1 . 战士！战士！我渴望：
以战士的名义过着战士的生活，

我将不再安逸度生、自在玩乐；
我将赢得生命中真正的荣耀和骄傲。

2．战士！战士！身披盔甲；
手握钢枪，心无畏惧；
我已整装待发，
时刻准备杀入敌军队伍。

3．但我告诉你，我不会滥杀无辜，
胜利无须无谓的死亡；
我要成为一名更加英勇的战士；
捍卫真理和自由的勇士。

4．战士！战士！噢，让我成为这样一位战士吧！
我的朋友，我邀请你，和我一起入伍，
为真理而战的队伍正在集结，
我们的敌人将会闻风而逃！
起来吧，加入到我们的斗争之列中！

（J. G·亚当斯）

LESSON 33

THE ECHO

回声

thicket
proving
foolish

harshly
toward
abroad

wrath
echo
cross

whence
mocking
Bible

rambling
angrily
instantly



1 . As Robert was one day rambling about, he happened to cry

out, "Ho, ho!" He instantly heard coming back from a hill near by, the same words, "Ho, ho!"

2 . In great surprise, he said with a loud voice, "Who are you?" Upon this, the same words came back, "Who are you?"

3 . Robert now cried out harshly, "You must be a very foolish fellow." "Foolish fellow!" came back from the hill.

4 . Robert became angry, and with loud and fierce words went toward the spot whence the sounds came. The words all came back to him in the same angry tone.

5 . He then went into the thicket, and looked for the boy who, as he thought, was mocking him; but he could find nobody anywhere.

6 . When he went home, he told his mother that some boy had hid himself in the wood, for the purpose of mocking him.

7 . "Robert," said his mother, "you are angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words."

8 . "Why, mother, how can that be?" said Robert. "Did you never hear an echo?" asked his mother. "An echo, dear mother? No, ma'am. What is it?"

9 . "I will tell you," said his mother. "You know, when you play with your ball, and throw it against the side of a house, it bounds back to you." "Yes, mother," said he, "and I catch it again."

10 . "Well," said his mother, "if I were in the open air, by the side of a hill or a large barn, and should speak very loud, my voice would be sent back, so that I could hear again the very words which I spoke."

11 . "That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back, your own voice."

12 . "The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply."

13 . "Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would have been as low, sweet, and gentle as your own."

14 . "The Bible says, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Remember this when you are at play with your schoolmates."

15 . "If any of them should be offended, and speak in a loud, angry tone, remember the echo, and let your words be soft and kind."

16. "When you come home from school, and find your little brother cross and peevish, speak mildly to him. You will soon see a smile on his lips, and find that his tones will become mild and sweet."

17. "Whether you are in the fields or in the woods, at school or at play, at home or abroad, remember,
The good and the kind,
By kindness their love ever proving,
Will dwell with the pure and the loving."

【中文阅读】

1. 有一天，罗伯特在外面闲逛，他大喊了一声：“喂，喂！”立刻，他就听到附近山上传来了同样的声音，“喂，喂！”

2. 他非常惊讶，于是大声说：“你是谁？”山上又传来了同样的声音：“你是谁？”

3. 接着，罗伯特狠狠地喊道：“你一定是个傻瓜。”山谷中又传回了同样的声音：“傻瓜！”

4. 罗伯特开始生气了，用更大的声音、更尖刻的话语冲着那个声音传出的地方大喊，可这些话语也以同样的愤怒声调传回到他的耳朵。

5. 于是，他跑进灌木丛中，去找那个他认为一直嘲弄他的小男孩。但是，那里空无一人。

6. 回到家后，他对妈妈说，有个小男孩躲在树林里，专门取笑他。

7. “罗伯特，”妈妈说，“你其实是在跟自己生气呢。你听到的只不过是你自己的话。”

8. 罗伯特问：“为什么，妈妈，这怎么可能呢？”他的妈妈回答说：“你难道没有听说过回声？”“亲爱的妈妈，回声？回声是什么呀？”

9. 妈妈对他说：“我来告诉你吧。你想想看，在你玩球的时候，你把球对着房子的一面墙扔过去，它会反弹回来，是吧。”“是的，妈妈，”他说，“我能再次接住它。”

10. 他的妈妈说：“好的，如果我在一座大山或一个大谷仓旁边的空地上大声讲话，我的声音也会被送回来，这样我就能再次听到那些自己说过的话了。”

11. “孩子，这就是回声。你认为有人在嘲弄你，其实那只是你面前的大山产生了回音，它把你的声音又传了回来。”

12. “你想象中的那个坏孩子，也不会比你更生气地说话。如果你说些友好的话，就能听到一个友好的回答了。”

13.“如果你用低沉、甜美、温柔的声调说话，那个声音也会像你的声音那样低沉、甜美和温柔。”

14.“《圣经》里说，‘回答柔和，使怒消退。’在你和同学们玩耍时也要记得这些话。”

15.“如果他们当中某个人生气了，大声、愤怒地讲话，这时你要牢记回声的规律，自己要用柔和友善的话语回应。”

16.“放学回家时，你若发现小弟弟蛮横暴躁，就温和地同他讲话。很快你就会看到他的嘴角泛起微笑，你还会发现，他的语调也变得温和甜美了。”

17.“无论在田野中还是在树林里，无论在学校还是在玩耍时，无论在家里还是在外边，都要记住：好人和善良之人，都会通过友好的行为来表达爱，他们永远都会生活在纯洁和真爱之中。”

LESSON 34

GEORGE'S FEAST

乔治的美餐

faint
feast

collect
scarlet

refresh
offered

lining
lifting

happiness
strawberries



1 . George's mother was very poor. Instead of having bright, blazing fires in winter, she had nothing to burn but dry sticks, which George picked up from under the trees and hedges.

2 . One fine day in July, she sent George to the woods, which were about two miles from the village in which she lived. He was to stay there all day, to get as much wood as he could collect.

3 . It was a bright, sunny day, and George worked very hard; so that by the time the sun was high, he was hot, and wished for a cool place where he might rest and eat his dinner.

4 . While he hunted about the bank, he saw among the moss some fine, wild strawberries, which were a bright scarlet with ripeness.

5 . "How good these will be with my bread and butter!" thought George; and lining his little cap with leaves, he set to work eagerly to gather all he could find, and then seated himself by the brook.

6 . It was a pleasant place, and George felt happy and contented. He thought how much his mother would like to see him there, and to be there herself, instead of in her dark, close room in the village.

7 . George thought of all this, and just as he was lifting the first strawberry to his mouth, he said to himself, "How much mother would like these;" and he stopped, and put the strawberry back again.

8 . "Shall I save them for her?" said he, thinking how much they would refresh her, yet still looking at them with a longing eye.

9 . "I will eat half, and take the other half to her," said he at last; and he divided them into two heaps. But each heap looked so small, that he put them together again.

10 . "I will only taste one," thought he; but, as he again lifted it to his mouth, he saw that he had taken the finest, and he put it back. "I will keep them all for her," said he, and he covered them up nicely, till he should go home.

11 . When the sun was beginning to sink, George set out for home. How happy he felt, then, that he had all his strawberries for his sick mother. The nearer he came to his home, the less he wished to taste them.



12. Just as he had thrown down his wood, he heard his mother's faint voice calling him from the next room. "Is that you, George? I am glad you have come, for I am thirsty, and am longing for some tea."

13. George ran in to her, and joyfully offered his wild strawberries. "And you saved them for your sick mother, did you?" said she, laying her hand fondly on his head, while the tears stood in her eyes. "God will bless you for all this, my child."

14. Could the eating of the strawberries have given George half the happiness he felt at this moment?

【中文阅读】

1. 乔治的妈妈非常贫穷，冬天里生不起明亮、闪烁的炉火，她只能点燃乔治从树下或篱笆旁捡来的干树枝生火取暖。

2. 七月晴朗的一天，她让乔治到森林中去捡木柴，那个地方离他们住的村子大约有两英里远。乔治需要在森林里待上一整天，以便能尽量多地收集木柴。

3. 那天阳光灿烂，乔治很辛苦地捡拾着木柴。等到太阳升到半空时，他已经非常热了，希望能找个凉快的地方吃点东西，休息一下。

4. 他一路搜寻到岸边，竟然在苔藓丛中找到了一些非常诱人的熟透了的野生草莓，散发着明亮的猩红色。

5. “用这些草莓配上我的面包和奶油，那该多美味呀！”乔治心想。他把树叶铺在自己的小帽子里，迫不及待地把他发现的草莓都摘下来装在里面。然后，他在小溪边坐了下来。

6. 这个地方很舒服，乔治心里既高兴又满足。他心想，要是妈妈看到自己坐在这里该多高兴，她该多么想到这里来坐坐呀，而不是整天待在村子里那间又黑暗又封闭的小屋里。

7. 乔治一边想着，一边拿起一个草莓准备放入口中，就在这时，他自言自语道：“妈妈该多么喜欢这些草莓呀。”这时，他拿着草莓的手停了下来，又把草莓放了回去。

8. “我应该把草莓留给妈妈。”他说道，心里一边想着这些草莓能让妈妈恢复健康，一边又带着渴望的眼神盯着它们。

9. “那我就吃一半，把另一半留给她。”他终于说道，接着，他把草莓分成了两堆。但是，每一堆看上去都那么少，于是，他又把它们合在了一起。

10. “那我就尝一个吧，”他心里又想，但是，当他再次拿起草莓放到嘴边时，他看到自己拿起的是那个最好的草莓，于是又放了回去。“我还是把草莓都留给妈妈吧，”他一边说着，一边小心翼翼地盖

好草莓，没有再动过。

11．太阳开始落山了，乔治决定回家。他心里多么高兴呀，他把所有的草莓都留给了生病的妈妈。越往家走，他品尝草莓的欲望也越来越小。

12．刚刚放下捡来的木头，他就听到隔壁房间里传来了妈妈呼唤他的虚弱声音。“是你吗，乔治？我很高兴你回来了，我太渴了，真想喝点茶。”

13．乔治立刻跑过去，满怀欢喜地把自己采摘来的野草莓给妈妈。“你把草莓都留给了生病的妈妈，是吗？”她一边说着，一边充满怜爱地将手放到乔治的头上，眼中充满了泪水。“上帝会保佑你的，我的孩子。”

14．如果乔治自己吃掉了草莓，能给自己带来此刻一半的幸福吗？

LESSON 35

THE LORD'S PRAYER

主祷文

hallow	amen	temptation	gracious
kingdom	forgive	transgressions	supplied
portion	bounty	weakness	helpless
deign	solemn	compassion	plumage
revere	secure	forever	pardons

1 . Our Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name;
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same;
Oh, give to us daily
Our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty,
That all must be fed.

2 . Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
The humble compassion
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
Forever! Amen!

AN EVENING PRAYER

1.

Before I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer,
And deign a helpless child to keep,
With thy protecting care.

2.

Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear;
Of thee to think with solemn thought;
Thy goodness to revere.

3.

That goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent and beauty, too;
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

4.

The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By thee supplied with food.

5.

And when at night they cease to sing,
By thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,
Secure from every ill.

6.

Thus mayst thou guard with gracious arm
The bed whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By thine own watchful eye.

1 . Before I close my eyes in sleep,
Lord, hear my evening prayer,
And deign a helpless child to keep,
With thy protecting care.

2 . Though young in years, I have been taught
Thy name to love and fear;
Of thee to think with solemn thought,
Thy goodness to revere.

3 . That goodness gives each simple flower
Its scent and beauty, too;
And feeds it in night's darkest hour
With heaven's refreshing dew.

4 . The little birds that sing all day
In many a leafy wood,
By thee are clothed in plumage gay,
By thee supplied with food.

5 . And when at night they cease to sing,
By thee protected still,
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,

Secure from every ill.

6 . Thus may'st thou guard with gracious arm
The bed whereon I lie,
And keep a child from every harm
By thine own watchful eye.

(Bernard Barton)

【中文阅读】

1 . 我们在天上的父，
愿人都尊你的名为圣；
愿你的国降临，
愿你的旨意行在地上如同行在天上；
噢，是你赐给了我们
日用的饮食；
这都来自你的圣恩，
万民必得喂饲。

2 . 今日赐给我们，
免除我们的债务，
如同我们免了他人的欠债；
不叫我们遇见试探，
救我脱离凶险。
因为国度、权柄、荣耀
全是你的
直到永远！阿门！

晚祷一则

1 . 在我闭上双眼之前，
主啊，请倾听我的晚祷。
赐予你无助的孩子，
呵护和关怀。

2 . 自孩提时，就被教导：
你的名字是那么的慈爱和威严。
虔诚地祈祷，
你令人敬畏的仁慈。

3 . 仁慈赐予了每一朵平凡的小花，

香气和美丽。
在夜幕降临之际，
用天国的甘露将它们浇灌。

4．你用鲜艳的羽毛装点了，
在枝繁茂盛的树林里
整天歌唱的小鸟，
给予它们食物。

5．当夜晚来临，它们停止了歌唱，
依然受到你的庇护。
它们的孩子们安然睡在它们的翅膀下，
保护它们免于疾病。

6．请你用你那高尚的臂膀，
庇护我所在的床榻。
用你那密切关注的双眼，
保护你的孩子免受伤害。

（伯纳德·巴顿）

LESSON 36

Finding the Owner

寻找失主

possession
satisfaction
burying
experienced

torment
thief
conscious
response

suggested
anxiety
critical
evident

observed
finally
breathless
interfered



1 . "It's mine," said Fred, showing a white handled pocketknife, with every blade perfect and shining. "Just what I've always wanted." And he turned the prize over and over with evident satisfaction.

2 . "I guess I know who owns it," said Tom, looking at it with a critical eye.

3 . "I guess you don't," was the quick response. "It isn't Mr. Raymond's," said Fred, shooting wide of the mark.

4 . "I know that; Mr. Raymond's is twice as large," observed Tom, going on with his drawing lesson.

5 . Do you suppose Fred took any comfort in that knife? Not a bit of comfort did he take. He was conscious all the time of having something in his possession that did not belong to him; and Tom's suspicion interfered sadly with his enjoyment.

6 . Finally, it became such a torment to him, that he had serious thoughts of burning it, or burying it, or giving it away; but a better plan suggested itself.

7 . "Tom," said he, one day at recess, "didn't you say you thought you knew who owned that knife I found?"

8 . "Yes, I did; it looked like Doctor Perry's." And Tom ran off to his play, without giving the knife another thought.

9 . Dr. Perry's! Why, Fred would have time to go to the doctor's office before recess closed: so he started in haste, and found the old gentleman getting ready to visit a patient. "Is this yours?" cried Fred, in breathless haste, holding up the cause of a week's anxiety.

10 . "It was," said the doctor; "but I lost it the other day."

11 . "I found it," said Fred, "and have felt like a thief ever since. Here, take it; I've got to run."

12 . "Hold on!" said the doctor. "I've got a new one, and you are quite welcome to this."

13 . "Am I? May I? Oh! thank you!" And with what a different feeling he kept it from that which he had experienced for a week!

【中文阅读】

1 . “这是我的了，”弗雷德一边说着，一边拿出一把带手柄的白色小刀，刀锋闪闪发亮，堪称完美。“这就是我一直想要的。”他对这个战利品爱不释手，脸上泛起的满足感显而易见。

2 . “我想我知道他的主人是谁。”汤姆说着，用略带批评的眼神看了那把小刀一眼。

3 . “我觉得你根本不知道它是谁的，这不是雷蒙德先生的。”弗雷德很快地回答，他的话有点不着边际。

4 . “我知道它不是雷蒙德先生的，他的刀子是这个的两倍大。”汤姆停下来观察了一会儿，又开始着手自己的绘画。

5 . 你认为弗雷德会心安理得地将这把小刀据为己有吗？他一点也不安心。他一直觉得自己侵占了本不属于自己的东西；而且，汤姆

的疑心也残忍地破坏了他的喜悦感。

6. 最后，这对他竟成了一种折磨，他曾认真地考虑过要烧掉它、埋掉它、丢掉它，但后来，他想到了一个更好的主意。

7. 有一天，在课间休息时，他说：“汤姆，你不是说过，你知道我找到的这把刀的主人是谁吗？”

8. “是的，我说过呀，它看上去像是佩理医生的。”汤姆说完就跑出去玩了，压根没理会那把刀的事。

9. 是佩理医生的！怎么会呢。弗雷德在休息时间结束之前还有充足的时间去趟医生办公室。于是，他匆匆赶了过去，发现这位老先生正准备去出诊。“这是您的吗？”弗雷德举着那个让他一周都坐立不安的元凶，上气不接下气地喊道。

10. “是的，”医生说道，“但是，我已经丢了好几天了。”

11. 弗雷德说：“我捡到了它，从那以后，我一直觉得自己像个小偷。就在这里，还给您吧，我得赶紧跑回去上课了。”

12. “等一下！”医生说，“我已经有了一把新的，这把就送给你吧。”

13. “真的吗，我可以要吗？噢，非常感谢！”与这一周的感受相比，这种感觉真是大不相同啊！

LESSON 37

BATS

蝙蝠

immediately

character

squeal

snapped

shunned

quills

terribly

crevices

framework



encountered

prepared

policy

prowling

double

insect

devour

escape

nightmare

disgusting

quadruped

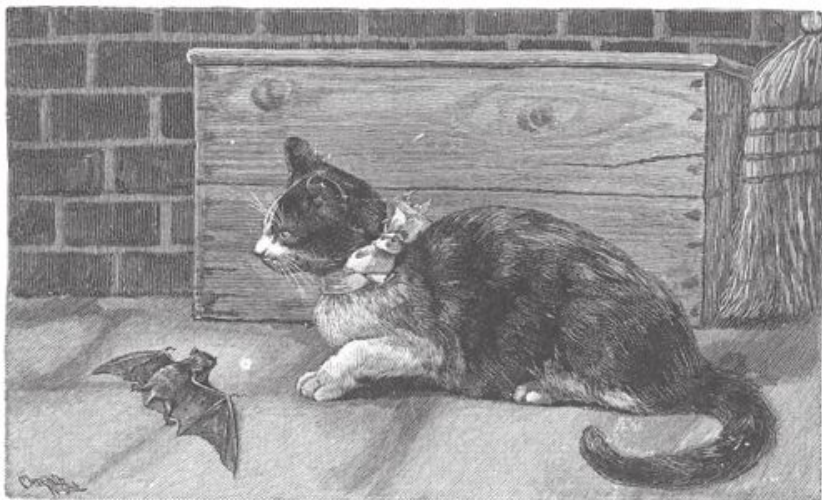
1 . Bats are very strange little animals, having hair like mice, and wings like birds. During the day, they live in crevices of rocks, in caves, and in other dark places.

2 . At night, they go forth in search of food; and, no doubt, you have seen them flying about, catching such insects as happen to be out rather late at night.

3 . The wings of a bat have no quills. They are only thin pieces of skin stretched upon a framework of bones. Besides this, it may be said that while he is a quadruped, he can rise into the air and fly from place to place like a bird.

4 . There is a funny fable about the bat, founded upon this double character of beast and bird, which I will tell you.

5 . An owl was once prowling about, when he came across a bat. So he caught him in his claws, and was about to devour him. Upon this, the bat began to squeal terribly; and he said to the owl, "Pray, what do you take me for, that you use me thus?"



6 . "Why, you are a bird, to be sure," said the owl, "and I am fond of birds. I love dearly to break their little bones."

7 . "Well," said the bat, "I thought there was some mistake. I am no bird. Don't you see, Mr. Owl, that I have no feathers, and that I am covered with hair like a mouse?"

8 . "Sure enough," said the owl, in great surprise; "I see it now. Really, I took you for a bird, but it appears you are only a kind of mouse. I ate a mouse last night, and it gave me the nightmare. I can't bear mice! Bah! it makes me sick to think of it." So the owl let the bat go.

9 . The very next night, the bat encountered another danger. He was snapped up by puss, who took him for a mouse, and immediately prepared to eat him.

10 . "I beg you to stop one moment," said the bat. "Pray, Miss Puss, what do you suppose I am?" "A mouse, to be sure!" said the cat. "Not at all," said the bat, spreading his long wings.

11 . "Sure enough," said the cat: "you seem to be a bird, though your feathers are not very fine. I eat birds sometimes, but I am tired of them just now, having lately devoured four young robins; so you may go. But, bird or mouse, it will be your best policy to keep out

of my way hereafter."

12. The meaning of this fable is, that a person playing a double part may sometimes escape danger; but he is always, like the bat, a creature that is disgusting to everybody, and shunned by all.

(Adapted by S. G. Goodrich)

【中文阅读】

1. 蝙蝠是一种非常奇怪的小动物，长着像老鼠一样的毛发和小鸟一样的翅膀。白天，它们栖息在岩石裂缝、洞穴以及其他黑暗的地方。

2. 它们经常在夜里出来觅食，你一定见过它们飞来飞去，捕捉那些偶尔在临近深夜才出沒的昆虫。

3. 蝙蝠的翅膀上并没有翎毛，只有薄薄的皮覆盖在骨架上。除此之外，据说蝙蝠虽然是四足动物，但它也能像小鸟那样在空中飞来飞去。

4. 由于蝙蝠具有鸟兽的双重特性，这里就有了一个关于它的有趣的寓言故事，接下来我会讲给你听。

5. 从前有一天，一只猫头鹰在空中徘徊，它发现了一只蝙蝠。于是，它用爪子抓住了蝙蝠，准备要将它吞下去。就在这时，蝙蝠可怜巴巴地啼哭着对猫头鹰说：“求求你告诉我，你把我当谁了，为什么抓我呢？”

6. “为什么抓你？！当然是因为你是一只鸟，”猫头鹰说道，“我很喜欢鸟类，我最爱做的就是弄断它们的小骨头。”

7. 蝙蝠说：“原来这样呀。我想你可能弄错了。我不是鸟，猫头鹰先生，你看我并没有羽毛，而且我身上的毛很像老鼠，难道不是吗？”

8. “的确如此，”猫头鹰惊讶地说道，“我现在看清楚了。真的，我还以为你是一只鸟呢，但是，现在看起来简直就是一只老鼠。我昨天晚上刚吃了一只老鼠，还让我做了一场噩梦。我再也不吃老鼠了！呸，想想都让我感到恶心！”于是，猫头鹰就放走了蝙蝠。

9. 到了第二天，这只蝙蝠又遇到了危险。它被一只花猫逮住了，小花猫把它当成了老鼠，正准备要吃掉它。

10. “求求你，等一下，”这只蝙蝠说，“花猫小姐，拜托你告诉我，你把我当成什么了？”“当然是一只老鼠了！”花猫说。“我根本不是老鼠。”蝙蝠说着，立刻展开了它的翅膀。

11. “原来真不是老鼠呀，”花猫说，“尽管你的翅膀不那么像样，但你看上去还真像只小鸟。我有时也吃小鸟，因为最近刚吃了四只小知更鸟，已经吃够鸟肉了，你可以走了。但是，不管你是小鸟，

还是老鼠，为了保险起见，今后最好不要再让我撞见你。”

12. 这则寓言故事的意义是说，一个两面玲珑的人有时可能会逃脱危险，但他却会像蝙蝠那样遭人厌恶和嫌弃。

(S. G·古德里奇)

LESSON 38

A SUMMER DAY

夏日

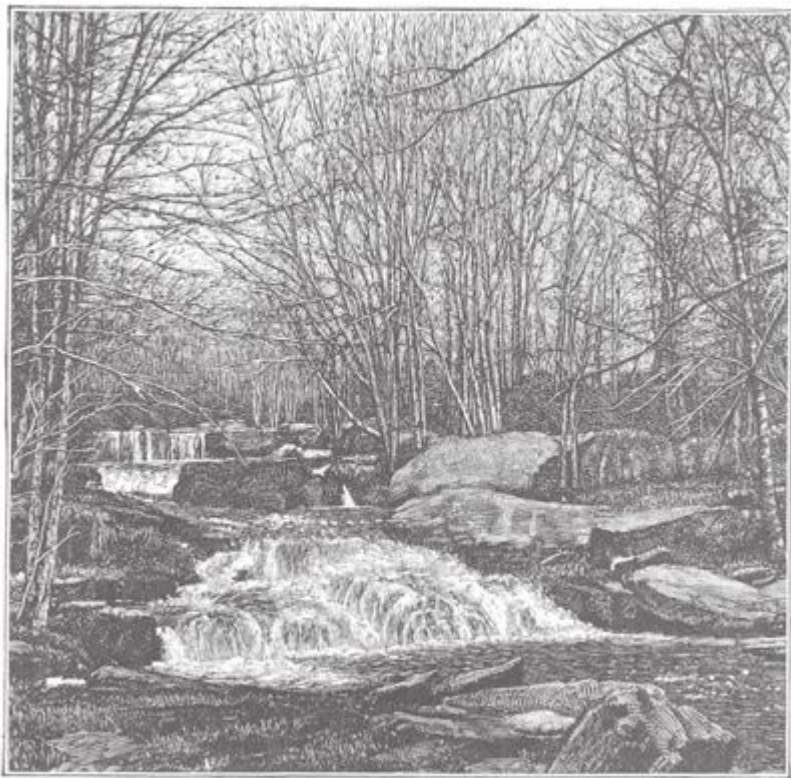
tints
lawns

sheaves
whirl

fireflies
buttercup

chimney
lowing

tinkle
lance



1 . This is the way the morning dawns:
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,

Dewdrops on the fields and lawns—
This is the way the morning dawns.

2 . This is the way the sun comes up:
Gold on brook and glossy leaves,
Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine, and rose, and buttercup—
This is the way the sun comes up.

3 . This is the way the river flows:
Here a whirl, and there a dance;
Slowly now, then, like a lance,
Swiftly to the sea it goes—
This is the way the river flows.

4 . This is the way the rain comes down:
Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
Over roof and chimney top;
Boughs that bend, and skies that frown—
This is the way the rain comes down.

5 . This is the way the birdie sings:
"Baby birdies in the nest,
You I surely love the best;
Over you I fold my wings"—
This is the way the birdie sings.



6 . This is the way the daylight dies:
Cows are lowing in the lane,

Fireflies wink on hill and plain;
Yellow, red, and purple skies—
This is the way the daylight dies.

(George Cooper)

【中文阅读】

1. 清晨如此到来：

花草树木披上了玫瑰色的霞光，
风儿唤醒了小鸟和蜜蜂，
露珠凝结在田野和草地上——
黎明这样到来。

2. 太阳如此升起来：

小溪和树叶蒙上了金色，
层层薄雾渐渐散去，
藤蔓、玫瑰花和毛茛露出了笑脸——
太阳这样升起。

3. 河水如此流淌：

这里一个漩涡，那里一个跳跃，
一会儿舒缓下来，一会儿又像一支长矛，
快速融入大海——河水这样流淌。

4. 雨水如此降落：

叮当，叮当，一滴一滴……
落到屋顶和烟囱帽上，
树枝弯下了腰，天空皱起了眉——
雨水这样降落。

5. 小鸟如此歌唱：

“巢里的鸟宝宝，
你是我的最爱；
用我的翅膀拥抱你。”——
小鸟这样歌唱。

6. 日光如此消逝：

牛群在小路上哞哞叫着，
萤火在山丘和平原上闪烁；
天空被渲染成黄色、红色和紫色——

日光这样消逝。

（乔治·库珀）

LESSON 39

I WILL THINK OF IT

我要想一想

chandelier
portraits
pendulum
locomotive
discovered

Pisa
Isaac
engine
motto
swaying

London
invention
whalebone
England
discouraged

Ferguson
Galileo
lectures
teakettle
improved



1 . "I will think of it." It is easy to say this; but do you know what great things have come from thinking?

2 . We can not see our thoughts, or hear, or taste, or feel them; and yet what mighty power they have!

3 . Sir Isaac Newton was seated in his garden on a summer's evening, when he saw an apple fall from a tree. He began to think, and, in trying to find out why the apple fell, discovered how the earth, sun, moon, and stars are kept in their places.

4 . A boy named James Watt sat quietly by the fireside, watching the lid of the teakettle as it moved up and down. He began to think; he wanted to find out why the steam in the kettle moved the heavy lid.

5 . From that time he went on thinking and thinking; and when he became a man, he improved the steam engine so much that it could, with the greatest ease, do the work of many horses.

6 . When you see a steamboat, a steam mill, or a locomotive, remember that it would never have been built if it had not been for the hard thinking of some one.

7 . A man named Galileo was once standing in the cathedral of Pisa, when he saw a chandelier swaying to and fro.

8 . This set him thinking, and it led to the invention of the pendulum.

9 . James Ferguson was a poor Scotch shepherd boy. Once, seeing the inside of a watch, he was filled with wonder. "Why should I not make a watch?" thought he.

10 . But how was he to get the materials out of which to make the wheels and the mainspring? He soon found how to get them: he made the mainspring out of a piece of whalebone. He then made a wooden clock which kept good time.

11 . He began, also, to copy pictures with a pen, and portraits with oil colors. In a few years, while still a small boy, he earned money enough to support his father.

12 . When he became a man, he went to London to live. Some of the wisest men in England, and the king himself, used to attend his lectures. His motto was, "I will think of it;" and he made his thoughts useful to himself and the world.

13 . Boys, when you have a difficult lesson to learn, don't feel discouraged, and ask some one to help you before helping yourselves. Think, and by thinking you will learn how to think to some purpose.

【中文阅读】

1. “我要想一想。”这句话说起来容易，但是，你知道有多少伟大的事物都源于思考吗？

2. 思维是一种我们看不到、听不见、尝不出、摸不着的东西，但它却拥有着多么强大的力量！

3. 一个夏日的傍晚，艾萨克·牛顿先生正静坐在他的花园里时，看到一只苹果从树上掉了下来。他开始思考，试图找出苹果掉落的原因，在这个过程中，他也发现了地球、太阳、月亮和星星是如何维持自己的位置不变的。

4. 一个叫詹姆斯·瓦特的男孩子在炉边静坐时，观察着上上下下跳动的茶壶盖。他开始思考，希望能发现壶里的蒸汽为什么能够推动沉重的壶盖。

5. 从那时起，他就一直不停地思考；当他长大成人后，改进了蒸汽发动机，使它能够轻松地取代大量马匹劳作。

6. 当你看到一艘汽船、一个蒸汽磨或一节火车头时，要记得如果没有某个人的努力思考，它们永远都不会出现。

7. 一个名叫伽利略的人，有一次碰巧在比萨教堂里，看到了一只晃来晃去的吊灯。

8. 这让他陷入了思考之中，从而最终发明了钟摆。

9. 詹姆斯·弗格森曾经是一个贫穷的苏格兰牧童。有一次，他看到了手表的内部构造，心中充满了好奇。他想：“我为什么不能自己造一只手表呢？”

10. 但是，如何才能找到制作齿轮和主发条的必要材料呢？很快，他想出了获取材料的方法。他用一根鲸骨制成了主发条，做成一个木制时钟，并且时间一直跑得很准。

11. 同时，他开始用钢笔绘制图片，用油彩临摹肖像。几年后虽然他还是小孩子，他挣的钱足以维持自己和父亲的生活了。

12. 长大后，他搬到伦敦居住。英国的一些学者经常聆听他的讲座，甚至连国王也是他的忠实听众。他的座右铭就是“我要想一想”，而且他的思考不仅有利于他自己，还给全世界都带来了益处。

13. 孩子们，当你面对难题时，千万不要气馁。在寻求他人帮助之前，应该自己先想想办法。要多思考，通过思索，你将学会如何为完成某事而思考。

LESSON 40

CHARLIE AND ROB

查理和罗伯

1 . "Don't you hate splitting wood?" asked Charlie, as he sat down on a log to hinder ^[1] Rob for a while.

2 . "No, I rather like it. When I get hold of a tough old fellow, I say, 'See here, now, you think you're the stronger, and are going to beat me; so I'll split you up into kindling wood.'"

3 . "Pshaw!" said Charlie, laughing; "and it's only a stick of wood."

4 . "Yes; but you see I pretend it's a lesson, or a tough job of any kind, and it's nice to conquer ^[2] it."

5 . "I don't want to conquer such things; I don't care what becomes of them. I wish I were a man, and a rich one."

6 . "Well, Charlie, if you live long enough you'll be a man, without wishing for it; and as for the rich part, I mean to be that myself."

7 . "You do. How do you expect to get your money? By sawing wood?"

8 . "May be—some of it; that's as good a way as any, so long as it lasts. I don't care how I get rich, you know, so that it's in an honest and useful way."

9 . "I'd like to sleep over the next ten years, and wake up to find myself a young man with a splendid ^[3] education ^[4] and plenty of money."



10 . "Humph! I am not sleepy—a night at a time is enough for me. I mean to work the next ten years. You see there are things that you've got to work out—you can't sleep them out."

11 . "I hate work," said Charlie, "that is, such work as sawing and splitting wood, and doing chores ^[5] . I'd like to do some big work, like being a clerk in a bank or something of that sort."

12 . "Wood has to be sawed and split before it can be burned," said Rob. "I don't know but I'll be a clerk in a bank some time; I'm working towards it. I'm keeping father's accounts for him."

13 . How Charlie laughed! "I should think that was a long way from being a bank clerk. I suppose your father sells two tables and six chairs, some days, doesn't he?"

14 . "Sometimes more than that, and sometimes not so much,"

said Rob, in perfect good humor.

15. "I didn't say I was a bank clerk now. I said I was working towards it. Am I not nearer it by keeping a little bit of a book than I should be if I didn't keep any book at all?"

16. "Not a whit—such things happen," said Charlie, as he started to go.

17. Now, which of these boys, do you think, grew up to be a rich and useful man, and which of them joined a party of tramps before he was thirty years old?

【中文阅读】

1. “难道你不讨厌劈柴吗？”查理一边说，一边坐在一根木头上，正在劈柴的罗伯不得不停下了手中的活儿。

2. “不会呀，我很喜欢劈柴。当我拿起一根难劈的木头时，我会说，‘瞧着吧，现在你认为自己比我强壮，想要打击我，是吗？可是我马上就会把你劈成细小的木柴的。’”

3. “哼！”查理笑着说，“它只不过是一根木头而已。”

4. “是的，但是你看，我把它当成一个难题，或者一份棘手的工作，这样就可以很容易战胜它了。”

5. “我不想战胜这样的东西，我也不关心它们会成为什么样子。我只希望自己能成为一个顶天立地的男子汉，成为一个大富翁。”

6. “好吧，查理，如果你活着，自然会成为一个男子汉，这是毋庸置疑的。至于富翁嘛，我也想成为一位富翁。”

7. “你也想。你打算怎么赚钱呀？就靠劈木头吗？”

8. “也许吧——劈柴可以赚到一部分钱，只要能够坚持下去，这也是一条不错的路。你知道吗，我并不在乎能够变得多么富有，但无论如何一定要通过诚实而有用的途径来获得财富。”

9. “我倒希望能美美地睡上十年，醒来后发现自己已经成了一个既有学识又有财富的年轻人。”

10. “哼！我才不会这样睡过去的——一次睡一宿，对我来说就足够了。我打算工作十年。你看，很多事情是靠努力工作来完成的，可不是睡觉睡出来的。”

11. “我讨厌工作，”查理说，“我讨厌砍柴、劈木头、做家务等。我想干一番大事业，例如在一家银行做职员，或者类似的工作。”

12. “木头只有被锯掉、被劈碎，才能用来燃烧呀，”罗伯说，“虽然我不知道具体什么时候，但我将来一定能成为一名银行职员，我一直在朝着这个目标努力。我一直在帮爸爸记账呢。”

13. 查理大笑了起来：“我觉得这离当一个银行职员还远着呢，

我估计，你父亲这几天也就卖掉了两张桌子、六把椅子，不是吗？”

14. “有时卖的会更多些，有时卖的还没这么多呢。”罗伯也不失幽默地自嘲道。

15. “我并没有说自己现在已经是一个银行职员了，我是说自己正朝着这个目标努力。平常记录些小账，难道不比什么也不做更接近成为银行职员的目标吗？”

16. “像这样的小事毫无意义。”查理说着便起身离开了。

17. 现在，你来想想，这两个男孩中，谁将来长大后会成为富翁，成为一个有用之才，谁又会不到三十岁就流浪街头？

注释

[1] Hinder, interrupt, prevent from working.

[2] Conquer, overcome, master.

[3] Splendid, very fine, complete.

[4] Education, acquired knowledge.

[5] Chores, the light work about a house or yard.

LESSON 41

RAY AND HIS KITE

芮和他的风筝

1 . Ray was thought to be an odd boy. You will think him so, too, when you have read this story.

2 . Ray liked well enough to play with the boys at school; yet he liked better to be alone under the shade of some tree, reading a fairy tale or dreaming daydreams [1] . But there was one sport that he liked as well as his companions [2] ; that was kiteflying.

3 . One day when he was flying his kite, he said to himself, "I wonder if anybody ever tried to fly a kite at night. It seems to me it would be nice. But then, if it were very dark, the kite could not be seen. What if I should fasten a light to it, though? That would make it show. I'll try it this very night."

4 . As soon as it was dark, without saying a word to anybody, he took his kite and lantern, and went to a large, open lot, about a quarter of a mile from his home. "Well," thought he, "this is queer. How lonely and still it seems without any other boys around! But I am going to fly my kite, anyway."

5 . So he tied the lantern, which was made of tin punched full of small holes, to the tail of his kite. Then he pitched the kite, and, after several attempts [3] , succeeded in making it rise. Up it went, higher and higher, as Ray let out the string. When the string was all unwound, he tied it to a fence; and then he stood and gazed at his kite as it floated high up in the air.

6 . While Ray was enjoying his sport, some people who were out on the street in the village, saw a strange light in the sky. They gathered in groups [4] to watch it. Now it was still for a few seconds, then it seemed to be jumping up and down; then it made long sweeps [5] back and forth through the air.



7 . "What can it be?" said one person. "How strange!" said another. "It can not be a comet ^[6] ; for comets have tails," said a third. "Perhaps it's a big firefly," said another.

8 . At last some of the men determined ^[7] to find out what this strange light was—whether it was a hobgoblin ^[8] dancing in the air, or something dropped from the sky. So off they started to get as near it as they could.

9 . While this was taking place, Ray, who had got tired of standing, was seated in a fence corner, behind a tree. He could see the men as they approached; but they did not see him.

10 . When they were directly under the light, and saw what it was, they looked at each other, laughing, and said, "This is some boy's trick; and it has fooled us nicely. Let us keep the secret, and have our share of the joke."

11 . Then they laughed again, and went back to the village; and some of the simple people there have not yet found out what

that strange light was.

12. When the men had gone, Ray thought it was time for him to go; so he wound up his string, picked up his kite and lantern, and went home. His mother had been wondering what had become of him.

13. When she heard what he had been doing, she hardly knew whether to laugh or scold; but I think she laughed, and told him that it was time for him to go to bed.

【中文阅读】

1. 芮一度被公认为是个古怪的小男孩。当你读完这个故事后，你也会这么认为的。

2. 在学校里，芮喜欢和其他的男孩子一起玩耍。但是，他更喜欢独自坐在树荫下，看童话故事或者做白日梦。不过，有一项体育活动让他和其他的小朋友一样着迷，那就是放风筝。

3. 有一天，当他正在放风筝时，他自言自语地说：“我想知道，有没有人曾经在晚上放过风筝。对我来说，这样做应该很有趣。但是，如果天特别黑的话，就看不到风筝了。如果我在风筝上绑一盏灯，又会怎样呢？这样就能让人看到它了。我想在今天晚上试一试。”

4. 等天一黑，他没有告诉任何人，独自拿着风筝和灯笼来到了一片开阔的空地上，那里离他家大约只有四分之一英里远。他心里想：“好吧，这样做的确有点奇怪。周围没有其他小朋友，是多么的孤单和寂寞呀！但是，无论如何，我一定要放飞我的风筝。”

5. 于是，他把一个满是孔的锡制灯笼系在风筝的尾巴上。接着，他抛出了风筝，经过几次尝试，他终于成功地将风筝升上了天空。芮松开了绳线，风筝便不断地上升，越来越高。当所有的绳线都被松开后，他把风筝线的终端绑在一根栅栏上，然后站在那里盯着自己的风筝看，而那风筝就在空中高高地飘着。

6. 就在芮正沉浸于自己的游戏时，村子里一些在街上行走的人发现了空中奇怪的灯光。他们聚集在一起，抬头望向天空。刚刚还在静止不动的风筝，一会儿上下乱窜，一会儿又开始前前后后地飘忽不定。

7. “那是什么东西呀？”其中一个人问道。“多么奇怪呀！”另一个人说。“它应该不是颗彗星，因为彗星都拖着长长的尾巴，”第三个人说。“或许，它只是一只大萤火虫。”另一个人猜道。

8. 最后，其中几个人决定去探个究竟，看看这个灯光到底是什么——是在空中乱舞的妖怪呢，还是从天上掉下来的什么东西。于是，他们开始尽可能地靠近那个灯光。

9. 就在人们兴致勃勃地探索真相时，一直站在那里的芮感到有些疲惫，便在栅栏旁的一棵大树后面坐了下来。他能看到一些人正在慢慢走近，但那些人却看不到他。

10. 当人们走到灯光下，看清楚它的真正面目后，互相看看，笑了起来。有人说：“这不过是哪个孩子的恶作剧，我们都被骗了。大家都保守这个秘密，就当是我们之间的笑话吧。”

11. 然后，他们又笑了起来，纷纷返回了村子里。还有一些头脑简单的人却一直不知道那个奇怪的光到底是什么东西。

12. 人们离开后，芮也觉得是时候回家了。于是他收起了风筝线，捡起风筝和灯笼回家了。妈妈正在纳闷，他究竟去干什么了呢。

13. 当她听完芮的描述，都不知道应该是笑还是应该责备他了。但是，我觉得她肯定笑了，而且还会告诉芮睡觉的时间到了。

注释

[1] Daydreams, vain fancies.

[2] Companions, playmates. friends.

[3] Attempts, trials, efforts.

[4] Groups, several together, small assemblages.

[5] Sweeps, rapid movements in the line of a curve.

[6] Comet, a brilliant heavenly body with a long, fiery tail.

[7] Determined, concluded, resolved.

[8] Hobgoblin, an ugly fairy or imp.

LESSON 42

BEWARE OF THE FIRST DRINK

谨防第一次饮酒

1 . "Uncle Philip, as the day is fine, will you take a walk with us this morning?"

2 . "Yes, boys. Let me get my hat and cane, and we will take a ramble. I will tell you a story as we go. Do you know poor old Tom Smith?"

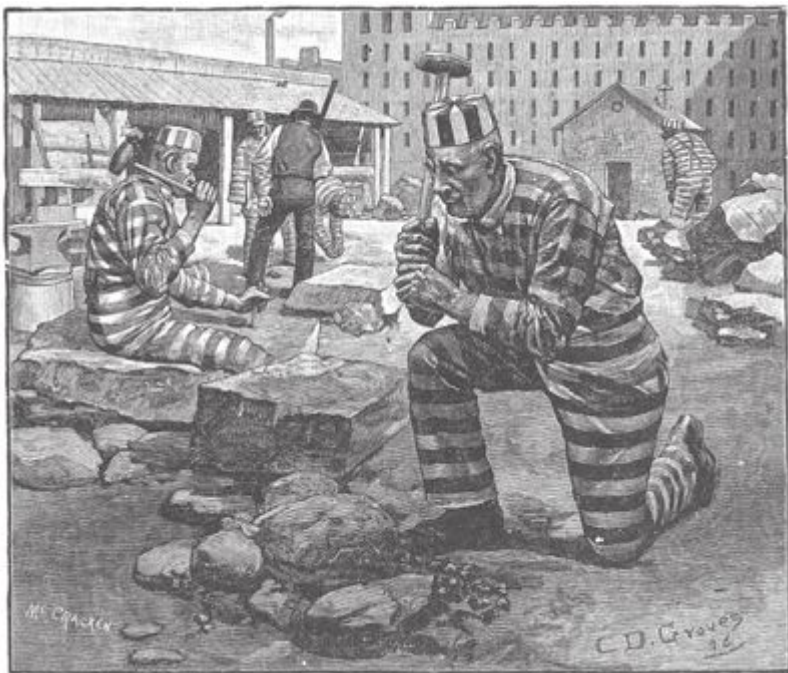
3 . "Know him! Why, Uncle Philip, everybody knows him. He is such a shocking drunkard, and swears so horribly ^[1] ."

4 . "Well, I have known him ever since we were boys together. There was not a more decent ^[2] , well-behaved boy among us. After he left school, his father died, and he was put into a store in the city. There, he fell into bad company."

5 . "Instead of spending his evenings in reading, he would go to the theater and to balls. He soon learned to play cards, and of course to play for money. He lost more than he could pay."

6 . "He wrote to his poor mother, and told her his losses. She sent him money to pay his debts, and told him to come home."

7 . "He did come home. After all, he might still have been useful and happy, for his friends were willing to forgive the past. For a time, things went on well. He married a lovely woman, gave up his bad habits, and was doing well."



8 . "But one thing, boys, ruined him forever. In the city, he had learned to take strong drink, and he said to me once, that when a man begins to drink, he never knows where it will end. 'Therefore,' said Tom, 'beware of the first drink!'"

9 . "It was not long before he began to follow his old habit. He knew the danger, but it seemed as if he could not resist ^[3] his desire to drink. His poor mother soon died of grief and shame. His lovely wife followed her to the grave."

10 . "He lost the respect of all, went on from bad to worse, and has long been a perfect sot ^[4] . Last night, I had a letter from the city, stating that Tom Smith had been found guilty ^[5] of stealing, and sent to the state prison for ten years."

11 . "There I suppose he will die, for he is now old. It is dreadful to think to what an end he has come. I could not but think, as I read the letter, of what he said to me years ago, 'Beware of the first drink!'"

12 . "Ah, my dear boys, when old Uncle Philip is gone, remember that he told you the story of Tom Smith, and said to you, 'Beware of the first drink!' The man who does this will never be a drunkard."

【中文阅读】

1. “菲利普叔叔，今天天气这么好，上午咱们一起去散步吧？”

2. “好的，孩子们。我去拿帽子和手杖，咱们四处逛逛，在路上我会给你们讲一个故事。你们认识那个可怜的老汉汤姆·史密斯吧？”

3. “认识他！他怎么了，菲利普叔叔，所有人都认识他呀。他是一个令人厌恶的酒鬼，而且整天还骂骂咧咧的。”

4. “是啊，我们从小就认识了。我们那群孩子中，没有一个比他更乖巧听话的了。毕业后，他的父亲去世了，他被安排到市里的一家商店里工作，在那里，他遇到了不好的伙伴。”

5. “他并没有利用晚上业余的时间来读书，反而去逛剧院、打球。很快，他就学会玩扑克牌了，当然是赌钱的那种。不久他就入不敷出了。”

6. “他给他那可怜的妈妈写信，告诉她自己输了钱，妈妈寄来钱让他还了债，还告诉他尽快回家去。”

7. “他确实回了家。毕竟，朋友们都愿意原谅他过去的行为，他或许依然可以成为有用之才，过上幸福的生活。有一段时间，事情进展得很顺利。他娶了一个可爱的女人做妻子，也戒掉了自己的恶习，各方面都做得很好。”

8. “孩子们，但是有一件事却毁了他的一生。在城市里，他学会了喝烈酒，他曾经对我说过，一个男人一旦开始酗酒，就永无终结了。汤姆说过‘因此，千万要谨慎对待自己的第一次饮酒！’”

9. “就在前不久，他的老毛病又犯了。他自己也知道这样很危险，但是似乎无法抵御酒瘾。他那可怜的妈妈很快就因过度悲痛和羞愧而过世了。他的爱妻不久也追随母亲离开了人世。”

10. “所有人都不再尊重他，情况越来越糟糕，最后他成了一个不折不扣的酒鬼。昨天晚上，我收到市里寄来的一封信，提到汤姆·史密斯因盗窃罪被送进州监狱服役十年。”

11. “我猜他的余生都将会在监狱中度过，因为他现在已经老了。一想到他的结局，我就非常悲痛。当我读到这封信时，禁不住想起几年前他对我说的话，‘要当心第一次饮酒！’”

12. “啊，我亲爱的孩子们，菲利普叔叔过世后，你们要记得他曾经给你们讲述过的汤姆·史密斯的故事，并且还对你们说过，‘要当心第一次饮酒！’能做到这一点，永远不会成为一个醉鬼。”

注释

[1] Horribly, in a dreadful manner, terribly.

[2] Decent, modest, respectable.

[3] Resist, withstand, overcome.

[4] Sot, an habitual drunkard.

[5] Guilty, justly chargeable with a crime.

LESSON 43

SPEAK GENTLY

轻声细语

1 . Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar ^[1]
The good we might do here.

2 . Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents ^[2] soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

3 . Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the careworn heart:
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

4 . Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure ^[3] ,
Without an unkind word.

5 . Speak gently to the erring ^[4] ; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perhaps unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

6 . Speak gently: 't is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity ^[5] shall tell.

【中文阅读】

1. 请轻声说话，
爱的力量远胜于恐惧的威慑；
请轻声说话，
勿让刺耳之语玷污了美德。

2. 请对小朋友轻声说话，
你将获得他们的爱；
教导的语调宜温柔文雅，
否则爱就不会长存。

3. 请对长者轻声说话，
饱经忧患的心不应再感悲伤；
生命的沙漏即将停下，
请让他们平静离场。

4. 请对穷苦之人轻声和蔼说话，
不让他们听到严苛的音调；
即使没有无情的话语，
他们忍受的苦难也已够多。

5. 请向做错事的人轻声说话，
要知道他们必定经历过徒劳的挣扎；
也许就是无情的对待让他们犯下错误，
噢，让他们迷途知返吧。

6. 请轻声说话，
这微不足道却能深入人心，
它可能激发美德，创造欢乐，
直到永恒不竭不尽。

(乔治·华盛顿·兰福德)

注释

- [1] Mar, injure, hurt.
- [2] Accents, language, tones.
- [3] Endure, bear, suffer.
- [4] Erring, sinning.

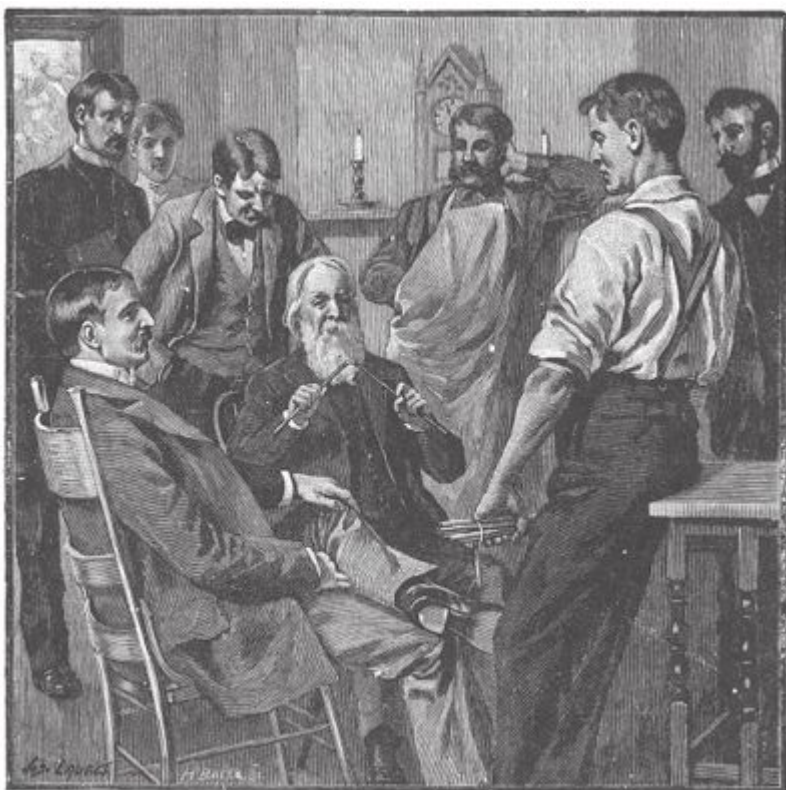
[5] Eternity, the endless hereafter, the future.

LESSON 44

THE SEVEN STICKS

七根棍子

1 . A man had seven sons, who were always quarreling. They left their studies and work, to quarrel among themselves. Some bad men were looking forward to the death of their father, to cheat ^[1] them out of their property ^[2] by making them quarrel about it.



2 . The good old man, one day, called his sons around him. He laid before them seven sticks, which were bound together. He said, "I will pay a hundred dollars to the one who can break this bundle [3]."

3 . Each one strained every nerve [4] to break the bundle. After a long but vain trial, they all said that it could not be done.

4 . "And yet, my boys," said the father, "nothing is easier to do." He then untied the bundle, and broke the sticks, one by one, with perfect ease.

5 . "Ah!" said his sons, "it is easy enough to do it so; anybody could do it in that way."

6 . Their father replied, "As it is with these sticks, so is it with you, my sons. So long as you hold fast together and aid each other, you will prosper [5], and none can injure you."

7 . "But if the bond of union [6] be broken, it will happen to you just as it has to these sticks, which lie here broken on the ground."

Home, city, country, all are prosperous found,
When by the powerful link of union bound.

【中文阅读】

1 . 从前有一个人，他有七个儿子，这七个孩子天天吵架。他们不顾学习和工作，整日相互没完没了地吵架。有些坏人天天盼着他们的父亲过世，进而挑拨他们争夺家产，到时候好趁机骗取他们的财产。

2 . 有一天，这位善良的老人把儿子们都召集到身边，把绑在一起的七根棍子放在他们面前，说：“谁能把这一捆棍子折断，我就奖励他一百美元。”

3 . 每个儿子都使出了浑身力气想折断棍子，但花了很长时间仍徒劳无功。他们都说，这些棍子根本不可能折断。

4 . “其实不然，我的孩子们，”父亲说道，“没有比这更容易做到的事情了。”说完他解开了绳子，毫不费劲地就把那七根棍子一根一根地折断了。

5 . “啊！”儿子们纷纷说道，“这么做太容易了。用这种方式，谁都能把棍子折断。”

6 . 他们的父亲回答道：“我的孩子们，你们七兄弟就像这七根棍子。只要你们紧密地团结在一起，互相帮助，你们就会取得成功，没有人可以伤害你们。”

7 . “但是，一旦破坏了这种团结，你们的命运就会像这地上散落的棍子一样，被折断。”

家庭、城市、国家，无不都是各个部分强有力地连接而成的联合体，唯有团结一致，才能兴旺发展。

注释

- [1] Cheat, deceive, wrong.
- [2] Property, that which one owns—whether land, goods, or money.
- [3] Bundle, a number of things bound together.
- [4] Nerve, sinew, muscle.
- [5] Prosper, succeed, do well.
- [6] Union, the state of being joined or united.

LESSON 45

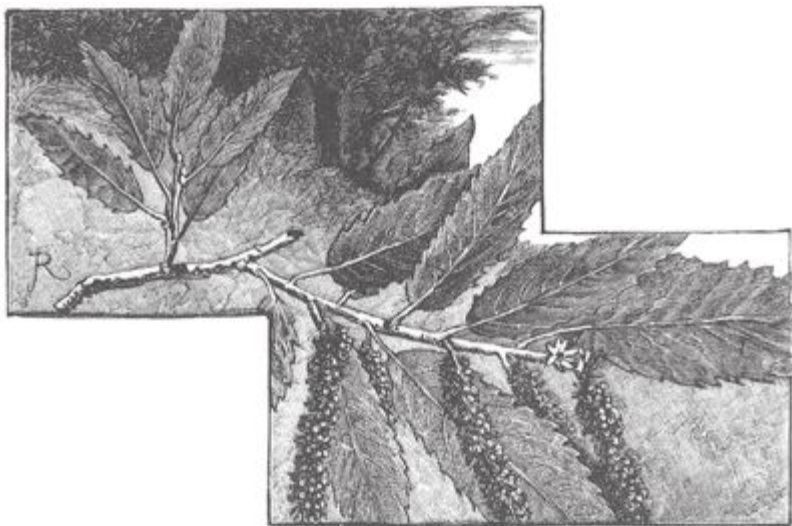
THE MOUNTAIN SISTER

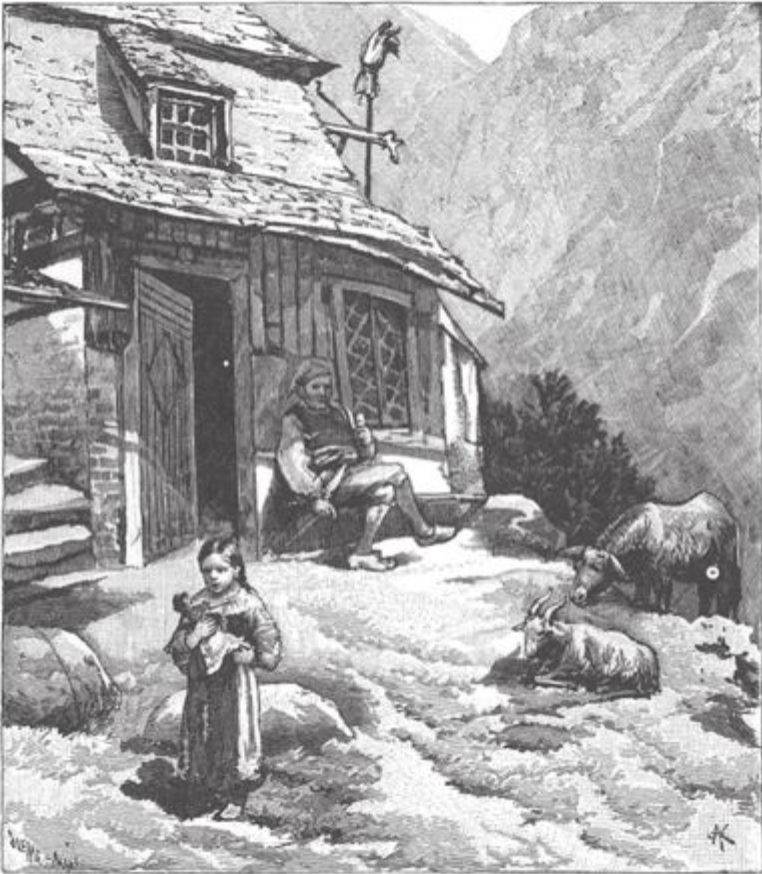
山妹子

1 . The home of little Jeannette is far away, high up among the mountains. Let us call her our mountain sister.

2 . There are many things you would like to hear about her, but I can only tell you now how she goes with her father and brother, in the autumn, to help gather nuts for the long winter.

3 . A little way down the mountain side is a chestnut ^[1] wood. Did you ever see a chestnut tree? In the spring its branches are covered with bunches of creamy flowers, like long tassels ^[2] . All the hot summer these are turning into sweet nuts, wrapped ^[3] safely in large, prickly ^[4] , green balls.





4 . But when the frost of autumn comes, these prickly balls turn brown, and crack open. Then you may see inside one, two, three, and even four, sweet, brown nuts.

5 . When her father says, one night at supper time, "I think there will be a frost tonight," Jeannette knows very well what to do. She dances away early in the evening to her little bed, made in a box built up against the wall.

6 . Soon she falls asleep to dream about the chestnut wood, and the little brook that springs from rock to rock down under the tall, dark trees. She wakes with the first daylight, and is out of bed in a minute, when she hears her father's cheerful call, "Come, children; it is time to be off."

7 . Their dinner is ready in a large basket. The donkey stands before the door with great bags for the nuts hanging at each side.

They go merrily over the crisp ^[5], white frost to the chestnut trees. How the frost has opened the burs ^[6]! It has done half their work for them already.

8. How they laugh and sing, and shout to each other as they fill their baskets! The sun looks down through the yellow leaves; the rocks give them mossy seats; the birds and squirrels wonder what these strange people are doing in their woods.

9. Jeannette really helps, though she is only a little girl; and her father says at night, that his Jane is a dear, good child. This makes her very happy. She thinks about it at night, when she says her prayers. Then she goes to sleep to dream of the merry autumn days.

10. Such is our little mountain sister, and here is a picture of her far-away home. The mountain life is ever a fresh and happy one.

【中文阅读】

1. 小珍妮特的家很远，在高耸的大山里，我们就叫她山妹子吧！

2. 关于她的许多故事你一定都很想听，可是现在我只告诉你，她在秋天里帮父亲和哥哥采摘坚果，储备过冬食物的情形。

3. 顺着山坡向下走一点点路，有一片栗子林。你见过栗子树吗？春天里，栗子树的枝干上开满了一簇簇奶油般的花朵，就像是长长的流苏。夏天，这些花儿会变成甜美的板栗，完好无损地被多刺的绿色大球球包裹着。

4. 秋季霜天过后，这些带刺的球球变成褐色，爆裂开来，这时你会看见里面有一个、两个、三个，甚至四个褐色的甜栗子。

5. 一天的晚饭时分，珍妮特的父亲说：“我觉得今天晚上会下霜。”珍妮特非常清楚接下来要做什么。当天晚上，她早早地就一蹦一跳地上床睡觉，她的小床就在靠墙的一个大箱子里。

6. 很快她就进入了梦乡，梦见了那片栗子林，还有在高大浓密的栗子树下那石头间奔腾的小溪。第一缕晨光刚刚升起，她就醒了。当听到父亲兴高采烈地呼喊：“来吧，孩子们，该出发了。”她便一股脑儿从床上爬了起来。

7. 他们的午餐已经备好，装在一个大篮子里。驴子已经候在门外，两侧驮着用来装栗子的大袋子。他们满怀喜悦地踏过易脆的白霜，向栗子林进发。秋霜已经打开了那么多刺果！已经帮他们干了一半的活儿。

8. 他们又笑又唱，一边互相喊话，一边把栗子往袋子里装，多

么快乐啊！太阳透过金黄的叶子俯视着他们；岩石为他们准备好了铺满青苔的座位；小鸟和松鼠好奇地看着他们，嘀咕着这些奇怪的人到底在它们的树林里做什么。

9. 虽然珍妮特只是一个小姑娘，但却是个好帮手。晚上她的父亲说，小珍妮特是个惹人疼爱的乖孩子，这让她非常高兴。晚上祈祷的时候，她想到了这些，然后上床睡觉，做起了愉快的秋天之梦。

10. 这就是我们的山妹子，这就是她那遥远的家的一个画面。山里人的生活永远是充满生机，快乐幸福的。

注释

- [1] Chestnut, a tree valuable for its timber and its fruit.
- [2] Tassels, hanging ornaments, such as are used on curtains.
- [3] Wrapped, completely covered up, inclosed.
- [4] Prickly, covered with sharp points.
- [5] Crisp, brittle, sparkling.
- [6] Burs, the rough coverings of seeds or nuts.

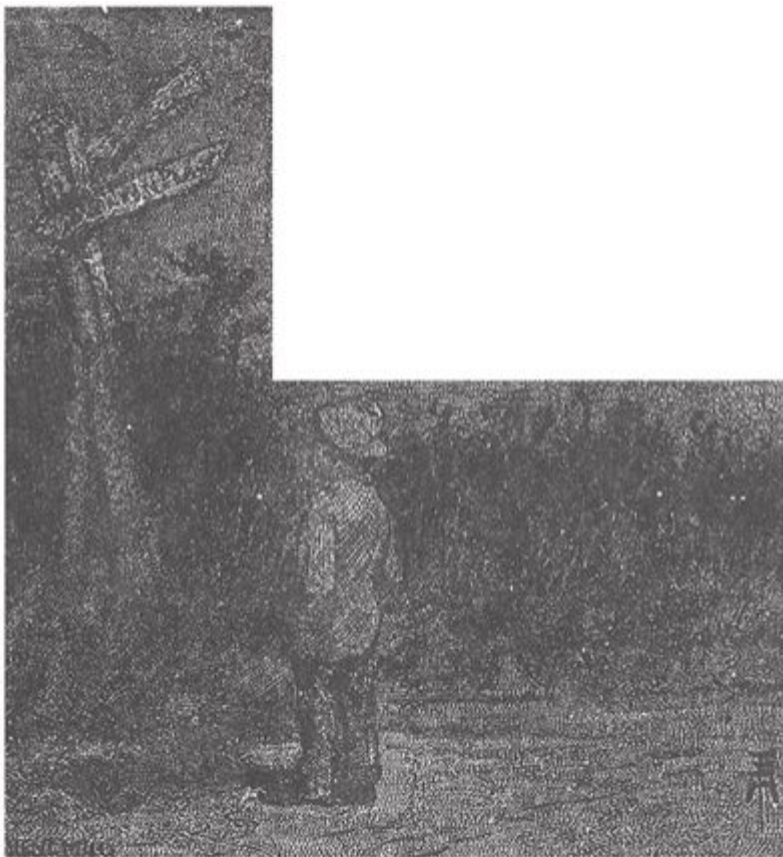
LESSON 46

HARRY AND THE GUIDEPOST



哈里和路牌

1 . The night was dark, the sun was hid
Beneath the mountain gray,
And not a single star appeared
To shoot a silver ray.



2 . Across the heath ^[1] the owlet flew,
And screamed along the blast;
And onward, with a quickened step,
Benighted ^[2] Harry passed.

3 . Now, in thickest darkness plunged,
He groped ^[3] his way to find;
And now, he thought he saw beyond,
A form of horrid ^[4] kind.

4 . In deadly white it upward rose,
Of cloak and mantle bare,
And held its naked arms across,
To catch him by the hair.

5 . Poor Harry felt his blood run cold,
At what before him stood;
But then, thought he, no harm, I'm sure,
Can happen to the good.

6 . So, calling all his courage up,
He to the monster ^[5] went;
And eager through the dismal ^[6] gloom
His piercing ^[7] eyes he bent.

7 . And when he came well nigh the ghost ^[8]
That gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands upon his side,
And loudly laughed outright.

8 . For 't was a friendly guidepost ^[9] stood,
His wandering steps to guide;
And thus he found that to the good,
No evil could betide ^[10] .

9 . Ah well, thought he, one thing I've learned,
Nor shall I soon forget;
Whatever frightens me again,
I'll march straight up to it.

10 . And when I hear an idle ^[11] tale,
Of monster or of ghost,
I'll tell of this, my lonely walk,
And one tall, white guidepost.

【中文阅读】

1 . 夜色已深，
太阳隐藏在灰暗的山后；
四周一片漆黑，
不见一丝银色的星光。

2 . 猫头鹰飞过荒野，
一阵尖叫掠过；
哈里加快脚步向前赶路，

身后已被浓浓夜色包围。

3．此刻，陷入最深沉的黑暗，
他摸索着向前行进；
就在那时，他觉得自己看见，
远处有一个可怕的怪物。

4．死寂般苍白的怪物向上立起，
没穿披风，也没戴斗篷；
交叉着赤裸的双臂，
似乎要抓住哈里的头发。

5．怪物就在前方，
可怜的哈里感到毛骨悚然；
他转念一想，我相信，
好人一生平安。

6．他鼓起全部勇气，
迎面走向怪物；
他那专注的双眼似乎要洞穿一切，
渴望穿过这阴沉的黑暗。

7．当那个令他恐惧的幽灵
怪物近在咫尺，
他不禁扬起手拍在它身上，
失声大笑起来。

8．面前立着的是友善的路牌，
为指引他流浪的脚步；
这更让他彻底明白，
好人终有好报。

9．啊，好吧，他想，我又明白了一个道理，
我将牢牢记住；
无论遇到何事让我恐慌，
我都将踏步向前，勇敢面对。

10．当我听到无中生有的故事，
说有幽灵或鬼怪，
我会讲述这次寂寞夜路的经历，

还有那高高的白色路牌。

注释

- [1] Heath, a place overgrown with shrubs.
- [2] Benighted, overtaken by the night.
- [3] Groped, felt his way in the dark.
- [4] Horrid, hideous, frightful.
- [5] Monster, a thing of unnatural size and shape.
- [6] Dismal, dark, cheerless.
- [7] Piercing, sharp, penetrating.
- [8] Ghost, a frightful object in white, an apparition.
- [9] Guidepost, a post and sign set up at the forks of a road to directed

travelers.

- [10] Betide, befall, happen.
- [11] Idle, of no account, foolish.

LESSON 47

THE MONEY AMY DIDN'T EARN

艾米没有赚到的钱

1 . Amy was a dear little girl, but she was too apt to waste time in getting ready to do her tasks ^[1] , instead of doing them at once as she ought.

2 . In the village in which she lived, Mr. Thornton kept a store where he sold fruit of all kinds, including berries in their season ^[2] . One day he said to Amy, whose parents were quite poor, "Would you like to earn some money? "

3 . "Oh, yes," replied she, "for I want some new shoes, and papa has no money to buy them with."

4 . "Well, Amy," said Mr. Thornton, "I noticed some fine, ripe blackberries in Mr. Green's pasture today, and he said that anybody was welcome to them. I will pay you thirteen cents a quart ^[3] for all you will pick for me."

5 . Amy was delighted at the thought of earning some money; so she ran home to get a basket, intending to go immediately to pick the berries.

6 . Then she thought she would like to know how much money she would get if she picked five quarts. With the help of her slate and pencil, she found out that she would get sixty-five cents.

7 . "But supposing I should pick a dozen quarts," thought she, "how much should I earn then?" "Dear me," she said, after figuring ^[4] a while, "I should earn a dollar and fifty-six cents."



8 . Amy then found out what Mr. Thornton would pay her for fifty, a hundred, and two hundred quarts. It took her some time to do this, and then it was so near dinner time that she had to stay at home until afternoon.

9 . As soon as dinner was over, she took her basket and hurried ^[5] to the pasture. Some boys had been there before dinner, and all the ripe berries were picked. She could not find enough to fill a quart measure ^[6] .

10 . As Amy went home, she thought of what her teacher had

often told her—"Do your task at once; then think about it," for "one doer is worth a hundred dreamers."

【中文阅读】

1. 艾米是一个可爱的小姑娘，可是她太容易把时间浪费在准备做事的过程中，而不是在应该做的时候就马上去做。

2. 在她住的村子里，桑顿先生经营着一家商店，店里出售各种各样的水果，包括正值当季的浆果。有一天他对父母穷困的艾米说：“你想不想赚点钱？”

3. “噢，当然想，”她回答说，“因为我想买双新鞋子，可是爸爸没有钱给我买。”

4. “那好，艾米，”桑顿先生说，“今天我看到格林先生的牧场上有一些成熟了的漂亮黑莓，他说欢迎大家去采摘。你去帮我摘些回来，每一夸脱我将付给你十三美分。”

5. 想到可以赚钱，艾米非常高兴。于是她跑回家去取篮子，打算立即就去采摘黑莓。

6. 就在那时，她想知道如果她采摘到五夸脱黑莓的话，将会赚到多少钱。用铅笔在石板上算了一阵儿，她算出她将会得到六十五美分。

7. “可要是我能摘到十二夸脱呢，”她又想，“那我又该赚到多少钱呢？”“哎呀，”算了一会儿以后，她说，“我将会赚到一美元五十六美分。”

8. 接着艾米又算出了如果她采摘到五十夸脱、一百夸脱甚至两百夸脱黑莓的话，桑顿先生分别该付给她多少钱。这浪费了她不少时间，这时已经快到午饭时间了，所以她不得不留在家里，等到下午再动身。

9. 吃完午饭，艾米拿起篮子，匆匆忙忙向牧场赶去。有些男孩子在午饭前就已经到那里了，所有成熟了的黑莓都被摘走了。她只找到了不足一夸脱的黑莓。

10. 在回家的路上，艾米想起了老师经常对她说的话——“立刻去做应该做的事，然后再去思考。”因为，“一个实干家抵得上一百个梦想家。”

注释

- [1] Tasks, work which one has to do.
- [2] Season, proper time of the year.
- [3] Quart, the fourth part of a gallon.
- [4] Figuring, computing, calculating.
- [5] Hurried, went rapidly.

[6] Measure, vessel.

LESSON 48

WHO MADE THE STARS?

星星是谁造的

1 . "Mother, who made the stars, which light
The beautiful blue sky?
Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up so high?"

2 . "'T was God, my child, the Glorious ^[1] One,
He formed them by his power;
He made alike the brilliant sun,
And every leaf and flower."

3 . "He made your little feet to walk;
Your sparkling eyes to see;
Your busy, prattling ^[2] tongue to talk,
And limbs so light and free."

4 . "He paints each fragrant flower that blows ^[3] ,
With loveliness and bloom;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume ^[4] ."

5 . "Our various ^[5] wants his hands supply;
He guides us every hour;
We're kept beneath his watchful eye,
And guarded by his power."

6 . "Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage ^[6] pay
To that kind Friend, who, from above,
Thus guides you every day."

7. "In all the changing scenes ^[7] of time,
On Him our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime ^[8] ,
Our Father and our Friend."

【中文阅读】

1. “妈妈，星星是谁造的，
它点亮了美丽的蓝色夜空？
月亮是谁造的？如此清澈，如此明亮，
高高地挂在天上。”

2. “是上帝，我的孩子，荣耀的主，
他用神力创造了星星和月亮；
同样是他，创造了灿烂的太阳，
以及所有的花草树木。”

3. “他为你造了小脚丫走天下，
给你明亮的眼睛看世界；
给你灵活的舌头让你咿呀学语，
给你灵便自由的四肢。”

4. “他画出每一朵芳香的花，
花朵娇美绽放；
他赋予紫罗兰和玫瑰花
独有的美丽和芬芳。”

5. “他的双手满足我们的种种需求；
他时时刻刻引导我们前行；
我们永远处在他的关注之下，
由他的全能庇护得安宁。”

6. “我亲爱的宝贝，让你小小的心灵，
用它那满怀的敬意，
朝向那来自天上的仁慈的朋友，
让你每天跟从他的引领。”

7. “在每个时光变幻的舞台，
他都是我们希望的源头；

无论何地，无论何时，
都是我们的天父，我们的朋友。”

注释

- [1] Glorious, excellent, exalted.
- [2] Prattling, talking lightly like a child.
- [3] Blows, blossoms.
- [4] Perfume, delightful odor.
- [5] Various, many and different.
- [6] Homage, respect.
- [7] Scenes, events.
- [8] Clime, climate, region.

LESSON 49

DEEDS OF KINDNESS

善举



1 . One day, as two little boys were walking along the road, they overtook a woman carrying a large basket of apples.

2 . The boys thought the woman looked very pale and tired; so they said, "Are you going to town? If you are, we will carry your basket."

3 . "Thank you," replied the woman, "you are very kind: you see I am weak and ill." Then she told them that she was a widow [\[1\]](#) ,

and had a lame son to support.

4 . She lived in a cottage three miles away, and was now going to market to sell the apples which grew on the only tree in her little garden. She wanted the money to pay her rent.

5 . "We are going the same way you are," said the boys. "Let us have the basket;" and they took hold of it, one on each side, and trudged ^[2] along with merry hearts.

6 . The poor widow looked glad, and said that she hoped their mother would not be angry with them. "Oh, no," they replied; "our mother has taught us to be kind to everybody, and to be useful in any way that we can."

7 . She then offered to give them a few of the ripest apples for their trouble. "No, thank you," said they; "we do not want any pay for what we have done."

8 . When the widow got home, she told her lame son what had happened on the road, and they were both made happier that day by the kindness of the two boys.

9 . The other day, I saw a little girl stop and pick up a piece of orange peel, which she threw into the gutter ^[3] . "I wish the boys would not throw orange peel on the sidewalk," said she. "Some one may tread ^[4] upon it, and fall."

10 . "That is right, my dear," I said. "It is a little thing for you to do what you have done, but it shows that you have a thoughtful mind and a feeling heart."

11 . Perhaps some may say that these are little things. So they are; but we must not wait for occasions ^[5] to do great things. We must begin with little labors of love.

【中文阅读】

1 . 有一天，两个小男孩走在路上的时候，遇上了一个提着一大篮子苹果的妇人。

2 . 两个男孩觉得妇人看起来又虚弱又疲惫，于是上前问道：“您是要进城吗？如果是的话，我们来帮您提篮子吧。”

3 . “谢谢你们，”妇人回答，“你们真好，看我体弱生病而帮助我。”接着她告诉他们，她是个寡妇，还抚养着一个瘸腿的儿子。

4 . 她住在三英里外的一座小农舍里，现在是要到集市上，把从自家小花园里唯一的树上摘下来的苹果卖掉。她需要些钱交房租。

5 . “我们和您同路，”男孩们说，“让我们提着篮子吧。”然后他们把篮子接了过来，一人一边抬着走，虽然走起来费劲吃力，但心情

却很愉快。

6. 可怜的寡妇看上去非常高兴，说她希望他们的父母不会为此而生他们的气。“噢，不会的，”他们回答道，“妈妈教导我们要友善地对待所有人，并且尽力做有用之人。”

7. 接着妇人提出要给他们几个最红的苹果，作为麻烦他们的酬劳。“不，谢谢您，”他们说，“我们做这些事情不需要任何报酬。”

8. 寡妇回到家里以后，把路上发生的事情告诉了跛腿的儿子。那一天他们俩都因为两个男孩的善举而更加快乐。

9. 第二天，我看见一个小姑娘停下来，捡起一块橙皮，把它丢到了路边的沟里。“我希望那些男孩们不要把果皮扔在人行道上，”她说，“会有人踩到果皮，然后摔倒。”

10. “说得对，亲爱的，”我说，“你刚刚做的事情对你来说只是举手之劳，却体现出你是个体贴人而富有同情心的小姑娘。”

11. 也许有的人会说这些都是小事情。确实是小事情，然而我们不能干等着做大事的机会。我们应心怀爱意，从身边小事做起。

注释

- [1] Widow, a woman whose husband is dead.
- [2] Trudged, walked.
- [3] Gutter, the lower ground or channel along the side of a road.
- [4] Tread, step.
- [5] Occasions, chances, opportunities.

LESSON 50

THE ALARM CLOCK



闹钟

1 . A lady, who found it not easy to wake in the morning as early as she wished, bought an alarm ^[1] clock. These clocks are so made as to strike with a loud whirring ^[2] noise at any hour the owner pleases to set them.

2 . The lady placed her clock at the head of the bed, and at the right time she found herself roused ^[3] by the long, rattling ^[4] sound.

3 . She arose at once, and felt better all day for her early rising. This lasted for some weeks. The alarm clock faithfully ^[5] did its duty ^[6] , and was plainly heard so long as it was obeyed.

4 . But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising. When she was waked by the noise, she merely ^[7] turned over in bed, and slept again.

5 . In a few days, the clock ceased to rouse her from her sleep. It spoke just as loudly as ever; but she did not hear it, because she had been in the habit of not obeying it.

6 . Finding that she might as well be without it, she resolved that when she heard the sound she would jump up.

7 . Just so it is with conscience ^[8] . If we will obey its voice, even in the most trifling ^[9] things, we can always hear it, clear and strong.

8 . But if we allow ^[10] ourselves to do what we have some fears may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer power to wake us.

【中文阅读】

1 . 有一位女士，发现自己很难如愿在早上按时起床，于是她买了一个闹钟，这个闹钟可以在主人设定的任何时间发出响亮的声音。

2 . 女士把闹钟放在床头，她每天准时会被一阵长长的响亮的闹

铃声叫醒。

3. 她会马上起床，并且一整天都因为早起而感觉更好。这样的情况一直持续了几个星期。闹钟忠诚地尽职尽责，而且只要主人想按时起床，她一定会准时听到闹钟的声音。

4. 然而，过了一段时间以后，这位女士厌倦了早起。被闹钟声吵醒以后，她只是在床上翻个身，然后继续睡觉。

5. 几天以后，闹钟不能像以前一样，把她从睡梦中叫醒。闹钟声还是一如既往的响亮，但她听而不见，因为她已经习惯了不再听从闹钟的指令。

6. 她意识到这样还不如没有闹钟。于是，女士下定决心，一听到闹钟的声音，就从床上跳起来。

7. 良心也是一样。如果我们愿意听从它的声音，即使是最无关紧要的事情，我们也总是能听到它的呼声，清晰而强劲。

8. 然而，要是我们任由自己去做一些连我们自己都怀疑不是很正确的事情，我们就会变得越来越迟钝，直到良心的声音再也无力把我们唤醒。

注释

[1] Alarm, a sudden sound calculated to awaken persons from sleep.

[2] Whirring, buzzing.

[3] Roused, waked.

[4] Rattling, giving quick, sharp noises in rapid succession.

[5] Faithfully, in an exact and proper manner.

[6] Duty, the right conduct or action.

[7] Merely, simply.

[8] Conscience, that within us which tells what is right and what is wrong, reason.

[9] Trifling, of little importance or value.

[10] Allow, permit, suffer.

LESSON 51

SPRING

春

1 . The alder ^[1] by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

2 . The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 't is Spring.

3 . The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple ^[2]
A music clear and sweet.

4 . And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

5 . And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

6 . Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
Oh, happy little children!
God made them all for you.



【中文阅读】

1. 河岸边的桤木
抖出粉状的卷儿；
柳树萌发银色的嫩芽，
为了那些孩子们。

2. 小鸟从头顶飞过，
噢，歌声多么美妙！
它们是在告诉快乐的孩子们，
春天回来了。

3. 翠绿的小草蔓延开来，
踏上去如此柔软，
青蛙在水里荡起涟漪，
如乐音般清脆婉转。

4. 毛茛含苞待放
还有红色的耧斗菜，
在阳光普照的草地上，
蒲公英焕发光彩。

5. 他们稚嫩的小手能握住多少，
遍地的雏菊就有多少，
小家伙们可以尽情采摘，
黄白相间，多么美丽。

6. 这边暖红色的三叶草随风摇摆，
那边蓝色紫罗兰若隐若现，
噢，快乐的孩子们！
上帝是为了你们创造如此春光。

(西莉亚·萨克斯特)

注释

- [1] Alder, a tree which grows in moist land.
- [2] Ripple, to cause little waves of sound.

LESSON 52

TRUE COURAGE

真正的勇敢

One cold winter's day, three boys were passing by a schoolhouse. The oldest was a bad boy, always in trouble himself, and trying to get others into trouble. The youngest, whose name was George, was a very good boy.

George wished to do right, but was very much wanting in courage. The other boys were named Henry and James. As they walked along, they talked as follows:

Henry: What fun it would be to throw a snowball against the schoolroom door, and make the teacher and scholars ^[1] all jump!

James: You would jump, if you should. If the teacher did not catch you and whip you, he would tell your father, and you would get a whipping ^[2] then; and that would make you jump higher than the scholars, I think.

Henry: Why, we would get so far off, before the teacher could come to the door, that he could not tell who we are. Here is a snowball just as hard as ice, and George would as soon throw it against the door as not.

James: Give it to him, and see. He would not dare ^[3] to throw it.

Henry: Do you think George is a coward? You do not know him as well as I do. Here, George, take this snowball, and show James that you are not such a coward as he thinks you are.



George: I am not afraid to throw it; but I do not want to. I do not see that it will do any good, or that there will be any fun in it.

James: There! I told you he would not dare to throw it.

Henry: Why, George, are you turning coward? I thought you did not fear anything. Come, save your credit ^[4], and throw it. I know you are not afraid.

George: Well, I am not afraid to throw. Give me the snowball. I would as soon throw it as not.

Whack! went the snowball against the door; and the boys took to their heels. Henry was laughing as heartily ^[5] as he could, to think what a fool he had made of George.

George had a whipping for his folly, as he ought to have had. He was such a coward, that he was afraid of being called a coward. He did not dare refuse ^[6] to do as Henry told him, for fear that he would be laughed at.

If he had been really a brave boy, he would have said, "Henry, do you suppose that I am so foolish as to throw that snowball, just because you want to have me? You may throw your own snowballs, if you please!"

Henry would, perhaps, have laughed at him, and called him a coward.

But George would have said, "Do you think that I care for your laughing? I do not think it right to throw the snowball. I will not do that which I think to be wrong, if the whole town should join with you in laughing."

This would have been real courage. Henry would have seen, at once, that it would do no good to laugh at a boy who had so bold a heart. You must have this fearless ^[7] spirit, or you will get into trouble, and will be, and ought to be, disliked ^[8] by all.

【中文阅读】

一个寒冷的冬日，三个男孩路过一所学校。年纪最大的那个男孩是个坏孩子，总是惹麻烦，还试图把别人也扯进去。他们当中年纪最小的那个，名叫乔治，是个非常乖的男孩子。

乔治愿意做正确的事情，但是非常缺乏勇气。另外两个男孩，一个叫亨利，一个叫詹姆斯。他们边走边谈，内容是这样的：

亨利：要是扔一个雪球去砸教室的门，把老师和学生都吓得跳起来，那该有多好玩呀！

詹姆斯：你这么说的话，跳起来的那个人就是你！就算老师没有抓住你，用教鞭抽你，他也会告诉你爸爸，那样你也得挨一顿揍。我想，那会儿你比那些学生跳得更高吧。

亨利：什么呀，不等老师开门出来，我们早已经跑得很远了，他根本就认不出我们是谁。这儿有个像冰块一样硬的雪球，而且，乔治会很乐意把它砸到门上的。

詹姆斯：把雪球给他，看看怎么样。他才不敢扔呢。

亨利：你以为乔治是个胆小鬼吗？你没有我了解他。来，乔治，拿着这个雪球，让詹姆斯看看你并不是他所想的那样是个胆小鬼。

乔治：我不是不敢扔，而是不想这么做。我认为这么做没有任何益处，也看不出这有什么好玩。

詹姆斯：看吧！我就说他不敢扔。

亨利：不是吧，乔治，你真的变成胆小鬼了吗？我还以为你什么都不怕。来吧，为了你的尊严，把雪球扔出去。我知道你并不害怕。

乔治：好吧，我并不害怕。把雪球给我。我很乐意把它扔出去。

“砰”的一声，一击即中！雪球砸在了门上。那两个男孩马上溜之大吉。亨利想到乔治被愚弄的情景，尽情地哈哈大笑起来。

乔治为他的愚蠢挨了一顿打，这是他应该受到的惩罚。他真是个胆小鬼，他害怕别人说他是胆小鬼。他不敢拒绝亨利叫他做的事情，因为害怕会因此受到嘲笑。

如果他是一个真正勇敢的孩子，他应该说：“亨利，你以为我会那么笨，只是因为你想要我扔那个雪球，我就会照做吗？你要是愿意的话，你完全可以自己扔！”

也许，亨利会嘲笑他，叫他胆小鬼。

然而乔治可以这么说：“你以为我会在乎你的嘲笑吗？我认为扔这个雪球是不对的。哪怕全镇的人都跟你一起嘲笑我，我也不去做我认为是错误的事情。”

这才是真正的勇敢。亨利马上就会看到，嘲笑一个有着如此勇敢的心的男孩没有任何好处。你必须有这种无畏的精神，否则你会陷入麻烦当中，而你将会，也应该会，遭到所有人的厌恶。

注释

- [1] Scholars, children at school.
- [2] Whipping, punishment.
- [3] Dare, have courage.
- [4] Credit, reputation.
- [5] Heartily, freely, merrily.
- [6] Refuse, decline.
- [7] Fearless, bold, brave.
- [8] Disliked, not loved.

LESSON 53

THE OLD CLOCK

老时钟

1 . In the old, old hall the old clock stands,
And round and round move the steady hands;
With its tick, tick, tick, both night and day,
While seconds and minutes pass away.



2 . At the old, old clock oft wonders Nell,
For she can't make out what it has to tell;
She has ne'er yet read, in prose ^[1] or rhyme ^[2] ,
That it marks the silent course of time.

3 . When I was a child, as Nell is now,
And long ere Time had wrinkled ^[3] my brow ^[4] ,
The old, old clock both by night and by day
Said,—"Tick, tick, tick!" Time passes away.

【中文阅读】

1 . 在古老的大厅里立着一座老时钟，
沉重的指针一圈一圈地走，
滴答、滴答、滴答，夜以继日，
分分秒秒，如此流逝。

2 . 站在老时钟前，内尔陷入深思，
她无法理解它的倾诉，
她未曾在散文或韵律诗中读过，
时钟标记着时间沉默的轨迹。

3 . 我孩提时，也会像内尔现在这样，
那是在很久以前，皱纹还没有爬上我的额头，
古老的时钟同样夜以继日地说：
“滴答，滴答，滴答！”时光就这样匆匆而过。

注释

[1] Prose, the common language of men in talking or writing.

[2] Rhyme, verse, poetry.

[3] Wrinkled, having creases or folds in the skin.

[4] Brow, the forehead.

LESSON 54

THE WAVES

海浪

1 . "Where are we to go?" said the little waves to the great, deep sea. "Go, my darlings, to the yellow sands: you will find work to do there."

2 . "I want to play," said one little wave; "I want to see who can jump the highest."

"No; come on, come on," said an earnest wave; "mother must be right. I want to work."

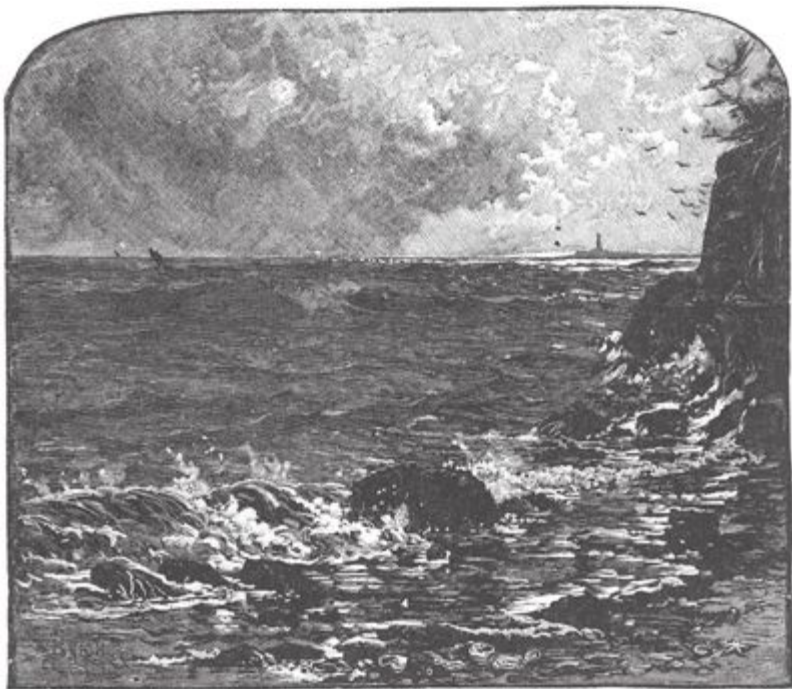
3 . "Oh, I dare not go," said another; "look at those great, black rocks close to the sands; I dare not go there, for they will tear me to pieces."

4 . "Take my hand, sister," said the earnest wave; "let us go on together. How glorious it is to do some work."

5 . "Shall we ever go back to mother?" "Yes, when our work is done."

6 . So one and all hurried on. Even the little wave that wanted to play, pressed ^[1] on, and thought that work might be fun after all. The timid ^[2] ones did not like to be left behind, and they became earnest as they got nearer the sands.

7 . After all, it was fun, pressing on one after another—jumping, laughing, running on to the broad, shining sands.



8 . First, they came in their course to a great sand castle. Splash, splash! they all went over it, and down it came. "Oh, what fun!" they cried.

9 . "Mother told me to bring these seaweeds; I will find a pretty place for them," said one—and she ran a long way over the sands, and left them among the pebbles. The pebbles cried, "We are glad you are come. We wanted washing."

10 . "Mother sent these shells; I don't know where to put them," said a little fretful ^[3] wave. "Lay them one by one on the sand, and do not break them," said the eldest ^[4] wave.

11 . And the little one went about its work, and learned to be quiet and gentle, for fear of breaking the shells.

12 . "Where is my work?" said a great, full-grown wave. "This is mere play. The little ones can do this and laugh over it. Mother said there was work for me." And he came down upon some large rocks.

13 . Over the rocks and into a pool he went, and he heard the fishes say, "The sea is coming. Thank you, great sea; you always send a big wave when a storm is nigh. Thank you, kind wave; we

are all ready for you now."

14 . Then the waves all went back over the wet sands, slowly and carelessly, for they were tired.

15 . "All my shells are safe," said one.

16 . And, "My seaweeds are left behind," said another.

17 . "I washed all of the pebbles," said a third.

18 . "And I—I only broke on a rock, and splashed into a pool," said the one that was so eager to work. "I have done no good, mother—no work at all."

19 . "Hush!" said the sea. And they heard a child that was walking on the shore, say, "O mother, the sea has been here! Look, how nice and clean the sand is, and how clear the water is in that pool."

20 . Then the sea, said, "Hark!" and far away they heard the deep moaning^[5] of the coming storm.

21 . "Come, my darlings," said she; "you have done your work, now let the storm do its work."

【中文阅读】

1 . “我们要去哪里？”小海浪们对伟大而深沉的大海说。

“去吧……亲爱的孩子们，去那金黄色的沙滩，你们会在那里找到可以做的事情的。”

2 . “我想去玩耍，”其中一朵小海浪说，“我想看看谁能跳得最高。”

“不，来吧，来吧，”一朵充满干劲的海浪说，“妈妈一定是对的。我想找些事情做。”

3 . “哦，我可不敢去，”另外一朵说，“你们看那些沙滩附近的岩石，又大又黑，我不敢过去，他们会把我撕成碎片的。”

4 . “拉着我的手，妹妹，”充满干劲的海浪说，“我们一起去。有所作为是多么光荣！”

5 . “我们还能回到妈妈身边吗？”“会的，当我们完成任务之后。”

6 . 于是一波接一波的海浪争相赶来。甚至那朵只想玩耍的小海浪也紧随而去，心想要做的事情也许还是有趣的。胆小的那些不愿意被甩在后面，于是在更接近沙滩的时候，他们变得干劲十足。

7 . 那是多么有趣的事儿，一朵接一朵的海浪——跳着、笑着、跑着，向着宽阔、闪闪发光的沙滩进发。

8 . 在前进的道路上，他们首先奔向一座了不起的沙堡。飞奔，飞奔！他们全都越过了沙堡，沙堡倒塌了。“哦，真好玩！”他们欢呼

着。

9. 一朵海浪说：“妈妈叫我带这些海藻来，我要为他们找个好地方。”她在沙滩上跑了很长的路，把海藻洒在了卵石中间。卵石们喊道：“我们很高兴你们来了。我们需要好好洗洗。”

10. “妈妈让我们带这些贝壳来，可是该把他们放哪里呢？”一朵焦躁的小海浪说。“把他们一个个放在沙滩上，不要打碎他们。”最前面的海浪告诉她。

11. 小的那朵带着她的任务去了，学着安静而温柔地行动，生怕打碎了那些贝壳。

12. “我的任务在哪里？”一朵巨大的、个头长足的海浪问。“这些事情不过是玩耍。那些小海浪们可以做，并且乐在其中。妈妈说有专门任务给我的。”说着他落到一些巨大的岩石上。

13. 他越过岩石，跳进一个池塘里，这时他听到鱼儿说：“海水来了。谢谢你，大海。每当暴风雨要来的时候，你总是送来一个巨浪。谢谢你，仁慈的海浪；现在我们全都准备好了，迎接你的到来。”

14. 之后，所有海浪都沿着潮湿的沙滩往回走，他们走得很慢，漫不经心地，因为他们都累了。

15. “我所有的贝壳都安然无恙。”一个说。

16. “还有我的海藻也留在那儿了。”另一个说。

17. “我也清洗了所有的卵石。”第三个说。

18. “而我——我只是撞击到一块岩石上，然后溅落到一个池塘里，”那朵最急于要有所作为的浪花说，“我没有做好，妈妈——我什么都没做成。”

19. “嘘！”大海示意。他们听见岸边的一个小孩边走边说：“哦，妈妈，海水来过这里！看，沙滩多干净多漂亮，还有那个池子里的水多么清澈！”

20. 然后，大海又说：“听！”他们听到远方传来即将到来的暴风雨深沉的低吟。

21. “来吧，我亲爱的孩子们，”她说，“你们已经完成了你们的任务，现在轮到暴风雨登场了。”

注释

[1] Pressed, pushed, followed closely.

[2] Timid, wanting courage, not bold.

[3] Fretful, cross, peevish.

[4] Eldest, first, foremost.

[5] Moaning, making a low, dull sound, muttering.

LESSON 55

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS

不要杀害鸟类

1 . Don't kill the birds! the little birds,
That sing about your door
Soon as the joyous Spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

2 . The little birds! how sweet they sing!
Oh, let them joyous live;
And do not seek to take the life
Which you can never give.

3 . Don't kill the birds! the pretty birds,
That play among the trees;
For earth would be a cheerless place,
If it were not for these.

4 . The little birds! how fond they play!
Do not disturb ^[1] their sport;
But let them warble ^[2] forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

5 . Don't kill the birds! the happy birds,
That bless the field and grove;
So innocent ^[3] to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.



6 . The happy birds, the tuneful ^[4] birds,
How pleasant 't is to see!
No spot can be a cheerless place
Where'er their presence ^[5] be.

【中文阅读】

1 . 不要杀害鸟类！小小的鸟儿，
在你门前欢唱，
当欢乐的春天来临，
寒冷的暴风雨已成过往。

2 . 小鸟儿！它们的歌声多甜美！

哦，让它们做快乐的生灵。
不要试图夺走，
你从未给予的生命。

3．不要杀害鸟类！那美丽的鸟儿，
它们在林间玩耍，
如果没有了它们，
地球上的乐趣将会多么匮乏。

4．小鸟儿！它们玩得多么高兴！
请勿打扰它们的游戏；
让它们唱出优美的颤音，
直到冬天来临为止。

5．不要杀害鸟类！那快乐的鸟儿，
它们把田野和果园守护；
你看它们如此天真无辜，
值得我们最热忱的爱慕。

6．开心的鸟儿，音调悦耳的鸟儿，
看见它们多么令人愉悦神往！
它们所到之处，
将是欢乐满溢的地方。

注释

- [1] Disturb, interfere with.
- [2] Warble, to trill, to carol.
- [3] Innocent, pure, harmless.
- [4] Tuneful, musical, melodious.
- [5] Presence, state of being at hand, existence.

LESSON 56

WHEN TO SAY NO

什么时候说“不”

1 . Though "No" is a very little word, it is not always easy to say it; and the not doing so, often causes ^[1] trouble.

2 . When we are asked to stay away from school, and spend in idleness ^[2] or mischief the time which ought to be spent in study, we should at once say "No."

3 . When we are urged ^[3] to loiter ^[4] on our way to school, and thus be late, and interrupt ^[5] our teacher and the school, we should say "No." When some schoolmate wishes us to whisper or play in the schoolroom, we should say "No."

4 . When we are tempted ^[6] to use angry or wicked words, we should remember that the eye of God is always upon us, and should say "No."

5 . When we have done anything wrong, and are tempted to conceal ^[7] it by falsehood ^[8], we should say "No, we can not tell a lie; it is wicked and cowardly."

6 . If we are asked to do anything which we know to be wrong, we should not fear to say "No."

7 . If we thus learn to say "No," we shall avoid much trouble, and be always safe.

【中文阅读】

1 . 虽然“不”是个很简单的词语，要说出来却并不容易；而有时候不说出来，却会招来麻烦。

2 . 如果有人叫我们逃学，把本该学习的时间虚度或者用来调皮捣蛋，我们应该马上说“不”。

3 . 如果有人怂恿我们上学路上闲逛，结果迟到，打断老师和大家上课，我们应该说“不”。当有的同学想让我们在课堂上交头接耳或玩耍时，我们应该说“不”。

4. 当有人引诱我们使用愤怒或者邪恶的言语时，我们应该知道上帝的眼睛无时无刻不在关注着我们，我们应该说“不”。

5. 当我们做错了事情，却想用谎话来掩饰时，我们应该说“不，我们不能说谎，那是邪恶而懦弱的行为”。

6. 如果有人要我们去做自己明知不对的事情，我们应该勇敢无畏地说“不。”

7. 如果我们可以就此学会说“不”，我们就会避免很多麻烦，处世平安。

注释

[1] Causes, makes.

[2] Idleness, a doing nothing, laziness.

[3] Urged, asked repeatedly.

[4] Loiter, linger, delay.

[5] Interrupt, disturb, hinder.

[6] Tempted, led by evil circumstances.

[7] Conceal, hide.

[8] Falsehood, untruth.

LESSON 57

WHICH LOVED BEST?

谁最爱妈妈

1 . "I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

2 . "I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.



3 . "I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

4 . Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

5 . "I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

(Joy Allison)

【中文阅读】

1.“我爱你，妈妈，”小约翰说，
他戴上帽子，忘记了干活，
跑到花园里荡秋千，
留下他的妈妈搬运木柴。

2.“我爱你，妈妈，”小玫瑰内尔说，
“语言无法表达我对你的爱。”
整整半天她不是捉弄人就是发脾气，
直到她出去玩时妈妈才高兴地松一口气。

3.“我爱你，妈妈，”小范说，
“今天我会尽我所能帮你干活，
我多高兴今天不用去上学！”
然后她摇晃着小宝宝直到他睡着。

4.脚步轻柔地，她把扫帚拿起来，
扫干净地板，再擦去房间里的尘埃，
她高兴地忙活了一整日，
作为孩子，助人快乐莫过如此。

5.“我爱你，妈妈，”三个小孩
在他们上床睡觉的时候再次说道；
你猜妈妈会认为谁
是最爱她的那一位？

（乔伊·艾莉森）

LESSON 58

JOHN CARPENTER



约翰·卡朋特

1 . John Carpenter did not like to buy toys that somebody else had made. He liked the fun of making them himself. The thought that they were his own work delighted him.

2 . Tom Austin, one of his playmates, thought a toy was worth nothing unless it cost a great deal of money. He never tried to make anything, but bought all his toys.



3 . "Come and look at my horse," said he, one day. "It cost a dollar, and it is such a beauty! Come and see it."

4 . John was soon admiring ^[1] his friend's horse; and he was examining ^[2] it carefully, to see how it was made. The same evening he began to make one for himself.

5 . He went into the wood shed, and picked out two pieces of wood—one for the head of his horse, the other for the body. It took him two or three days to shape them to his satisfaction.

6 . His father gave him a bit of red leather ^[3] for a bridle, and a few brass nails, and his mother found a bit of old fur with which he made a mane and tail for his horse.

7 . But what about the wheels? This puzzled ^[4] him. At last he thought he would go to a turner's ^[5] shop, and see if he could not get some round pieces of wood which might suit his purpose.

8 . He found a large number of such pieces among the shavings

[6] on the floor, and asked permission [7] to take a few of them. The turner asked him what he wanted them for, and he told him about his horse.

9 . "Oh," said the man, laughing, "if you wish it, I will make some wheels for your horse. But mind, when it is finished, you must let me see it."

10 . John promised to do so, and he soon ran home with the wheels in his pocket. The next evening, he went to the turner's shop with his horse all complete [8] , and was told that he was an ingenious [9] little fellow.

11 . Proud of this compliment [10] , he ran to his friend Tom, crying, "Now then, Tom, here is my horse,—look!"

12 . "Well, that is a funny horse," said Tom; "where did you buy it?" "I didn't buy it," replied John; "I made it."

13 . "You made it yourself ! Oh, well, it's a good horse for you to make. But it is not so good as mine. Mine cost a dollar, and yours didn't cost anything."

14 . "It was real fun to make it, though," said John, and away he ran with his horse rolling after him.

15 . Do you want to know what became of John? Well, I will tell you. He studied hard in school, and was called the best scholar in his class. When he left school, he went to work in a machine shop. He is now a master workman, and will soon have a shop of his own.

【中文阅读】

1 . 约翰·卡朋特不喜欢买那些别人做的玩具。他享受自己动手制作玩具的乐趣。想到那是自己的作品，他就会高兴。

2 . 汤姆·奥斯汀是约翰的一个玩伴，他认为一件玩具只有花很多钱买回来才值钱，否则就一文不值。他从来不会自己做任何东西，所有的玩具都是买回来的。

3 . “来看看我的玩具马，”有一天，他说，“它值一美元呢，它是多么漂亮啊！快来看！”

4 . 很快约翰就喜欢上了朋友的玩具马，他认真地查看，研究它是怎么做成的。当天晚上，他就开始自己动手做。

5 . 他走进木棚，挑了两块木头——一块用来做马头，另一块做马的身子。他花了两三天才做出自己满意的造型。

6 . 他的父亲给了他一块红色的皮革做缰绳，还给了他一些铜钉，母亲帮他找到一小片旧的毛皮，他用这个做了马的鬃毛和尾巴。

7. 可是车轮怎么办呢？这可把他难住了。最后他想到可以到车工的店里，看看是否能找到圆形的木片，也许可以达到他的目的。

8. 他在地上的刨花堆里找到了很多这样的木片，征得同意后他拿了一些。车工问他要这些木片来做什么，他跟他说起了他的玩具马。

9. “哦，”那个人笑着说，“你要是想要，我可以为你的小马做几个轮子。不过要记住，你做好以后，要给我看看。”

10. 约翰答应了，很快他就带着口袋里的轮子回家了。第二天晚上，他带着完工了的玩具去车工的店里，车工夸他是个心灵手巧的小家伙。

11. 这样的夸奖让约翰感到很自豪，他跑到好朋友汤姆那里，大声说：“现在，看看，汤姆，这是我的马——看！”

12. “嗯，这匹马很有趣，”汤姆说，“你在哪里买的？”“我没有花钱买，”约翰回答说，“我自己做的。”

13. “你自己做的？哦，好吧，你的马不错，不过没有我的好。我的马值一美元，你的一分钱都不值。”

14. “但是自己动手做真的很有意思。”说完约翰就跑开了，他的马在身后跟着他跑。

15. 你想知道约翰后来成为什么样的人了吗？好，我来告诉你。他在学校里努力学习，被认为是他们班上最好的学生。离开学校后，他去了一个机械修理店工作。现在他已经是一个工长，很快他就要拥有自己的店了。

注释

[1] Admiring, looking at with pleasure.

[2] Examining, looking at every point.

[3] Leather, the skin of an animal prepared for use.

[4] Puzzled, perplexed, caused trouble.

[5] Turner, one who shapes wooden or metal articles by means of a lathe.

[6] Shavings, the thin ribbon of wood which a carpenter makes in planing.

[7] Permission, privilege, consent.

[8] Complete, finished.

[9] Ingenious, skillful.

[10] Compliment, praise, approbation.

LESSON 59

PERSEVERE

持之以恒

1 . The fisher who draws in his net too soon,
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon,
Won't learn any lessons well.

2 . If you would have your learning stay,
Be patient,—don't learn too fast:
The man who travels a mile each day,
May get round the world at last.

【中文阅读】

1 . 渔夫太快收网，
什么鱼也没逮到；
小孩过早合上书，
哪课都学不好。

2 . 如果你想记住学到的知识，
耐心一些——不要学得太匆忙；
一个人每天走一英里，
总有一天会走遍全世界。

LESSON 60

THE CONTENTED BOY

知足的男孩

Mr. Lenox was one morning riding by himself. He got off from his horse to look at something on the roadside. The horse broke away from him, and ran off. Mr. Lenox ran after him, but soon found that he could not catch him.

A little boy at work in a field near the road, heard the horse. As soon as he saw him running from his master, the boy ran very quickly to the middle of the road, and, catching the horse by the bridle, stopped him till Mr. Lenox came up.

Mr. Lenox: Thank you, my good boy, you have caught my horse very nicely. What shall I give you for your trouble?

Boy: I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L: You want nothing? So much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But what were you doing in the field?

B: I was rooting ^[1] up weeds, and tending ^[2] the sheep that were feeding on turnips ^[3] .

Mr. L: Do you like to work?

B: Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather ^[4] .

Mr. L: But would you not rather play?

B: This is not hard work. It is almost as good as play.

Mr. L: Who set you to work?

B: My father, sir.

Mr. L: What is your name?

B: Peter Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L: How old are you?

B: Eight years old, next June.

Mr. L: How long have you been here?

B: Ever since six o'clock this morning.

Mr. L: Are you not hungry?

B: Yes, sir, but I shall go to dinner soon.

Mr. L: If you had a dime now, what would you do with it?



B: I don't know, sir. I never had so much.

Mr. L: Have you no playthings?

B: Playthings? What are they?

Mr. L: Such things as ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B: No, sir. Tom and I play at football in winter, and I have a jumping rope. I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L: Do you want nothing else?

B: I have hardly time to play with what I have. I have to drive the cows, and to run on errands ^[5], and to ride the horses to the fields, and that is as good as play.

Mr. L: You could get apples and cakes, if you had money, you know.

B: I can have apples at home. As for cake, I do not want that.

My mother makes me a pie now and then, which is as good.

Mr. L: Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

B: I have one. Here it is. Brother Tom gave it to me.

Mr. L: Your shoes are full of holes. Don't you want a new pair?

B: I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L: But these let in water.

B: I do not mind that, sir.

Mr. L: Your hat is all torn, too.

B: I have a better one at home.

Mr. L: What do you do when it rains?

B: If it rains very hard when I am in the field, I get under a tree for shelter.

Mr. L: What do you do, if you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B: I sometimes eat a raw ^[6] turnip.

Mr. L: But if there is none?

B: Then I do as well as I can without. I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L: Why, my little fellow, I am glad to see that you are so contented. Were you ever at school?

B: No, sir. But father means to send me next winter.

Mr. L: You will want books then.

B: Yes, sir; each boy has a Spelling Book, a Reader, and a Testament ^[7].

Mr. L: Then I will give them to you. Tell your father so, and that it is because you are an obliging, contented little boy.

B: I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L: Good by, Peter.

B: Good morning, sir.

(Dr. John Aiken)

【中文阅读】

有一天早晨，雷诺克斯先生正独自骑着马。为了看路旁的某样东西，他从马上下来了。突然，马从他手上挣脱，跑开了。雷诺克斯先生急忙去追，可是很快就发现根本追不上。

有一个小男孩正在路旁的田里干活，他听到了马的声音。他一看马从主人身边逃开，就迅速跑到路中间，抓住了缰绳，让马停了下来，等着雷诺克斯先生走过来。

雷诺克斯先生（以下为“雷”）：谢谢你，好孩子，你抓住了我的

马，干得很漂亮！给你添了麻烦，我该给你些什么表示感谢呢？

男孩（以下为“男”）：我什么也不要，先生。

雷：你什么也不要？对你来说何乐而不为呢？很少有人会这么说。不过，你刚刚在田里做什么呢？

男：我在除草，还有照看吃草的绵羊。

雷：你喜欢干活吗？

男：是的，先生，我很喜欢，这么好的天气。

雷：可是你不想去玩耍吗？

男：这不是什么重活，这几乎和玩耍一样有趣。

雷：是谁让你来干活的？

男：是我的爸爸，先生。

雷：你叫什么名字？

男：我叫彼得·赫德尔，先生。

雷：你多大了？

男：到六月就八岁了。

雷：你在这儿待了多久了？

男：我从早晨六点就一直在这里。

雷：你肚子不饿吗？

男：我饿，先生，但是我很快就要去吃午饭了。

雷：如果你有一个一角的硬币，你会用它来做什么呢？

男：我不知道，先生，我从来没有过那么多的钱。

雷：你没有玩具吗？

男：玩具？玩具是什么？

雷：例如九柱戏、玻璃弹子、陀螺和木马等。

男：没有，先生。冬天的时候我和汤姆玩橄榄球，我还有一根跳绳，一个铁箍，不过铁箍坏掉了。

雷：你不想要点别的東西吗？

男：我几乎没有时间玩我拥有的东西。我必须赶牛、跑腿、把马骑到田野里放养，做这些事情跟玩耍一样有趣。

雷：你知道吗，如果你有钱，就可以买到苹果和蛋糕。

男：我家里就有苹果。至于说蛋糕，我不想要。我妈妈会时不时为我做馅饼，那也一样好吃。

雷：你不想要一把刀用来削木棍吗？

男：我有一把。就在这儿。汤姆哥哥给我的。

雷：你的鞋子全是洞，难道你不想要一双新的吗？

男：我有一双好一点的鞋子，星期天才穿的。

雷：可是你现在穿的这双会进水的。

男：我不介意，先生。

雷：你的帽子也破了。

男：我家里有一顶更好的。

雷：下雨的时候你怎么办呢？

男：我在地里干活的时候，要是雨下得很大，我就到树底下去避一避。

雷：如果你饿了，可是还没到时间回家，你怎么办？

男：我有时候会吃一个生萝卜。

雷：要是没有生萝卜呢？

男：就算没有东西吃，我同样会好好地干活。我会继续干活，不去想它。

雷：啊，我的小家伙，我很高兴看到你这么知足常乐。你有没有上过学？

男：没有，先生。不过我爸爸想明年冬天送我去念书。

雷：到那时你会需要书本的。

男：是的，先生。每个男孩都会有拼写课本、阅读课本和《圣经》。

雷：那么到时我会给你这些东西。把我的话转告你的爸爸，并且告诉他，这是因为你是个乐于助人、知足常乐的小男孩。

男：我会的，先生。谢谢！

雷：再见，彼得。

男：祝您早上愉快，先生。

（约翰·艾肯博士）

注释

[1] Rooting, pulling up by the roots.

[2] Tending, watching, attending.

[3] Turnip, a vegetable.

[4] Weather, state of the atmosphere.

[5] Errands, messages.

[6] Raw, not cooked.

[7] Testament, the last twenty-seven books of the Bible.

LESSON 61

LITTLE GUSTAVA

小古斯塔瓦

1 . Little Gustava [1] sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles [2] under the eaves [3] so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

2 . She wears a quaint [4] little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds [5] round the rim:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

3 . Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews, "What's that ?"
Gustava feeds her,—she begs for more,
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:
"Good day!" cries little Gustava.



4 . She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen,
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,
With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

5 . So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs.
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

6 . "You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown,
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,

While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk:
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

7 . Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow.
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried,
But they were too bashful, and staid outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

8 . So the last she threw them, and knelt ^[6] on the mat,
With doves, and biddy ^[7] , and dog, and cat.
And her mother came to the open house door:
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava."

9 . Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves,
The shy, kind creatures 't is joy to feed,
And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

(Celia Thaxter)

【中文阅读】

1 . 小古斯塔瓦安然坐在阳光下，
她在门廊里，屋檐上冰柱悬挂，
水珠点点滴滴飞快落下，
明亮的春日暖阳终于照耀户外，
小古斯塔瓦笑逐颜开。

2 . 她头戴别致的小红帽，
膝盖上托着一个小巧的绿碗，
面包和牛奶满到碗的边缘，
边上是一圈金盏花的图案，
“哈！哈！”小古斯塔瓦笑得欢快。

3 . 她那会哄人的小灰猫来了，
抽动粉红色的鼻子，喵喵问道：“那是什么？”
古斯塔瓦喂它吃了一些，它想要更多，
一只棕色的小母鸡走进来在门前踱步，

“日安！”小古斯塔瓦大声说。

4. 她把面包渣儿撒向小母鸡，
它拍打翅膀飞奔而至，
引得可爱的小白鸽们俯冲而来，
它们有深红色的脚，羽毛雪白，
“欢迎你们！”小古斯塔瓦欢呼而来。

5. 它们急匆匆美滋滋地啄食碎面包，
可那又是谁正穿过门道往这儿走来？
苏格兰短脚卷毛狗走了过来，
它有趣的尾巴摇摇摆摆，
“哈！哈！”小古斯塔瓦笑得好开怀。

6. “你也想吃点早餐吗？”
她把碗在褐色的砖地上放下，
小狗“抹布”喝光了她的牛奶，
她轻抚它蓬松的毛毛，
像柔软的绸带，
“亲爱的抹布！”小古斯塔瓦语调轻快。

7. 麻雀和乌鸦站在门外等待，
它们在融化的雪里凉着脚丫。
“你们不进来吗，善良的居民？”她呼唤，
可是它们太害羞，宁愿留在外面，
“请进来吧！”古斯塔瓦还是大声呼唤。

8. 最后她把所有食物都往外抛，
跪在垫子上陪着鸽子、小鸡、小狗和小猫，
她的妈妈打开屋门出来，
“亲爱的小女儿，我再给你添一些吧，
我快乐的小古斯塔瓦。”

9. 母鸡和鸽子，小狗和猫崽，
一切无害的动物古斯塔瓦都喜爱，
喂养害羞、善良的动物真是快乐的事，
还有，噢，她的早餐真的很好吃，
向快乐的小古斯塔瓦致意！

（西莉亚·萨克斯特）

注释

- [1] Gustava, a girl's name.
- [2] Icicles, water frozen in long needle-like shapes.
- [3] Eaves, the lower edges of a roof.
- [4] Quaint, odd.
- [5] Marigold, a yellow flower.
- [6] Knelt, bent on her knees.
- [7] Biddy, chicken.

LESSON 62

THE INSOLENT BOY

无礼的男孩

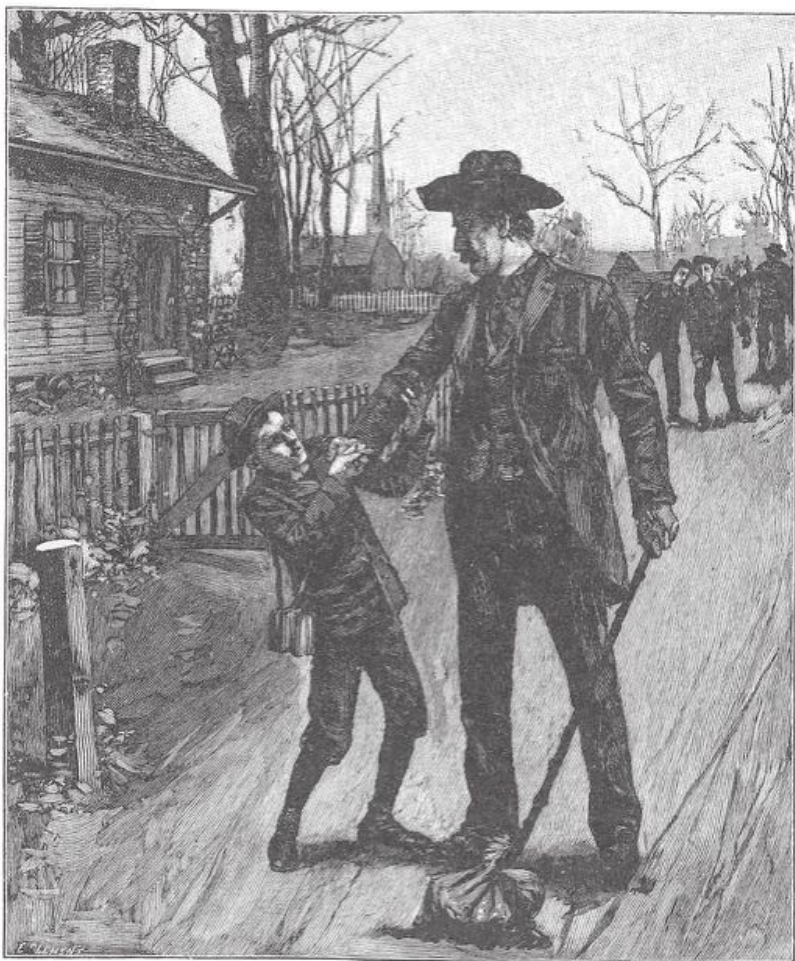
1 . James Selton was one of the most insolent ^[1] boys in the village where he lived. He would rarely ^[2] pass people in the street without being guilty of some sort of abuse ^[3] .

2 . If a person were well dressed he would cry out, "Dandy ^[4] !" If a person's clothes were dirty or torn, he would throw stones at him, and annoy him in every way.

3 . One afternoon, just as the school was dismissed ^[5] , a stranger passed through the village. His dress was plain and somewhat old, but neat and clean. He carried a cane in his hand, on the end of which was a bundle, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat.

4 . No sooner did James see the stranger, than he winked to his playmates, and said, "Now for some fun!" He then silently went toward the stranger from behind, and, knocking off his hat, ran away.

5 . The man turned and saw him, but James was out of hearing before he could speak. The stranger put on his hat, and went on his way. Again did James approach; but this time, the man caught him by the arm, and held him fast.



6 . However, he contented himself with looking James a moment in the face, and then pushed him from him. No sooner did the naughty [\[6\]](#) boy find himself free again, than he began to pelt the stranger with dirt and stones.

7 . But he was much frightened when the "rowdy [\[7\]](#)," as he foolishly called the man, was struck on the head by a brick, and badly hurt. All the boys now ran away, and James skulked [\[8\]](#) across the fields to his home.

8 . As he drew near the house, his sister Caroline came out to meet him, holding up a beautiful gold chain and some new books for him to see.

9 . She told James, as fast as she could talk, that their uncle ^[9] , who had been away several years, had come home, and was now in the house; that he had brought beautiful presents for the whole family; that he had left his carriage at the tavern ^[10] , a mile or two off, and walked on foot, so as to surprise his brother, their father.

10 . She said, that while he was coming through the village, some wicked boys threw stones at him, and hit him just over the eye, and that mother had bound up the wound. "But what makes you look so pale?" asked Caroline, changing her tone.

11 . The guilty boy told her that nothing was the matter with him; and running into the house, he went upstairs into his chamber. Soon after, he heard his father calling him to come down. Trembling from head to foot, he obeyed. When he reached the parlor door, he stood, fearing to enter.

12 . His mother said, "James, why do you not come in? You are not usually so bashful. See this beautiful watch, which your uncle has brought for you."

13 . What a sense of shame did James now feel! Little Caroline seized his arm, and pulled him into the room. But he hung down his head, and covered his face with his hands.

14 . His uncle went up to him, and kindly taking away his hands, said, "James, will you not bid me welcome?" But quickly starting back, he cried, "Brother, this is not your son. It is the boy who so shamefully ^[11] insulted ^[12] me in the street!"

15 . With surprise and grief did the good father and mother learn this. His uncle was ready to forgive him, and forget the injury ^[13] . But his father would never permit James to have the gold watch, nor the beautiful books, which his uncle had brought for him.

16 . The rest of the children were loaded with presents. James was obliged to content himself with seeing them happy. He never forgot this lesson so long as he lived. It cured him entirely ^[14] of his low and insolent manners.

【中文阅读】

1 . 詹姆斯·塞尔顿是他们村子里最无礼的男孩之一。他在街上和人们迎面而过的时候，总会出言不逊。

2 . 如果有人穿得很讲究，他会大声地叫：“花花公子！”要是有人衣服弄脏了或是被撕破了，他就会向人家扔石头，想尽办法激怒

对方。

3. 一天下午，刚刚放学的时候，有一个陌生人经过村庄。他衣着普通，显得有点旧，但干净整齐。这个人手里拿着一根拐杖，拐杖的末端有个包袱，头上戴着一顶宽边帽。

4. 詹姆斯一看见这个陌生人，就向他的小伙伴们使了个眼色，说：“这下有好戏看了！”然后他默不作声地从后面向那个陌生人走去，把他的帽子打下来，接着就逃跑了。

5. 那个人转过身看到了詹姆斯，可是他还没来得及说话，詹姆斯已经跑出去好远了。陌生人把帽子戴上，继续往前走。詹姆斯又走近他，不过这一次，陌生人抓住詹姆斯的手臂，紧紧地按住他。

6. 然而，他只是盯着詹姆斯的脸看了一会儿，就把他往前一推，松开他。顽皮的男孩一看到自己被放了，马上就开始向陌生人扔泥块和石头。

7. 可是当这个被詹姆斯称为“流氓”的人被一块砖砸到头部，而且伤得很严重的时候，詹姆斯吓坏了。这时所有其他男孩都跑了，詹姆斯偷偷摸摸地越过田野，往家里走去。

8. 当他靠近屋子的时候，妹妹卡洛琳跑出来迎接他，拿着一条漂亮的金项链和几本崭新的书给他看。

9. 她用最快的语速告诉詹姆斯，他们几年前离开家的叔叔回来了，现在就在家里；他为全家人带了漂亮的礼物；为了给他的哥哥、他们的爸爸一个惊喜，他把马车留在了一两英里外的旅店里，走着来的。

10. 她说，在叔叔穿过村庄到家里来的路上，有些顽皮的小男孩向他扔石头，把他的眼睛上方打伤了。妈妈帮他包扎了伤口。“哎，你的脸色怎么这么苍白啊？”卡洛琳变了声调问詹姆斯。

11. 内疚的男孩告诉妹妹自己没事，然后就跑进屋子，上楼进了自己的房间。过了一会儿，他听到爸爸喊他下楼。他浑身颤抖着答应了。靠近客厅门口的时候，他站住了，不敢进去。

12. 他的妈妈说：“詹姆斯，你怎么不进来？你平常可不是这么害羞的。看见这块漂亮的手表了吗？这是你们的叔叔带回来给你的。”

13. 此时詹姆斯感到多么内疚啊！小卡洛琳抓住他的手臂，把他拉进了客厅。但是他低着头，用手捂着脸。

14. 他的叔叔走进来，温和地把他的手拿开，说：“詹姆斯，你不欢迎我吗？”然而很快他就倒退了几步，喊了起来：“哥哥，这不是你的儿子！这是那个在街上无耻地侮辱我的小男孩！”

15. 爸爸妈妈知道这件事后，又惊讶又伤心。他的叔叔愿意原谅他，不追究所受的伤。但是他的爸爸不允许詹姆斯拥有那只金表和那些漂亮的书，那些都是他的叔叔带回来给他的。

16. 其他孩子都得到了很多礼物。詹姆斯只好心甘情愿地看着他

们高兴。他有生之年都忘不了这个教训。这件事完全纠正了他粗俗无礼的行为举止。

注释

- [1] Insolent, rude, insulting.
- [2] Rarely, hardly ever.
- [3] Abuse, ill usage.
- [4] Dandy, a fop.
- [5] Dismissed, let out.
- [6] Naughty, bad, wicked.
- [7] Rowdy, a low fellow, who engages in fights.
- [8] Skulked, went in a sneaking manner.
- [9] Uncle, the brother of one's father or mother.
- [10] Tavern, a small hotel.
- [11] Shamefully, disgracefully.
- [12] Insulted, treated with abuse.
- [13] Injury, harm done.
- [14] Entirely, altogether.

LESSON 63

WE ARE SEVEN

我们是七个

1 . I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered ^[1] round her head.

2 . She had a rustic ^[2] , woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

3 . "Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.

4 . "And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea."

5 . "Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."



6 . "You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

7 . Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

8 . "You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs, they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

9 . "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"

The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side."

10 . "My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief ^[3] there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them."

11 . "And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer ^[4] ,
And eat my supper there."

12 . "The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released ^[5] her from her pain;
And then she went away."

13 . "So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I."

14 . "And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

15 . "How many are you, then?" said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

16 . "But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
"T was throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

(William Wordsworth)

【中文阅读】

1. 我遇到一个乡村小姑娘，
她说，她今年八岁；
卷发盘在她的头上，
又浓又密的一堆。

2. 她散发着一种乡野气息，
衣着也很朴实；
她的眼睛很美，非常美丽，
她的美令我欣喜。

3. “你的兄弟姐妹，小姑娘，
一共有几个？”
“有几个？一共是七个，”她说，
望着我，满脸好奇的神色。

4. “他们在哪里？我请你讲一讲。”
她回答说：“我们兄弟姐妹七个，
两个住在一个叫康威的地方，
两个出海当水手去了。”

5. “还有两个在教堂墓地长眠，
那是我的姐姐和哥哥；
妈妈和我也住在教堂旁边，
我们的小屋靠近他们两个。”

6. “你说有两个住在康威那里，
两个当水手去了海上，
可你们一共是七个！我请你，
告诉我这是怎么回事，好姑娘。”

7. 小姑娘接着回答，
“我们是七个孩子，
两个躺在那棵树下，
就在教堂的墓地里。”

8. “你跑来又跑去，我的小姑娘，
你有灵活的手和腿；
既然有两个躺在墓地，

那你们只有五个才对。”

9.“看得见他们青青的坟墓，”
小姑娘说道，
“离家门口只有大概十二步，
他们在一起，紧紧依靠。”

10.“我经常在那里编织毛袜，
为我的手帕缝上褶边；
我常常在坟旁的地上坐下，
为他们唱歌消遣。”

11.“先生，常常在日落之后的傍晚，
当天还有些亮光，
我会带上我的小汤碗，
在那里把我的晚饭吃光。”

12.“简，我的姐姐最早进的坟墓，
她躺在床上呻吟不止，
直到上帝免除了她的痛苦，
她便从此远离苦海。”

13.“于是她在教堂的墓地躺下，
当墓上的草一干，
我们就围着她的坟墓玩耍，
就是我和我的哥哥约翰。”

14.“等到大地被白雪覆盖，
我可以乱跑乱滑地玩耍，
我的哥哥约翰被迫离开，
他就在简的身边躺下。”

15.“那你们还剩下几个？”我问，
“既然他们两个去了天国？”
小姑娘回答得很快：
“噢，先生，我们一共是七个没错。”

16.“可是他们死了，那两个已经死了啊！
他们的灵魂在天国里！”
我说这些话也是白搭，

“不，我们一共是七个。”小姑娘仍然坚持。

（威廉·华兹华斯）

注释

- [1] Clustered, hung in bunches.
- [2] Rustic, country-like.
- [3] Kerchief, handkerchief.
- [4] Porringer, a small dish for soup or porridge.
- [5] Released, freed , relieved.

LESSON 64

MARY'S DIME

玛丽的硬币

1 . There! I have drawn the chairs into the right corners, and dusted the room nicely. How cold papa and mamma will be when they return from their long ride! It is not time to toast [u](#) the bread yet, and I am tired of reading.



2 . What shall I do? Somehow, I can't help thinking about the pale face of that little beggar girl all the time. I can see the glad light filling her eyes, just as plain as I did when I laid the dime in her little dirty hand.

3 . How much I had thought of that dime, too! Grandpa gave it to me a whole month ago, and I had kept it ever since in my red box upstairs; but those sugar apples looked so beautiful, and were so cheap ^[2]—only a dime apiece ^[3]—that I made up my mind to have one.

4 . I can see her—the beggar girl, I mean—as she stood there in front of the store, in her old hood ^[4] and faded ^[5] dress, looking at the candies laid all in a row. I wonder what made me say, "Little girl, what do you want?"

5 . How she stared ^[6] at me, just as if nobody had spoken kindly to her before. I guess she thought I was sorry for her, for she said, so earnestly and sorrowfully ^[7], "I was thinking how good one of those gingerbread ^[8] rolls would taste. I haven't had anything to eat today."

6 . Now, I thought to myself, "Mary Williams, you have had a good breakfast and a good dinner this day, and this poor girl has not had a mouthful. You can give her your dime; she needs it a great deal more than you do."

7 . I could not resist that little girl's sorrowful, hungry look—so I dropped the dime right into her hand, and, without waiting for her to speak, walked straight away. I'm so glad I gave her the dime, if I did have to go without the apple lying there in the window, and looking just like a real one.

【中文阅读】

1 . 你瞧！我把椅子都拉到合适的角落里，把房间打扫得一尘不染。爸爸妈妈去长途旅行了，到家的时候该是多冷啊！现在还不是烤面包的时候，而我看书也已经看烦了。

2 . 我该做些什么呢？不知道为什么，我总是忍不住想起那个乞讨的小女孩。我面前浮现她眼里闪耀快乐光彩的画面，就像当我把一角硬币放到她脏兮兮的小手里时一样。

3 . 我也经常想起那个一角硬币啊！那是祖母一个月前给我的，从那以后我一直把它放在楼上的红盒子里。可是那些糖苹果看起来多漂亮啊，而且还那么便宜——只要一角钱一个——于是我下定决心要去买一个。

4. 我能看到她——那个乞讨的女孩——当时她站在商店前面，戴着旧头巾，穿着褪了色的裙子，看着那些摆成一行的糖果，我不知道是什么促使我说：“小姑娘，你想要什么？”

5. 她盯着我的神情显得多惊讶啊！就好像以前从来没有入和气地跟她说过话一样。我猜她觉得我为她感到难过，因为她语气急切而悲伤地答道：“我在想那些姜饼卷多好吃啊！今天我还没吃过东西。”

6. 那个时候，我在心里对自己说：“玛丽·威廉斯，你今天吃了丰盛的早餐和午餐，这个可怜的小女孩却一口饭都没吃呢。你可以把你那个硬币给她，她比你更需要它。”

7. 我无法抗拒那个小女孩悲伤、饥饿的神情——于是我把硬币塞到她的手里，不等她开口说话，就立刻走开了。我很高兴自己把硬币给了她。我离开了，没有带走橱窗里的那个糖苹果，尽管它看上去很像个真苹果。

注释

- [1] Toast, to scorch until brown by the heat of a fire.
- [2] Cheap, low in price.
- [3] Apiece, each.
- [4] Hood, a soft covering for the head.
- [5] Faded, having lost freshness of color.
- [6] Stared, looked earnestly.
- [7] Sorrowfully, full of sadness.
- [8] Gingerbread, a kind of sweet cake flavored with ginger.

LESSON 65

MARY DOW

玛丽·道



1 . "Come in, little stranger," I said,
As she tapped at my half-open door;
While the blanket [\[1\]](#) , pinned over her head,
Just reached to the basket she bore.

2 . A look full of innocence fell

From her modest and pretty blue eye,
As she said, "I have matches ^[2] to sell,
And hope you are willing to buy."

3 . "A penny ^[3] a bunch is the price,
I think you'll not find it too much;
They are tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light with a touch."

4 . I asked, "What's your name, little girl?"
"T is Mary," said she, "Mary Dow;"
And carelessly tossed off a curl,
That played on her delicate ^[4] brow.

5 . "My father was lost on the deep;
The ship never got to the shore;
And mother is sad, and will weep,
To hear the wind blow and sea roar."

6 . "She sits there at home, without food,
Beside our poor, sick Willy's bed;
She paid all her money for wood,
And so I sell matches for bread."

7 . "I'd go to the yard and get chips,
But then it would make me too sad
To see the men building the ships,
And think they had made one so bad."

8 . "But God, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget nor forsake ^[5]
The children who trust in his word."

9 . "And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out today,
I think I shall do very well,
And we shall rejoice at the pay."

10 . "Fly home, little bird," then I thought,

"Fly home, full of joy, to your nest;"
For I took all the matches she brought,
And Mary may tell you the rest.

【中文阅读】

1. 当她轻轻叩响我那半开的房门，
“请进，陌生的孩子，”我开口，
一块头巾系在她头上，
垂落到她手里的篮子里。

2. 她的蓝色眼睛美丽而害羞，
投向我的眼神天真可爱，
她说：“我有一些火柴出售，
希望您愿意购买。”

3. “一把火柴只要一便士，
我想这个价格您不会觉得很高；
火柴捆得整整齐齐，
轻轻一擦就能点着。”

4. 我问她：“你叫什么名字，小姑娘？”
“我叫玛丽。”她说，“玛丽·道。”
一缕卷发随意滑落到脸上，
在她精致的额前嬉闹。

5. “我爸爸的船再也没能回到岸边，
他消失在海的深处；
只要一听见海风海浪的声音，
伤心的妈妈就会哭泣。”

6. “她守在可怜的威利的病床边，
整天在家里什么也吃不下；
她买木柴就花掉了所有的钱，
所以为了能有饭吃我才把火柴拿来卖。”

7. “我愿意到院场上捡拾碎木片，
可是那会让我非常伤心，
因为我会见到工人在造船，
想起曾经有过一艘坏船夺走了父亲。”

8. “可是上帝，我深信不疑，
能给予小鸟慈父般呵护的上帝，
永远不会忘记，也不会放弃，
信赖他每一句话的孩子。”

9. “现在，只要我能卖掉
今天带出来的这些火柴，
我想我会做得很好，
挣的钱会让我们感到愉快。”

10. “飞回家吧，小鸟儿，”后来我在心里独白，
“飞回家，满心快乐地飞回你的巢里。”
因为我买下了她所有的火柴，
剩下的故事也许玛丽会告诉你。

注释

[1] Blanket, a square of loosely woven woolen cloth.

[2] Matches, small splints of wood, one end of which has been dipped in a preparation which will take fire by rubbing.

[3] Penny, cent.

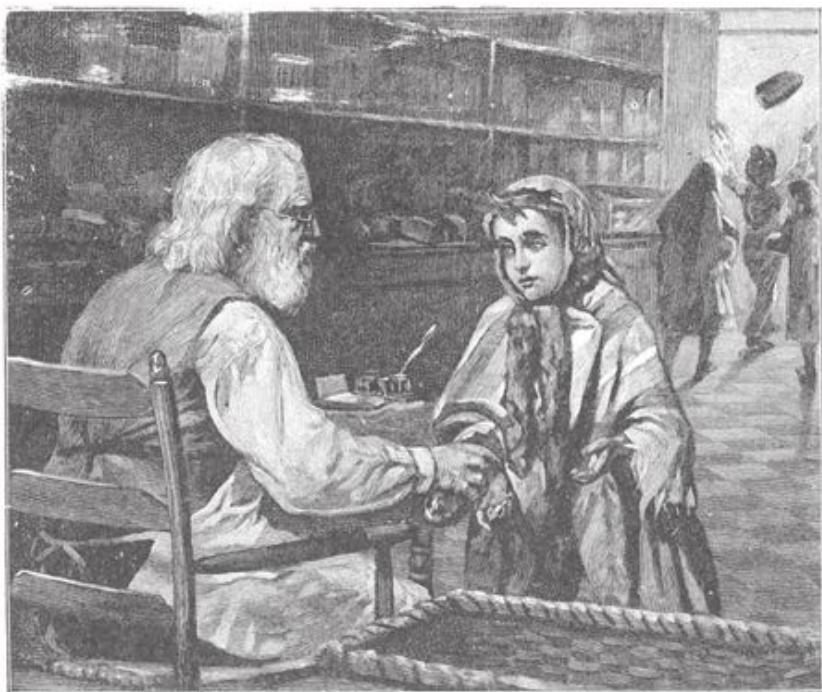
[4] Delicate, soft and fair.

[5] Forsake, leave, reject.

LESSON 66

THE LITTLE LOAF

小块面包



1 . Once when there was a famine ^[1] , a rich baker sent for twenty of the poorest children in the town, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf ^[2] for each of you. Take it, and come back to me every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

2 . The hungry children gathered eagerly about the basket, and quarreled for the bread, because each wished to have the largest loaf. At last they went away without even thanking the good gentleman.

3 . But Gretchen ^[3] , a poorly-dressed little girl, did not quarrel or struggle with the rest, but remained ^[4] standing modestly in the distance ^[5] . When the ill-behaved ^[6] girls had left, she took the smallest loaf, which alone was left in the basket, kissed the gentleman's hand, and went home.

4 . The next day the children were as ill-behaved as before, and poor, timid Gretchen received a loaf scarcely half the size of the one she got the first day. When she came home, and her mother cut the loaf open, many new, shining pieces of silver fell out of it.

5 . Her mother was very much alarmed, and said, "Take the money back to the good gentleman at once, for it must have got into the dough by accident ^[7] . Be quick, Gretchen! be quick!"

6 . But when the little girl gave the rich man her mother's message ^[8] , he said, "No, no, my child, it was no mistake. I had the silver pieces put into the smallest loaf to reward you. Always be as contented, peaceable ^[9] , and grateful as you now are. Go home now, and tell your mother that the money is your own."

【中文阅读】

1 . 从前，发生了一场饥荒。有一位富有的面包师让人叫来了城里最穷苦的二十个小孩，对他们说：“你们每个人都可以从这个篮子里拿一条面包。拿去吧，以后每天这个时候回到我这里来，直到上帝赐给我们好转的日子为止。”

2 . 饥饿的孩子们急忙围拢在篮子周围，他们为了面包互相争吵，因为每个人都希望拿到最大的那条面包。最后，他们连“谢谢”也没对那位善良的先生说一句就走了。

3 . 然而，格雷琴，一个衣衫褴褛的小姑娘，并没有和其他人争抢，而是一直谦卑地站在远处。当那些举止失礼的孩子们离去之后，她拿出篮子里仅剩的最小的那条面包，亲吻面包师先生的手表示感谢，然后回家了。

4 . 第二天，那些孩子们和第一天一样没礼貌，而穷苦、羞怯的格雷琴得到了更小的面包，几乎只有前一天那条面包的一半大。当她回到家，妈妈把面包条切开的时候，许多崭新的、闪闪发亮的银币掉了出来。

5 . 她的妈妈吓呆了，说：“马上把这些钱拿回去还给那位仁慈的先生，这些钱肯定是意外掉进面团里的。赶快去，格雷琴，赶快！”

6 . 但是，当小姑娘把妈妈说的话告诉那位有钱人的时候，先生说：“不，不，我的孩子，那没弄错。我让人把这些银币放进最小的面包条里，是为了奖励你。希望你永远像现在这样，一直都有知足、

平和、感恩的心。现在回家去吧，告诉妈妈，这些钱已经是你们自己的了。”

注释

[1] Famine, a general scarcity of food.

[2] Loaf, a molded mass of regular shape (as of bread or cake).

[3] Gretchen, a girl's name—the shortened form, or pet name, for Marguerite.

[4] Remained, staid.

[5] Distance, place which is far off.

[6] Ill-behaved, rude, having bad manners.

[7] Accident, mistake.

[8] Message, word sent, communication.

[9] Peaceable, quiet, gentle.

LESSON 67

SUSIE AND ROVER

苏茜和罗孚

1 . "Mamma," said Susie Dean, one summer's morning, "may I go to the woods, and pick berries?"

2 . "Yes," replied Mrs. Dean, "but you must take Rover with you."

3 . Susie brought her little basket, and her mother put up a nice lunch for her. She tied down the cover, and fastened a tin cup to it.

4 . The little girl called Rover—a great Newfoundland dog—and gave him a tin pail to carry. "If I bring it home full, mamma," she said, "won't you make some berry cakes for tea?"

5 . Away she tripped, singing as she went down the lane and across the pasture. When she got to the woods, she put her dinner basket down beside a tree, and began to pick berries.

6 . Rover ran about, chasing a squirrel or a rabbit now and then, but never straying far from Susie.

7 . The tin pail was not a very small one. By the time it was two thirds full, Susie began to feel hungry, and thought she would eat her lunch.

8 . Rover came and took his place at her side as soon as she began to eat. Did she not give him some of the lunch? No, she was in a selfish ^[1] mood ^[2], and did no such thing.

9 . "There, Rover, run away! there's a good dog," she said; but Rover staid near her, watching her steadily ^[3] with his clear brown eyes.



10 . The meat he wanted so much, was soon eaten up; and all he got of the nice dinner, was a small crust of gingerbread that Susie threw away.

11 . After dinner, Susie played a while by the brook. She threw sticks into the water, and Rover swam in and brought them back. Then she began to pick berries again.

12 . She did not enjoy the afternoon as she did the morning. The sunshine was as bright, the berries were as sweet and plentiful [4] , and she was neither [5] tired nor hungry.

13 . But good, faithful Rover was hungry, and she had not given him even one piece of meat. She tried to forget how selfish she had been; but she could not do so, and quite early she started for home.

14 . When she was nearly out of the woods, a rustling in the underbrush [6] attracted [7] her attention [8] . "I wonder if that is a bird or a squirrel," said she to herself. "If I can catch it, how glad I shall

be!"

15 . She tried to make her way quietly through the underbrush; but what was her terror ^[9] when she saw a large snake coiled up before her, prepared for a spring!

16 . She was so much frightened that she could not move; but brave Rover saw the snake, and, springing forward, seized it by the neck and killed it.

17 . When the faithful dog came and rubbed his head against her hand, Susie put her arms around his neck, and burst into tears. "O Rover," she cried, "you dear, good dog! How sorry I am that I was so selfish!"

18 . Rover understood the tone of her voice, if he did not understand her words, and capered ^[10] about in great glee, barking all the time. You may be sure that he had a plentiful supper that evening.

19 . Susie never forgot the lesson of that day. She soon learned to be on her guard against a selfish spirit, and became a happier and more lovable little girl.

(Adapted by Mrs. M. O. Johnson)

【中文阅读】

1 . “妈妈，”一个夏日的早晨，苏茜·迪恩说，“我可不可以到树林里去采浆果？”

2 . “可以，”迪恩太太回答，“但是你必须带着罗孚一起去。”

3 . 苏茜带上她的小篮子，妈妈为她准备了美味的午餐。她把盖子绑紧，再在上面系上一个杯子。

4 . 小女孩呼唤罗孚——一条很棒的纽芬兰犬——再给它一个锡桶叼着。“要是我装满这个桶带回家来，妈妈，”她说，“你会不会做一些浆果蛋糕在喝茶的时候吃呢？”

5 . 她轻快地走了出去，唱着歌儿，顺着小路，穿过了牧场。到了树林里，她把装着午餐的篮子放在一棵树下，开始采起浆果来。

6 . 罗孚跑来跑去，不时追赶松鼠或野兔，但绝对不会离开苏茜太远。

7 . 锡桶并不小。到浆果装满了桶的三分之二的时候，苏茜开始觉得饿了，想起来该吃午饭了。

8 . 苏茜开始吃饭时，罗孚马上跑了过来，在她身边找个位置蹲好。不给它分一点儿吗？苏茜想法有些自私，没有给罗孚食物。

9 . “罗孚，去那边，快走开！乖。”她说。可是罗孚在她身边一动也不动，用清澈的褐色眼睛默默地注视着她。

10. 它多想要那块肉啊，可是很快就被苏茜吃掉了；这顿美味的午餐它唯一得到的，就是苏茜扔掉的一小块姜饼皮。

11. 吃完以后，苏茜在小河边玩了一会儿。她把棍子扔到水里，罗孚游出去把它叼回来。之后她又开始采浆果了。

12. 下午她并没有像早上那么开心。阳光一样明亮，浆果也一样多而甜美。她并不累，也不饿。

13. 然而又乖又忠诚的罗孚却饿着肚子，苏茜连一小片肉也没有给它。苏茜想忘掉自己是多么自私，可是却做不到。时间还早，可是她决定提前回家。

14. 当她快要走出树林的时候，灌木丛里传来沙沙作响的声音，引起了她的注意。“我想知道那是只小鸟还是松鼠，”她心里想，“如果我能抓住它，我该多高兴啊！”

15. 她努力让自己不发出任何声音，悄悄爬过灌木丛。当她看见一条大蛇盘踞在她面前的时候，简直吓呆了。那条蛇卷成一圈，随时准备起来向她扑去！

16. 她害怕得无法动弹。然而勇敢的罗孚一看见这条蛇，就跳上前去，咬住蛇的脖子，把它咬死了。

17. 忠心的狗跑回来，头在苏茜的手上蹭来蹭去。苏茜双臂抱住它的脖子，禁不住大哭起来。“噢，罗孚，”她呼喊着重，“亲爱的乖狗！我好后悔，吃午饭的时候我那么自私！”

18. 罗孚即便听不懂苏茜说的话，也能理解她的声调和语气。它快乐地跳来跳去，不停地吠叫。你也许猜到了，罗孚那天的晚餐非常丰盛。

19. 苏茜从没忘记那天的教训。她很快学会了随时警惕自私心理的出现，变成了一个更快乐、更可爱的小女孩。

(M. O·约翰逊夫人)

注释

[1] Selfish, thinking and caring only for one's self.

[2] Mood, state of mind.

[3] Steadily, constantly.

[4] Plentiful, abundant.

[5] Neither, not the one or the other.

[6] Underbrush, shrubs or small bushes in a forest.

[7] Attracted, drew.

[8] Attention, earnest thought.

[9] Terror, fright, fear.

[10] Capered, frisked.

LESSON 68

THE VIOLET

紫罗兰



1 . Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

2 . And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

3 . Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there it spread its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

4 . Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

(Jane Taylor)

【中文阅读】

1 . 翠绿幽深的谷底，
生长着谦卑的紫罗兰；
它弯着腰，低着头，
像是要躲避人们的视线。

2 . 可它的花朵是那么可爱，
颜色明艳又漂亮；
她本应在树荫下大放异彩，
而不是悄然躲藏。

3 . 而她安于朴素色调的装扮，
心甘情愿地开放；
默默地在阴影里面，
吐露甜美的芬芳。

4 . 那么让我去那山谷里，
去看看那美丽的紫罗兰花，
我也能向它学习，
怀着美好谦虚的心灵长大。

(简·泰勒)

LESSON 69

NO CROWN FOR ME

不要给我花冠

1 . "Will you come with us, Susan?" cried several little girls to a schoolmate. "We are going to the woods; do come, too."

2 . "I should like to go with you very much," replied Susan, with a sigh; "but I can not finish the task grandmother set me to do."

3 . "How tiresome ^[1] it must be to stay at home to work on a holiday!" said one of the girls, with a toss of her head. "Susan's grandmother is too strict."

4 . Susan heard this remark, and, as she bent her head over her task, she wiped away a tear, and thought of the pleasant afternoon the girls would spend gathering wild flowers in the woods.

5 . Soon she said to herself, "What harm can there be in moving the mark grandmother put in the stocking? The woods must be very beautiful today, and how I should like to be in them!"

6 . "Grandmother," said she, a few minutes afterwards, "I am ready, now." "What, so soon, Susan?" Her grandmother took the work, and looked at it very closely.

7 . "True, Susan," said she, laying great stress ^[2] on each word; "true, I count twenty turns from the mark; and, as you have never deceived me, you may go and amuse yourself as you like the rest of the day."

8 . Susan's cheeks were scarlet, and she did not say, "Thank you." As she left the cottage, she walked slowly away, not singing as usual.



9 . "Why, here is Susan!" the girls cried, when she joined their company ^[3] ; "but what is the matter? Why have you left your dear, old grandmother?" they tauntingly ^[4] added.

10 . "There is nothing the matter." As Susan repeated these words, she felt that she was trying to deceive herself. She had acted a lie. At the same time she remembered her grandmother's words, "You have never deceived me."

11 . "Yes, I have deceived her," said she to herself. "If she knew all, she would never trust me again."

12 . When the little party had reached an open space in the woods, her companions ran about enjoying themselves; but Susan sat on the grass, wishing she were at home confessing ^[5] her fault ^[6] .

13 . After a while Rose cried out, "Let us make a crown of violets, and put it on the head of the best girl here."

14 . "It will be easy enough to make the crown, but not so easy to decide who is to wear it," said Julia.

15 . "Why, Susan is to wear it, of course," said Rose: "is she not said to be the best girl in school and the most obedient at home?"

16 . "Yes, yes; the crown shall be for Susan," cried the other girls, and they began to make the crown. It was soon finished.

17 . "Now, Susan," said Rose, "put it on in a very dignified ^[7] way, for you are to be our queen."

18 . As these words were spoken, the crown was placed on her head. In a moment she snatched it off, and threw it on the ground, saying, "No crown for me; I do not deserve it."

19 . The girls looked at her with surprise. "I have deceived my grandmother," said she, while tears flowed down her cheeks. "I altered ^[8] the mark she put in the stocking, that I might join you in the woods."

20 . "Do you call that wicked?" asked one of the girls.

"I am quite sure it is; and I have been miserable ^[9] all the time I have been here."

21 . Susan now ran home, and as soon as she got there she said, with a beating heart, "O grandmother! I deserve to be punished, for I altered the mark you put in the stocking. Do forgive me; I am very sorry and unhappy."

22 . "Susan," said her grandmother, "I knew it all the time; but I let you go out, hoping that your own conscience would tell you of your sin. I am so glad that you have confessed your fault and your sorrow."

23 . "When shall I be your own little girl again?" "Now," was the quick reply, and Susan's grandmother kissed her forehead ^[10] .

【中文阅读】

1 . “苏珊，你一起来吗？”几个小女孩向她们的一位同学呼喊，“我们要去树林里，你也来吧！”

2 . “我很想跟你们一起去，”苏珊叹了一口气，回答道，“可是我还没完成奶奶交给我的任务。”

3 . “放假还待在家里干活儿多没劲啊！”其中一个女孩晃着脑袋说，“苏珊的奶奶太严厉了。”

4 . 苏珊听到了这句评语，当她转身低头继续干活时，拭去了眼中的一滴泪水，想象着那些女孩们将在树林里采摘野花，度过一个愉快的下午。

5 . 很快她对自己说：“把奶奶放在袜子里的标志挪动一下又能有什么害处呢？今天树林里一定很美，而我是多么想和她们一起啊！”

6 . “奶奶，”过了几分钟之后，她说，“我现在已经做好了。”“是吗，苏珊，这么快呀？”奶奶接过苏珊的作品，仔细查看。

7 . “没错，苏珊，”奶奶每一个字都咬得很重地说，“没错，我数过了，标志上有二十个圈；而且，因为你从来没有欺骗过我，今天剩

下的时间你可以去做你喜欢做的事情了。”

8. 苏珊的脸颊红了起来，她也没说“谢谢”。在离开小屋的时候，她走得很慢，没有像平常那样唱着歌走开。

9. “噢，苏珊来了！”苏珊加入女孩们的时候，她们高声喊了起来。“可这是怎么回事呢？你为什么离开你亲爱的奶奶呢？”她们略带责备地问。

10. “没什么事啊。”当苏珊重复这句话的时候，她觉得自己是在试图骗自己。她已经撒了一个谎。同时记起了奶奶跟她说的话：“你从来没有骗过我。”

11. “我骗了她，”她在心里对自己说，“如果奶奶知道真相，肯定再也不会信任我了。”

12. 她们的小聚会转移到树林里的一块空地上，同伴们跑来跑去非常开心，然而苏珊却坐在草地上，希望自己是在家里，正在承认自己的错误。

13. 过了一会儿，罗斯高声说：“我们用紫罗兰编一个花冠吧，把它戴在这里最好的女孩的头上。”

14. “编花冠不难，可是要决定谁可以戴上它就不容易了。”茱莉亚说。

15. “谁说的，当然是苏珊戴上它，”罗斯说，“难道她不是公认的在学校里学习最好、在家里最听话的女孩吗？”

16. “对对对，花冠应该属于苏珊。”其他女孩大声说。她们开始编织花冠，很快就编好了。

17. “来，苏珊，”罗斯说，“高贵地戴上这个花冠吧，因为你就像我们的皇后。”

18. 话音刚落，花冠就戴在了苏珊的头上。过了一会儿，她突然把花冠扯了下来，扔在地上，说：“不要给我花冠，我不配戴它。”

19. 女孩们惊讶地看着她。“我欺骗了我的奶奶，”苏珊说，泪水顺着她的脸颊流了下来。“我挪用了她放在袜子里的标志，所以我才能到树林里来和你们一起玩。”

20. “你认为这是坏事？”一个女孩问道。

“我很肯定这是坏事，我待在这里一直感到很难受。”

21. 此时，苏珊往家的方向飞奔起来。一回到家，心还“怦怦”跳着，“噢，奶奶！我应该受罚，因为我挪动了你放在袜子里的标志。请您千万要原谅我，我一直感到歉疚和不开心。”

22. “苏珊，”奶奶开口说，“我从一开始就知道了，但我还是让你出去玩，希望你的良心会告诉你自己的过错。我很高兴你承认了自己的错误，并且为自己撒谎感到伤心。”

23. “我什么时候可以再成为你亲爱的小孙女呢？”“现在就是！”奶奶马上回答她，并且在苏珊的前额印上一个吻。

注释

- [1] Tiresome, tedious, wearisome.
- [2] Stress, force, emphasis.
- [3] Company, a number persons together.
- [4] Tauntingly, in a disagreeable, reproachful manner.
- [5] Confessing, telling of, acknowledging.
- [6] Fault, wrongdoing, sin.
- [7] Dignified, respectful, stately.
- [8] Altered, changed.
- [9] Miserable, wretched. very unhappy.
- [10] Forehead, the front part of the head above the eyes.

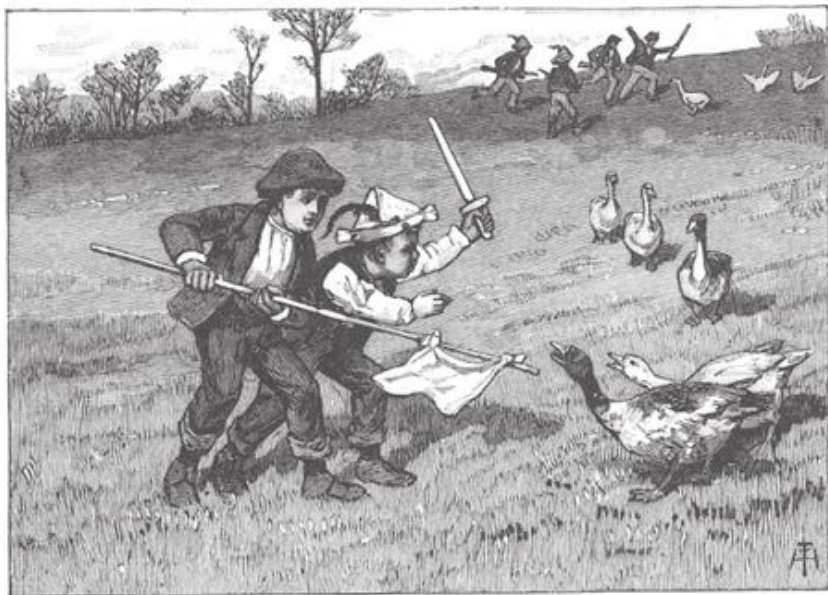
LESSON 70

YOUNG SOLDIERS

小战士

1 . Oh, were you ne'er a schoolboy,
And did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er can feel again?

2 . Did you never meet, far down the street,
With plumes and banners gay,
While the kettle, for the kettledrum [u](#) ,
Played your march, march away?



3 . It seems to me but yesterday,

Nor scarce so long ago,
Since all our school their muskets ^[2] took,
To charge the fearful foe.

4 . Our muskets were of cedar ^[3] wood,
With ramrods bright and new;
With bayonets ^[4] forever set,
And painted barrels ^[5] , too.

5 . We charged upon a flock of geese,
And put them all to flight—
Except one sturdy ^[6] gander
That thought to show us fight.

6 . But, ah! we knew a thing or two;
Our captain wheeled the van ^[7] ;
We routed ^[8] him, we scouted ^[9] him,
Nor lost a single man!

7 . Our captain was as brave a lad
As e'er commission ^[10] bore;
And brightly shone his new tin sword;
A paper cap he wore.



8 . He led us up the steep hillside,
Against the western wind,
While the cockerel ^[11] plume that decked his head
Streamed bravely out behind.

9 . We shouldered arms, we carried arms,

We charged ^[12] the bayonet;
And woe unto the mullein ^[13] stalk
That in our course we met!

10 . At two o'clock the roll we called,
And till the close of day,
With fearless hearts, though tired limbs,
We fought the mimic fray ^[14] ,—
Till the supper bell, from out the dell,
Bade us march, march away.

【中文阅读】

1 . 噢，是否还记得你曾是个小男生？
还记得你曾日夜训练，
感到满怀豪情热血沸腾，
那种感觉如今是否已消失不见？

2 . 难道你不曾在街边上，
遇上挥舞着羽毛和彩旗的队伍，
把水壶当作鼓，咚咚敲着进行曲，
伴随你行进的每一步？

3 . 似乎就在不久以前，
对我来说一切恍如昨日，
我们全都举着步枪，
向着可怕的敌人冲刺。

4 . 那杉木做的步枪，
带着崭新的推弹杆；
刺刀固定在枪上，
还有上了漆的枪管。

5 . 我们攻向一群鹅，
吓得它们四处飞散。
除了一只强壮的雄鹅，
想要和我们决一死战。

6 . 可是，啊！我们可精于此道，
我们的首领冲在前面；

它被打得落荒而逃，我们大声嘲笑，
而我军连一个人都没消失不见！

7. 我们的队长是个勇敢的小伙子，
就像任命书上写的那样；
他头戴纸帽，
亮出新的铁剑闪闪发光。

8. 他带领我们爬到陡峭的山坡上，
猎猎西风迎面而来，
公鸡羽毛插在他头上，
迎风飘扬的样子多么豪迈。

9. 我们扛枪上肩，我们全副武装，
我们把刺刀都装上；
路上的毛蕊花不幸遭了殃，
谁叫它挡在我们前进的路上！

10. 两点钟我们就点名集合，
一直玩到夜幕降临，
我们投入模拟的战斗，
心中无所畏惧，手脚却筋疲力尽，
直到树林外面传来吃晚饭的呼唤，
催促我们踏步走出树林。

注释

- [1] Kettledrum, a drum made of a copper vessel shaped like a kettle.
- [2] Musket, a kind of gun.
- [3] Cedar, a very durable kind of wood.
- [4] Bayonet, a sharp piece of steel on the end of a gun.
- [5] Barrel, the long metal tube forming part of a gun.
- [6] Sturdy, stubborn, bold.
- [7] Van, the front.
- [8] Routed, put to flight.
- [9] Scouted, made fun of.
- [10] Commission, a writing to show power.
- [11] Cockerel, a young chicken-cock.
- [12] Charged, made an onset.
- [13] Mullein, a tall plant that grows in neglected fields.
- [14] Fray, fight, contest.

LESSON 71

HOW WILLIE GOT OUT OF THE SHAFT



威利是怎样逃出枯井的

1 . Willie's aunt sent him for a birthday [\[1\]](#) present a little writing book. There was a place in the book for a pencil. Willie thought a great deal of this little book, and always kept it in his pocket.

2 . One day, his mother was very busy, and he called his dog, and said, "Come, Caper, let us have a play."



3 . When Willie's mother missed him, she went to the door and looked out, and could not see him anywhere; but she knew that Caper was with him, and thought they would come back before long.

4 . She waited an hour, and still they did not come. When she came to the gate by the road, she met Mr. Lee, and told him how long Willie had been gone. Mr. Lee thought he must have gone to sleep under the trees. So they went to all the trees under which Willie was in the habit of playing, but he was nowhere to be found.

5 . By this time the sun had gone down. The news that Willie was lost soon spread over the neighborhood ^[2] , and all the men and women ^[3] turned out to hunt. They hunted all night.

6 . The next morning the neighbors were gathered round, and all were trying to think what to do next, when Caper came bounding into the room. There was a string tied round his neck, and

a bit of paper tied to it.

7 . Willie's father, Mr. Lee, took the paper, and saw that it was a letter from Willie. He read it aloud. It said, "O father! come to me. I am in the big hole in the pasture."

8 . Everybody ran at once to the far corner of the pasture; and there was Willie, alive and well, in the shaft^[4] . Oh, how glad he was when his father caught him in his arms, and lifted him out!

9 . Now I will tell you how Willie came to be in the shaft. He and Caper went to the pasture field, and came to the edge of the shaft and sat down. In bending over to see how deep it was, he lost his balance, and fell in. He tried very hard to get out, but could not.

10 . When the good little dog saw that his master was in the shaft, he would not leave him, but ran round and round, reaching down and trying to pull him out. But while Caper was pulling Willie by the coat sleeves, a piece of sod gave way under his feet, and he fell in too.

11 . Willie called for his father and mother as loud as he could call; but he was so far away from the house that no one could hear him.

12 . He cried and called till it was dark, and then he lay down on the ground, and Caper lay down close beside him. It was not long before Willie cried himself to sleep.

13 . When he awoke it was morning, and he began to think of a way to get out. The little writing book that his aunt had given him, was in his pocket. He took it out, and, after a good deal of trouble, wrote the letter to his father.

14 . Then he tore the leaf out, and took a string out of his pocket, and tied it round Caper's neck, and tied the letter to the string. Then he lifted the dog up, and helped him out, and said to him, "Go home, Caper, go home!" The little dog scampered^[5] away, and was soon at home.

【中文阅读】

1 . 威利的阿姨送了他一个笔记本作为生日礼物。本子上有个地方插着铅笔。威利非常喜欢这个小本子，总是把它放在口袋里。

2 . 有一天，威利的妈妈很忙。威利把他的小狗叫过来：“凯普过来，咱们玩个游戏。”

3 . 当威利的妈妈想起他来，她走到门口四处张望，却哪儿也没有看到威利的身影。妈妈知道小狗凯普和威利在一起，心想他们不

久之后就会回家来了。

4. 等了一个小时，他们还是没有回来。她走到路边的大门口，遇到了丈夫李先生，于是告诉他已经很长时间没见到威利了。李先生猜想威利一定是在树荫下睡着了。于是他们到威利平常习惯去玩耍的地方寻找，然而在所有的树底下，都没有找到小威利。

5. 到了太阳下山的时候，“威利不见了”的消息已经迅速传开。邻居们男男女女都到外面帮忙寻找，足足找了一整夜。

6. 第二天早晨，邻居们聚集在房间里，都在想下一步应该怎么做。就在这个时候，小狗凯普突然跑了进来。在凯普的脖子上系着一根绳子，绑着一张小纸条。

7. 威利的爸爸李先生取下了纸条，发现那是威利写的一封信。他大声地读出来，信上是这样写的：“噢，爸爸！快来救我！我在牧场的那个坑里。”

8. 所有人马上跑到牧场那个遥远的角落，威利果然在那个枯井里，安然无恙。噢，当爸爸用双臂抱起威利，把他举起来送到井外的那一刻，威利多么高兴啊！

9. 好了，现在我来告诉你威利是怎么掉进枯井里去的。他和凯普到牧场上玩耍，来到枯井的边缘坐了下来。在弯腰看井有多深的时候，威利失去平衡掉了下去。他非常努力地往上爬，却怎么也爬不上来。

10. 乖小狗看见主人掉进了井里，一直都没离开。它绕着井口跑来跑去，还往下探身子试图把威利拉上来。可是就在凯普咬着威利外套的袖子往上拉的时候，它脚下的一块草皮松了，于是凯普也掉进了井里。

11. 威利用尽最大的声音使劲喊爸爸妈妈，可是他离家太远了，根本没有人能听见他的呼喊。

12. 他又哭又喊直到天黑，然后躺倒在地上，凯普也在他身边躺了下来。威利哭着哭着，没多久就睡着了。

13. 到威利醒过来的时候已经天亮了，他开始想办法离开这个地方。他想起了口袋里阿姨送给他的本子。威利把小本子掏了出来，费了半天的劲儿，写了那封给爸爸的信。

14. 写完之后，威利撕下了那一页纸，从口袋里拿出一根绳子，绑在凯普的脖子上，再把信紧紧绑在绳子上。然后，他把小狗举起来，帮助它爬出了枯井，对它说：“回家，凯普，回家！”小狗马上飞奔起来，很快就到家了。

注释

[1] Birthday, the same day of the month in which a person was born, in each succeeding year.

[2] Neighborhood, the surrounding region which lies nearest, vicinity.

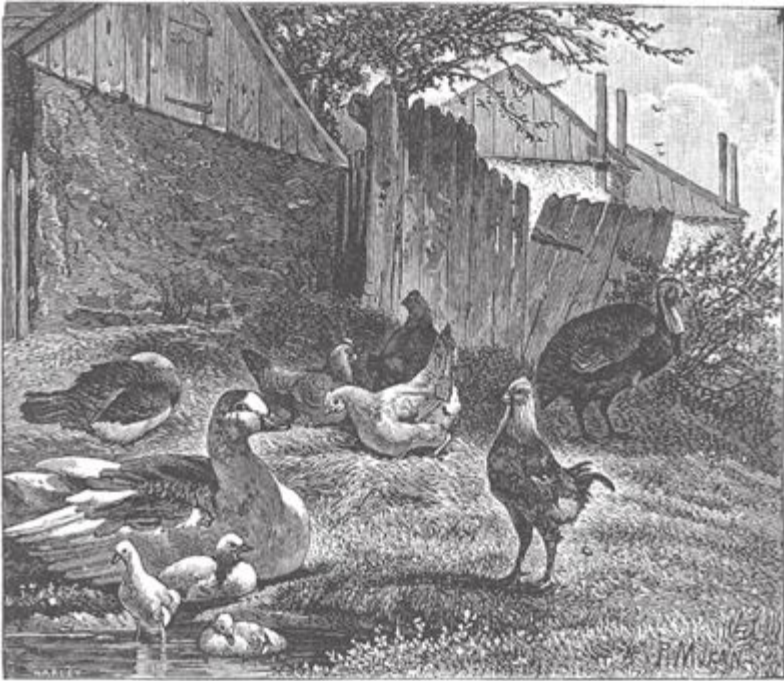
- [3] Women, plural of woman.
- [4] Shaft, a deep hole made in the earth, usually for mining purposes.
- [5] Scampered, ran briskly.

LESSON 72

THE PERT CHICKEN

无礼的小公鸡

1 . There was once a pretty chicken;
But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
In the world but what he knew:
So he always, in the farmyard ^[1] ,
Had a very forward ^[2] way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys ^[3]
What they ought to do and say.
"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder
That your goslings ^[4] you should let
Go out paddling ^[5] in the water;
It will kill them to get wet."



2 . "I wish, my old Aunt Dorking ^[6] ,"

He began to her, one day,

"That you wouldn't sit all summer

In your nest upon the hay.

Won't you come out to the meadow,
Where the grass with seeds is filled?"

"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,

"Then my eggs would all get chilled."

"No, they won't," replied the chicken,

"And no matter if they do;

Eggs are really good for nothing;

What's an egg to me or you?"

3 . "What's an egg!" said Mrs. Dorking,

"Can it be you do not know

You yourself were in an eggshell

Just one little month ago?

And, if kind wings had not warmed you,

You would not be out today,

Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys,

What they ought to do and say!"

4 . "To be very wise, and show it,
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;
But, when young folks talk to old folks,
They should know what they're about."

(Marian Douglas)

【中文阅读】

1 . 从前有只小公鸡很漂亮，
他的朋友却没几个；
因为他认为在这个世界上，
没有什么是他不知道的；
所以在农家小院子里，
总看见他无礼地直冲向前，
告诉所有母鸡和火鸡，
什么该说，什么该干。
他说：“鹅太太，我想你太不应该，
让小鹅们到外面玩耍；
他们在水里扑腾嬉戏，
全身湿透随时会没命的呀。”

2 . 有一天，他又对道根鸡开口：
“我希望，我亲爱的道根鸡阿姨，
你不要整个夏天都坐着不动，
老在干草上蹲窝有什么意思！
难道你就不想在草地上走走？
有那么多种子都藏在草里。”
“如果我走开，”道根鸡阿姨回答他，
“那我的蛋都会变冷。”
“不，它们不会的，”小公鸡接话，
“就算它们变凉也没事儿。
那些蛋真是一点用处都没有，
对你对我又有什么意义？”

3 . “蛋有什么意义！”道根鸡大声说，
“你根本就不知道！
你可知短短一个月之前，
你还在蛋壳里没来到这个世界上？

如果不是有慈爱的翅膀给你温暖，
今天你就不会在这里出现，
对着母鸡、火鸡和鹅妈妈，
告诉它们什么该说，什么该干！”

4. “自作聪明地到处炫耀，
毫无疑问你会感觉愉快；
可是当年轻人面对长者说话，
他们说的东西最好自己先明白。”

(玛丽安·道格拉斯)

注释

[1] Farmyard, the inclosed ground attached to a barn and other farm buildings.

[2] Forward, bold, confident.

[3] Turkey, a large domestic fowl.

[4] Goslings, young geese.

[5] Paddling, beating the water with the feet, swimming.

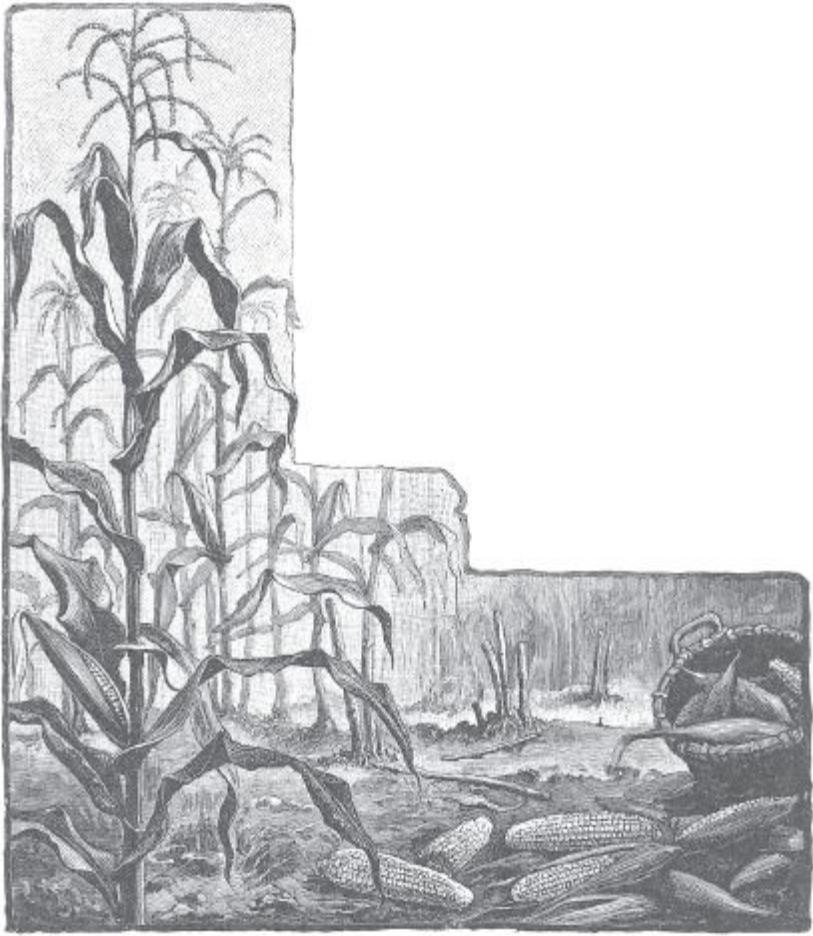
[6] Dorking, a species of chicken.

LESSON 73

INDIAN CORN

印第安玉米

1 . Few plants are more useful to man than Indian corn, or maize. No grain, except rice, is used to so great an extent as an article [\[1\]](#) of food. In some countries corn is almost the only food eaten by the people.



2 . Do you know why it is called Indian corn? It is because the American Indians were the first corn growers. Columbus found this grain widely cultivated ^[2] by them when he discovered the New World. They pounded it in rude, stone bowls, and thus made a coarse flour, which they mixed with water and baked.

3 . Indian corn is now the leading crop in the United States. In whatever part of this land we live, we see corn growing every year in its proper season. Yet how few can tell the most simple and important ^[3] facts about its planting and its growth!

4 . Corn, to do well, must have a rich soil and a warm climate. It is a tender plant, and is easily injured by cold weather. The seed corn does not sprout, but rots, if the ground is cold and wet.

5 . To prepare land properly for planting corn, the soil is made fine by plowing, and furrows [4] are run across the field four feet apart each way. At every point where these furrows cross, the farmer drops from four to seven grains of seed corn. These are then covered with about two inches of earth, and thus form "hills" of corn.

6 . In favorable [5] weather, the tender blades push through the ground in ten days or two weeks; then the stalks mount up rapidly, and the long, streamer [6] -like leaves unfold gracefully from day to day. Corn must be carefully cultivated while the plants are small. After they begin to shade the ground, they need but little hoeing or plowing.

7 . The moisture [7] and earthy matter, drawn through the roots, become sap. This passes through the stalk, and enters the leaves. There a great change takes place which results [8] in the starting of the ears and the growth of the grain.

8 . The maize plant bears two kinds of flowers,—male and female. The two are widely separated [9] . The male flowers are on the tassel; the fine silk threads which surround the ear, and peep out from the end of the husks, are the female flowers.

9 . Each grain on the cob is the startingpoint for a thread of silk; and, unless the thread receives some particle [10] of the dust which falls from the tassel flowers, the kernel with which it is connected will not grow.

10 . The many uses of Indian corn and its products are worthy of note. The green stalks and leaves make excellent [11] fodder [12] for cattle. The ripe grain is used all over the earth as food for horses, pigs, and poultry [13] . Nothing is better for fattening stock.

11 . Green corn, or "roasting ears," hulled corn and hominy, New England hasty pudding, and succotash [14] are favorite dishes with many persons. Then there are parched corn and pop corn—the delight of long winter evenings.

12 . Cornstarch is an important article of commerce [15] . Sirup and sugar are made from the juice of the stalk, and oil and alcohol [16] from the ripened grain. Corn husks are largely used for filling mattresses [17] , and are braided [18] into mats, baskets, and other useful articles.

13 . Thus it will be seen how varied are the uses of Indian corn. And besides being so useful, the plant is very beautiful. The sight of a large cornfield in the latter part of summer, with all its

green banners waving and its tasseled plumes nodding, is one to admire, and not to be forgotten.

【中文阅读】

1. 很少有别的植物像印第安玉米（也叫玉蜀黍）那么有用。除了大米以外，没有哪一种农作物像玉米这样被如此广泛地用作粮食。在某些国家，玉米几乎是人们唯一的食物。

2. 你知道印第安玉米这个称呼是怎么来的吗？那是因为美洲的印第安人是最早种植玉米的人。哥伦布发现新大陆的时候，也发现了印第安人大面积地种植这种农作物。他们把玉米放在粗糙的石碗里捣碎，做成粗粝的玉米面，和上水就可以烘烤成玉米饼了。

3. 印第安玉米是美国目前最主要的农作物。在我们生活的这片土地上，无论哪个地区，每年在相应的季节，我们都可以看到玉米茁壮生长。但是，关于玉米的种植和生长，又有多少人能简明扼要地讲出来呢？

4. 要让玉米生长得好，必须要有肥沃的土壤和温暖的气候。这种柔弱的植物很容易被寒冷天气摧毁。如果土地又冷又湿，玉米的种子就不会发芽，而会腐烂。

5. 为种植玉米而准备的土地，必须通过翻耕使土壤适于种植，一块地分成许多小块，任一方向每四英尺都要以土沟分隔。在土沟纵横交叉之处，农夫撒下四至七粒玉米种子，埋在大约两英寸的土壤下面，这样就形成了“玉米堆”。

6. 只要天气适宜，十天到两周之后，柔弱的种子就会扎根在土壤里，很快枝茎破土而出，越长越高。一天一天过去，丝带一样的叶子也优雅地舒展开来。在玉米还是幼苗的时候，必须细心照料。然而当它们长高，盖住了土地之后，就几乎不再需要耕作了。

7. 玉米的根从土壤里吸取水分和养分，成为树液，经由茎部传输到叶子。这为植物带来巨大的变化，因此得以抽穗，最终长出颗粒。

8. 玉米开的花有两种——雄花和雌花。两种花很不一样，雄花呈穗状，而雌花则是丝一样的细线，围绕着包谷生长，并在包皮的末端隐约露出来。

9. 玉米穗轴上的每一个颗粒都是一束丝状雌花的起点，只有花束获得来自于穗状雄花的微粒，它所连接的内核才可以成长。

10. 印第安玉米及其产品的广泛用途值得详细注解：绿色的玉米茎和叶子是喂牛的好饲料。成熟的玉米粒在全世界都被广泛用作饲料，喂养马、猪、家禽等。它还是最好的积肥用料。

11. 嫩玉米、烤熟或煮熟的玉米、去皮玉米、玉米粥、新英格兰玉米糊或是豆煮玉米是许多人的最爱。还有烘烤玉米片和爆米花，在

漫漫冬夜里为人们带来欢乐。

12. 玉米淀粉是一种重要的商品。玉米茎的汁液是提炼糖和糖浆的原料。成熟的玉米粒是制油和酒精的原料。玉米的包皮用途也很广泛，它可以是床垫的填充物，也可以被编织成为各种垫子、篮子和其他用品。

13. 由此可见，印第安玉米全身都是宝。它不但用途多样，而且还很漂亮。盛夏时节，一望无际的玉米地，绿色的叶子像旗帜一样迎风飞舞，抽穗的包谷随风点头，这是多么赏心悦目而又令人难忘的景色啊！

注释

- [1] Article, a particular one of various things.
- [2] Cultivated, grown.
- [3] Important, of much value.
- [4] Furrow, a trench made by a plow.
- [5] Favorable, that which is kindly, propitious.
- [6] Streamer, a long, narrow flag.
- [7] Moisture, wet, dampness.
- [8] Results, comes out, ends.
- [9] Separated, apart, not connected.
- [10] Particle, a very small portion.
- [11] Excellent, good, superior.
- [12] Fodder, such food for animals as hay, straw, and vegetables.
- [13] Poultry, barnyard fowls.
- [14] Succotash, corn and beans boiled together.
- [15] Commerce, trade.
- [16] Alcohol, distilled liquor.
- [17] Mattresses, beds stuffed with hair, straw, or other soft material.
- [18] Braided, woven or twisted together.

LESSON 74

THE SNOWBIRD'S SONG

雪鸟之歌

1 . The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snowbird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee [\[1\]](#) .



2 . He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song:
"O sister, look out of the window!" said she;
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee."

3 . "Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet:
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;
He's all the time singing his chick-a-de-dee."

4 . "If I were a barefooted snowbird, I know,
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;
I pity him so! oh, how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-dee."

5 . "O mother; do get him some stockings, and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose:
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee!"

6 . The bird had flown down for some sweet crumbs of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said:
"What a figure ^[2] I'd make in that dress" thought he,
And laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-dee.

7 . "I am grateful," said he, "for the wish you express ^[3] ,
But have no occasion for such a fine dress;
I rather remain with my little limbs free,
Than to hobble ^[4] about, singing chick-a-de-dee."



8 . "There is One, my dear child, though I can not tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too.
Good morning! Oh, who are so happy as we?"

And away he flew, singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

(F. C. Woodworth)

【中文阅读】

1. 有一天白雪覆盖了大地，
两个小姐妹正玩得忘乎所以；
这时候一只雪鸟停在旁边的树上，
滴沥沥滴沥沥愉快地歌唱。

2. 他的音调并不太长，
艾米丽听到之前，他正高声歌唱；
她说：“噢，姐姐，你看看窗外的树上！
有只可爱的小鸟正在滴沥沥地欢唱。”

3. “可怜的小家伙！他走在雨雪里，
脚上没有袜子也没有鞋子；
我想知道是什么让他充满欢乐，
总是滴沥沥滴沥沥不停唱着歌。”

4. “我想，如果我是雪鸟，光着脚丫，
我才不会待在寒冷的雪地里任风吹雨打；
我多么同情他！噢，他一定冷得不行！
可是他仍然滴沥沥滴沥沥地唱个不停。”

5. “噢，妈妈，请给他穿上鞋袜和袍子，
如果他愿意，就再让他挑一顶帽子；
我希望他能来到我们的会客室，
看看我们可以让他感到多么温暖，可怜的滴沥沥！”

6. 雪鸟飞下来去啄地上的甜面包渣，
他听见了艾米丽说的每一句话；
他想：“要是我穿上那条裙子会是什么样子？”
他一边笑一边轻声唱着他的滴沥沥。

7. “我很感激，”他说，“谢谢你们的好意，
但是我并不一定需要那么漂亮的裙子；
我宁愿光着我的脚丫自由自在，
胜过唱着滴沥沥却一瘸一拐。”

8. “亲爱的小孩，有一位无所不能的人，虽然我不能说他是谁，
已经给我穿上衣服，既暖和又美丽；
早上好！噢，谁像我们这么快乐？”
他飞走了，唱着他那滴沥沥的歌。

(F. C.伍德沃斯)

注释

- [1] Chick-a-de-dee, an imitation of the notes of the snowbird.
- [2] Figure, shape, appearance.
- [3] Express, make known, declare.
- [4] Hobble, to walk with a hitch or hop.

LESSON 75

MOUNTAINS



高山

1 . The Himalayas ^[1] are the highest mountains on our globe. They are in Asia, and separate India from Thibet. They extend in a continuous line for more than a thousand miles.

2 . If you ever ascend ^[2] one of these mountains from the plain below, you will have to cross an unhealthy border, twenty miles in width. It is, in fact, a swamp ^[3] caused by the waters overflowing the river banks.

3 . The soil of this swampy border is covered with trees and shrubs, where the tiger, the elephant, and other animals find secure retreat ^[4] . Beyond this border, you will reach smiling valleys and noble forests.

4 . As you advance ^[5] onward and upward, you will get among bolder and more rugged ^[6] scenes. The sides of the mountains are very steep, sometimes well wooded to quite a height, but sometimes quite barren ^[7] .



5 . In crossing a river you must be content with three ropes for a bridge. You will find the streets of the towns to be simply stairs cut out of the rock, and see the houses rising in tiers [8] .

6 . The pathways into Thibet, among these mountains, are mere tracks by the side of foaming torrents. Often, as you advance, you will find every trace of the path swept away by the falling of rocks and earth from above.

7 . Sometimes you will find posts driven into the mountain side, upon which branches of trees and earth are spread. This forms a trembling foothold [9] for the traveler.

8 . In the Andes [10] , in South America, the sure-footed mule is used to carry travelers. Quite often a chasm [11] must be crossed that is many feet wide and hundreds of feet deep. The mule will leap

across this chasm, but not until it is sure it can make a safe jump.

9 . "One day," says a traveler, "I went by the worst pass over the Andes Mountains. The path for seventy yards was very narrow, and at one point it was washed entirely away. On one side the rock brushed my shoulder, and on the other side my foot overhung the precipice ^[12] ."

10 . The guide told this man, after he was safely over the pass, that, to his knowledge ^[13] , four hundred mules had fallen over that precipice, and in many instances travelers had lost their lives at that terrible spot.

【中文阅读】

1 . 喜马拉雅山是地球上最高的山，位于亚洲，在印度与中国西藏之间，山脉连绵超过一千英里。

2 . 如果你试图从山脚的平原登上其中一座山峰，你就必须跨越一条危及生命的边界线，宽度达到了二十英里。实际上，那是一片由于河水溢出河床流到岸边形成的沼泽地。

3 . 沼泽边境的土壤被树林与灌木丛所覆盖，在那里，老虎、大象等动物寻找安全的退路。跨越了这片边界地，你就能到达开阔的山谷和郁郁葱葱的森林。

4 . 当你继续向上攀登，你会置身于更粗糙、更崎岖的山野之间。山崖十分陡峭，有时即便很高的地方也生长着茂盛的树木，有时则相当贫瘠荒凉。

5 . 越过河流的时候，要是能有一条三根绳子做成的桥，你就该感到满足了。走进市镇，你会发现街道是直接在岩石上开凿而成的，房子一排排拔地而起。

6 . 进入西藏的小路蜿蜒在山间，小路一侧就是怒吼着的滚滚洪流，通常你会发现前进的路上没有任何足迹，因为从山上滚落的石头和沙泥把本来留下的足迹都一扫而空了。

7 . 有时你会看到山崖上插着柱子，在上面铺着树枝和泥土，这样就给人提供了站脚的地方。虽然还是让人心惊胆战，但至少能供旅人通过。

8 . 在位于南美洲的安第斯山脉，旅客们使用步伐稳健的骡子作为坐骑。通常，当必须跨越好几英尺宽、几百英尺深的峡谷时，这种骡子会一跃而过。当然，如果它们不确定自己可以越过的话，是不会冒险的。

9 . “有一天，”一位旅客说，“我遇到了安第斯山脉最糟糕的路况。有一段路长达七十码，而且非常狭窄，有一个地方的路完全被冲走了。我只好任由一侧的肩膀被岩石摩擦着，另一侧的脚就吊挂在悬

崖边上。”

10. 在这位旅客安全通过了那条路之后，一位向导告诉他，据他所知，在那个悬崖大概摔死过四百头骡子，还有很多旅客在那个可怕的地方失去了生命。

注释

- [1] Himalaya, also written Himmaleh.
- [2] Ascend, go up.
- [3] Swamp, low, wet ground.
- [4] Retreat, place of safety.
- [5] Advance, go forward.
- [6] Rugged, rough.
- [7] Barren, without trees or shrubs, unproductive.
- [8] Tiers, rows one above another.
- [9] Foothold, that on which one may tread.
- [10] Andes, next to the highest range of mountains in the world.
- [11] Chasm, a deep opening in the earth, or cleft in the rocks.
- [12] Precipice, a very steep and dangerous descent.
- [13] Knowledge, that which is known.

LESSON 76

A CHILD'S HYMN

儿童赞美诗

1 . God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

2 . God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

3 . God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

4 . God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim
In all His wondrous ways.

【中文阅读】

1 . 上帝把我的生命变成一点光，
在这世界发亮；
一点星光把光明燃亮，
无论我会去向何方。

2 . 上帝把我的生命变成一朵小花，
带给人们欢乐；

尽管在小小的角落里生长开花，
也在树荫下怡然自得。

3．上帝把我的生命变成一首小曲，
让伤心的人得到安慰；
帮助他人更加坚强无惧，
让唱歌的人也忘掉伤悲。

4．上帝把我的生命变成一首赞美诗，
温柔慈爱，诚挚颂赞；
上帝用他的奇妙方式，
让虔诚的信仰永不消退。

LESSON 77

HOLDING THE FORT

守住堡垒

1 . While Genie was walking slowly down street one day, she heard an odd rapping on the pavement ^[1] behind her. Looking round, she saw Rob Grey hobbling on crutches ^[2] .

2 . "Why, what is the matter?" cried Genie. "I haven't seen you for a week, and now you are walking in that way."



3 . "I shall have to walk in this way as much as a week longer, Genie. I sprained ^[3] my ankle by stopping too quick—no, not too quick, either, for there was something in my way."

"What was it?" asked Genie.

4 . "One of the Commandments ^[4] ," replied Rob. "You remember how that lecturer ^[5] talked to us about 'holding the fort'? Well, I thought I should like to do it; but it's a pretty long war, you know—all a lifetime, and no vacations ^[6] —furloughs ^[7] , I think they call them."

5 . "If there was nothing to fight, we should not need to be soldiers," said Genie.

6 . "Well, I thought I would try; but the first day, when we came out of the schoolhouse, Jack Lee snatched my books out of my hand, and threw them into the mud."

7 . "I started after him as fast as I could run. I meant to throw him where he had thrown the books, when, all of a sudden, I thought of the Commandment about returning good for evil."

8 . "I stopped short—so short, that, somehow, my foot twisted under me. So, you see, it was one of the Commandments."

9 . "If one must stumble at them, it is a good thing to fall on the right side," said Genie, with a wise nod of her head.

10 . "The whole thing puzzles me, and makes me feel—well, like giving it up," said Rob. "It might have served me right when I was chasing Jack; but when I thought of the Commandment, I really tried to do the right thing."

11 . "You did do it, Rob," said Genie. "You 'held the fort' that time. Why, don't you see—you are only a wounded ^[8] soldier."

12 . "I never thought of that," said Rob. "If I believe that way—" He began to whistle, and limped off to school without finishing the sentence. But Genie knew, by the way he behaved ^[9] that day, that he had made up his mind to hold the fort.

【中文阅读】

1 . 有一天，吉妮在街上慢慢走着，忽然听到后面人行道上传来奇怪的敲击声。回头一看，原来是罗伯·格雷拄着拐杖一瘸一拐地走过来。

2 . “怎么了？发生了什么事？”吉妮不禁大声问道。“一个星期没见你，你走路怎么这个样子？”

3 . “接下来至少一个星期我都得这样走路，吉妮。我突然很快停

下来，所以摔坏了膝盖。不，也不是因为停得太快，是因为有东西挡住了我的路。”

吉妮问：“是什么东西啊？”

4. “就是其中一条戒律，”罗伯继续说，“你记得老师跟我们讲过的‘守住堡垒’那条戒律吗？啊，我那时想我应该这么做；可是你知道，这是一场持久战——整整一生，没有假期——暂时的休息都不行，我想他们是这么说的。”

5. “如果没有什么需要我们为之战斗，那么我们就不需要成为战士了。”吉妮说。

6. “嗯，我想我会试着去做；但是我们离开校舍的第一天，杰克·李忽然把我手里的书抢了过去，扔在烂泥地里。”

7. “我马上用最快的速度跑去追他，满脑子想着要抓住他，把他推到扔我书的那块烂泥地里。可是忽然间，我想起了‘以德报怨’那条戒律。”

8. “我突然停住脚步——停得太快了，不知道怎么地就把脚给扭了。所以，你看，就是一条戒律把我绊倒的。”

9. “如果一个人必须被戒律绊倒，那么倒向正确的一边也是一件好事。”吉妮一边说，一边睿智地点头。

10. “这件事情让我困惑，使我想着，嗯，想要放弃，”罗伯说，“如果是在我追杰克的时候摔倒，我能想得通，可是却在当我想起戒律的时候，那时我是真想做正确的事情啊。”

11. “罗伯，你确实做了正确的事情，”吉妮说，“那一刻你守住了堡垒。怎么，你还不明白吗——只不过你是一名负伤的战士。”

12. “我从来没这么想过，”罗伯说，“要是我这么想的话……”他吹起了口哨，抬起脚一瘸一拐地往学校走去，话也没说完。但是吉妮明白，从罗伯那天的举动就知道，他已经下定决心，要“守住堡垒”。

注释

[1] Pavement, a walk covered with brick or other hard material.

[2] Crutches, long sticks with crosspieces at the top, to aid lame persons in walking.

[3] Sprained, injured by wrenching or twisting.

[4] Commandments, holy laws recorded in the Bible.

[5] Lecturer, a public speaker.

[6] Vacation, the time between two school terms.

[7] Furlough, a soldier's leave of absence.

[8] Wounded, hurt, injured.

[9] Behaved, acted.

LESSON 78

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

小人儿

1 . A dreary ^[1] place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it;

2 . No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender ^[2] ;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love chords ^[3] tender.

3 . The sterner souls would grow more stern ^[4] ,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to utter ^[5] coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

4 . Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful ^[6] place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

(John G. Whittier)

【中文阅读】

1 . 如果没有了小人儿在地球上，
世界将是多么沉闷无聊；
没有了孩子们领头歌唱，
生命之歌将失去欢乐的曲调。

2 . 没有了那些小东西，像嫩芽初露，

让爱慕的心为之震颤；
没有了轻抚于胸前和眉间的小手，
让爱的和弦轻柔地奏响于心间。

3．无情的灵魂将会更无情，
麻木的心灵会更残忍，
男人现出冷酷言行，
女人也不再温柔。

4．确实，如果没有婴儿的初啼，
生命之歌将会失去魅力；
如果没有了小人儿在这里，
世界将会变成悲伤阴沉之地。

（约翰·G·惠迪尔）

注释

- [1] Dreary, cheerless.
- [2] Surrender, give up, yield.
- [3] Love chords, ties of affection.
- [4] Stern, severe, harsh.
- [5] Utter, complete.
- [6] Doleful, gloomy, sad.

LESSON 79

GOOD NIGHT

晚安

1 . The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound;
'T is time to say to all, "Good night!"
And give a kiss all round.

2 . Good night, my father, mother, dear!
Now kiss your little son;
Good night, my friends, both far and near!
Good night to every one.

3 . Good night, ye merry, merry birds!
Sleep well till morning light;
Perhaps, if you could sing in words,
You would have said, "Good night!"

4 . To all my pretty flowers, good night!
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars, that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

5 . The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'T is time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

(Mrs. Follen)

【中文阅读】

1 . 太阳藏起来，消失在我们的视线，

鸟儿也静静安眠；
是时候对大家说“晚安！”
亲吻每个人的笑脸。

2．晚安，亲爱的爸爸妈妈！
请亲吻你们的孩子；
晚安，我的朋友们，无论你是远是近！
说一句晚安送给你。

3．晚安，快乐的小鸟！
睡个好觉直到天亮；
也许，如果你有歌词配上曲调，
“晚安！”你唱的肯定也是这样。

4．我美丽的花儿，晚安！
你们在我熟睡的时候盛开；
天上所有的星星亮闪闪，
守候你们直到早晨到来。

5．月儿照亮天边，
星星闪耀光芒；
是时候闭上我们疲倦的双眼，
晚祷之后进入梦乡。

（福伦夫人）



美国国会图书馆 塑造美国的
Library of Congress 88本书*

美国语文读本

4

〔美〕威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

〔美〕威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

（英汉双语图文版）

4

McGuffey's Fourth Eclectic Reader

最纯粹的美德读本、最纯正的美语阅读、最经典的美式教育

一本影响了美国五代人的经典课本
了解美国，从启蒙读本开始



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



中文阅读

中国青年出版社



The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

4

McGuffey's Eclectic Primer

McGuffey's First Eclectic Reader



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



中青文传媒

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

美国语文读本. 4: 汉英对照 / (美) 麦加菲 (McGuffey, W. H.) 编; 田宇, 田津译. —北京: 中国青年出版社, 2013.6 (塑造美国的88本书)

ISBN 978-7-5153-1650-5

I. ①美... II. ①麦...②田...③田...

III. ①英语—阅读教学—中小学—美国—课外读物 IV. ①G634.413

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2013) 第110451号

美国语文读本4

作 者: [美] 威廉·H·麦加菲

译 者: 田 宇 田 津

策划编辑: 陈 晨 李玲香

责任编辑: 孙雪蕾

美术编辑: 夏 蕊 张 建

出 版: 中国青年出版社

发 行: 北京中青文文化传媒有限公司

电 话: 010-65516873/65518035

公司网址: www.cyb.com.cn

购书网址: zqwts.tmall.com www.diyijie.com

制 作: 中青文制作中心

印 刷: 北京盛源印刷有限公司

版 次: 2013年6月第1版

印 次: 2013年6月第1次印刷

开 本：787×1092 1/16
字 数：300千字
印 张：24
书 号：ISBN 978-7-5153-1650-5
定 价：45.00元

中青版图书，版权所有，盗版必究

我社将与版权执法机关配合大力打击盗印、盗版活动，敬请广大读者协助举报，经查实将给予举报者重奖。

举报电话：

北京市版权局版权执法处

010-64081804

中国青年出版社

010-65516873

010-65518035

编者的话

1910年，年仅19岁的胡适考取“庚子赔款”第二期官费生赴美留学，就读于康奈尔大学。偶遇美国小学新生开学，胡适难抑好奇跑去旁听，内心受到极大震动。美国启蒙第一课只有一个内容，便是令全体学生宣读誓词：“我保证善用我的思辨才能；我保证发展我独立的思想；我保证接受教育，从而使自己能够独立判断。”正是这段誓词，让胡适深刻体会到：美国之所以成为美国，全在于其“独立之精神，自由之思想”，而这一理念成了胡适先生一生坚守的信念。

美国，距其建国不过200余年，却已是世界强国。我们不禁要问：这个民族，究竟是如何在这么短的时间内做到经济上飞速发达，政治上游刃有余的？更为重要的是，它如何将这关系国本的“思想与精神”赋予它的民众，令他们秉持信仰，坚守信念？

2012年5月，美国馆藏量最大、历史最悠久的国会图书馆遴选出88部对美国社会最具影响力的书籍，定名为“塑造美国的书”（Books That Shaped America）。《飘》、《麦田守望者》、《了不起的盖茨比》、《第22条军规》、《汤姆叔叔的小屋》等历久弥新、耳熟能详的经典名著均入选。这些书籍或曾在当时社会引发争议，或甫一亮相即引起极大轰动，或令人愤慨，或引人怒骂，或发人深思，但仍对美国乃至全世界读者了解美国社会发挥了重要作用。

为此，我们引进并翻译出版了这套“塑造美国的88本书”丛书。力争客观、原生态地呈现美国的人文社会、政治制度以及美国历史发展和民主进程，在一个个美国故事中，讲述真实的美国和美国人，宏观展示美国的诞生、成长和强大，美国人自我意识的觉醒和认同。它们

包括：推动北美人民走上公开独立道路的战斗缴文《常识》；成就美国宪法和联邦制度的政治经典《联邦党人文集》；激励无数年轻人的世界上最著名的自传《富兰克林自传》；影响美国五代人的经典教科书《美国语文读本》；美国哲学和美式生活方式的代表之作《实用主义》；美国移民人手一册的人生指南《穷理查智慧书》；点燃美国20世纪60年代性解放运动的性学经典《金赛性学报告》；来自美国总统世家的对教育的反思与批判《亨利·亚当斯的教育》；出版史上的奇迹、永远的励志畅销书《人性的弱点》，等等。

这套“塑造美国的88本书”丛书将自始至终贯彻严肃认真的学风和生动活泼的文风，分辑陆续推出。

约四百年前，弗朗西斯·培根在《伟大的复兴》一书序言中，曾经这样谈到书中描述的对象，他“希望人们不要把它看作一种意见，而要看作是一项事业，并相信我们在这里所做的不是为某一宗派或理论奠定基础，而是为人类的福祉和尊严……”我们怀着真挚的感情，把这段话献给“塑造美国的88本书”丛书的读者，希望广大读者关心她、批评她、帮助她。

让她成为我们共同的事业。

中青文传媒

“塑造美国的88本书”丛书编委会

2013年6月

目录

CONTENTS

编者的话

LESSON 1 PERSEVERANCE 坚持不懈

LESSON 2 TRY, TRY AGAIN 试一次，再试一次

LESSON 3 WHY THE SEA IS SALT 海水为什么是咸的

LESSON 4 WHY THE SEA IS SALT (CONCLUDED) 海水为什么是咸的 (结束篇)

LESSON 5 POPPING CORN 爆米花

LESSON 6 SMILES 微笑

LESSON 7 LAZY NED 懒人奈德

LESSON 8 THE MONKEY 猴子

LESSON 9 MEDDLESOME MATTY 爱捣乱的玛蒂

LESSON 10 THE GOOD SON 好儿子

LESSON 11 TO-MORROW 明天

LESSON 12 WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY 有志者事竟成

LESSON 13 PICCOLA 皮克拉

LESSON 14 TRUE MANLINESS 真正的男子气概

LESSON 15 TRUE MANLINESS (CONCLUDED) 真正的男子气概
(结束篇)

LESSON 16 THE BROWN THRUSH 棕色画眉鸟

LESSON 17 A SHIP IN A STORM 暴风雨中的船

LESSON 18 THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION 水手的慰藉

LESSON 19 TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY 讲述故事的两种
方式

LESSON 20 FREAKS OF THE FROST 霜之奇想

LESSON 21 WASTE NOT, WANT NOT 不浪费，不愁缺

LESSON 22 JEANNETTE AND JO 珍妮特和乔

LESSON 23 THE LION 狮子

LESSON 24 STRAWBERRIES 草莓

LESSON 25 HARRY'S RICHES 哈利的财富

LESSON 26 IN TIME'S SWING 在时间的秋千上

LESSON 27 HARRY AND HIS DOG 哈利和他的狗

LESSON 28 THE VOICE OF THE GRASS 小草之歌

LESSON 29 THE EAGLE 鹰

LESSON 30 THE OLD EAGLE TREE 老鷹树

LESSON 31 ALPINE SONG 阿尔卑斯之歌

LESSON 32 CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES 情况不同，反应不同

LESSON 33 THE NOBLEST REVENGE 高尚的报复

LESSON 34 EVENING HYMN 夜晚之歌

LESSON 35 HOW MARGERY WONDERED 玛杰丽有多好奇

LESSON 36 THE CHILD'S WORLD 孩子的世界

LESSON 37 SUSIE'S COMPOSITION 苏西的作文

LESSON 38 THE SUMMER SHOWER 夏天的雨

LESSON 39 CONSEQUENCES OF IDLENESS 懒惰的后果

LESSON 40 ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY 勤奋的益处

LESSON 41 THE FOUNTAIN 清泉

LESSON 42 COFFEE 咖啡

LESSON 43 THE WINTER KING 冬天之王

LESSON 44 THE NETTLE 荨麻

LESSON 45 THE TEMPEST 暴风雨

LESSON 46 THE CREATOR 造物主

LESSON 47 THE HORSE 马

LESSON 48 EMULATION 竞争

LESSON 49 THE SANDPIPER 矶鹬

LESSON 50 THE RIGHT WAY 正确的方法

LESSON 51 THE GOLDEN RULE 黄金法则

LESSON 52 THE SNOW MAN 雪人

LESSON 53 ROBINSON CRUSOE'S HOUSE 鲁滨逊·克鲁索的住所

LESSON 54 ROBINSON CRUSOE'S DRESS 鲁滨逊的衣服

LESSON 55 SOMEBODY'S DARLING 谁的爱人沉睡在这里

LESSON 56 KNOWLEDGE IS POWER 知识就是力量

LESSON 57 GOOD WILL 善意

LESSON 58 A CHINESE STORY 中国故事一则

LESSON 59 THE WAY TO BE HAPPY 幸福之道

LESSON 60 THE GIRAFFE, OR CAMELOPARD 长颈鹿

LESSON 61 THE LOST CHILD 失踪的孩子

LESSON 62 WHICH? 哪一个?

LESSON 63 THE PET FAWN 宠物鹿

LESSON 64 ANNIE'S DREAM 安妮的梦

LESSON 65 MY GHOST 我遇见的鬼

LESSON 66 THE ELEPHANT 大象

LESSON 67 DARE TO DO RIGHT 勇于做正确的事

LESSON 68 DARE TO DO RIGHT (CONCLUDED) 勇于做正确的事 (结束篇)

LESSON 69 THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS 赫斯珀洛斯号的残骸

LESSON 70 ANECDOTES OF BIRDS 鸟类趣闻

LESSON 71 THE RAINBOW PILGRIMAGE 寻找彩虹的旅程

LESSON 72 THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET 旧橡木桶

LESSON 73 THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT 登山宝训

LESSON 74 THE YOUNG WITNESS 小证人

LESSON 75 KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS 所罗门王和蚂蚁

LESSON 76 RIVERMOUTH THEATER 河口剧院

LESSON 77 ALFRED THE GREAT 阿尔弗雷德大帝

LESSON 78 LIVING ON A FARM 农场生活

LESSON 79 HUGH IDLE AND MR. TOIL 休·艾德和特劳先生

LESSON 80 HUGH IDLE AND MR. TOIL (CONCLUDED) 休·艾德和特劳先生 (结束篇)

LESSON 81 BURNING THE FALLOW 燃烧的土地

LESSON 82 THE DYING SOLDIERS 垂死的士兵

LESSON 83 THE ATTACK ON NYMWEGEN 偷袭纳梅亨

LESSON 84 THE SEASONS 四季

LESSON 85 BRANDYWINE FORD 布兰迪万河浅滩

LESSON 86 BRANDYWINE FORD (CONCLUDED) 布兰迪万河
浅滩 (结束篇)

LESSON 87 THE BEST CAPITAL 最好的资本

LESSON 88 THE INCHCAPE ROCK 印奇开普暗礁

LESSON 89 MY MOTHER'S GRAVE 母亲的坟墓

LESSON 90 A MOTHER'S GIFT—THE BIBLE 母亲的礼物——《圣
经》

[返回总目录](#)

LESSON 1 PERSEVERANCE

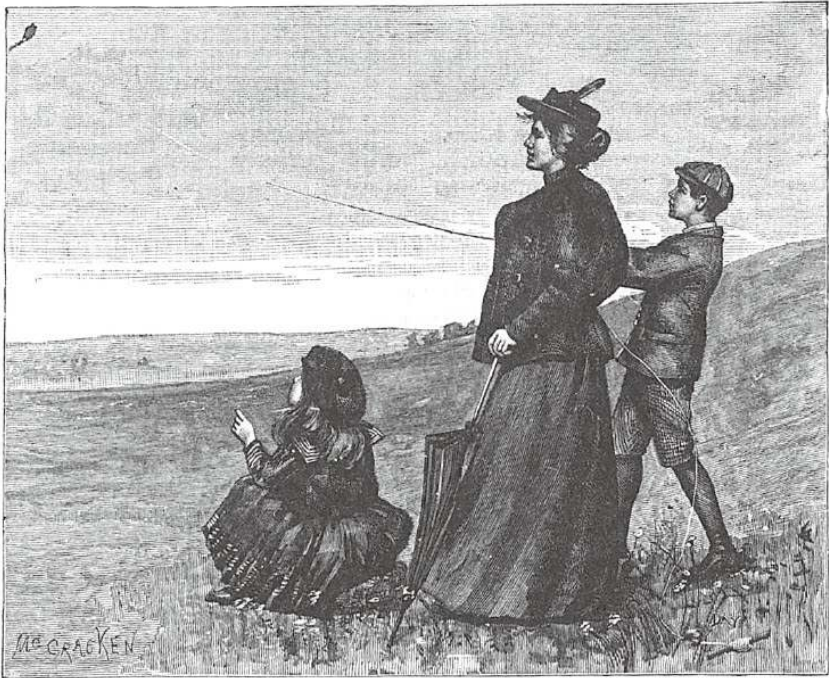
坚持不懈

1 . "Will you give my kite a lift?" said my little nephew to his sister, after trying in vain to make it fly by dragging it along the ground. Lucy very kindly took it up and threw it into the air, but, her brother neglecting to run off at the same moment, the kite fell down again.

2 . "Ah! now, how awkward you are!" said the little fellow. "It was your fault entirely," answered his sister . "Try again, children," said I.

3 . Lucy once more took up the kite . But now John was in too great a hurry; he ran off so suddenly that he twitched the kite out of her hand, and it fell flat as before . "Well, who is to blame now?" asked Lucy . "Try again," said I.

4 . They did, and with more care; but a side wind coming suddenly, as Lucy let go the kite, it was blown against some shrubs, and the tail became entangled ⁽¹⁾ in a moment, leaving the poor kite hanging with its head downward.



5 . "There, there!" exclaimed John, "that comes of your throwing it all to one side." "As if I could make the wind blow straight," said Lucy . In the meantime, I went to the kite's assistance (2) ; and having disengaged (3) the long tail, I rolled it up, saying, "Come, children, there are too many trees here; let us find a more open space, and then try again."

6 . We presently found a nice grassplot (4) , at one side of which I took my stand; and all things being prepared, I tossed the kite up just as little John ran off . It rose with all the dignity (5) of a balloon, and promised a lofty flight; but John, delighted to find it pulling so hard at the string, stopped short to look upward and admire . The string slackened, the kite wavered, and, the wind not being very favorable, down came the kite to the grass . "O John, you should not have stopped," said I . "However, try again."

7 . "I won't try any more," replied he, rather sullenly . "It is of no use, you see . The kite won't fly, and I don't want to be plagued with it any longer." "Oh, fie, my little man! Would you give up the sport, after all the pains we have taken both to make and to fly the kite? A few disappointments (6) ought not to discourage (7) us . Come, I have wound up your string, and now try again."

8 . And he did try, and succeeded, for the kite was carried upward on the breeze as lightly as a feather; and when the string was all out, John stood in great delight, holding fast the stick and gazing on the kite, which now seemed like a little white speck in the blue sky. "Look, look, aunt, how high it flies! and it pulls like a team of horses, so that I can hardly hold it . I wish I had a mile of string: I am sure it would go to the end of it."

9 . After enjoying the sight as long as he pleased, little John proceeded to roll up the string slowly; and when the kite fell, he took it up with great glee (8) , saying that it was not at all hurt, and that it had behaved very well . "Shall we come out to-morrow, aunt, after lessons, and try again?"

10 . "I have no objection, my dear, if the weather is fine . And now, as we walk home, tell me what you have learned you're your morning's sport." "I have learned to fly my kite properly." "You may thank aunt for it, brother," said Lucy, "for you would have given it up long ago, if she had not persuaded you to try again."

11 . "Yes, dear children, I wish to teach you the value of perseverance (9) , even when nothing more depends upon it than the flying of a kite. Whenever you fail in your attempts to do any good thing, let your motto (10) be,—try again."

EXERCISES.—What is the subject of this lesson? Why was John discouraged in his attempts to fly his kite? What did his aunt say to him? What may we learn from this? What should be our motto if we expect to be successful?

【中文阅读】

1. “你能帮我把风筝放飞吗？”我的小侄子对他的姐姐说。之前他在地上拖着风筝，放了好久也没让它飞起来。露西很热心地拿起风筝，扔向天空，但弟弟并没有同一时候跑出去，风筝又掉下来了。

2. “唉，你可真笨！”小家伙说。姐姐反驳道：“都是你的错。”我说：“孩子们，再试一次。”

3. 露西再一次拿起风筝。但是，这次约翰又太快了，他起跑太突然，以至把姐姐拿着的风筝扯得脱了手，风筝又像以前一样掉在地上。露西说：“看，这次怨谁啊？”我说：“再试一次。”

4. 他们又试了一次，并且更加小心。但是，当露西松手放开风筝的时候，一阵风突然斜着吹过来，把风筝吹到一片灌木丛里。风筝的尾部缠绕在一起，可怜的风筝头朝下挂在那了。

5. “看吧，看吧，都怪你总朝着一边扔。”约翰喊着。露西也不示弱地说：“好像我能让风直着吹似的。”这时，我过去帮着把风筝尾部解开，并收起来，跟他们说：“来吧，孩子们，这里的树太多了，我们找一个开阔的地方，再试试吧。”

6. 我们发现了一片非常不错的青草地，我在青草地的一边站定。一切就绪之后，约翰开始起跑，我把风筝高高地抛起。风筝向气球一样升起来了，似乎预示着能飞行成功。但是，当约翰发现它在用力地扯动风筝线时，由于太过高兴，停下脚步抬头看着飞起来的风

筝。线松了，风筝开始摇摆，加上风势也不太理想，风筝又掉到了草地上。我说：“约翰，你不应该停下来了呢，不管怎么，再试一次。”

7. 约翰特别不高兴地说，“我不会再试了，你看到了，这根本就没用。风筝飞不起来。我不想再被它折磨了。”“嘿，小家伙。咱们做风筝、放风筝费了好大劲，你现在却要放弃了吗？一点点挫折就能让我们灰心吗？来，我把线缠好了，咱们再试一次。”

8. 他确实又试了一次，这次成功了，风筝随着清风像羽毛一样向上飞起。最后线都用完了，约翰特别高兴地站在那儿，紧握着风筝杆。盯着天上的风筝，现在它已经是蓝天上的一个点点了。“看啊，姑姑，看啊，风筝飞得多高啊！感觉像是一群马在拉绳子，我都快拉不住了。我真希望有一英里那么长的线，那样肯定都能放完。”

9. 尽情享受了一会儿，小约翰开始慢慢地收回风筝线。风筝落下来的时候，他欢快地捡起来，并说它毫发未损，刚刚的表现棒极了。“姑姑，明天放学后我们再来，再试一次，好吗？”

10. “如果天气允许的话，我没意见，亲爱的孩子们，现在咱们往家走，边走边告诉我，今天上午的活动你学到什么了吗？”“我学到了怎么能好好地放风筝。”“那可得谢谢姑姑，”露西说，“要不是她说让你再试一次，你早就放弃了。”

11. “没错，亲爱的孩子们，尽管有些事情不一定需要放风筝的这种坚持不懈，但我希望能够通过这件事教给你们这种精神的意义所在。任何时候，试了很多次都没成功，记着这句话：再试一次。”

(1) Entangled, twisted in, disordered.

(2) Assistance, help, aid.

- (3) Disengaged, *cleared, set free.*
- (4) Grassplot, *a space covered with grass.*
- (5) Dignity, *majestic manner.*
- (6) Disappointments, *failures or defeats of expectation.*
- (7) Discourage, *take away courage.*
- (8) Glee, *joy.*
- (9) Perseverance, *continuance in anything once begun.*
- (10) Motto, *a short sentence or a word full of meaning.*

LESSON 2 TRY, TRY AGAIN

试一次，再试一次

1 . 'T is a lesson you should heed,

Try, try again;

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try again;

Then your courage ⁽¹⁾ should appear,

For, if you will persevere,

You will conquer ⁽²⁾ , never fear;

Try, try again.

2 . Once or twice though you should fail,

Try, try again;

If you would at last prevail ⁽³⁾ ,

Try, try again;

If we strive, 't is no disgrace ⁽⁴⁾

Though we do not win (5) the race;

What should you do in the case?

Try, try again.

3 . If you find your task is hard,

Try, try again;

Time will bring you your reward (6) ,

Try, try again.

All that other folks can do,

Why, with patience (7) , should not you?

Only keep this rule in view:

Try, try again.

EXERCISES.—What does the mark before "T is" mean? What is it called? What point is used after the word "case" in the second stanza? Why?

【中文阅读】

1 . 这门课你真该了解 ,

试一次 , 再试一次 ;

如果最初你没能成功，
那么试一次，再试一次；
让勇气闪现，
因为，只有坚持不懈，
你才会征服一切，永不畏惧；
试一次，再试一次。

2. 你可能经历了一两次的失败，
试一次，再试一次；
如果你希望最终获胜，
试一次，再试一次；
只要奋起拼搏，一点儿不丢人
即使我们没有赢；
如果这样你该怎么办？
试一次，再试一次。

3. 如果你发现任务有些难，
试一次，再试一次；
时间会给你回报，

试一次，再试一次。

其他人能做到，

凭着毅力，你为什么做不到呢？

只要谨记这个原则：

试一次，再试一次。

(1) Courage, *resolution*.

(2) Conquer, *gain the victory*.

(3) Prevail, *overcome*.

(4) Disgrace, *shame*.

(5) Win, *gain, obtain*.

(6) Reward, *anything given in return for good or bad conduct*.

(7) Patience, *constancy in labor*.

LESSON 3 WHY THE SEA IS SALT

海水为什么是咸的

Mary Howitt was born in 1804, at Coleford, England. She wrote many charming stories for children in prose and verse, and also translated many from Swedish, Danish, and German authors. This story is arranged from one in a collection named "Peter Drake's Dream, and Other Stories." She died in 1888.

1 . There were, in very ancient times, two brothers, one of whom was rich, and the other poor . Christmas was approaching, but the poor man had nothing in the house for a Christmas dinner; so he went to his brother and asked him for a trifling ⁽¹⁾ gift.

2 . The rich man was ill-natured, and when he heard his brother's request he looked very surly . But as Christmas is a time when even the worst people give gifts, he took a fine ham down from the chimney, where it was hanging to smoke, threw it at his brother, and bade him begone and never to let him see his face again.

3 . The poor man thanked his brother for the ham, put it under

his arm, and went his way . He had to pass through a great forest on his way home . When he had reached the thickest part of it, he saw an old man, with a long, white beard, hewing timber. "Good evening," said he to him.

4 . "Good evening," returned the old man, raising himself up from his work, and looking at him. "That is a fine ham you are carrying." On this, the poor man told him all about it.

5 . "It is lucky for you," said the old man, "that you have met with me . If you will take that ham into the land of the dwarfs, the entrance to which lies just under the roots of this tree, you can make a capital bargain with it; for the dwarfs are very fond of ham, and rarely get any . But mind what I say: you must not sell it for money, but demand for it the 'old hand mill (2) which stands behind the door.' When you come back, I'll show you how to use it."

6 . The poor man thanked his new friend, who showed him the door under a stone below the roots of the tree, and by this door he entered into the land of the dwarfs . No sooner had he set his foot in it, than the dwarfs swarmed about him, attracted (3) by the smell of the ham . They offered him queer, old-fashioned money and gold and silver ore for it; but he refused all their tempting offers, and said that he would sell it only for the old hand mill behind the door.

7 . At this, the dwarfs held up their little old hands, and looked quite perplexed (4) . "We can not make a bargain, it seems," said the poor man, "so I'll bid you all a good day."

8 . The fragrance (5) of the ham had by this time reached the remote parts of dwarf land . The dwarfs came flocking around in

little troops, leaving their work of digging out precious ores, eager for the ham.

9 . "Let him have the old mill," said some of the newcomers; "it is quite out of order, and he don't know how to use it . Let him have it, and we will have the ham."

10 . So the bargain was made . The poor man took the old hand mill, which was a little thing not half so large as the ham, and went back to the woods . Here the old man showed him how to use it . All this had taken up a great deal of time, and it was midnight before he reached home.

11 . "Where in the world have you been?" said his wife. "Here I have been waiting and waiting, and we have no wood to make a fire, nor anything to put into the porridge pot for our Christmas supper."

12 . The house was dark and cold; but the poor man bade his wife wait and see what would happen . He placed the little hand mill on the table, and began to turn the crank . First, out there came some grand, lighted wax candles, and a fire on the hearth, and a porridge pot boiling over it, because in his mind he said they should come first. Then he ground out a tablecloth, and dishes, and spoons, and knives and forks.

13 . He was himself astonished at his good luck, as you may believe; and his wife was almost beside herself with joy and astonishment . Well, they had a capital supper; and after it was eaten, they ground out of the mill every possible thing to make their house and themselves warm and comfortable . So they had a

merry Christmas eve and morning.

【中文阅读】

玛丽·豪伊特，1804年生于英国科尔福德，她以散文和诗歌的形式给孩子们写了很多美妙的故事，同时翻译了很多瑞典、丹麦和德国作家的作品。这则故事选自文集《彼得·德雷克的梦和其他故事》。玛丽·豪伊特于1888年去世。

1. 很早很早以前，有两个兄弟，一个很富有，另一个很贫穷。快到圣诞节了，穷人家里没有任何可以作为圣诞夜晚餐的食物，所以他去找他的兄弟，想从他那里得到些微不足道的小礼物。

2. 富人心地不好，听说穷人的请求后，他面色阴沉。但是，在圣诞节时，即使是最坏的人都要送出礼物，富人家的烟囱里正在熏制上好的火腿，在那儿熏了一段时间了，他取下来扔给穷人，并命令他马上消失，再也不要出现在他面前。

3. 穷人感谢富人送给他火腿，他把火腿夹在胳膊下面离开了。回家路上他需要经过一片森林。当经过森林最茂密的地方时，他看见一位留着长长的白胡须的老人正伐木。他向老人打招呼：“晚上好。”

4. 老人从劳作中抬起头来，看着他，回答说：“晚上好。你手里的那块火腿可真不错。”这时候，穷人把关于火腿的事都告诉了老人。

5. 老人说：“你很幸运能遇见我。你拿着火腿到矮人国去，矮人国的入口就在这棵树的树根下，你可以用火腿跟他们大大地讨价还价一番，因为矮人们非常喜欢火腿，但他们很难弄到。但要记住我说的：你万万不能用火腿换钱，而是要门后面那台‘老旧的手动磨粉机’。回来之后，我会告诉你怎么使用它。”

6. 老人指给他看，树根下有块大石头，大石头下面就是通往矮人国的门。穷人谢过新朋友，从这扇门进入了矮人国。他的双脚刚踏上矮人国的土地，被火腿味道吸引了的矮人们就冲向他。矮人们想用奇怪的古老钱币和金银宝石来换火腿，但穷人拒绝了所有诱人的条件，说他只想用火腿换门后面老旧的手动磨粉机。

7. 听到这里，矮人们对他的这一举动感到疑惑不解，纷纷举起他们饱经沧桑的小手。穷人说：“看来我们做不成买卖了，再见吧，祝你们拥有愉快的一天。”

8. 这时，火腿的香气已经飘到了矮人国的深处。矮人们停下正在挖宝的工作，成群结队地纷纷聚集过来，迫不及待地想要得到火腿。

9. 有些刚来的矮人说：“就把老旧的手动磨粉机给他吧，已经不能用了，再说，他也不会用。就给他吧，这样火腿就归我们了。”

10. 交易就这么成交了。那台手动磨粉机很小，还不到火腿的一半大。穷人拿着它回到了森林里。老人告诉他手动磨粉机怎样使用。整个过程花了好长时间，所以他到家时已经快到午夜了。

11. 他妻子问：“你到底到哪儿去了？我在这儿等啊等，我们既没有柴火烧，也没有什么能下锅的食物来做一顿圣诞晚餐。”

12. 屋里又冷又黑，但穷人让他的妻子等着，看看会发生什么。他把小小的手动磨粉机放在桌子上，开始摇动手柄。先是磨出来一些华丽的燃烧着的蜡烛，然后是壁炉里的火焰，上面有一锅热腾腾的粥。在他印象里，他觉得这些应该先出来。接着，他磨出来一张桌布，还有餐具、勺子、刀叉。

13. 就像你所想的一样，连他都惊讶于自己的好运气，他妻子既高兴又惊讶，几乎不能自己。就这样，他们享用了一顿极好的晚餐。

晚餐后，他们又磨出了各种能让他们的屋子和他们自己感到温暖舒适的物品。于是，他们度过了一个非常美妙的圣诞前夜和圣诞节早晨。

- (1) Trifling, *of small value.*
- (2) Hand mill, *a mill turned by hand.*
- (3) Attracted, *drawn to, allured.*
- (4) Perplexed, *puzzled.*
- (5) Fragrance, *sweetness of smell.*

LESSON 4 WHY THE SEA IS SALT (CONCLUDED)

海水为什么是咸的 (结束篇)

1 . When the people went by the house to church, the next day, they could hardly believe their eyes . There was glass in the windows instead of a wooden shutter, and the poor man and his wife, dressed in nice new clothes, were seen devoutly ⁽¹⁾ kneeling in the church.

2 . "There is something very strange in all this," said everyone. "Something very strange indeed," said the rich man, when three days afterwards he received an invitation from his once poor brother to a grand feast . And what a feast it was! The table was covered with a cloth as white as snow, and the dishes were all of silver or gold . The rich man could not, in his great house, and with all his wealth, set out such a table.

3 . "Where did you get all these things?" exclaimed he . His brother told him all about the bargain he had made with the dwarfs, and putting the mill on the table, ground out boots and shoes, coats and cloaks, stockings, gowns, and blankets, and bade his wife give them to the poor people that had gathered about the house to get a sight of the grand feast the poor brother had made

for the rich one.

4 . The rich man, was very envious of his brother's good fortune, and wanted to borrow the mill, intending—for he was not an honest man—never to return it again . His brother would not lend it, for the old man with the white beard had told him never to sell or lend it to anyone.

5 . Some years went on, and, at last, the possessor of the mill built himself a grand castle on a rock by the sea, facing the west . Its windows, reflecting (2) the golden sunset, could be seen far out from the shore . It became a noted landmark (3) for sailors . Strangers from foreign parts often came to see this castle and the wonderful mill of which the most extraordinary (4) tales were told.

6 . At length, a great foreign merchant came, and when he had seen the mill, inquired whether it would grind salt . Being told that it would, he wanted to buy it; for he traded in salt, and thought that if he owned it he could supply all his customers without taking long and dangerous voyages.

7 . The man would not sell it, of course . He was so rich now that he did not want to use it for himself; but every Christmas he ground out food and clothes and coal for the poor, and nice presents for the little children . So he rejected all the offers of the rich merchant . The merchant, however, determined to have it; he bribed one of the man's servants to let him go into the castle at night, and he stole the mill and sailed away with it in triumph.

8 . He had scarcely got out to sea, before he determined to set the mill to work. "Now, mill, grind salt," said he; "grind salt with all

your might!—salt, salt, and nothing but salt!" The mill began to grind and the sailors to fill the sacks; but these were soon full, and in spite of all that could be done, it began to fill the ship.

9 . The dishonest merchant was now very much frightened . What was to be done? The mill would not stop grinding; and at last the ship was overloaded, and down it went, making a great whirlpool (5) where it sank . The ship soon went to pieces; but the mill stands on the bottom of the sea, and keeps grinding out "salt, salt, nothing but salt!" That is the reason, say the peasants (6) of Denmark and Norway, why the sea is salt.

EXERCISES.—What is a "fairy tale"? What fairy people are told about in this story? How did the poor man find the way to the land of the dwarfs? Do you think the old man would have told him if the poor man had not been so polite? How did the poor man treat his rich brother in return for his unkindness? How was the greed of the dishonest merchant punished? What is meant by "strangers from foreign parts"? Where are Denmark and Norway?

【中文阅读】

1 . 第二天，当人们去教堂路过穷人家时，他们简直不敢相信自己的眼睛。他家的窗户上原有的木头窗板不见了，而是装上了玻璃。穷人和他的妻子穿着体面的新衣服，虔诚地跪在教堂祈祷。

2 . 每个人都说道：“这其中一定有蹊跷。”三天之后，富人收到了他那曾经非常贫穷的兄弟发来的请柬，邀请他去享用一顿盛宴。富人说：“的确是特别奇怪的事。”这是怎样豪华的盛宴啊！桌上的桌布像

雪一样洁白，餐具要么是金的，要么是银的。富人即便倾其所有，也无法在自己的房子里布置出这样的一餐。

3. 他大声地问：“你从哪儿弄到这些东西的？”穷人把他和矮人们达成交易的一切都告诉了他，然后把手动磨粉机放在桌子上，磨出了靴子和鞋子，外衣和斗篷，还有袜子、袍子、毛毯。他让妻子把这些东西送给聚集在他们家周围的穷人，他们围在房子周围，想看看穷兄弟给富兄弟准备的豪华盛宴。

4. 富人很嫉妒他兄弟的好运气，想要借这台手动磨粉机。但是，他不是个守信的人，他根本没打算还。他兄弟不借给他，因为他遇见的白胡子老人告诫过他千万不要把这台手动磨粉机卖给或者借给任何人。

5. 多年过去了，最终，手动磨粉机的拥有者为自己建了一座很大的城堡，坐落在海边的岩石上，朝向西方。城堡的窗户映照着金色的落日，远远从海岸上就能看到。这座城堡成为水手们的一个重要坐标。手动磨粉机的传奇故事传开了，很多外乡的陌生人常常慕名而来，参观这座城堡和那台神奇的手动磨粉机。

6. 终于有一天，一个外国富商来到这里。当他看到手动磨粉机后，他问能不能磨出盐来。听说可以之后，他想要买下它。因为他从事的是盐业贸易，想着如果有了这台手动磨粉机，他再也不用经受漫长且危险的旅途运盐，就能供应他的所有客户足够的盐了。

7. 当然，手动磨粉机的拥有者不会卖掉它。他现在这么富有，根本不想为自己的利益去使用它。他只是在每年的圣诞节，为穷人们磨出食物、衣服和煤炭，为小孩子们磨出精美的礼物。所以，他拒绝了富商的一切出价。然而，这个富商执意要得到它，他贿赂了一个仆人，让他在夜里偷偷溜进城堡，把手动磨粉机偷了出来。最后，外国富商带着胜利的喜悦乘船离去。

8. 船刚一开到海上，他就迫不及待开始使用手动磨粉机了。他说：“快，磨起来，给我出盐，开足马力出盐——盐！盐！除了盐还是盐！”手动磨粉机磨出了盐，水手们把盐装进麻袋，很快所有的麻袋都满了。尽管他们能做的都做了，盐还是装满了整艘船。

9. 这个不诚实的商人现在感到非常害怕。能做些什么呢？手动磨粉机不停地出盐。最后，轮船超重，沉了下去，沉没的地方掀起了巨大的漩涡。轮船很快四分五裂，但手动磨粉机沉到了深深的海底，还在不停地出盐。“盐！盐！除了盐还是盐！”丹麦和挪威一代的农民说，海水为什么是咸的，这就是原因。

(1) Devoutly, *in a reverent manner*.

(2) Reflecting, *throwing back light, heat, etc., as a mirror*.

(3) Landmark, *an object on land serving as a guide to seamen*.

(4) Extraordinary, *wonderful*.

(5) Whirlpool, *a gulf in which the water moves round in a circle*.

(6) Peasents, *those belonging to the lowest class of tillers of the soil in Europe*.

LESSON 5 POPPING CORN

爆米花

1 . One autumn night, when the wind was high,

And the rain fell in heavy plashes,

A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,

A-popping corn in the ashes;

And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,

Sat looking on, just close to his knee.

2 . Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,

Came out of the embers flying;

The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,

And kept it busily plying;

He stirred the corn and it snapped the more,



And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

3 . Part of the kernels flew one way,

And a part hopped out the other;

Some flew plump into the sister's lap,

Some under the stool of the brother;

The little girl gathered them into a heap,

And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.

【中文阅读】

1. 秋日晚上，狂风不断，

雨花四溅，

一个小男孩坐在炉火旁，

他在炉灰中爆玉米；

他的三岁妹妹，头发微卷，

坐在他膝边静静观看。

2. 爆！爆！玉米粒一个接一个爆开，

从余烬中飞出，爆开；

男孩手拿长松木棍，

不停在炉子里拨动；

他搅动玉米粒，更多的玉米粒爆开了，

很快蹦到扫得干净的地板上。

3. 一些米粒蹦向一个方向，

一些跳往其他方向；

有些飞进妹妹的腿上，

有些钻到哥哥的小凳下面，
小姑娘把它们堆成一堆，
把它们叫作奶白色的羊群。

LESSON 6 SMILES

微笑

1 . Poor lame Jennie sat at her window, looking out upon the dismal (1) , narrow street, with a look of pain and weariness on her face. "Oh, dear," she said with a sigh, "what a long day this is going to be," and she looked wishfully (2) up the street.

2 . Suddenly she leaned forward and pressed her pale face against the glass, as a rosy-cheeked boy came racing down the street, swinging his schoolbooks by the strap . Looking up to the window, he took off his hat and bowed with a bright, pleasant smile.

3 . "What a nice boy he is," said Jennie to herself, as he ran out of sight . "I am so glad he goes by here on his way to school . When he smiles, it seems like having the sun shine . I wish everybody who goes by would look up and smile."

4 . "Mamma," said George West, as he came from school, "I can't help thinking about that poor little girl I told you of the other day. She looks so tired . I took off my hat and bowed to her to-day . I wish I could do something for her."

5 . "Suppose you should carry her a handful of pretty flowers some time when you go to school," said Mrs . West . "I'll do that to-

morrow morning," said George, "if I can find my way into that rickety (3) old house."

6 . The next morning, as Jennie sat leaning her head wearily against the window, watching the raindrops chasing one another down the glass, she spied George with a handful of beautiful flowers carefully picking his way across the street . He stopped in front of her window, and, smiling very pleasantly, said, "How shall I find the way to your room?"

7 . Jennie pointed to an alley near by, where he turned in, and with some difficulty found his way to the dingy (4) staircase . Opening the door to Jennie's gentle "Come in," he said, "I have brought you a handful of flowers to look at this rainy day."

8 . "Are they for me?" exclaimed Jennie, clapping her hands in delight . "How kind you are," she continued, as George laid them in her lap . "I have not had a flower since we live in the city."

9 . "Did you use to live in the country?" asked George . "Oh, yes," answered Jennie, "we used to live in a beautiful cottage, and there were trees and flowers and green grass, and the air was so sweet."

10 . "Well, what made you move here?" "Oh," said Jennie, softly, "papa died, and mamma was sick so long that the money was all gone . Then mamma had to sell the cottage, and she moved here to try to get work to do."

11 . "Do you have to sit here all day?" asked George, glancing (5) around the bare room and out into the dismal street . "Yes," said Jennie, "because I am lame; but I would not care for that, if I could

only help mamma."

12 . "I declare, it's too bad!" said George, who dreaded nothing so much as being obliged to stay in the house . "Oh, no, it isn't," said Jennie, pleasantly; "mamma says maybe we should forget the Lord if we had everything we wanted, and He never forgets us, you know."

13 . "Well, I must rush for school," said George, not knowing exactly what to say next; and he was soon out of Jennie's sight, but had a happy little corner in his heart, because he had tried to do a kind act . He did not know how much good he had done in making a pleasant day out of a dreary (6) one for a little sick girl.

14 . "Mamma," said George, that evening, after he had told her what Jennie said, "papa must give them some money, so they can go back to their home."

15 . "No," said his mother; "he can not do that, and they would not wish him to do so; but perhaps he can help us contrive (7) some way to assist them, so that they can live more comfortably."

16 . "I am going to carry Jennie some of the grapes grandpa sent me, to-morrow," said George, turning over the leaves of his geography . "I will put some of my pears into your basket, and go with you," said his mother; "but there is one thing we can always give, and sometimes it does more good than nice things to eat, or even money."

17 . "What is that, mamma,—smiles?" asked George, looking up. "Yes," answered his mother; "and it is a good plan to throw in a kind word or two with them when you can."

EXERCISES.—What is the subject of this lesson? How did George West make the day pleasant for Jennie? What did his mother suggest? What happened next day? What did Jennie tell George about her life? Relate what happened at George's home that evening . What does the lesson teach?

【中文阅读】

1. 可怜的跛腿珍妮坐在窗户旁，看着阴郁、狭窄的街道，脸上写满痛苦和倦意。她叹了口气：“唉，天哪，这将是多么漫长的一天啊。”然后她又眼巴巴地望着街道。

2. 突然，她身子前倾，苍白的面颊紧紧贴着窗户玻璃。因为有个男孩沿着这条街跑过来，他脸颊红红，手里抓着书包背带晃来晃去。他抬头看了一眼窗户，然后摘下帽子，鞠躬打招呼，脸上是明亮、欢快的笑容。

3. 看着他渐渐消失在视野里，珍妮自言自语：“他真是个可爱的男孩。真高兴他每天上学都从这儿路过。他一笑，我觉得就像阳光一样温暖。真希望每个路过的人都会抬头微笑一下。”

4. “妈妈，”乔治·威斯特放学刚回到家叫道，“我总是不由自主地想着我前两天和您说过的那个可怜的小女孩。她看起来特别累。今天我摘下帽子冲她鞠躬行礼了。我想为她做点什么。”

5. 威斯特夫人说：“也许什么时候你可以在上学的路上给她带一束漂亮的鲜花。”“明天早上我就这么做，只要我能找到去那栋老旧危房的路，”乔治说。

6. 第二天清晨，珍妮坐在窗户边，倦怠地将头靠在窗户上，看

着雨点一滴一滴沿着玻璃流下去，这时候，她看到乔治拿着一束美丽的鲜花，小心翼翼地穿过马路。他停在珍妮的窗前，非常友善地笑着说：“我怎样才能走到你的房间那边呢？”

7. 珍妮指了指旁边的一条小径，男孩拐了进去，非常费劲地走到昏暗的楼梯旁。顺着珍妮轻柔的一声“进来”，门开了。他说：“我给你带来一束鲜花，在这雨天可以观赏。”

8. “这是给我的吗？”珍妮惊呼，欢快地拍起手来。乔治把花放在她腿上，她继续说：“你可真好！自从搬到城里来，我一朵花都没有过。”

9. 乔治问：“你们以前住在乡村吗？”“是啊，我们以前住在一个漂亮的村舍里，那里树很多，还有花花草草，连空气都是甜的。”珍妮说道。

10. “那你怎么搬到这边来了啊？”“唉，我爸爸死了，”珍妮轻声说，“妈妈生病好长时间了，我们没有钱了，妈妈就把村舍卖了，搬到这儿来想找份工作。”

11. 乔治看了一圈空荡荡的房间和阴郁的窗外，问道，“那你每天只能坐在这儿吗？”珍妮说：“是啊，我的腿不好，不过我没事儿，只要能帮助妈妈就好。”

12. “我觉得这太糟了！”乔治说。他什么都不怕，就怕被迫待在房间里。“不，不，不是的，”珍妮高兴地说：“妈妈说如果我们什么都有了，我们可能会忘记神，但神从来不会忘记我们的，你知道吧。”

13. 乔治不知道下面该说些什么，只好说：“哎呀，我得赶紧去学校了。”他很快消失在珍妮的视线里。他内心深处特别开心，因为他努力做了件好事。但是，他还不知道把这可怜的小女孩阴沉沉的一天变得快乐起来是多大的善举。

14. 那天晚上，乔治把珍妮的话告诉了妈妈，然后说：“妈妈，让爸爸给他们些钱吧，这样他们就能回到他们原来的家了。”

15. 他母亲说：“不行，爸爸不能这么做。而且她们也不会希望他这么做的。不过或许他可以帮我们计划一个帮助这对母女的办法，这样她们可以过得舒服一些。”

16. “明天我要给珍妮带些爷爷送给我们的葡萄。”乔治边翻看地理书边说。他母亲说：“我放些梨到你篮子里，和你一起去。不过除了这些，还有一样东西我们可以给予他们，有时候这比好吃的，甚至比钱还好。”

17. “这是什么呢，妈妈？——微笑吗？”乔治抬头看着妈妈问。他母亲说：“是的。尽可能在微笑时说几句友善的话是个不错的方法。”

-
- (1) Dismal, gloomy, cheerless.
 - (2) Wishfully, with desire.
 - (3) Rickety, imperfect, worn out.
 - (4) Dingy, dark.
 - (5) Glancing, looking about quickly.
 - (6) Dreary, comfortless, gloomy.
 - (7) Contrive, to plan.

LESSON 7 LAZY NED

懒人奈德

1 . "'T is royal (1) fun," cried lazy Ned,

"To coast (2) upon my fine, new sled,

And beat the other boys;

But then, I can not bear to climb

The tiresome hill, for every time

It more and more annoys (3) ."

2 . So, while his schoolmates glided by,

And gladly tugged uphill, to try

Another merry race,

Too indolent (4) to share their plays,

Ned was compelled to stand and gaze,

While shivering in his place.

3 . Thus, he would never take the pains

To seek the prize (5) that labor gains,

Until the time had passed;

For, all his life, he dreaded still

The silly bugbear (6) of uphill,

And died a dunce (7) at last.

EXERCISES.—What did Ned like? What did he not like?

【中文阅读】

1 . 懒人奈德大叫道：“这太有趣啦！”

“坐着我的全新高级雪橇滑下来，

把其他男生都比下去；

但我真不想再爬上

这累人的山，因为每次

都让我感到越爬越讨厌。”

2 . 所以，当他的伙伴们从身边滑过，

高兴地用力拖着雪橇爬上山，再来

又一次欢快的比赛，
奈德懒洋洋的，不参加他们的比赛
只能站着眼睁睁地看着，
在原地冻得瑟瑟发抖。

3. 即使这样，他也不愿意付出辛劳

来换取劳动带来的收获，
直到时间流逝；
终其一生，他一直畏惧
“爬上山”这愚蠢的心结，
最终碌碌无为地死去。

(1) Royal, *excellent, noble.*

(2) Coast, *to slide.*

(3) Annoys, *troubles.*

(4) Indolent, *lazy.*

(5) Prize, *a reward.*

(6) Bugbear, *something frightful.*

(7) Dunce, *a silly fellow.*

LESSON 8 THE MONKEY

猴子

1 . The monkey is a very cunning ⁽¹⁾ little animal, and is found in many parts of the world.

2 . A lady once had a monkey, which had been brought to her as a present. This monkey, like all others, was very fond of mischief and of doing whatever he saw others do.

3 . His mistress found him one day sitting on her toilet table ⁽²⁾, holding in one hand a little china mug with water in it, and in the other her toothbrush, with which he was cleaning his teeth, looking all the time in the glass.

4 . Her little daughter, Maria, had a large doll with a very handsome head and face. She one day left this doll in the cradle, and went out of the room. The monkey came in, took the doll in his arms, and jumping upon the washstand, he began to wash its face.



5 . He first rubbed it all over with soap. Then seizing the towel, he dipped it in the wash bowl, and rubbed it so hard that the doll's face was entirely spoiled, the paint being all washed off.

6 . There have been many tales of monkeys who, armed with sticks, have joined together and made war or resisted ⁽³⁾ their enemies with great effect. These are not true, as it is known that in their native state monkeys have no idea of weapons.

7 . The sticks and other missiles ⁽⁴⁾ said to be thrown at

travelers as they pass under the branches of trees, are usually the dead branches, etc., accidentally broken off, as the monkeys, with the natural curiosity of their tribe, pass along the tops of trees to watch the actions of the people below.

8 . They can, however, be taught to use a stick, and to use it well. Some time ago, two Italians together owned an organ and a monkey, by means of which they earned their living. During one of their exhibitions (5) , a dog flew at the little monkey, which made its owners very angry.

9 . They and the owner of the dog quarreled about it, and at last it was agreed that the dog and the monkey should fight it out; the monkey, because he was smaller, was to be allowed a stick.

10 . The monkey was taught what he was to do in the following manner: One of the Italians crawled on his hands and knees, barking like a dog, while the other got on his back, grasped his hair, and beat him about the head with a stick.

11 . The monkey looked on with great gravity (6) , and, when the instruction (7) was over, received the stick with the air of a man who knew his work and meant to do it.

12 . Everything being settled the dog flew at the monkey with open mouth. The monkey immediately leaped on his back, and, grasping the dog's ear, beat away at his head with such good will that his adversary speedily gave in. The monkey, however, was not content with a mere victory, but continued pounding at the dog's head until he left him senseless (8) on the ground.

EXERCISES.—What kind of an animal is a monkey? Where did the lady find the monkey one day? What was he doing? What did he do with Maria's doll? Do monkeys in their native state know how to use sticks as weapons? Can they be taught to use them? Relate the story of the two Italians. What is the meaning of "etc." in the seventh paragraph?

【中文阅读】

1. 猴子是一种非常灵巧的小动物，在世界各地都可以见到。

2. 一位女士曾经有一只猴子，是别人送给她的礼物。像其他所有猴子一样，这只猴子很淘气，喜欢模仿别人的举动。

3. 一天，它的主人发现它坐在自己的梳妆台上，一直看着镜子，一手抓着一个装水的小瓷杯，另一只手拿着主人的牙刷，正在刷牙呢。

4. 女主人的小女儿玛丽亚有个大布娃娃，头和脸都很好看。有一天，玛丽亚把大布娃娃放在摇篮里，自己出去了。猴子跑进来后，把大布娃娃抱在怀里，跳上盥洗台，开始给布娃娃洗脸。

5. 它先把布娃娃脸上擦满香皂，然后拽来一条毛巾，在洗脸盆里蘸了蘸水，使劲擦布娃娃的脸，结果擦得太用力，布娃娃的脸被擦坏了，原来的颜色都洗掉了。

6. 曾经有很多关于猴子的传说，说它们拿棍子做武器，集体和它们的敌人开战，大获全胜。可这些都不是事实，因为众所周知，猴子们本身没有武器的概念。

7. 当游客们经过树下，那些所谓向他们扔来的棍子和其他投掷物，通常是干枯的树枝之类的东西，恰巧断了，由于猴子这个种群好奇心的天性，从树顶一路跑下来看看人们的反应。

8. 虽然如此，但它们可以学会用棍子，并且能用得很好。很久之前，两个意大利人拥有一架风琴和一只猴子，他们以此谋生。他们的一次公开表演中，有一只狗冲向小猴子，这让猴子的主人们非常生气。

9. 他们和狗的主人吵了一架，最终达成一致，猴子和狗应该来场决斗。因为猴子个头比较小，允许它使用棍子。

10. 主人们用这种方式教给猴子应该怎么做：一个人手脚着地趴在地上学狗叫，另一个骑在他背上，抓着他的头发，用棍子打他的头。

11. 猴子很认真地看着这一切，看完整个演示之后，它接过棍子，神态俨然像一个明白自己的使命、知道如何去做的人。

12. 一切就绪之后，那只狗张开大嘴向猴子扑来。猴子立刻跳到它的背上，抓着狗的耳朵，冲着它的头使劲打，狗的嚣张气焰立刻消失了。然而，猴子并不满足于小小的胜利，继续不停地敲击狗的头部，直到打得狗毫无知觉地昏倒在地上。

(1) Cunning, *sly*.

(2) Toilet table, *dressing table*.

(3) Resisted, *opposed*.

(4) Missiles, *weapons thrown*.

(5) Exhibitions, *public shows*.

(6) Gravity, *seriousness*.

(7) Instruction, *lesson*.

(8) Senseless, *without apparent life*.

LESSON 9 MEDDLESOME

MATTY

爱捣乱的玛蒂

1 . Oh, how one ugly trick has spoiled

The sweetest and the best!

Matilda, though a pleasant child,

One grievous fault possessed,

Which, like a cloud before the skies,

Hid all her better qualities [\(1\)](#) .

2 . Sometimes, she'd lift the teapot lid

To peep at what was in it;

Or tilt, the kettle, if you did

But turn your back a minute.

In vain you told her not to touch,

Her trick of meddling ⁽²⁾ grew so much.

3 . Her grandmamma went out one day,

And, by mistake, she laid

Her spectacles and snuffbox gay,

Too near the little maid;

"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,

As soon as grandmamma is gone."

4 . Forthwith ⁽³⁾ , she placed upon her nose

The glasses large and wide;

And looking round, as I suppose,

The snuffbox, too, she spied ⁽⁴⁾ .

"Oh, what a pretty box is this!

I'll open it," said little miss.

5 . "I know that grandmamma would say,

'Don't meddle with it, dear;'

But then she's far enough away,

And no one else is near;
Beside, what can there be amiss (5)
In opening such a box as this?"

6 . So, thumb and finger went to work

To move the stubborn lid;
And, presently, a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woeful (6) case!
The snuff came puffing in her face.

7 . Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin

A dismal sight presented;
And as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze.

8 . She dashed the spectacles away,

To wipe her tingling (7) eyes;
And, as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"
Cried grandmamma, with angry brow.

9 . Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain (8)
From meddling evermore;
And 't is a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

EXERCISES.—What did Matilda do? How was she punished? What effect did it have on her?

【中文阅读】

1 . 哦，一个丑陋的小把戏能够毁掉
最甜美、最好的一切！
玛蒂尔达，尽管是个甜美的孩子，

但她有个严重的毛病，
这就像天空的一片乌云，
遮挡了她的一切优点。

2. 有时候，她会抬起茶壶盖，
窥探里面是什么；
或者把茶壶倾斜过来，如果你
只是片刻转过身。
尽管告诉她别碰，简直是白搭，
她捣乱的技巧可是有增无减。

3. 一天她奶奶外出
无意地
她的眼镜和鼻烟盒
放得离小姑娘太近了
“哈哈，”玛蒂尔达想，“我要戴上这个，
等奶奶一走我就戴。”

4. 随即，她把又宽又大的眼镜

放在鼻子上；

看了一圈，

她又发现了鼻烟盒。

“哇，好漂亮的小盒子啊！

我要打开看看，”小姑娘说道。

5．“我知道奶奶肯定得说，

宝贝儿，别捣乱。”

不过这会儿她走远了，

这儿也没别人，

再说了，不就是打开盒子看一下，

这能有什么问题呢？

6．这样，拇指和食指开动起来，

扭动紧紧的盖子；

这个捣蛋鬼

高兴地猛拉一下；

突然之间，哦，惨剧发生了！

鼻烟喷了她满脸。

7. 可怜的眼睛、鼻子、嘴巴、下巴

多可怕的一幕啊；

鼻烟飞到鼻子里，

玛蒂尔达打心眼儿里感到后悔。

她跑来跑去想舒服点儿，

除了打喷嚏什么也干不了。

8. 她把眼镜扔到一边，

擦自己刺痛的眼睛；

她看见奶奶了，

“我的天啊，你这是怎么了？”

奶奶横眉怒目，生气地大叫。

9. 玛蒂尔达，因眼睛刺痛而痛苦万分，

又疼又酸，

她保证以后再也

不捣乱了；

据我所知，这是真的，

自此之后她说到做到。

- (1) Qualities, *traits of character*.
- (2) Meddling, *interfering without right*.
- (3) Forthwith, *at once*.
- (4) Spied, *saw*.
- (5) Amiss, *wrong, faulty*.
- (6) Woeful, *sad, sorrowfu*.
- (7) Tingling, *smarting*.
- (8) Refrain, *to keep from*.

LESSON 10 THE GOOD SON

好儿子

1 . There was once a jeweler (1) , noted (2) for many virtues. One day, the Jewish elders (3) came to him to buy some diamonds, to put upon that part of the dress of their high priest, which the Bible calls an ephod (4) .

2 . They told him what they wanted, and offered him a fair price for the diamonds (5) . He replied that he could not let them see the jewels at that moment, and requested them to call again.

3 . As they wanted them without delay, and thought that the object of the jeweler was only to increase the price of the diamonds, the elders offered him twice, then three times, as much as they were worth. But he still refused, and they went away in very bad humor (6) .

4 . Some hours after, he went to them, and placed before them the diamonds, for which they again offered him the last price they had named; but he said, "I will only accept the first one you offered to me this morning."

5 . "Why, then, did you not close (7) with us at once?" asked they in surprise. "When you came," replied he, "my father had the key of the chest, in which the diamonds were kept, and as he was

asleep, I should have been obliged to wake him to obtain them."

6 . "At his age, a short hour of sleep does him a great deal of good; and for all the gold in the world, I would not be wanting in respect to my father, or take from him a single comfort."

7 . The elders, affected by these feeling words, spread their hands upon the jeweler's head, and said, "Thou shalt be blessed of Him who has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother;' and thy children shall one day pay thee the same respect and love thou hast shown to thy father."

EXERCISES.—Relate the story of the jeweler and his diamonds. What did the elders say to him, when they heard his reason for not giving them the diamonds at first?

【中文阅读】

1 . 从前有一位珠宝商，因为他身上有很多美德而为人们所熟知。一天，几位犹太长老来找他，想要买些钻石，装饰大祭司的衣服，这在《圣经》中叫作法衣。

2 . 他们跟他说想要什么样的珠宝，并且出了不菲的价钱。他回答说现在没法让他们看钻石，让他们稍后再来。

3 . 他们急着要钻石，觉得珠宝商的拒绝是为了抬高售价，于是，犹太人又开出了两倍的价钱，然后又加到了三倍，这是最高价了。但是，珠宝商还是拒绝了，犹太人只好悻悻离去。

4 . 几个小时之后，他找到他们，把钻石放在他们面前，他们还

是开出最后一次出的价钱，但珠宝商说：“我只接受今天早上你们第一次给我出的价钱。”

5. “你当时为什么不立刻和我们成交呢？”他们很惊讶地问。珠宝商说：“你们来的时候，钻石锁在金库里，而我父亲拿着金库钥匙，当时他正在睡觉，如果去金库取钻石的话，我只能把他叫醒。”

6. “到了他这个年纪，短短一小时的睡眠也会对他有很多好处，即使给我世界上所有的金银财富，考虑到我的父亲，我也不会想要的。更不愿意牺牲任何一点父亲休息的时间。”

7. 长老们被他深情的话感动了，把手放在他头上说：“你会得到神的祝福的，因为他说过‘尊敬你的父亲和母亲’，你的孩子们也会如你尊敬你的父亲一样尊敬你、爱你的。”

(1) Jeweler, one who buys and sells precious stones.

(2) Noted, well known.

(3) Elder, an officer of the Jewish church.

(4) Ephod, part of the dress of a Jewish priest, made of two pieces, one covering the chest and the other the back, united by a girdle.

(5) Diamonds, precious stones.

(6) Humor, state of mind, temper.

(7) Close, come to an agreement.

LESSON 11 TO-MORROW

明天

Mrs. M. B. Johnson is the authoress of "Tomorrow," one of a collection of poems entitled "Poems of Home Life."

- 1 . A bright, merry boy, with laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble and feared no care,
Was the light of our household (1) —the youngest there.
- 2 . He was too young, this little elf (2) ,
With troublesome questions to vex (3) himself;
But for many days a thought would rise,
And bring a shade to his dancing eyes.
- 3 . He went to one whom he thought more wise

Than any other beneath the skies;

"Mother,"—O word that makes the home!—

"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

4 . "It is almost night," the mother said,

"And time for my boy to be in bed;

When you wake up and it's day again,

It will be to-morrow, my darling, then."

5 . The little boy slept through all the night,

But woke with the first red streak of light;

He pressed a kiss to his mother's brow,

And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

6 . "No, little Eddie, this is to-day:

To-morrow is always one night away."

He pondered (4) a while (5) , but joys came fast,

And this vexing question quickly passed.

7 . But it came again with the shades of night;

"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"

From years to come he seemed care to borrow,

He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

8 . "You can not catch it, my little Ted;

Enjoy to-day," the mother said;

"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year—

It is always coming, but never is here."

EXERCISES. —What is meant by "dancing eyes" in the second stanza? What is meant by "the shades of night," in the seventh stanza? Of what name are "Eddie" and "Ted" nicknames? What troubled Eddie? Can you define tomorrow? What did Eddie's mother advise him to do?

【中文阅读】

作者M . B . 约翰逊夫人，选自诗歌集《家庭生活之诗》。

1 . 一个阳光、快乐的男孩，满脸笑意，

他的一举一动都如此优雅，

他无所畏惧，无忧无虑，

他是我们家的光明所在——最年轻的小家伙。

2. 他太年轻了，这个小精灵，

从不会因烦人的问题而忧心；

但很多天以来，一个念头浮现，

给他灵动的双眼蒙上一层阴影。

3. 他去找一个他认为很智慧的人

比天底下所有人都更智慧；

“母亲”——哦，使之成为家的词，

“告诉我，明天什么时候到啊？”

4. “现在差不多是晚上了，”妈妈说，

“我的孩子你该上床睡觉了；

当你醒来的时候，就又是白天了，

那时就是明天了，我的宝贝儿。”

5. 小男孩睡了整整一夜，

伴随着清晨的第一缕阳光醒来；

他在妈妈额头深深一吻，

轻声问：“现在是‘明天’了吗？”

6.“不是的，小艾迪，现在是今天：

明天永远要过一个夜晚才来。”

他思考了一会儿，很快又快乐起来，

这个恼人的问题很快就过去了。

7.但是，夜幕降临的时候它又卷土重来。

“再等天亮的时候就是明天了吗？”

仿佛他要从未来的岁月中借来时间，

他试图努力要抓住明天。

8.“我的小泰德，你是抓不住明天的。

享受‘今天’吧！”妈妈对他说；

“有人一年中的每一天都在等待明天——

明天总是在未来，但它永远无法达到。”

- (1) Household, *family, those living in the same house.*
- (2) Elf, *a small fairylike person.*
- (3) Vex, *worry, trouble.*
- (4) Pondered, *thought anxiously.*
- (5) A while, *for a short time.*

LESSON 12 WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY

有志者事竟成

1 . Henry Bond was about ten years old when his father died. His mother found it difficult to provide for the support of a large family, thus left entirely in her care. By good management (1) , however, she contrived to do so, and also to send Henry, the oldest, to school, and to supply him, for the most part, with such books as he needed.

2 . At one time, however, Henry wanted a grammar, in order to join a class in that study, and his mother could not furnish (2) him with the money to buy it. He was very much troubled about it, and went to bed with a heavy heart, thinking what could be done.

3 . On waking in the morning, he found that a deep snow had fallen, and the cold wind was blowing furiously (3) . "Ah," said he, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

4 . He rose, ran to the house of a neighbor, and offered his service (4) to clear a path around his premises (5) . The offer was accepted. Having completed this work, and received his pay, he went to another place for the same purpose, and then to another, until he had earned enough to buy a grammar.

5. When school commenced, Henry was in his seat, the happiest boy there, ready to begin the lesson in his new book.

6. From that time, Henry, was always the first in all his classes. He knew no such word as fail, but always succeeded in all he attempted. Having the will, he always found the way.

【中文阅读】

1. 亨利·邦德的父亲去世时，他才十岁。支撑这个大家庭的重担落在了他的母亲身上，这让她感到很艰辛。通过不断地苦心经营，她努力撑起这个家，还送她最大的孩子亨利去上学，最大程度地支持他读书，为他提供上学所需的书籍。

2. 然而，有一次，亨利参加了一门语法课，需要一本语法书，但他母亲实在没钱给他买这本书。为此他很是烦心，晚上上床休息时还在忧心忡忡，一直想着该怎么办。

3. 第二天早上醒来后，他发现外面的雪已经下了厚厚的一层，寒风猛烈地吹着。他说：“啊，这恶劣的寒风让大家都挺难受的。”

4. 他迅速地起床，跑到邻居家，提出为邻居的房屋周围清扫积雪。邻居接受了他的提议。完成工作后，他得到一些报酬，然后又带着同一个目的去下一户人家，一家接一家，他最终挣够了买语法书的钱。

5. 开学时，最快乐的孩子——亨利，坐在自己的座位上，已经准备好学习新书的第一课了。

6. 从此之后，亨利总是他班级里最早到的。他的字典里没有“做不到”这个词，他总是通过一切努力获得成功。只要有目标，他就能够找到获得成功的方法。

-
- (1) Management, *manner of directing things*.
 - (2) Furnish, *to supply*.
 - (3) Furiously, *violently*.
 - (4) Service, *labor*.
 - (5) Premises, *grounds around a house*.

LESSON 13 PICCOLA

皮克拉

By Celia Laighton Thaxter, who was born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1836. Much of her childhood was passed at White Island, one of the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire. "Among the Isles of Shoals," is her most noted work in prose. She published a volume of poems, many of which are favorites with children. She died in 1894.

1 . Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear

What happened to Piccola, children dear?

'T is seldom Fortune such favor grants

As fell to this little maid of France.

2 . 'T was Christmas time, and her parents poor

Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,

Striving with poverty's patient pain

Only to live till summer again.

3 . No gift for Piccola! sad were they

When dawned (1) the morning of Christmas day!

Their little darling no joy might stir (2) ;

St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

4 . But Piccola never doubted at all

That something beautiful must befall (3)

Every child upon Christmas day,

And so she slept till the dawn was gray.



5 . And full of faith, when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;
Such sounds of gladness filled all the air,
'T was plain St. Nicholas had been there.

6 . In rushed Piccola, sweet, half wild —
Never was seen such a joyful child—
"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

7 . Now such a story I never heard!
There was a little shivering ⁽⁴⁾ bird!
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny ⁽⁵⁾ shoe!

8 . "How good poor Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen,
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture ⁽⁶⁾ , she was so charmed ⁽⁷⁾ .

9 . Children, this story I tell to you

Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.

In the far-off land of France, they say,

Still do they live to this very day.

EXERCISES.—What is meant by "driving the wolf from the door"? In the third stanza, what does "St." before Nicholas mean? Who is St. Nicholas? What did Piccola find in her shoe on Christmas morning?

【中文阅读】

作者西莉亚·雷顿·萨克斯特，1836年6月29日出生在新罕布什尔州的朴茨茅斯市。她的童年多在新罕布什尔州海岸边群岛浅滩的怀特岛度过。《群岛浅滩的日子》是她最著名的散文著作。她出版了一系列诗集，深受小朋友们喜爱。她于1894年去世。

1 . 可怜又可愛的皮克拉！你們是否聽說

皮克拉發生了什麼？我親愛的孩子們？

從來沒有什麼好運氣

能夠降臨到這個法國小姑娘身上。

2 . 現在正是聖誕節，她的父母很窮，

根本无法摆脱贫困，
与贫穷的痛苦抗争着，
只求能够活到夏天再次来临。

3．没有礼物给皮克拉！他们很悲伤

等来了圣诞节的清晨。
他们的小宝贝没有快乐，
圣诞老人没有东西带给她！

4．但皮克拉深信不疑，

她觉得肯定会有什么美好的事儿，
在圣诞日发生在每一个孩子身上。
就这样她一直睡到天蒙蒙亮。

5．最终醒来时，她还是充满希望。

天空破晓，她蹑手蹑脚走到自己的鞋子旁。
她欢快的声音洋溢在空气中，
很显然圣诞老人来过这里。

6. 皮克拉冲过去，内心甜美而又几近疯狂

从没见过这样快乐的孩子——

她惊叫：“瞧瞧最好的圣诞老人给我带来了什么！”

她的爸爸妈妈从里面偷偷地看。

7. 接下来的这件事我从来没听说过。

有一只冻得瑟瑟发抖的小鸟儿！

从窗户飞进来一只麻雀，

爬进了皮克拉的小鞋子！

8. “可怜皮克拉肯定特别乖！”

她喊叫着，像女王一样快乐。

她把奄奄一息的麻雀喂得饱饱的，捂得暖暖和和的，

高兴地跳着舞，她看起来那么可爱迷人。

9. 孩子们，我给你们讲的这个

关于可爱的皮克拉和她的鸟儿的故事是真的。

人们说，在遥远的法国土地上，

她们一直生活到了今天。

-
- (1) Dawned, *began to grow light*.
 - (2) Stir, *excite*.
 - (3) Befall, *happen*.
 - (4) Shivering, *trembling from cold*.
 - (5) Tiny, *very small*.
 - (6) Rapture, *great joy*.
 - (7) Charmed, *greatly pleased*.

LESSON 14 TRUE MANLINESS

真正的男子气概

1 . "Please, mother, do sit down and let me try my hand," said Fred Liscom, a bright, active boy twelve years old. Mrs. Liscom, looking pale and worn, was moving languidly ⁽¹⁾ about, trying to clear away the breakfast she had scarcely tasted.

2 . She smiled, and said, "You, Fred, you wash dishes?" "Yes, indeed, mother," replied Fred; "I should be a poor scholar if I couldn't, when I've seen you do it so many times. Just try me."

3 . A look of relief came over his mother's face as she seated herself in her low rocking-chair. Fred washed the dishes, and put them in the closet. He then swept the kitchen, brought up the potatoes from the cellar for the dinner and washed them, and then set out for school.

4 . Fred's father was away from home, and as there was some cold meat in the pantry, Mrs. Liscom found it an easy task to prepare dinner. Fred hurried home from school, set the table, and again washed the dishes.

5 . He kept on in this way for two or three days, till his mother was able to resume her usual work, and he felt amply ⁽²⁾ rewarded when the doctor, who happened in one day, said, "Well, madam, it's

my opinion ⁽³⁾ that you would have been very sick if you had not kept quiet."

6 . The doctor did not know how the "quiet" had been secured, nor how the boy's heart bounded at his words. Fred had given up a great deal of what boys hold dear, for the purpose of helping his mother, coasting and skating being just at this time in perfection.

7 . Besides this, his temper and his patience had been severely tried. He had been in the habit of going early to school, and staying to play after it was dismissed.

8 . The boys missed him, and their curiosity was excited when he would give no other reason for not coming to school earlier, or staying after school, than that he was "wanted at home." "I'll tell you," said Tom Barton, "I'll find him out, boys—see if I don't!"

9 . So he called for Fred to go to school, and on his way to the side door walked lightly and somewhat nearer the kitchen window than was absolutely ⁽⁴⁾ needful. Looking in, he saw Fred standing at the table with a dishcloth in his hand.

10 . Of course he reported this at school, and various were the greetings poor Fred received at recess. "Well, you're a brave one to stay at home washing dishes." "Girl boy!" "Pretty Bessie!" "Lost your apron, have n't you, Polly!"

11 . Fred was not wanting either in spirit or courage, and he was strongly tempted to resent ⁽⁵⁾ these insults and to fight some of his tormentors. But his consciousness ⁽⁶⁾ of right and his love for his mother helped him.

12 . While he was struggling for self mastery, his teacher appeared at the door of the schoolhouse. Fred caught his eye, and it seemed to look, if it did not say, "Don't give up! Be really brave!" He knew the teacher had heard the insulting taunts of his thoughtless schoolmates.

13 . The boys received notice during the day that Fred must not be taunted or teased in any manner. They knew that the teacher meant what he said; and so the brave little boy had no farther trouble.

(Mrs. M. O. Johnson)

EXERCISES.—Why did Fred offer to wash the dishes? Was it a disgraceful thing to do? How was he rewarded? How did his schoolmates show their lack of manliness?

【中文阅读】

1 . “妈妈，求您了，快坐下吧，让我试试。”这个阳光、积极的12岁孩子弗雷德·利斯科姆说。利斯科姆夫人脸色苍白，看起来很疲倦，她虚弱地挪动着，正要收拾餐桌上她基本没吃几口的早饭。

2 . 她笑着说：“弗雷德，你，你来洗碗吗？”弗雷德说：“没错，是的，妈妈。我看您洗碗那么多次了，要是还没学会，我就是个笨学生了。让我试试吧。”

3 . 母亲慢慢地坐到矮矮的摇椅上，看起来如释重负。弗雷德洗好碗，把它们放在橱柜里。接着，他又清扫了厨房，从地窖里取出土

豆，把它们洗净，准备晚饭时用，一切做好后，他这才去上学。

4. 弗雷德的父亲不在家。家里储藏柜里有些冻肉，利斯科姆夫人觉得做晚饭还比较轻松。弗雷德一放学就赶忙回家，布置餐桌，饭后又洗了碗。

5. 他这么做了两三天，直到他母亲能够自己动手干活。医生有一天对她说：“哎呀，女士，我觉得如果不是这两天您能安心静养，很可能会病得很重。”听到这，弗雷德觉得受了极大的褒奖。

6. 医生不知道他的母亲是如何做到静养，也不知道这男孩心里把他的话看得多重要。弗雷德为了帮助他的母亲，放弃了很多男孩们都想做的事，比如当时最受欢迎的沿海滑行和滑冰。

7. 除此之外，他的脾气和耐心也经历了不小的考验。以前他总是很早去学校，放学后在学校玩耍好一会儿。

8. 他的伙伴很想念他，当他就“没法早点到学校了，没法放学后在学校逗留”给出的原因仅仅是“家里需要我”时，激起了伙伴们的好奇心。汤姆·巴顿说：“我会找到原因的，伙计们，看我的吧！”

9. 第二天汤姆上学时路过弗雷德家，快到旁门时他蹑手蹑脚地走过去，走到离厨房窗户非常近的地方。他朝里一看，看见弗雷德站在餐桌旁，手里拿着一块抹布。

10. 他当然把这些告诉了学校的男孩子们。弗雷德在课间休息时受到了各种各样的嘲讽：“真有勇气，待在家里洗碗！”“真女气！”“漂亮的贝西小姑娘！”“你围裙丢了吧，哈哈，波利！”

11. 弗雷德不缺乏志气和勇气，他对这些侮辱的话非常不满，也很有冲动和这些家伙们打一架。但是，他内心的理智和他对他母亲的爱让他没有这么做。

12. 正当他内心挣扎着克制自己，老师出现在教室门口。弗雷德和他对视了一下，虽然他的眼神没有说，但至少看起来仿佛在说：“别放弃，做到真正的勇敢！”他知道老师肯定听到那些没心没肺的同学们嘲笑他的话了。

13. 那天，老师告诫男孩们不许再以任何方式嘲笑或者嘲弄弗雷德。他们知道老师是认真的，所以勇敢的小男孩弗雷德没有再遇到麻烦。

(M . O . 约翰逊夫人)

(1) Languidly, *feebly*.

(2) Amply, *fully*.

(3) Opinion, *judgment, belief*.

(4) Absolutely, *wholly, entirely*.

(5) Resent, *to consider as an injury*.

(6) Consciousness, *inward feeling, knowledge of what passes in one's own mind*.

LESSON 15 TRUE MANLINESS (CONCLUDED) 真正的男子气概 (结束篇)

1 . "Fire! fire!" The cry crept out on the still night air, and the fire bells began to ring. Fred was wakened by the alarm and the red light streaming into his room. He dressed himself in a moment, almost, and tapped at the door of his mother's bedroom.

2 . "It is Mr. Barton's house, mother. Do let me go," he said in eager, excited tones. Mrs. Liscom thought a moment. He was young, but she could trust him, and she knew how much his heart was in the request.

3 . "Yes, you may go," she answered; "but be careful, my boy. If you can help, do so; but do nothing rashly." Fred promised to follow her advice, and hurried to the fire.

4 . Mr. and Mrs. Barton were not at home. The house had been left in charge of the servants. The fire spread with fearful speed, for there was a high wind, and it was found impossible to save the house. The servants ran about, screaming and lamenting, but doing nothing to any purpose.

5 . Fred found Tom outside, in safety. "Where is Katy?" he

asked. Tom, trembling with terror, seemed to have had no thought but of his own escape. He said, "Katy is in the house!" "In what room?" asked Fred. "In that one," pointing to a window in the upper story.

6 . It was no time for words, but for instant, vigorous action. The staircase was already on fire; there was but one way to reach Katy, and that full of danger. The second floor might fall at any moment, and Fred knew it. But he trusted in an arm stronger than his own, and silently sought help and guidance.

7 . A ladder was quickly brought, and placed against the house. Fred mounted it, followed by the hired man, dashed in the sash of the window, and pushed his way into the room where the poor child lay nearly suffocated with smoke.



8 . He roused her with some difficulty, carried her to the window, and placed her upon the sill. She was instantly grasped by strong arms, and carried down the ladder, Fred following as fast as possible. They had scarcely reached the ground before a crash of falling timbers told them that they had barely escaped with their lives.

9 . Tom Barton never forgot the lesson of that night; and he came to believe, and to act upon the belief, in after years, that true manliness is in harmony with gentleness, kindness, and self-denial.

EXERCISES.—Relate the story of the fire. What is meant by "to any purpose," in paragraph four? Did Fred show any lack of manliness when

tested? What does this lesson teach?

【中文阅读】

1. “着火啦！着火啦！”惊呼声划破了寂静的夜空，火灾报警声随后鸣叫起来。弗雷德被警笛声惊醒了，红色的火光朝着他的房间逼近。他迅速穿上衣服，几乎同时敲响他母亲卧室的门。

2. “是巴顿先生的房子着火了，妈妈。让我去帮忙吧！”他用急切而又激动的语气说道。利斯科姆夫人想了一下。虽然他还小，但母亲信任他，而且她也知道弗雷德心里很渴望能去。

3. “好的，你去吧！”利斯科姆夫人说，“但是，一定要小心啊，我的孩子。如果你能帮上忙，就去帮，但千万不要冲动。”弗雷德保证会听从母亲的建议，匆忙冲向火场。

4. 巴顿夫妇不在家，仆人们照看他们的房子。当时风很大，因此火势蔓延得非常凶猛，想保住房子是不可能了。仆人们慌乱地跑来跑去，大声哭喊，任何想办法的事都没有做。

5. 弗雷德在外面找到了汤姆，他安然无恙，他问：“凯蒂呢？”汤姆正害怕得浑身发抖，看起来他只想着自己安全逃出来，别的什么都没想。他说：“凯蒂还在屋里呢。”“在哪个房间？”弗雷德问。汤姆指着楼上的窗户说：“就是那间。”

6. 没时间多说了，只能立刻采取有力行动。楼梯已经着火了，只有一条路能救凯蒂，而这条路危险重重。二楼的地板随时可能掉下来，弗雷德知道这一点。但是，他信任那些比自己更有力气的大人，然后轻声去寻求帮助和引导。

7. 人们很快拿来一个梯子，靠着房子外墙立了起来。弗雷德爬上梯子，后面跟着雇来的人，快速爬到窗户边，钻到房间里。那可怜

的凯蒂正躺在床上，被浓烟呛得快要窒息了。

8．他艰难地把她抱起来，抱到窗户边，放在窗台上。她随即被一双强有力的臂膀紧紧抱住，沿着梯子爬了下去。弗雷德以最快的速度紧跟其后。他们刚一落地，就听到木头掉落的撞击声，这说明刚刚他们死里逃生。

9．汤姆·巴顿永远忘不了那天晚上所学到的，在之后的岁月里，他开始相信，并用行动证明这一信念，那就是：真正的男子汉是温柔、善良和自我牺牲的统一。

LESSON 16 THE BROWN THRUSH

棕色画眉鸟

Lucy Larcom, the author of the following poem, was born in 1826, and passed many years of her life as a factory girl at Lowell, Mass. She died in 1893.

1 . There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree;

"He's singing to me! he's singing to me!"

And what does he say, little girl, little boy?

"Oh, the world's running over with joy!

Don't You hear? Don't you see?

Hush! look! In my tree

I'm as happy as happy can be!"

2 . And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,

And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?

Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,

Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sorrow to me."

3 . So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me;

And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,

"Oh, the world's running over with joy!

But long it won't be,

Don't you know? Don't you see?

Unless we're as good as can be."

EXERCISES.—What is a thrush? Why was the thrush so happy? Do you think he would have been happy if the little boy or girl had robbed the nest?

【中文阅读】

下面这首诗的作者是露西·拉科姆，她出生于1826年，曾经很长一段时间是马萨诸塞州罗维尔市一个工厂的女工，1893年去世。

1. 一只欢乐的棕色画眉鸟坐在树枝头；

“他在对我歌唱！他在对我歌唱！”

小女孩，小男孩，他在说什么呢？

“哦，世界充满欢乐！

难道你听不到？难道你看不到？

嘘！看哪！在我的树枝头

我要多快乐就有多快乐！”

2. 棕色画眉鸟不停唱：“你看到鸟巢了吗？

看到我藏在杜松子树上的五个鸟蛋了吗？

别捣乱！别胡摸！小女孩，小男孩。

不然世界的欢乐就会减少一些。

现在我很快乐！现在我很自由！

我将永远如此。

只要你们不给我带来悲伤。”

3 . 所以这只欢乐的棕色画眉鸟总是在枝头歌唱，

对你唱也对我唱，对你唱也对我唱；

他整天都在唱，小女孩，小男孩，

“哦，这世界充满着欢乐！

但这欢乐不会长久，

难道你不知道？难道你看不出？

除非我们能做多好就做多好。”

LESSON 17 A SHIP IN A STORM

暴风雨中的船

1 . Did you ever go far out upon the great ocean? How beautiful it is to be out at sea, when the sea is smooth and still!

2 . Let a storm approach, and the scene is changed. The heavy, black clouds appear in the distance, and throw a deep, deathlike shade over the world of waters.

3 . The captain and sailors soon see in the clouds the signs of evil. All hands are then set to work to take in sail.

4 . The hoarse notes of the captain, speaking through his trumpet, are echoed (1) from lip to lip among the rigging. Happy will it be, if all is made snug before the gale (2) strikes the vessel.

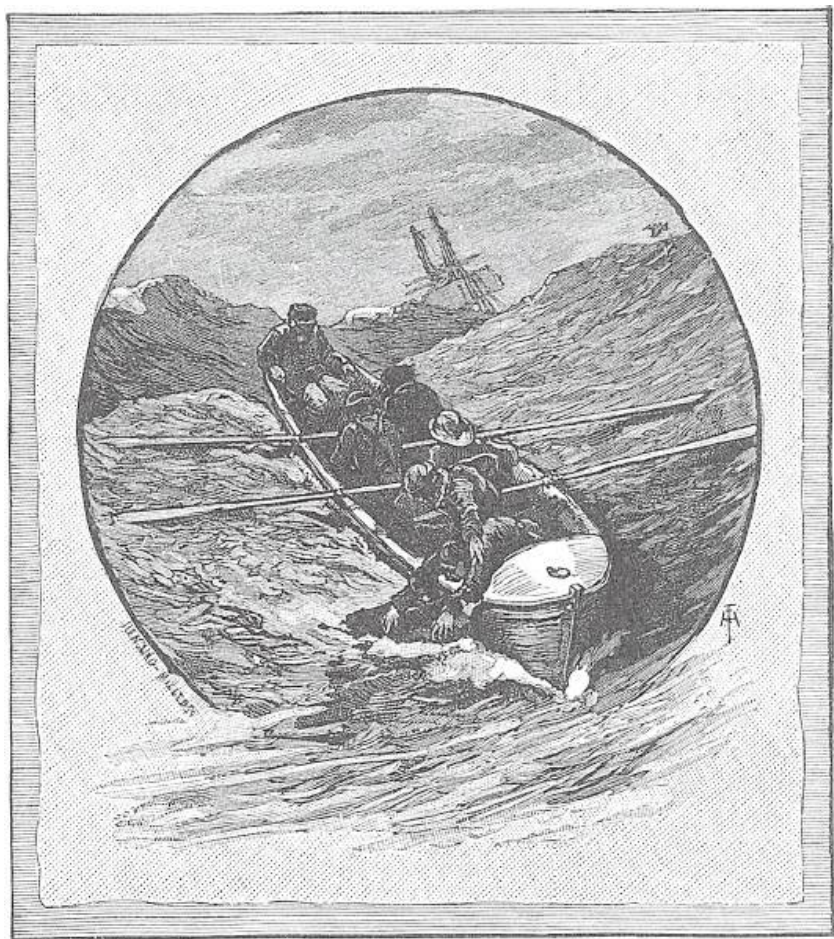
5 . At last, the gale comes like a vast moving mountain of air. It strikes the ship. The vessel heaves (3) and groans under the dreadful weight, and struggles to escape through the foaming waters.

6 . If she is far out at sea, she will be likely to ride out the storm in safety. But if the wind is driving her upon the shore, the

poor sailors will hardly escape being dashed upon the rocks, and drowned.

7 . Once there was a ship in a storm. Some of her masts were already broken, and her sails lost. While the wind was raging, and the billows (4) were dashing against her, the cry was heard, "A man has fallen overboard!"

8 . Quickly was the boat lowered, and she was soon seen bounding on her way over the mountain waves. At one moment, the boat seemed lifted to the skies, and the next, it sank down, and appeared to be lost beneath the waves!



9 . At length, the man was found. He was well nigh drowned; but he was taken on board, and now they made for the ship. But the ship rolled so dreadfully, that it seemed certain death to go near her. And now, what should they do?

10 . The captain told one of the men to go aloft and throw down a rope. This was made fast to the boat, and when the sea was somewhat calm it was hoisted, and all fell down into the ship with a dreadful crash. It was a desperate (5) way of getting on board; but fortunately no lives were lost.

11 . On the dangerous points along our seacoast are lighthouses, which can be seen far out at sea, and serve as guides to ships. Sometimes the fog (6) is so dense that these lights can not be seen, but most lighthouses have great fog bells or fog horns; some of the latter are made to sound by steam, and can be heard for a long distance. These bells and horns are kept sounding as long as the fog lasts.

12 . There are also many life-saving stations along the coast where trained men are ready with lifeboats. "When a ship is driven ashore they at once go to the rescue of those on board, and thus many valuable lives are saved.

13 . Take it all in all, a sailor's life is a very hard one. Our young friends owe a debt of gratitude (7) to those whose home is upon the great waters, and who bring them the luxuries (8) of other countries.

EXERCISES.—What is this lesson about? When is it dangerous to be at sea? What do sailors then do? In what situation are they most likely to be saved? Relate the story of the man overboard. Tell about the lighthouses. How are vessels warned of danger in a fog? What about the life-saving stations? What is said of a sailor's life?

【中文阅读】

1 . 你是否曾经在大海上远航？风平浪静时出海，这是多么美好的景象！

2 . 风暴一旦来临，这样的场景就变了。厚重的乌云压过来，四

周水的世界笼罩着阴暗的死亡一般的阴影。

3. 船长和水手很快就看到了乌云中不祥的迹象。所有人手都被派去把船帆收起来。

4. 船长用扩音器大叫着，嘶哑的声音和呼喊在绳索间回响。如果在一阵猛烈的海风席卷船身前能够把一切准备妥当，他们就会很高兴地松口气。

5. 最后，暴风像一座巨大的空气山移过来了，猛烈撞击着船身。轮船上下起伏，在重压下发出咯吱咯吱的声音，挣扎着想要逃脱这波涛汹涌的水域。

6. 如果船航行在大海的中央，还有可能安全度过风暴。但是，如果暴风把船推向岸边，可怜的水手们就很难逃脱被甩向岩石、溺水身亡的厄运。

7. 曾经有艘船遭遇了风暴，船上的一些桅杆已经折断了，船帆也不知去向。狂风肆虐，海浪不断涌来，拍打船身，只听见一声叫喊：“有人从船上掉到海里啦！”

8. 人们迅速从大船上放下一只小船，它转眼间就被推上浪尖。这一刻，小船好像被推向天空，下一刻，它又沉下来，仿佛要消失在巨浪下面！

9. 最后，终于找到了落水的人。他差点儿就被淹死了，幸好被救上了小船。接着他们要启程返回轮船。但是，轮船上下起伏，摇晃得厉害，接近它似乎是自取灭亡。这时候，他们又能做什么呢？

10. 船长告诉其中一名船员，让他从高处扔下一条绳子。绳子一端紧紧地系在小船上，等海面稍一平静，把小船用绳子提起来。随着巨大的撞击声，连船带人一起猛地掉落在轮船上。这是近乎绝望的收船方式，但很幸运无人丧生。

11. 在海岸的险要地点都设有灯塔，从海上很远的地方就能看到，它们是海上船只的路标。有时候雾霾过于严重，从远处看不到灯塔发出的光，不过大部分灯塔都有很大的雾钟或者雾笛。有些雾笛是用蒸汽驱动的，从很远就能听到。只要雾霾持续，雾钟和雾笛就会响个不停。

12. 在海岸线还有很多救生站，受过训练的救生员准备好救生艇随时待命。有船被海浪冲上岸的时候，他们立刻去救援，营救甲板上的船员，拯救了很多宝贵的生命。

13. 总而言之，水手们的生活异常艰辛。我们这些年轻人应该向那些常年漂在海上、以海为家的人们致敬，是他们为我们带来国外的珍稀物品。

-
- (1) Echoed, *sounded again*.
 - (2) Gale, *a wind storm*.
 - (3) Heaves, *pitches up and down*.
 - (4) Billows, *waves*.
 - (5) Desperate, *hopeless*.
 - (6) Fog, *watery vapor, mist*.
 - (7) Gratitude, *thankfulness*.
 - (8) Luxuries, *nice things*.

LESSON 18 THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

水手的慰藉

Charles Dibdin, the author, was born at Southampton, England, in 1745. He wrote a number of fine sea songs. He died in 1814.

1 . One night came on a hurricane (1) ,

The sea was mountains rolling,

When Barney Buntline turned his quid (2) ,

And said to Billy Bowling:

"A strong norwester's blowing, Bill;

Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?

Lord help 'em, how I pities all

Unhappy folks on shore now!

2 . "Foolhardy ⁽³⁾ chaps who live in town,

What danger they are all in,

And now are quaking ⁽⁴⁾ in their beds,

For fear the roof shall fall in;

Poor creatures, how they envy us,

And wish, as I've a notion ⁽⁵⁾ ,

For our good luck, in such a storm,

To be upon the ocean.

3 . "But as for them who're out all day,

On business from their houses,

And late at night are coming home,

To cheer the babes and spouses ⁽⁶⁾ ;

While you and I, Bill, on the deck,

Are comfortably lying,

My eyes! what tiles ⁽⁷⁾ and chimney pots ⁽⁸⁾

About their heads are flying!

4 . "And very often have we heard

How men are killed and undone (9)

By overturns of carriages,

By thieves, and fires in London.

We know what risks all landsmen run,

From noblemen to tailors;

Then, Bill, let us thank Providence

That you and I are sailors."

【中文阅读】

作者查尔斯·迪布丁，于1745年出生在英格兰南安普顿市。他写了很多优美的关于大海的歌曲，于1814年去世。

1. 一天夜里，飓风袭来，

大海像山峦般起伏，

巴尼·邦特莱嚼着烟草，

对比利·鲍灵说着话：

“强劲的西北风在呼呼吹啊，比尔；

听！难道你没听到它的咆哮吗？

愿上帝保佑他们。我真为那些

在岸上不开心的家伙感到惋惜！”

2. “住在镇上的有勇无谋的伙计，

他们都面临着怎样的危险啊，

现在正在床上吓得瑟瑟发抖，

害怕屋顶会掉下来：

可怜的家伙，他们多羡慕我们，

我这样想，他们会，

祝愿我们在海上，

行进在这样的风暴中，能有好运气。”

3. “但至于那些白天在外奔波，

离家谈生意的人，

他们晚上很晚才回到家，

要哄孩子，陪伴妻子。

而你和我呢，比尔，我们在甲板上，

舒舒服服地躺着，

我看到，屋顶上的瓦和烟囱，

都在他们头上飞来飞去呢！”

4. “我们常常听到

人们如何被残杀，被伤害。

要么是马车翻了，

要么是遇到小偷，或者遭遇伦敦的大火。

我们知道住在岸上的所有人面临怎样的危险，

无论是贵族还是平民。

那么，比尔，让我们感谢上帝，

你和我是水手。”

(1) Hurricane, *a violent windstorm.*

(2) Quid, *a small piece of tobacco.*

(3) Foolhardy, *reckless.*

(4) Quaking, *shaking with fear.*

(5) Notion, *idea.*

(6) Spouses, *wives.*

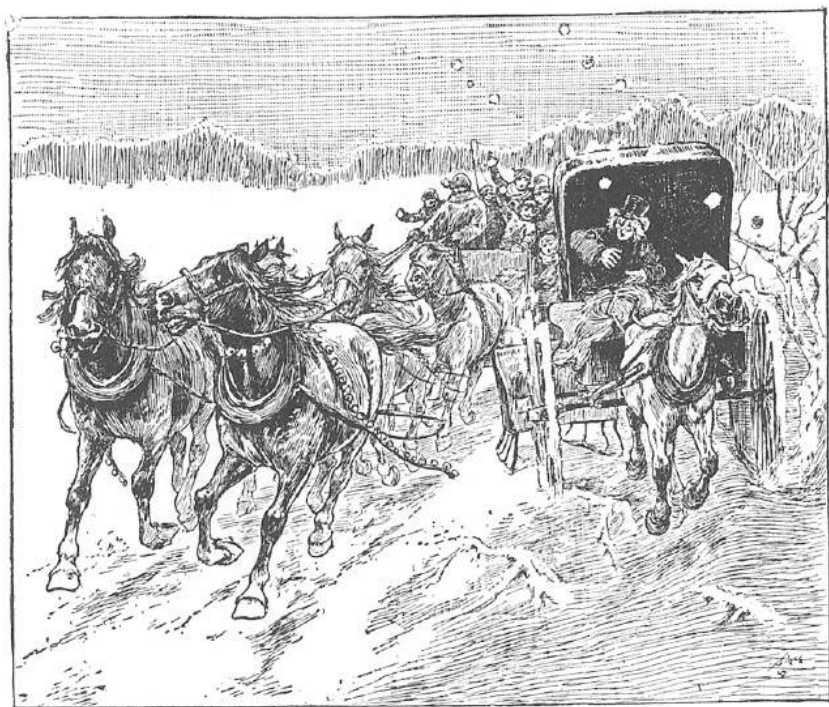
(7) Tiles, *thin pieces of baked clay used in roofing houses.*

(8) Chimney pots, *earthenware tops of chimneys.*

(9) Undone, *injured, ruined.*

LESSON 19 TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY

讲述故事的两种方式



1 . In one of the most populous (1) cities of New England, a few years ago, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh ride. The sleigh was a very large one, drawn by six gray horses.

2 . On the following day, as the teacher entered the schoolroom, he found his pupils in high glee, as they chattered about the fun and frolic of their excursion (2) . In answer to some inquiries, one of the lads gave him an account of their trip and its various incidents (3) .

3 . As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir! there was one thing I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

4 . "Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snowballs and a good hurrah. They produced the right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

5 . "As we passed, some one gave the horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant (4) .

6 . "With that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded wagon, and, I believe, almost capsized (5) the old creature—and so we left him."

7 . "Well, boys," replied the teacher, "take your seat", and I will tell you a story, and all about a sleigh ride, too. Yesterday afternoon a very venerable (6) old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the rest of the winter at the house of his son. That he

might be prepared for journeying in the following spring he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

8 . "His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted (7) by age, and he was proceeding very slowly; for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. He was suddenly disturbed by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

9 . "In his alarm he dropped his reins, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road!' 'What will you take for your pony?' 'What's the price of oats, old man?' were the various cries that met his ears.

10 . "Pray, do not frighten my horse!" exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snowballs, and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys.

11 . "The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the great danger of his life. He contrived, however, to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded wagon. A short distance brought him to the house of his son. That son, boys, is your instructor, and that 'old fellow,' was your teacher's father!"

12 . When the boys perceived how rude and unkind their

conduct appeared from another point of view, they were very much ashamed of their thoughtlessness, and most of them had the manliness to apologize to their teacher for what they had done.

(Henry K. Oliver)

EXERCISES.—Repeat the boys' story of the sleigh ride. The teacher's story. Were the boys ill-natured or only thoughtless? Is thoughtlessness any excuse for rudeness or unkindness?

【中文阅读】

1. 很多年前，在新英格兰一个人口最多的城市里，有一群来自同一所学校的少年，他们坐上了一辆大雪橇。雪橇非常大，由六匹灰色的骏马拉着。

2. 第二天，老师到教室后，发现他的学生们情绪非常高昂，都在不停谈论着雪橇之旅的好玩和有趣之处。为回答老师的询问，其中一个小伙子讲述了他们那趟旅行中发生的所有事情。

3. 他的故事快要讲完时，他大叫：“对了，先生！有件事我差点忘了。回来的路上，我看到在我们前面有个奇怪的东西。后来证实那是一个老旧的雪橇，都生锈了，系在一辆有篷马车后面，行进速度特别慢，把整条路都堵上了。

4. “我们发现马车的主人打算让路，就决定一起朝他扔雪球，一起大叫起哄。后来确实起了作用，那辆不正常的马车陷在厚厚的积雪里，拉车的干瘦老马开始小跑起来。

5.“我们超过他们时，有人朝马打了个响指，它狂奔起来，我保证，比它以往任何时候跑得都快。

6.“就这样，马车里有个老人，他带着一顶旧旧的帽子，大叫着说：‘你们为什么吓唬我的马？’那你为什么不让路呢？’我们的马夫说。这样我们又起了三次哄。他的马又被吓坏了，朝着一辆满载的马车冲去，我觉得，肯定把那辆老马车弄翻了。就这样我们离开了他。”

7.“请坐下，我的孩子。”老师说着，“我也给你讲个故事，也是关于坐雪橇的。昨天下午，一个德高望重的老牧师从波士顿赶往塞伦，去他儿子家度过冬天。他大概是准备要在来年春天去旅行，所以他驾驶着自己的马车。为了适应冬天需要，还带了雪橇，绑在了马车后面。

8.“由于上了年纪，他的耳朵和眼睛都不好使了，所以他走得特别慢。因为他的马就跟主人一样，已是年老体衰。在路上，他突然被后面的大声惊呼吓着了，接着是雪球和冰块，猛烈地击打在他的马车上。

9.“受惊之后，缰绳脱手了，他的马开始乱跑。就在老人面对一堆麻烦时，一群男孩子，他们坐着六匹马拉着的雪橇，大叫着从他旁边经过，他们大喊‘闪开！闪开！老家伙！’把路让开！‘你的破马算什么！’‘你这燕麦值多少钱啊，老家伙？’类似的叫喊声传到他的马车里。

10.“‘嘿，别吓坏我的马！’这年迈的马夫说着。‘那你让开，让开！’他们回答，然后从巨大雪橇上不停传来鞭打声和口哨声，一阵阵雪球像雨滴不断袭来。男孩们还起了三次哄。

11.“老人和马受了更大的惊吓，马儿干脆就带着他跑了起来，这对他是十分危险的。不过，他还是设法让马停了下来，这样才没撞

上一辆满载货物的马车。离那儿没多远就到了他儿子家。他的儿子，我的学生们啊，就是你们的老师。而那个老家伙，正是你们老师的父亲！”

12. 孩子们从另一个角度意识到他们的举动是多么的粗鲁和不友善，他们为自己的无所顾忌感到非常羞愧。他们中的大部分都敢于坦当地向老师道了歉。

(亨利·K·奥列弗)

-
- (1) Populous, *full of inhabitants.*
 - (2) Excursion, *a pleasure trip.*
 - (3) Incidents, *things that happen, events.*
 - (4) Warrant, *to declare with assurance.*
 - (5) Capsized, *upset.*
 - (6) Venerable, *deserving of honor and respect.*
 - (7) Blunted, *dulled.*

LESSON 20 FREAKS OF THE FROST

霜之奇想

By Hannah Flagg Gould, who was born at Lancaster, Vermont, in 1789. She published several volumes of poems (one for children) and one collection of prose articles, entitled "Gathered Leaves." She died in 1865.

1 . The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on, like that blustering ⁽¹⁾ train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle ⁽²⁾ and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

2 . Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest ⁽³⁾ ;

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed

In diamond beads; and over the breast

Of the quivering ⁽⁴⁾ lake, he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The downward point of many a spear,

That he hung on its margin ⁽⁵⁾ , far and near,

Where a rock could rear its head.

3 . He went to the windows of those who slept,

And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;

Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the morn were seen

Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;

There were bevies ⁽⁶⁾ of birds, and swarms of bees;

There were cities with temples and towers, and these

All pictured ⁽⁷⁾ in silver sheen ⁽⁸⁾ .

4 . But he did one thing that was hardly fair;

He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

EXERCISES.—What did the frost say? What did he do to the mountain? The trees? The lake? What is a "coat of mail"? What did he do to the window? The pitcher?

【中文阅读】

作者汉娜·弗兰格·古尔德，1789年出生在美国佛蒙特州的兰开斯特市。她出版了几卷诗集（包括一本是儿童诗集）和一本散文集，名为《树叶集》。她于1865年去世。

1. 在一个宁静、清冷的夜里，霜向前看着，

低声说：“现在肯定没人看到我；

所以我要穿过深谷，越过高山，

我将悄悄地启程；

我不会像喧闹的火车一样前行，
也不像狂风和大雪，冰雹和大雨，
它们白白制造了那么多喧闹和噪音，
不过我会像它们一样忙碌的。”

2. 接着它飞向高山，给山峰扑粉。

它落在树上，让它们的枝头布满
钻石般的珠子；它停在湖水
那颤抖的胸口，为它布满盔甲
它再不必害怕
长矛的戳戳点点。
然后它挂在石头的边缘，
覆盖周围石头裸露在外的地方。

3. 它跑到那些熟睡的人们的窗户上，

像小仙女一般爬满每一扇窗格的玻璃上；
每一个它呼吸的地方，每一个它停留的所在
都被早晨的朝阳看在眼里
最美丽的一切，花朵和树木；

群鸟、蜜蜂；

城市的寺庙和高塔，这一切

披上了银装素裹。

4. 但有一件事，它做得不公平；

它向橱柜里偷偷瞥去，发现在那儿

所有的一切都忘记为它准备了，“给他们点教训看看，

我要咬篮子里的水果，”它说着，

“这个昂贵的水罐，我要让它裂成三份；

他们给我留的这杯水

要吡吡作响，告诉他们我正喝着。”

(1) Blustering, *being noisy and loud.*

(2) Bustle, *stir.*

(3) Crest, *the top.*

(4) Quivering, *trembling, shaking.*

(5) Margin, *edge, border.*

(6) Beves, *flocks.*

(7) Pictured, *painted.*

(8) Sheen, *brightness, splendor of appearance.*

LESSON 21 WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

不浪费，不愁缺

1 . *Mr. Jones.* Boys, if you have nothing to do, will you unpack these parcels for me?

2 . The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whipcord. Ben took his parcel to the table, and began to examine (1) the knot, and then to untie it.

3 . John took the other parcel, and tried first at one corner, and then at the other, to pull off the string. But the cord had been too well secured, and he only drew the knots tighter.

4 . *John.* I wish these people would not tie up their parcels so tightly, as if they were never to be undone. Why, Ben, how did you get yours undone? What is in your parcel? I wonder what is in mine! I wish I could get the string off. I will cut it.

5 . *Ben.* Oh, no, do not cut it, John! Look, what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same. It is a pity to cut it.

6 . *John.* Pooh! what signifies (2) a bit of pack thread?

7 . *Ben.* It is whipcord.

8 . *John*. Well, whipcord then! what signifies a bit of whipcord? You can get a piece of whipcord twice as long as that for three cents; and who cares for three cents? Not I, for one. So, here it goes.

9 . So he took out his knife, and cut it in several places.

10 . *Mr. Jones*. Well, my boys, have you undone the parcels for me?

11 . *John*. Yes, sir; here is the parcel.

12 . *Ben*. And here is my parcel, father, and here is also the string.

13 . *Mr. Jones*. You may keep the string, Ben.

14 . *Ben*. Thank you, sir. What excellent whipcord it is!

15 . *Mr. Jones*. And you, John, may keep your string, too, if it will be of any use to you.

16 . *John*. It will be of no use to me, thank you, sir.

17 . *Mr. Jones*. No, I am afraid not, if this is it.

18 . A few weeks after this, Mr. Jones gave each of his sons a new top.

19 . *John*. How is this, Ben? These tops have no strings. What shall we do for strings?

20 . *Ben*. I have a string that will do very well for mine. And he pulled it out of his pocket.

21 . *John*. Why, if that is not the whipcord! I wish I had saved mine.

22 . A few days afterward, there was a shooting match, with bows and arrows, among the lads. The prize was a fine bow and arrows, to be given to the best marksman (3) . "Come, come," said Master Sharp, "I am within one inch of the mark. I should like to see who will go nearer."

23 . John drew his bow, and shot. The arrow struck within a quarter of an inch of Master Sharp's. "Shoot away," said Sharp; "but you must understand the rules. We settled them before you came. You are to have three shots with your own arrows. Nobody is to borrow or lend. So shoot away."

24 . John seized his second arrow; "If I have any luck," said he; —but just as he pronounced the word "luck," the string broke, and the arrow fell from his hands.

25 . *Master Sharp*. There! It is all over with you.

26 . *Ben*. Here is my bow for him, and welcome.

27 . *Master Sharp*. No, no, sir; that is not fair. Did you not hear the rules? There is to be no lending.

28 . It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His first arrow missed the mark; the second was exactly as near as John's first. Before venturing the last arrow, Ben very prudently (4) examined the string of his bow; and, as he pulled it to try its strength, it snapped.

29 . Master Sharp clapped his hands and danced for joy. But

his dancing suddenly ceased ⁽⁵⁾ , when careful Ben drew out of his pocket an excellent piece of cord, and began to tie it to the bow.

30 . "The everlasting ⁽⁶⁾ whipcord, I declare!" cried John. "Yes," said Ben, "I put it in my pocket today, because I thought I might want it."

31 . Ben's last arrow won the prize; and when the bow and arrows were handed to him, John said, "How valuable that whipcord has been to you, Ben. I'll take care how I waste anything hereafter."

EXERCISES.—What is this lesson designed to teach? Which of the boys preserved his whipcord? What good did it do him? What did the other boy do with his? What was the consequence? What did he learn from it?

【中文阅读】

1 . 琼斯先生： 孩子们， 如果你们没事的话， 能不能帮我打开这些包裹呢？

2 . 这两个包裹一模一样， 都用上好的鞭绳紧紧系着。 本把他的包裹拿到桌子旁边， 开始仔细检查绳结， 然后解开了。

3 . 约翰拿着另一个包裹， 最开始试图把一角解开， 又试试另一角， 想要把绳子拉开。 但是， 绳子绑得很结实， 他反而把绳结拉得更紧了。

4 . 约翰： 我希望那些人没把包裹绑得这么紧， 好像这包裹再也

不打算打开了似的。为什么，本，你怎么打开的啊？你的包裹里是什么啊？我想知道我这里面装了什么东西。我希望能把这绳子弄开。我要割开它。

5. 本： 唉，别，别，约翰，不要剪开！你看，这绳子多好啊，你的也是一样好。要是剪断就太可惜了。

6. 约翰： 哎呀！一截绑包裹的绳子有什么大不了的？

7. 本： 这可是鞭绳啊。

8. 约翰： 好吧，鞭绳。一截鞭绳有什么用啊？三美分就能买相当于这个两倍长的鞭绳呢，三美分算什么？对我可不算什么。所以我要割了。

9. 于是，他拿出刀来，把绳子割成了几段。

10. 琼斯先生： 孩子们，好啦，帮我把包裹打开了吗？

11. 约翰： 好了，父亲。包裹在这儿。

12. 本： 这是我打开的那个，父亲。绳子也在这儿。

13. 琼斯先生： 绳子你留着吧，本。

14. 本： 谢谢您，父亲。这段鞭绳可真好啊！

15. 琼斯先生： 约翰，如果绳子对你有用的话，你可以留着。

16. 约翰： 父亲，这对我一点儿用都没有。

17. 琼斯先生： 如果是剪成这样的，恐怕确实没什么用了。

18. 这件事过去几周之后，琼斯先生给他两个儿子买了新陀螺。

19. 约翰： 本，这是怎么回事啊？这些陀螺没有鞭子啊。我们用什么当鞭子啊？

20. 本： 我有绳子，和我的陀螺刚好合适。说着他就从口袋里拿出了绳子。

21. 约翰： 啊，这不就是那段鞭绳吗？真希望当时完整地留下我的那条。

22. 又过了几天，在年轻小伙子间有一场弓箭射击比赛。奖品是一副上好的弓箭，奖励给最好的神箭手。夏普大师说：“看，看，我射的箭离靶心只有不到一英寸，我要看看谁还能射得更近。”

23. 约翰拿来他的新弓，射了一把。箭落在距离夏普大师的落点只有不到四分之一英寸的地方。夏普说：“继续射。但是，你必须知道规则。我们在你来之前就定下了规则。你需要用自己的箭射三次。任何人不得借用或借出自己的弓箭。好了，接着射吧！”

24. 约翰拿过他的第二支箭，他说：“祝福我好运吧。”——但是，刚说出“好运”，他的弓弦就断了，箭从手中掉落。

25. 夏普： 看哪，你的比赛结束了。

26. 本： 这是我的弓，可以给他用。来吧。

27. 夏普： 不行，不行，先生，这可不公平。你刚才没听见规则吗？不允许借弓箭。

28. 现在轮到本进行射击了。他第一箭没有中靶，第二箭和约翰刚才一样接近靶心。射出第三箭之前，本很小心地检查他的弓弦，然而，就在他试试弦是否绷紧时，弦断了。

29. 夏普大师拍着手，高兴地手舞足蹈。但是，他的舞蹈突然停

止了，因为本小心翼翼地口袋里拿出了一段极好的鞭绳，开始绑在他的弓上。

30 . “我知道，这是最好的鞭绳。”约翰大叫起来。本说：“是的，上午我把这段鞭绳放在口袋里了，因为我觉得没准儿我会用得上它。”

31 . 本的最后一箭为他赢得了奖品。他接过弓箭时，约翰说：“那段鞭绳对你来说可是太有价值了！我以后再浪费什么东西可要当心了。”

-
- (1) Examine, *to look at carefully.*
 - (2) Signifies, *to be important.*
 - (3) Marksman, *one who shoots well.*
 - (4) Prudently, *with proper caution.*
 - (5) Ceased, *stopped.*
 - (6) Everlasting, *lasting always.*

LESSON 22 JEANNETTE AND JO

珍妮特和乔

By Mary Mapes Dodge, who was born in New York City in 1838. She is the editor of the "St. Nicholas" magazine, and has written many stories for children.

1 . Two girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,

And one is always moping;

The other lassie, come what may,

Is ever bravely hoping.

2 . Beauty of face and girlish grace

Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;

Jeannette takes brightly every day,

And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

3 . One early morn they watched the dawn—

I saw them stand together;

Their whole day's sport, 't was very plain,

Depended on the weather.

4 . "'T will storm!" cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low;

"Yes, but 't will soon be over."

And, as she spoke, the sudden shower

Came, beating down the clover.

5 . "I told you so!" cried angry Jo:

"It always is a-raining!"

Then hid her face in dire despair,

Lamenting and complaining.

6 . But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet,—

I tell it to her honor,—

Looked up and waited till the sun

Came streaming in upon her.

7 . The broken clouds sailed off in crowds,

Across a sea of glory.

Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing, in—

Which ends my simple story.

8 . Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,

The hopeful are the gladdest;

And doubt and dread, children, believe

Of all things are the saddest.

9 . In morning's light, let youth be bright;

Take in the sunshine tender;

Then, at the close, shall life's decline

Be full of sunset splendor.

10 . And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,

To shun all weak complaining;

And not, like Jo, cry out too soon—

"It always is a-raining!"

【中文阅读】

作者玛丽·梅普斯·道奇，1838年出生于纽约市。她曾任《圣尼古拉斯》杂志编辑，为儿童写了很多故事。

1．我认识两个女孩——珍妮特和乔，

一个总是愁眉苦脸；

另一个小姑娘，无论发生什么，

总是坚强地充满期待。

2．美丽的脸庞和少女的优雅

她们都具备。无论欢乐或是悲伤；

珍妮特每天总是欢快地接受，

而乔总对明天唉声叹气。

3．一天早晨，她们一起看着黎明到来——

我看到她们并肩而立；

她们一天的活动，完完全全，

要视天气而定。

4. 乔喊道：“暴风雨要来了！”而珍妮特轻声说：

“是的，但很快就会过去的。”

话音未落，大雨瓢泼，

突然落下，把苜蓿（三叶草）都打弯了。

5. “我告诉过你的！”愤怒的乔大声喊道，

“总是下雨！”

然后掩藏起脸上极度绝望的神情，

不停地痛惜和抱怨。

6. 但可爱的珍妮特呢，仍然充满希望，

连我都为她自豪，

她抬起头等待着，直到太阳

把光芒照在她身上。

7. 云朵很快成群离去，

越过了壮丽的大海。

珍妮特和乔跑着，欢笑着，

我的简单故事到此结束了。

8 . 欢乐是上天的恩赐。无论风暴，无论阳光。

充满希望的人总是最快乐的。

忧心忡忡、充满畏惧的孩子，相信

一切都是最糟糕的。

9 . 每一个早晨，让青春闪耀。

看那阳光温暖地照耀，

而生命行将结束时，生命的谢幕

也应充满着落日的光辉。

10 . 那些忧愁烦恼的人啊，学学珍妮特吧，

避免一切无谓的抱怨。

而不是像乔一样，急于叫喊——

“总是下雨！”

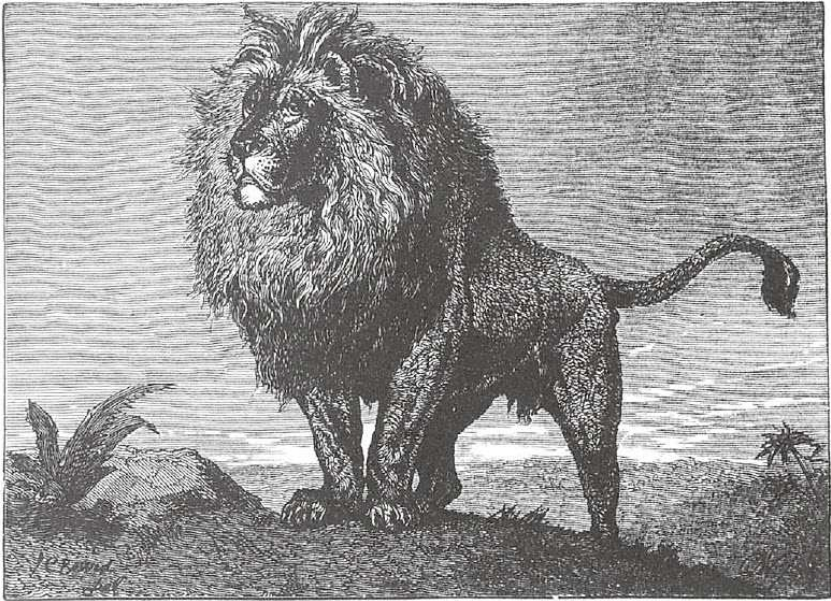
LESSON 23 THE LION

狮子

1 . The lion is often called the "king of beasts," His height varies from three to four feet, and he is from six to nine feet long. His coat is of it yellowish brown or tawny color, and about his neck is a great shaggy mane which gives his head a majestic (1) appearance.

2 . The strength of the lion is so great that he can easily crush the skulls of such animals as the horse or ox with one blow of his paw. No one who has not seen the teeth of a full grown lion taken out of their sockets can have any idea of their real size; one of them forms a good handful, and might easily be mistaken for a small elephant's tooth.

3 . The home of the lion is in the forests of Asia and Africa, where he is a terror to man and beast. He generally lies concealed during the day, but as darkness comes on he prowls (2) about where other animals are accustomed to go for food or drink, and springs upon them unawares (3) , with a roar that sounds like the rumble (4) of thunder.



4 . The lion sometimes lives to a great age. One by the name of Pompey died at London, in the year 1760, at the age of seventy years. If taken when young the lion can be tamed, and will even show marks of kindness to his keeper.

5 . In a menagerie (5) at Brussels, there was a cell where a large lion, called Danco, used to be kept. The cell happened to be in need of repair, and the keeper, whose name was William, desired a carpenter to come and mend it. The carpenter came, but was so afraid of the lion, that he would not go near the cell alone.

6 . So William entered the cell, and led the lion to the upper part of it, while the other part was refitting (6) . He played with the lion for some time; but, at last, being wearied, both he and the lion fell asleep. The carpenter went on with his work, and when he had finished he called out for William to come and see it.

7 . He called again and again, but no William answered. The poor carpenter began to be frightened, lest the lion had made his dinner of the keeper, or else crushed him with his great paws. He crept round to the upper part of the cell, and there, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and William sleeping side by side as contentedly as two little brothers.

8 . He was so astonished that he uttered a loud cry. The lion, awakened by the noise, stared at the carpenter with an eye of fury, and then placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, as if to say, "Touch him if you dare," the heroic (7) beast lay down to sleep again. The carpenter was dreadfully alarmed, and, not knowing how he could rouse William, he ran out and related what he had seen.

9 . Some people came, and, opening the door of the cell, contrived to awaken the keeper, who, rubbing his eyes, quietly looked around him, and expressed himself very well satisfied with his nap. He took the lion's paw, shook it kindly, and then retired uninjured from the cell.

EXERCISES.—Describe the lion's appearance. What is said of his strength? His teeth? Describe the lion's home and habits. To what age do lions live? Can they be tamed? Relate the story about the lion Danco.

【中文阅读】

1 . 狮子通常被称作“百兽之王”。身高从三英尺到四英尺不等，身长六到九英尺长。它披着棕黄色或黄褐色的皮毛，颈部一圈蓬松的

鬃毛，让它的头看起来非常雄壮威武。

2. 狮子的力量很大，爪子一挥就能轻松击碎像马和牛一样的动物的头颅。要不是亲眼见，真无法想象一只成年狮子从牙槽里拿出来的牙齿有多大。其中一个非常大，很容易让人误认为是小象的牙齿。

3. 狮子的家在亚洲和非洲的丛林里，在那里，它对人类和野兽都是一个威胁。白天，狮子通常只是躲藏在隐蔽的地方，伴随着夜幕降临，它悄悄踱步到其他动物惯于觅食或饮水的地方，然后出其不意跳到它们身上，发出如雷鸣般的吼叫声。

4. 有时候，狮子可以活很大的年纪。1760年，在伦敦一头叫作庞培的狮子死去，终年70岁。如果捕捉年幼的狮子，可以进行驯养，它甚至还会对主人表现得很友好。

5. 在布鲁塞尔的一家动物园，曾经在一个小笼子里养着一只叫丹科的狮子。那笼子当时恰好需要修缮，饲养员名叫威廉，想请一名木匠修理笼子。木匠来后，因为很害怕狮子，不敢独自靠近笼子。

6. 所以威廉先走进笼子，把狮子引到笼子的上层，这样可以修理下面的部分。他和狮子玩耍了一会儿，但最后他们累了，他和狮子都睡着了。木匠继续工作，修完之后，他叫威廉过来看看。

7. 他叫了一遍又一遍，但威廉没有回答。可怜的木匠开始害怕了，生怕狮子把饲养员当了晚餐，或者用它的大爪子把饲养员碾碎了。他爬到笼子的上层，通过栏杆向里看去，他看到狮子和威廉并排熟睡着，就像两个亲兄弟。

8. 木匠大惊失色，惊叫起来。狮子被他的声音吵醒了，愤怒地瞪着木匠，把爪子轻放在饲养员的胸脯上，仿佛在说：“你敢碰他一下。”英勇的猛兽又躺下接着睡了。木匠非常害怕，又不知道怎么叫醒威廉，他跑出去和大家讲述他看到的情形。

9. 有人过来打开了笼门，把饲养员叫醒了。饲养员揉揉眼睛，静静地环视了四周，表示他对刚才的小憩很满意。然后，他抓起狮子的爪子，友好地握了手，毫发无损地从笼子里出来了。

- (1) Majestic, *royal, noble.*
- (2) Prowls, *wanders in search of prey.*
- (3) Unawares, *unexpectedly.*
- (4) Rumble, *a low heavy sound.*
- (5) Menagerie, *a collection of wild animals.*
- (6) Refitting, *repairing.*
- (7) Heroic, *bold.*

LESSON 24 STRAWBERRIES

草莓

By John Townsend Trowbridge, who was born at Ogden, N. Y., in 1827. He is a well-known author, and has written much for children both in poetry and prose.

1 . Little Pearl Honeydew, six years old,

From her bright ear parted the curls of gold;

And laid her head on the strawberry bed,

To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

2 . Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet,

She could almost hear their little hearts beat;

And the tiniest, lisping, whispering sound

That ever you heard, came up from the ground.

3 . "Little friends," she said, "I wish I knew

How it is you thrive (1) on sun and dew!"

And this is the story the berries told

To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old.

4 . "You wish you knew? And so do we.

But we can't tell you, unless it be

That the same Kind Power that cares for you

Takes care of poor little berries, too.

5 . "Tucked up snugly, and nestled (2) below

Our coverlid of wind-woven snow,

We peep and listen, all winter long,

For the first spring day and the bluebird's song.

6 . "When the swallows fly home to the old brown shed,

And the robins build on the bough overhead,

Then out from the mold (3) , from the darkness and cold,

Blossom and runner (4) and leaf unfold.

- 7 . "Good children, then, if they come near,
And hearken a good long while, may hear
A wonderful tramping of little feet,—
So fast we grow in the summer heat.
- 8 . "Our clocks are the flowers; and they count the hours
Till we can mellow (5) in suns and showers,
With warmth of the west wind and heat of the south,
A ripe red berry for a ripe red month.
- 9 . "Apple blooms whiten, and peach blooms fall,
And roses are gay by the garden wall,
Ere the daisy's dial (6) gives the sign
That we may invite little Pearl to dine.
- 10 . "The days are longest, the month is June,
The year is nearing its golden noon,
The weather is fine, and our feast (7) is spread
With a green cloth and berries red.

11 . "Just take us betwixt your finger and thumb,
And quick, oh, quick! for, see! there come
Tom on all fours, and Martin the man,
And Margaret, picking as fast as they can.

12 . "Oh, dear! if you only knew how it shocks
Nice berries like us to be sold by the box,
And eaten by strangers, and paid for with pelf (8) ,
You would surely take pity, and eat us yourself!"

13 . And this is the story the small lips told
To dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
When she laid her head on the strawberry bed
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

EXERCISES.—What did little Pearl ask of the strawberries? What did they reply? Can you tell what name is given to this kind of story?

【中文阅读】

作者约翰·汤森·特罗布里奇，1827年出生在美国纽约的奥格登

市。这位著名的作家为儿童写了很多诗歌和散文。

1. 小珍珠蜜露，六岁大，

金色卷曲的头发从透亮的耳际分开；

她把头放在草莓藤上，

听着这些红脸庞的莓子们在说什么。

2. 它们的脸颊绯红，它们的气息甜丝丝。

她几乎能听到它们的小心脏跳动的声音；

极细微的、口齿不清的窃窃私语声，

这是你曾听到的来自土地的声音。

3. “小伙伴们，”她说：“我多么希望我知道

你们在阳光和雨露下如何茁壮成长！”

接下来是草莓们讲给

六岁的小珍珠蜜露的故事。

4. “你希望知道是吗？我们也想。

但我们不能告诉你，除非

照顾着你的仁慈力量
也照顾着可怜的小草莓们。

5.“紧紧地依偎着，躲在
风雪织成的被子下面，
整个冬天我们在里面悄悄看，偷偷听，
等待第一个春日，等待蓝色知更鸟的歌声。

6.“当燕子飞回它们旧旧的褐色巢里，
当知更鸟儿在头顶的枝头建巢，
从松软的土壤中，从黑暗和寒冷中，
草莓的藤蔓、叶子、花朵竞相出现。

7.“好孩子，这时，如果一切都临近了，
好好地仔细听，你会听到
一双双小脚的美妙脚步声，
那是如此地快，我们在夏日的高温中飞快生长。

8.“我们的钟表是花，它们计算着小时，

直到我们能在阳光和雨露下成熟了。

伴随着温暖的西风和炎热的南风，

成熟的红草莓迎来了成熟的火红月份。

9. “苹果花变白，桃树花落，

玫瑰花在花园墙边开得正艳，

而雏菊的花瓣告诉我们：

可以宴请小珍珠来享用了。

10. “白天最长，正值六月。

一年到了黄金时段。

天气很好，我们的盛宴通过

翠绿叶子和鲜红的果实传播开来。

11. “就把我们夹在食指和拇指之间，

快，哦，快啊，你看！

汤姆趴着就来了，还有马丁，

玛格丽特，他们能摘多快就摘多快。

12. “亲爱的，你知道这有多震撼就好了。

像我们一样的莓子们放在盒子里待出售，

被陌生人享用，用金钱换取，

你肯定为我们惋惜，想吃掉我们自己！”

13. 这就是小嘴唇讲给

可爱的六岁珍珠蜜露的故事，

她把头紧贴在草莓藤蔓上

听到红红脸颊的莓子们向她讲述这一切。

(1) Thrive, to grow well, to flourish.

(2) Nestled, gathered closely together.

(3) Mold, fine, soft earth.

(4) Runner, a slender branch running along the ground.

(5) Mellow, to ripen.

(6) Dial, the face of a timepiece.

(7) Feast, a festive or joyous meal, a banquet.

(8) Pelf, money.

LESSON 25 HARRY'S RICHES

哈利的财富

1 . One day, our little Harry spent the morning with his young playmate, Johnny Crane, who lived in a fine house, and on Sundays rode to church in the grandest carriage to be seen in all the country round.

2 . When Harry returned home, he said, "Mother, Johnny has money in both pockets!"

3 . "Has he, dear?"

4 . "Yes, ma'am; and he says he could get ever so much more if he wanted it."

5 . "Well, now, that's very pleasant for him," I returned, cheerfully, as a reply was plainly expected. "Very pleasant; don't you think so?"

6 . "Yes, ma'am; only—"

7 . "Only what, Harry?"

8 . "Why, he has a big popgun, and a watch, and a hobbyhorse, and lots of things." And Harry looked up at my face with a disconsolate (1) stare.

9 . "Well, my boy, what of that?"

10 . "Nothing, mother," and the telltale tears sprang to his eyes, "only I guess we are very poor, aren't we?"

11 . "No, indeed, Harry, we are very far from being poor. We are not so rich as Mr. Crane's family, if that is what you mean."

12 . "O mother!" insisted the little fellow, "I do think we are very poor; anyhow, I am!"

13 . "O Harry!" I exclaimed, reproachfully (2) .

14 . "Yes, ma'am I am," he sobbed; "I have scarcely anything—I mean anything that's worth money—except things to eat and wear, and I'd have to have them anyway."

15 . "Have to have them?" I echoed, at the same time laying my sewing upon the table, so that I might reason with him on that point; "do you not know, my son—"

16 . Just then Uncle Ben looked up from the paper he had been reading: "Harry," said he, "I want to find out something about eyes; so, if you will let me have yours, I will give you a dollar apiece for them."

17 . "For my eyes!" exclaimed Harry, very much astonished.

18 . "Yes," resumed Uncle Ben, quietly, "for your eyes. I will give you chloroform (3) , so it will not hurt you in the least, and you shall have a beautiful glass pair for nothing, to wear in their place. Come, a dollar apiece, cash down! What do you say? I will take them out as quick as a wink."

19 . "Give you my eyes, uncle!" cried Harry, looking wild at the very thought, "I think not." And the startled (4) little fellow shook his head defiantly (5) .

20 . "Well, five, ten, twenty dollars, then." Harry shook his head at every offer.

21 . "No, sir! I wouldn't let you have them for a thousand dollars! What could I do without my eyes? I couldn't see mother, nor the baby, nor the flowers, nor the horses, nor anything," added Harry, growing warmer and warmer.

22 . "I will give you two thousand," urged Uncle Ben, taking a roll of bank notes out of his pocket. Harry, standing at a respectful distance, shouted that he never would do any such thing.

23 . "Very well," continued the uncle, with a serious air, at the same time writing something in his notebook, "I can't afford (6) to give you more than two thousand dollars, so I shall have to do without your eyes; but," he added, "I will tell you what I will do, I will give you twenty dollars if you will let me put a few drops from this bottle in your ears. It will not hurt, but it will make you deaf. I want to try some experiments (7) with deafness, you see. Come quickly, now! Here are the twenty dollars all ready for you."

24 . "Make me deaf!" shouted Harry, without even looking at the gold pieces temptingly displayed upon the table. "I guess you will not do that, either. Why, I couldn't hear a single word if I were deaf, could I?"

25 . "Probably not," replied Uncle Ben. So, of course, Harry refused again. He would never give up his hearing, he said, "no, not

for three thousand dollars."

26 . Uncle Ben made another note in his book, and then came out with large bids for "a right arm," then "left arm," "hands," "feet," "nose," finally ending with an offer of ten thousand dollars for "mother," and five thousand for "the baby."

27 . To all of these offers Harry shook his head, his eyes flashing, and exclamations (8) of surprise and indignation bursting from his lips. At last, Uncle Ben said he must give up his experiments, for Harry's prices were entirely too high.

28 . "Ha! ha!" laughed the boy, exultingly (9) , and he folded his dimpled arms and looked as if to say, "I'd like to see the man who could pay them!"

29 . "Why, Harry, look here!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, peeping into his notebook, "here is a big addition sum, I tell you!" He added the numbers, and they amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars.

30 . "There, Harry," said Uncle Ben, "don't you think you are foolish not to accept some of my offers?" "No, sir, I don't," answered Harry, resolutely. "Then," said Uncle Ben, "you talk of being poor, and by your own showing you have treasures (10) for which you will not take thirty-two thousand dollars. What do you say to that?"

31 . Harry didn't know exactly what to say. So he blushed for a second, and just then tears came rolling down his cheeks, and he threw his chubby arms around my neck. "Mother," he whispered, "isn't God good to make everybody so rich?"

【中文阅读】

1. 一天，我们的小哈利和他的伙伴约翰尼·克莱恩玩了整整一上午。约翰尼住在一座豪华的房子里，每个礼拜天都乘坐全村最华丽的马车去教堂。

2. 哈利回到家时，他说：“妈妈，约翰尼两个口袋里都装着钱！”

3. “是吗，我的宝贝儿？”

4. “是的，妈妈，他还说如果他想要，还能拿到更多的钱。”

5. “哦，那对他来说是挺好的。”我很高兴地说，因为他显然期待我的回应：“挺好的，对吧，你不觉得吗？”

6. “是的，妈妈，只是……”

7. “只是什么，哈利？”

8. “为什么他会有一个大的玩具枪、手表、摇动木马，还有好多好多东西。”哈利抬起头，委屈地凝视我的脸。

9. “嗯，我的孩子，有这些怎么了？”

10. “没事，妈妈，”他眼里流出的泪水无法掩饰，“只是我觉得咱们家很穷，是吗？”

11. “没有，事实上，哈利。我们离穷还远着呢。只是我们不如克莱恩家里有钱，如果这是你想表达的意思的话。”

12. “哦，妈妈，”小家伙继续坚持着，“我还是觉得我们非常穷，不管怎样，我很穷。”

13. “哦，哈利！”我用责备的口吻叫了一声。

14.“是的，妈妈，我很穷，”他抽泣着说，“我几乎什么都没有，几乎没有什么值钱的东西，除了吃的和穿的，这是我不能没有的东西。”

15.“不能没有的东西？”我重复了一遍，把手头的针线活放在桌上，这样好和他在这一点上接着讨论。“你不知道吗，我的儿子——”

16. 本叔叔正在看报纸，这时他抬起头来，说：“哈利，我想要对眼睛做些研究，所以，如果你愿意把你的眼睛给我，每只眼睛我给你一美元。”

17.“要我的眼睛吗！”哈利大叫，非常震惊。

18.“是啊。”本叔叔很平静地又说了一遍：“要你的眼睛。我用氯仿给你麻醉，这样你一点儿都不疼，然后给你戴上一副漂亮的玻璃眼球，代替原来的眼睛。来，一只眼睛一美元，直接付现金。你觉得呢？我会在眨眼间把它们取下来。”

19.“给你我的眼睛吗，叔叔！”哈利叫道，觉得这个想法很疯狂，“我觉得不行。”这个受惊的小家伙反抗地摇了摇头。

20.“那五美元？十美元？二十美元？”每个报价哈利都摇头。

21.“不行，叔叔！给我一千美元我也不能给您。没有了眼睛我还能做什么呢？我再也看不到妈妈，看不到小宝宝，看不到花朵，看不到马儿，什么都看不到了！”哈利说着，越来越气愤。

22.“我给你两千美元。”本叔叔极力劝说，从口袋里拿出一叠钱。哈利站得远远的，大喊着说他绝对不会这么做的。

23.“很好。”本叔叔接着说，语气严肃起来，同时在笔记本上写着些什么。“两千美元以上我就付不起了，所以我只能放弃用你的眼睛做实验。不过，”他接着说道，“我会告诉你我要做什么。要是你能

允许我向你耳朵里滴几滴这瓶里的液体，我给你二十美元。不会疼，但会让你的耳朵变聋。我正在做一些关于聋子的实验，你看。快过来。二十美元都给你准备好了。”

24.“把我变聋！”哈利叫着，看都不看桌上诱人的金币。“我觉得你也不会那么做的，为什么，如果我聋了，我就什么都听不到了，不是吗？”

25.“可能不行，”本叔叔说。所以，哈利当然又拒绝了。他说他绝对不会放弃自己的听力，“不行，三千美元也不行。”

26. 本叔叔在本子上又记下什么，接着提议要“右胳膊”、“左胳膊”、“双手”、“双脚”、“鼻子”，开价都很高，最终想要一万美元换“妈妈”，五千美元换“宝宝”。

27. 面对这些报价，哈利一直摇头。眼睛闪烁着，嘴巴里不停发出惊奇和愤怒的声音。最后，本叔叔说他必须放弃实验了，因为哈利的东西都太贵了。

28.“哈哈！”哈利胜利地笑了，胖胖的胳膊交叉在胸前，看起来好像说：“我倒要看看谁能付得起。”

29.“来啊，哈利，看这儿。”本叔叔看着他的笔记本大叫，“这是一个巨大的金额，我告诉你！”他把所有的数字加起来，总额有三万两千美元。

30.“看啊，哈利，”本叔叔说，“你不觉得不接受我的一些出价很愚蠢吗？”“才不呢，叔叔。”哈利坚定地回答。本叔叔说：“那你说你穷，但刚才你又不肯接受三万两千美元来换你的宝藏。你对此想说什么呢？”

31. 哈利完全不知道说什么好。他脸红了一阵子，泪水也顺着脸颊流了下来。他用胖乎乎的胳膊紧紧搂着我的脖子，低声说：“妈

妈，上帝让我们每个人都这么富有，难道不是很好么？”

- (1) Disconsolate, *filled with grief.*
- (2) Reproachfully, *with censure or reproof.*
- (3) Chloreform, *an oily liquid, the vapor of which causes insensibility.*
- (4) Startled, *shocked.*
- (5) Defiantly, *daringly.*
- (6) Afford, *to be able to pay for.*
- (7) Experiments, *acts performed to discover some truth.*
- (8) Exclamations, *expressions of surprise, anger, etc.*
- (9) Exultingly, *in a triumphant manner.*
- (10) Treasures, *things which are very much valued.*

LESSON 26 IN TIME'S SWING

在时间的秋千上

1 . Father Time, your footsteps go

Lightly as the falling snow.

In your swing I'm sitting, see!

Push me softly; one, two; three,

Twelve times only. Like a sheet,

Spread the snow beneath my feet.

Singing merrily, let me swing

Out of winter into spring.

2 . Swing me out, and swing me in!

Trees are bare, but birds begin

Twittering ⁽¹⁾ to the peeping leaves,

On the bough beneath the eaves.

Wait,—one lilac bud I saw.

Icy hillsides feel the thaw.

April chased off March to-day;

Now I catch a glimpse (2) of May.

3 . Oh, the smell of sprouting grass!

In a blur (3) the violets pass.

Whispering from the wildwood come

Mayflower's breath and insect's hum.

Roses carpeting the ground;

Thrushes, orioles, warbling sound:—

Swing me low, and swing me high,

To the warm clouds of July.

4 . Slower now, for at my side

White pond lilies open wide.

Underneath the pine's tall spire

Cardinal blossoms burn like fire.

They are gone; the golden-rod

Flashes from the dark green sod.

Crickets in the grass I hear;

Asters light the fading year.

5 . Slower still! October weaves

Rainbows of the forest leaves.

Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,

Glimmer out of sleety dew.

Meadow green I sadly miss:

Winds through withered sedges hiss.

Oh, 't is snowing, swing me fast,

While December shivers past!

6 . Frosty-bearded Father Time,

Stop your footfall on the rime ⁽⁴⁾ !

Hard you push, your hand is rough;

You have swung me long enough.

"Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,

Some of your best stories tell,

While you swing me—gently, do!—

From the Old Year to the New.

(*Lucy Larcom*)

【中文阅读】

1. 时间老人啊，你的脚步

轻盈如同雪花飘落。

我就坐在你的时间秋千之上。看哪！

轻轻推我；一、二、三，

只有十二下。像一张床单，

雪在我脚下铺展。

欢快地唱吧，让我随歌声摇摆

走过冬天迎来春天。

2. 把我摇来摇去！

枝头光秃秃，但鸟儿已经开始

在屋檐下的枝头上，

冲着将要冒出的嫩芽歌唱，

等等——我看到了丁香花蕾。

冰冷的山坡上冰雪融化。

四月追赶着把三月赶跑；

现在我又看到了五月的来临。

3．哦，我闻到了新生青草的气息！

朦胧中看到紫罗兰。

五月花的呼吸和昆虫的低鸣

在原始丛林中低声传递。

玫瑰花铺满了整个大地；

画眉鸟、黄鹂，婉转的歌唱：——

把我摇高又摇低，

摇到七月温暖的云朵里。

4．现在慢些吧，因为在我身边

白色的睡莲已经怒放。

在高高的松树之下，

鲜红的花瓣似火焰燃烧。

等花儿离去，鼠尾草

从深绿的草地上星星点点冒出。

我听到草丛中蟋蟀的叫声；

翠菊点亮了逝去的一年。

5. 再慢些吧！十月将森林的树叶，

编织成彩虹般多彩。

龙胆根结穗，像蓝色的眼睛，

在雨雪夹杂的露水中。

我无比怀念那翠绿的草原：

风吹枯草发出沙沙的声音。

哦，下雪了。快些摇吧！

让十二月在战栗中快些度过吧！

6. 白胡子的时间老人啊！

在这白霜之中停下你的脚步！

你推得太快，你的手是那么粗糙；

你已经推我摆动的时间够长了。

“不，不能停。”你这么说吗？哦，

那就给我讲一些美好的故事吧，

一边摇我一边讲，慢慢地——

从过去的一年讲到新的一年。

(露西·拉科姆)

-
- (1) Twittering, *making a succession of small, chirping noises.*
 - (2) Glimpse, *a short, hurried view.*
 - (3) Blur, *a dim, confused appearance.*
 - (4) Rime, *whitefrost, hoarfrost.*

LESSON 27 HARRY AND HIS DOG

哈利和他的狗

1 . "Beg, Frisk, beg," said little Harry, as he sat on an inverted (1) basket, at his grandmother's door, eating, with great satisfaction, a porringer (2) of bread and milk. His little sister Annie, who had already dispatched her breakfast, sat on the ground opposite to him, now twisting her flowers into garlands, and now throwing them away.

2 . "Beg, Frisk, beg!" repeated Harry, holding a bit of bread just out of the dog's reach; and the obedient Frisk squatted himself on his hind legs, and held up his fore paws, waiting for master Harry to give him the tempting morsel.

3 . The little boy and the little dog were great friends. Frisk loved him dearly, much better than he did anyone else; perhaps, because he recollected (3) that Harry was his earliest and firmest friend during a time of great trouble.

4 . Poor Frisk had come as a stray dog to Milton, the place where Harry lived. If he could have told his own story, it would probably have been a very pitiful one, of kicks and cuffs, of hunger and foul weather.

5 . Certain it is, he made his appearance at the very door where Harry was now sitting, in miserable plight (4) , wet, dirty, and half starved; and that there he met Harry, who took a fancy to him, and Harry's grandmother, who drove him off with a broom.

6 . Harry, at length, obtained permission for the little dog to remain as a sort of outdoor pensioner (5) , and fed him with stray bones and cold potatoes, and such things as he could get for him. He also provided him with a little basket to sleep in, the very same which, turned up, afterward served Harry for a seat.

7 . After a while, having proved his good qualities by barking away a set of pilferers (6) , who were making an attack on the great pear tree, he was admitted into the house, and became one of its most vigilant (7) and valued inmates (8) . He could fetch or carry either by land or water; would pick up a thimble or a ball of cotton, if little Annie should happen to drop them; or take Harry's dinner to school for him with perfect honesty.

8 . "Beg, Frisk, beg!" said Harry, and gave him, after long waiting, the expected morsel. Frisk was satisfied, but Harry was not. The little boy, though a good-humored fellow in the main, had turns of naughtiness, which were apt to last him all day, and this promised to prove one of his worst. It was a holiday (9) , and in the afternoon his cousins, Jane and William, were to come and see him and Annie; and the pears were to be gathered, and the children were to have a treat.



9 . Harry, in his impatience, thought the morning would never be over. He played such pranks—buffeting (10) Frisk, cutting the curls off of Annie's doll, and finally breaking his grandmother's spectacles—that before his visitors arrived, indeed, almost immediately after dinner, he contrived to be sent to bed in disgrace.

10 . Poor Harry! there he lay, rolling and kicking, while Jane, and William, and Annie were busy about the fine, mellow Windsor pears. William was up in the tree, gathering and shaking; Annie and Jane catching them in their aprons, and picking them up from the ground; now piling them in baskets, and now eating the nicest and ripest; while Frisk was barking gayly among them, as if he were catching Windsor pears, too!

11 . Poor Harry! He could hear all this glee and merriment

through the open window as he lay in bed. The storm of passion having subsided (11) , there he lay weeping and disconsolate, a grievous sob bursting forth every now and then, as he heard the loud peals of childish laughter, and as he thought how he should have laughed, and how happy he should have been, had he not forfeited (12) all this pleasure by his own bad conduct.

12 . He wondered if Annie would not be so good-natured as to bring him a pear. All on a sudden, he heard a little foot on the stair, pitapat, and he thought she was coming. Pitapat came the foot, nearer and nearer, and at last a small head peeped, half afraid, through the half-open door.

13 . But it was not Annie's head; it was Frisk's—poor Frisk, whom Harry had been teasing and tormenting all the morning, and who came into the room wagging his tail, with a great pear in his mouth; and, jumping upon the bed, he laid it in the little boy's hand.

14 . Is not Frisk a fine, grateful fellow? and does he not deserve a share of Harry's breakfast, whether he begs for it or not? And little Harry will remember from the events of this day that kindness, even though shown to a dog, will always be rewarded; and that ill nature and bad temper are connected (13) with nothing but pain and disgrace.

【中文阅读】

1 . “作揖，弗里斯克，作揖。”小哈利对狗说。他坐在奶奶家门口一个倒扣着的篮子上，心满意足地吃着一碟面包和喝着一杯牛奶。他妹妹安妮早就吃完早饭，坐在哈利对面，把花朵编成了花环，又把

它们扔到一边。

2.“作揖，弗里斯克，作揖。”哈利不断地说，手里的面包举着，狗够不到。温顺的弗里斯克后腿支撑坐在地上，抬起前爪，等着主人哈利给它一口诱人的美食。

3. 小男孩和小狗是好朋友。弗里斯克非常爱它的主人，胜于爱其他所有人。可能是由于它一直觉得哈利是它困难时期最早认识且最亲近的朋友。

4. 可怜的弗里斯克当时来米尔顿（也就是哈利家）时，是只流浪狗。如果它会说话，它讲出来自己的故事，那是一段非常悲惨、拳打脚踢、挨饿受冻的经历。

5. 可以肯定的是，它出现在哈利家的门前，就在哈利现在坐着的地方，可怜兮兮的样子，又湿又脏，饥肠辘辘。它就在这儿遇见了哈利，哈利也喜欢上了它，而哈利的奶奶却想用扫把把它赶走。

6. 哈利最后还是说服奶奶让这只可怜的小狗在家门外得到一些食物，喂它散骨头、凉土豆和其他类似他能弄到的食物。他还找来一个篮子让它睡在里面，就是现在哈利倒扣着当座椅的那个。

7. 过了一段时间，小狗用叫声吓走了一群想要偷大梨树上的梨的家伙，这也证明了它的看家本领。从此，它可以进到房子里面了，并且成了家里最警醒、最宝贵的一员。它可以从地上或水里取东西；如果安妮不小心掉了顶针或棉线球，它也会捡起来；它还能听话地去学校给哈利送饭。

8.“作揖，弗里斯克，作揖。”哈利说着。等了好久之后，终于把这小小的诱惑给它了。弗里斯克很满足，但哈利并没有。这个孩子，虽然大体上脾气不错，但也有淘气的一面，而且有时会持续一整天，这肯定是他最坏的时候。假期的一个午后，他的表妹珍妮和表弟

威廉要来找他和安妮。树上的梨成熟了，孩子们能大吃一顿。

9. 哈利不耐烦地想，这个早晨过得太慢了。他开始胡闹，使劲儿拍打弗里斯克，剪掉了安妮的布娃娃的卷发，甚至还弄坏了奶奶的花镜。在他的客人来之前，确切说是在晚饭后，他被罚待在床上。

10. 可怜的哈利！躺在那儿，滚来滚去，踢这儿踢那儿，珍妮、威廉和安妮在外面忙着摘熟透了的温莎梨。威廉爬到树上，一边摘一边摇，安妮和珍妮忙着用围裙接住梨子，还不时地捡起掉在地上的。然后把梨装在篮子里，挑最熟最好的吃。弗里斯克也在那儿开心地汪汪叫，就像它也在摘温莎梨一样。

11. 可怜的哈利！他能从开着的窗户听见外面的欢笑声，而他只能躺在床上。他的热闹劲儿也过了，躺在那儿眼泪汪汪地伤心起来，听着外面孩子们的笑声，一想到要不是自己调皮捣乱，本该一起高高兴兴地笑着，他就时不时撕心裂肺地大哭几声。

12. 他在想安妮会不会好心地给他拿一个梨来。突然间，他听见楼梯上轻轻脚步声，他觉得是安妮来了。砰砰的脚步声，越来越近，最后从半开的门缝里怯怯地探出小小的脑袋。

13. 但这不是安妮的脑袋，是弗里斯克的——可怜的弗里斯克，刚刚被哈利又是玩弄又是折磨了整整一个早晨，现在它进屋冲着哈利摇着尾巴，嘴里叼着一个大梨。它跳上床，把梨放在哈利手里。

14. 弗里斯克难道不是好心又感恩的伙伴吗？不管它作揖没作揖，难道它不该得到哈利的一份早餐吗？从今天发生的这件事中，小哈利会永远记得：即使是对小狗的善良，也总是会得到回报；而恶毒和坏脾气，除了痛苦和懊恼，什么也不会得到。

- (1) Inverted, *turned upside down.*
- (2) Porringer, *a small metallic dish.*
- (3) Recollected, *brought back to mind.*
- (4) Plight, *condition.*
- (5) Pensioner, *one who is supported by others.*
- (6) Pilferers, *those who steal little things.*
- (7) Vigilant, *watchful.*
- (8) Inmates, *those living in the same house.*
- (9) Holiday, *a day of amusement.*
- (10) Buffeting, *striking with the hand.*
- (11) Subsided, *become quiet.*
- (12) Forfeited, *lost.*
- (13) Connected, *united, have a close relation.*

LESSON 28 THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

小草之歌

1 . Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

By the dusty roadside,

On the sunny hillside,

Close by the noisy brook,

In every shady nook,

I come creeping, creeping, everywhere.

2 . Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere;

All round the open door,

Where sit the aged poor,

Here where the children play,

In the bright and merry May,

I come creeping, creeping, everywhere.

3 . Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

You can not see me coming,

Nor hear my low, sweet humming,

For in the starry night,

And the glad morning light,

I come, quietly creeping, everywhere.

4 . Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

More welcome than the flowers,

In summer's pleasant hours;

The gentle cow is glad,

And the merry birds not sad,

To see me creeping, creeping, everywhere.

5 . Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

When you're numbered with the dead,

In your still and narrow bed,

In the happy spring I'll come,
And deck your narrow home,
Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

6 . Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

My humble song of praise,
Most gratefully I raise,
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

(Sarah Roberts)

【中文阅读】

1 . 我来啦，爬呀，爬呀，爬满地，
沿着尘土飞扬的小路，
爬上遍布阳光的山坡，
接近潺潺的小溪，
遍布凉爽阴凉的角落。

我爬呀，爬呀，爬满地。

2．我来啦，爬呀，爬呀，爬满地，

围着敞开的房门，

坐着年老贫穷的人们，

儿童嬉戏玩耍，

在这明媚欢乐的五月。

我爬呀，爬呀，爬满地。

3．我来啦，爬呀，爬呀，爬满地，

你看不到我正在生长，

也听不到我轻声甜蜜歌唱，

在这浩渺的星空下，

在欢快的晨光里，

我来了，悄悄地爬满地。

4．我来啦，爬呀，爬呀，爬满地，

我比小花还受欢迎，

在这夏日的欢快时光里，

温柔的奶牛充满欢喜，
欢快的鸟儿从不悲伤，
它们看到我爬呀，爬呀，爬满地。

5．我来啦，爬呀，爬呀，爬满地，
当死亡降临，
在你宁静狭窄的坟墓里，
我会在欢快的春日来临，
装点你的坟墓。
爬呀，我悄悄地爬满地。

6．我来啦，爬呀，爬呀，爬满地，
我卑微的赞美之歌，
心怀感恩地歌唱，
在自然之神的安排下
我装点着大地，
爬呀，我悄悄地爬满地。

（ 莎拉·罗伯茨 ）

LESSON 29 THE EAGLE

鷹

1 . The eagle seems to enjoy a kind of supremacy ⁽¹⁾ over the rest of the inhabitants of the air. Such is the loftiness of his flight, that he often soars ⁽²⁾ in the sky beyond the reach of the naked eye, and such is his strength that he has been known to carry away children in his talons. But many of the noble qualities imputed ⁽³⁾ to him are rather fanciful than true.

2 . He has been described as showing a lofty ⁽⁴⁾ independence, which makes him disdain ⁽⁵⁾ to feed on anything that is not slain by his own strength. But Alexander Wilson, the great naturalist, says that he has seen an eagle feasting on the carcass ⁽⁶⁾ of a horse. The eagle lives to a great age. One at Vienna is stated to have died after a confinement of one hundred and four years.

3 . There are several species ⁽⁷⁾ of the eagle. The golden eagle, which is one of the largest, is nearly four feet from the point of the beak to the end of the tail. He is found in most parts of Europe, and is also met with in America. High rocks and ruined and lonely towers are the places which he chooses for his abode. His nest is composed of sticks and rushes. The tail feathers are highly valued as ornaments by the American Indians.

4 . The most interesting ⁽⁸⁾ species is the bald eagle, as this is

an American bird, and the adopted (9) emblem (10) of our country. He lives chiefly upon fish, and is found in the neighborhood of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our large lakes and rivers.

5 . According to the description given by Wilson, he depends, in procuring his food, chiefly upon the labors of others. He watches the fishhawk as he dives into the sea for his prey, and darting down upon him as he rises, forces him to relinquish (11) his victim, and then seizes it before it again reaches the water.

6 . One of the most notable (12) species is the harpy eagle. This is said to be bold and strong, and to attack beasts, and even man himself. He is fierce, quarrelsome, and sullen (13) , living alone in the deepest forests. He is found chiefly in South America.

【中文阅读】

1 . 鹰似乎比空中的其他动物享有更至高无上的地位。它的飞行高度极高，有时直冲而上，飞到肉眼都看不到的地方；它的力量巨大，据说能用爪子抓起小孩。不过，它们被赋予的很多卓越品质都是想象的，并不真实。

2 . 在人们的描述中，它们有一种高傲的独立性，从不食用任何不是由它们自己杀死的猎物。但是，一位伟大的博物学家亚历山大·威尔逊说，他曾经看见一只老鹰大吃一匹马的残骸。老鹰可以活很大年纪。据说有一只生活在维也纳的鹰，在饲养了104年后去世。

3 . 老鹰也分几个种类。金雕是最大的一种鹰，从鹰嘴尖到尾部大约有4英尺长。金雕生活在欧洲的很多地区，美国也有一些。高高的山石和废旧遗弃的高塔是它们常常选择的栖身之所。它们的巢是用棍子和干草做成。美国印第安人把金雕尾部的羽毛尊为一种装饰物。

4. 最有意思的一类是秃鹰，因为这是一种美国鸟，还被当作了美国的象征。它主要以鱼类为食，经常出现在海边，以及大河、大湖的岸边和岩石上。

5. 根据威尔逊给出的描述，秃鹰获得食物主要依靠其他鸟类的劳动。鱼鹰扎进海里捕食猎物时，秃鹰就在一边看着。当鱼鹰一出水面，秃鹰猛冲下去，迫使鱼鹰放开猎物，并在猎物落进水里之前把它抓住。

6. 最著名的一类是美洲角雕。据说它非常大胆，非常强壮，会袭击野兽，甚至人类。角雕非常凶猛好斗，总是阴郁沉默，独自居住在森林深处，主要栖息在南美地区。

-
- (1) Supremacy, *highest authority*.
 - (2) Soars, *flies aloft*.
 - (3) Imputed, *ascribed to*.
 - (4) Lofty, *haughty, dignified*.
 - (5) Disdain, *to scorn*.
 - (6) Carcass, *the dead body of an animal*.
 - (7) Species, *classes*.
 - (8) Interesting, *engaging the attention*.
 - (9) Adopted, *selected, chosen*.
 - (10) Emblem, *that which is supposed to resemble some other thing in certain qualities, and is used to represent it*.
 - (11) Relinquish, *to give up*.
 - (12) Notable, *worthy of notice*.
 - (13) Sullen, *gloomily angry and silent*.

LESSON 30 THE OLD EAGLE TREE

老鷹樹

1 . In a distant field, stood a large tulip tree, apparently of a century's (1) growth, and one of the most gigantic (2) . It looked like the father of the surrounding forest. A single tree of huge dimensions (3) , standing all alone, is a sublime (4) object.

2 . On the top of this tree, an old eagle, commonly called the "Fishing Eagle," had built her nest every year, for many years, and, undisturbed, had raised her young. A remarkable place to choose, as she procured her food from the ocean, and this tree stood full ten miles from the seashore. It had long been known as the "Old Eagle Tree."

3 . On a warm, sunny day, the workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the seaside, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and, by yelling and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

4 . The men soon dispersed (5) , but Joseph sat down under a

hush nearby, to watch, and to bestow unavailing (6) pity. The bird soon returned to her nest, without food. The eaglets (7) at once set up a cry for food, so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous (8) that the boy was greatly moved.

5 . The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest in a manner that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next."

6 . Her indecision (9) was but momentary (10) ; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to a "lie still," balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea.

7 . Joseph was determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. What boy has not thus watched the flight of the bird of his country!

8 . She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned, on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons.

9 . On nearing the field, she made a circuit (11) round it, to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached the tree, drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted (12) . Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner, such as, save the cooking, a king might admire.

10 . "Glorious bird!" cried the boy, "what a spirit!" Other birds can fly more swiftly, others can sing more sweetly, others scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when weary, when discouraged, when so far from the sea, would do this?

11 . "Glorious bird! I will learn a lesson from thee to-day. I will never forget, hereafter, that when the spirit is determined it can do almost anything. Others would have drooped, and hung the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings (13) ; but thou, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all."

12 . "I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to do something, and to be something in the world; I will never yield to discouragements."

EXERCISES.—Relate the story of the "Old Eagle Tree." What lesson was taught the boy who watched the eagle's actions?

【中文阅读】

1 . 在遥远的荒野，屹立着一棵郁金香树，看起来已经生长了一百年，是那里最大的树之一。它看起来就像是附近大树的父亲。一棵巨大的树孤零零生长在那里，是非常壮观的景象。

2 . 在这棵树顶端，一只老鹰（被人们叫作“鱼雕”）每年都在那儿建造自己的巢穴，一年复一年，从不间断，也在这儿抚养了它的后代。由于要到大海里捕获猎物，因此这里是一个非常好的地点，因为这棵树距离海岸有整整十英里。这棵树也一直被叫作“老鹰树”。

3. 温暖晴朗的一天，农民在附近玉米地里锄草。每天的一个特定时刻，老鹰会飞向海边，为它的孩子们猎取食物。这天老鹰回来的时候，它的爪子抓着一大鱼，农民们围在树边，又喊又叫，还向上扔石头，可怜的鸟儿被吓坏了，鱼也掉了下来，农民们得意扬扬地把鱼拿走了。

4. 那些人很快散去了，不过约瑟夫在附近的一处灌木旁坐下来，想看看会怎么样，并徒劳地同情这只鹰。鹰很快回到自己的巢里，没有带回任何食物。小鹰们吵嚷起来，想要吃的，它们的叫声那么尖锐、那么清晰、那么聒噪，这男孩觉得很受触动。

5. 老鹰仿佛试图安慰它们，但它们食欲太好了，怎么安慰都没用。老鹰飞到旁边的树枝上，向下看着巢里的孩子们，那姿态仿佛在说：“我不知道接下来该做什么。”

6. 它的不知所措只持续了很短的时间，很快，它做好准备，发出高亢的叫声，好像在告诉小鹰们“好好等着”，身体找好平衡，展开双翼，又向大海飞去。

7. 约瑟夫决定要看看结果。他目送母鹰飞走，看它的身影越来越小，越来越小，直到变成天空中的一个点，然后消失了。哪个男孩没有像这样看过自己国家的国鸟如此翱翔呢！

8. 老鹰飞走了将近两个小时，当它回来的时候，几乎花费了它平时出海觅食时间的两倍。只见它用爪子抓着一大鱼，翅膀挥动着又慢又疲惫，飞得也超乎寻常地低，这样更低层的大气还能支撑着她。

9. 快到终点时，它绕着盘旋了一圈，看看它的敌人是不是还在这里。发现附近很安全后，它再一次落到树上，低垂着头，又虚弱又疲倦，很显然它几乎筋疲力尽了。小鹰们再次叫了起来，不过随着晚餐的分配，很快安静下来了，似乎这顿晚餐的美味，连国王都会喜

欢。

10. “光荣的鸟啊！”约瑟夫叫道，“多么高贵的精神！”其他的鸟可以飞得更快，唱得更甜美，叫声更大，但遭受惊吓和抢劫之后，疲惫的时候，灰心的时候，距离海洋这么远的时候，可能这么做吗？

11. “光荣的鸟啊！今天我从你这里学到了一课。从今之后，我永远不会忘记，只要有决心，一切都可为。其他鸟可能会垂头丧气，为人类的残忍而悲伤，为幼鸟们的需求而叹气，只有你，立刻从挫败中恢复过来，忘记一切灾难。”

12. “我会向你学习，高贵的鸟！我会记住这一点，把自己的目标定得高些。我会努力做出成绩，在世界上有所成就。我绝对不会向挫折屈服。”

(1) Century, *the space of a hundred years.*

(2) Gigantic, *very large.*

(3) Dimensions, *size.*

(4) Sublime, *grand, noble.*

(5) Dispersed, *scattered.*

(6) Unavailing, *useless.*

(7) Eaglets, *young eagles.*

(8) Clamorous, *loud, noisy.*

(9) Indecision, *want of fixed purpose.*

(10) Momentary, *for a single moment.*

(11) Circuit, *movement round in a circle.*

(12) Exhausted, *wholly tired.*

(13) Nestlings, *young birds in the nest.*

LESSON 31 ALPINE SONG

阿尔卑斯之歌

William W. Story, the author, was born in Salem, Mass., In 1819. His writings in poetry and prose are well known, and he also gained distinction in his profession as a sculptor. He died in 1895.

1 . With alpenstock (1) and knapsack (2) light,

I wander o'er hill and valley;

I climb the snow peak's flashing height,

And sleep in the sheltered chalet (3) ,—

Free in heart—happy and free—

This is the summer life for me.

2 . The city's dust I leave behind

For the keen, sweet air of the mountain,

The grassy path by the wild rose lined,

The gush (4) of the living fountain,—
Free in heart—happy and free—
This is the summer life for me.

3 . High above me snow clouds rise,
In the early morning gleaming;
And the patterned (5) valley beneath me lies
Softly in sunshine dreaming,—
Free in heart—happy and free—
This is the summer life for me.

4 . The bells of wandering herds I list (6) ,
Chiming in upland meadows;
How sweet they sound, as I lie at rest
Under the dark pine shadows—
Glad in heart—happy and free—
This is the summer life for me.

【中文阅读】

作者威廉·W·斯特瑞，1819年出生在马萨诸塞州塞伦市，他的诗歌及散文为人熟知，另外，他作为职业雕刻家，也取得了优异的成绩。他于1895年去世。

1．手持铁头登山杖，身背轻轻的行囊，

我穿行于山峰和低谷，

我爬上雪山之巅耀眼的高度，

睡在避风的小木屋，

心灵无比自由，快乐又自由，

——这是我的夏日生活。

2．城市的尘埃我留在身后，

迎来清冽甘甜的山间气息，

布满青草的小径旁是成排的野玫瑰，

泉水奔涌而出，

心灵无比自由，快乐又自由，

——这是我的夏日生活。

3．清晨隐约的微光中，

我头顶雪白的云朵高高升起，

我脚下美丽的山谷如同在

阳光般的梦境中，心灵无比自由，快乐又自由，

——这是我的夏日生活。

4. 我听到游荡的牧群清脆的铃声，

在山坡的草地上清脆作响，

听起来多么甜美，

我放松地躺在阴凉的松树树荫下，

心灵无比愉悦，快乐又自由，

——这是我的夏日生活。

(1) Alpenstock, a long staff, pointed with iron, used in traveling among the Alps.

(2) Knapsack, a leather sack for carrying food or clothing, borne on the back.

(3) Chalet, a mountain hut.

(4) Gush, a rapid outflowing.

(5) Patterned, marked off in figures or patterns.

(6) List, hearken to.

LESSON 32 CIRCUMSTANCES

ALTER CASES

情况不同，反应不同

1 . *Derby*. Good morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and shall be extremely ⁽¹⁾ obliged if you will lendme your gray mare.

2 . *Scrapewell*. It would give me great pleasure to oblige you, friend Derby; but I am under the necessity of going to the mill this very morning, with a bag of corn. My wife wants the meal to-day, and you know what a time there'll be if I disappoint her.

3 . *D*. Then she must want it still, for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.

4 . *S*. You don't say so! That is bad, indeed; for in that case I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me if I should neglect it.

5 . *D*. I can save you this journey, for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

6 . *S*. Ah! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal would never

suit my wife. You can't conceive how whimsical (2) she is.

7 . *D.* If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me it was the best you ever had.

8 . *S.* Yes, yes! that's true, indeed; I always have the best of everything. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am; but I must tell you the mare this morning refused to eat hay; and, truly, I am afraid she will not carry you.

9 . *D.* Oh, never fear! I will feed her well with oats on the road.

10 . *S.* Oats! neighbor; oats are very dear.

11 . *D.* Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

12 . *S.* But it is very slippery; and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

13 . *D.* Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed; and, besides, you were just now talking of galloping her to town.

14 . *S.* Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is torn quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

15 . *D.* Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

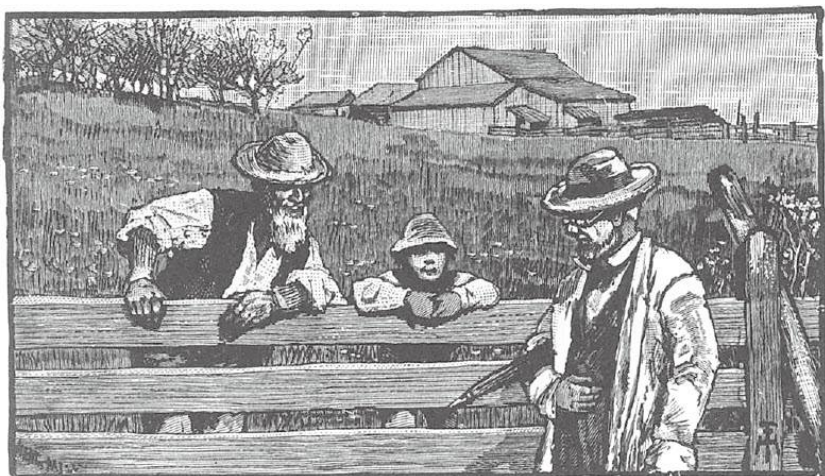
16 . S. Ah! that may be; but I am sure your saddle will never fit my mare. She's very notional.

17 . D. Why, then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

18 . S. Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours.

19 . D. At the worst, then, I will go to my good friend, Squire Jones. He has half a score of them; and I am sure he will lend me one that will fit her.

20 . S. You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you the beast should beat your service, with all my heart; but she has not been curried ⁽³⁾, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop ⁽⁴⁾ and mane want combing and cutting very much. If anyone should see her in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.



21 . D. Oh, a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall attend to it at once.

22 . S. Yes, very likely; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

23 . D. Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by?

24 . S. What, that tinker, Dobson? I would not trust such a bungler (5) to shoe a goat. No, no; none but uncle Tom Thumper shall shoe my mare.

25 . D. As good luck will have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

26 . S. [*Calling to his son.*] Tim, Tim! here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was rubbed off her back, last week, a hand's breadth or more. [*Gives Tim a wink.*] However, I believe she is well enough by this time. You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors; indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he's disposed (6) to oblige you. I would not have refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you to refuse me in turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward (7) in doing them a kindness whenever it is possible. Come, Tim, what do you say?

27 . Tim. What do I say, father? Why, sir, I say that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable (8) of performing (9) the journey. About a hand's breadth, did you say? Why, sir, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back the bigness of your broad-brimmed hat! And,

besides, I have promised her, so soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to market.

28 . *S.* Do you hear that, neighbor? I am very sorry matters are thus. I would not have disoblged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

29 . *D.* And I as much for yours, neighbor Scrapewell; for to tell you the truth I received a letter this morning from Mr. Griffin, who tells me if I will be in town to-day he will give me the refusal (10) of all that lot of timber, which he is about cutting down, on the side of the hill; and I had intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your—

30 . *S.* Fifty dollars, did you say?

31 . *D.* Ay, truly, did I; but as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

32 . *S.* Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor, Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can't have the mare: neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend anything he asks for.

33 . *D.* But what are you to do for meal?

34 . *S.* My wife can do without it for a week if you want the mare so long.

35 . *D.* But, then, your saddle is all in pieces.

36 . *S.* I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and

you shall have the first use of it.

37 . *D.* And shall I call at Thumper's and get the mare shod?

38 . *S.* No, no; I had forgotten to tell you that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her, last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, he shoes extremely well.

39 . *D.* But, if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back—

40 . *S.* Poh, poh! That is just one of Tim's large stories. I do assure you it was not, at first, bigger than my thumb nail, and I am certain it has not grown any since.

41 . *D.* At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

42 . *S.* She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was that she was crammed ⁽¹¹⁾ full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job.

【中文阅读】

1 . 德比（以下简称“德”）： 早上好，斯科拉普威尔，我的邻居。我今天要赶十几英里路，如果能把你的灰马借给我，我将感激不尽。

2 . 斯科拉普威尔（以下简称“斯”）： 我的朋友德比，能够帮助你是我莫大的荣幸，不过我今天早上需要到磨坊一趟，还得带着一袋玉米。我妻子今天想吃这样一顿饭，如果让她失望了，你知道我不会有

好日子的。

3. 德： 那么她肯定更想吃了，因为可以确定地告诉你，磨坊今天不开门。我听到磨坊主和威尔·戴维斯说水位太低了。

4. 斯： 不可能吧！那可太糟糕了，真是的，这样的话我得快马加鞭去城里磨玉米。如果忽略了这件事，我妻子肯定得修理我。

5. 德： 我能让您省了这趟路。我家里有足够的粗粮，你妻子想要多少我都能借给你。

6. 斯： 啊，我的邻居德比啊，我敢肯定你的粗粮不符合我妻子的口味，你都想象不出她有多挑剔。

7. 德： 即使她比现在再挑剔十倍，我也敢保证她会喜欢的，因为当时是你卖给我的，你还向我保证说这是你们最好的。

8. 斯： 是的，是的，一点儿没错，确实是。我的一切总是最好的。你看，德比，没人比我更愿意帮助别人了，不过我必须告诉你，今天早上灰马不吃草料，我恐怕它载不动你，真的。

9. 德： 哦，别担心！我在路上会喂它燕麦的。

10. 斯： 燕麦！我的邻居啊，燕麦很贵的。

11. 德： 别担心，当有份好工作在望时，我不会计较细枝末节的。

12. 斯： 但是，路很滑，我很担心它摔倒后折断你的脖子。

13. 德： 别为这些事烦心。灰马绝对步履稳健，再说了，刚才您还在说要快马加鞭去镇上呢。

14. 斯： 那么，跟你说老实话吧，尽管我真的特别想帮助你，可

我的马鞍已成了碎片，我也刚把缰绳送去修理。

15．德：很幸运，我家里既有马鞍，也有缰绳。

16．斯：啊，这样啊。不过你家的马鞍肯定和我家灰马不合适，它很有想法的。

17．德：那要不我去借邻居克劳德普家的马鞍。

18．斯：克劳德普家的啊，肯定比你的还不合适。

19．德：实在不行的话，我去借我的好朋友斯夸尔·琼斯的。他家有好几套马鞍，我肯定他会把适合灰马的一套借给我。

20．斯：你看，我的朋友德比啊，没有人比我更乐意帮助邻居了。我向你保证这匹马应该为你服务，不过它已经有三个星期没有梳理了。它的额发和鬃毛非常需要梳理和修剪。如果有人看见它现在这么糟糕，会大大降低它的身价的。

21．德：给马梳理很快就能完成，我的儿子山姆就能立刻把这事做好。

22．斯：是的，很可能。不过我现在刚想起来，这家伙还没有马掌呢。

23．德：那附近不是有家铁匠铺吗？

24．斯：谁啊，那个补锅的，多布森吗？我连给山羊钉脚掌都不敢交给他这样一个没经验的家伙。不行，不行，只有大铁匠汤姆·萨姆皮尔可以为我的马钉马掌。

25．德：那可真是好运气啊，我恰好就会从他门前经过。

26．斯：（叫他的儿子）蒂姆，蒂姆，咱们的邻居德比来了，他

想借一下咱家的灰马，到镇上一趟。你是知道的，上周灰马背上擦破了皮，一个手掌那么宽，估计还宽点儿（冲蒂姆眨了眨眼）。不过，我觉得它现在已经好了。你知道的，蒂姆，我是多么希望能够帮助我们的邻居，真的是，我们应该做这个世界上一切力所能及的善事。只要灰马能满足他的需求，我们当然会把它借给德比。没错，没错，从蒂姆的表情就能看出来，他非常愿意帮助你。我也不会因为灰马的价值而拒绝你。如果我拒绝了，那我就是在期待着将来你反过来拒绝帮助我。没有任何一个邻居会说我不愿意尽己所能帮助他们的。怎么样，蒂姆，你说呢？

27. 蒂姆：我怎么说呢，父亲。您看，我和您一样想要帮助我们的邻居。但是，灰马实在是不能胜任这趟行程。一个手掌那么宽，刚才您是这么说的吗？您知道吗，从灰马背上扯下来的皮，有您的宽边帽子那么大。另外，我还向奈德·桑德斯保证了，只要它能走了，就可以借他驮一些水果到市场上。

28. 斯：我的邻居，你听到了吧？我真的非常抱歉事情是这样的。即使花费两匹马的价钱我也愿意帮助您。相信我，德比，我真的非常抱歉，事情竟然是这样的。

29. 德：跟你这么说吧，斯科拉普威尔，我的邻居。实话告诉你，今天早上我收到格林芬先生的来信，他会将山那边他要砍伐的所有木材的优先取舍权给我，我本来打算给您一半，也就是能有不少于五十美元进到您的口袋里，不过，既然您的……

30. 斯：你说什么？五十美元？

31. 德：啊，是的，我是这么说的。但是，因为你的灰马不能用了，我去看看能不能借铁匠家的老杂毛马。

32. 斯：杂毛马！我的灰马随时为您效劳，我的邻居。蒂姆，告诉奈德·桑德斯他不能用我们的灰马了，邻居德比需要用。我是不会拒

绝这样的好朋友的任何请求的。

33. 德：那你的粗粮怎么办呢？

34. 斯：如果你想要用一周时间的话，我的妻子可以这段时间都不用粗粮。

35. 德：但是，你的马鞍破成了碎片。

36. 斯：我是说那个旧的。我已经买了个新的，你应该第一个用。

37. 德：我路上得去大铁匠那儿钉马掌吧？

38. 斯：不用，不用，我忘记告诉你我上周让邻居多布森试着钉了马掌，公平地说，他钉得很不错。

39. 德：但是，这可怜的家伙，它的马背上掉了那么大一块皮。

40. 斯：没事，没事，那是蒂姆编的故事。我向你保证没那么严重，起初不过是像我的指甲盖那么大，我确定没再变大。

41. 德：那至少让它吃点儿它能吃的东西，因为它不吃干草。

42. 斯：它今天早上确实不吃干草，那是因为它吃燕麦吃饱了。我的邻居，你什么都不用担心，灰马也梳刷得很好，它会像鸟儿一样载着你在路上飞驰。祝福你一路顺风，工作多多盈利。

(1) Extremely, *very much*.

(2) Whimsical, *full of whims*.

(3) Curried, *cleaned*.

- (4) Foretop, *hair on the forepart of the head.*
- (5) Bungler, *a clumsy workman.*
- (6) Disposed, *inclined to.*
- (7) Backward, *slow, unwilling.*
- (8) Capable, *possessing ability.*
- (9) Performing, *accomplishing.*
- (10) Refusal, *choice of taking.*
- (11) Crammed, *stuffed.*

LESSON 33 THE NOBLEST REVENGE

高尚的报复

1 . "I will have revenge (1) on him, that I will, and make him heartily repent (2) it," said Philip to himself, with a countenance (3) quite red with anger. His mind was so engaged that he did not see Stephen, who happened at that instant to meet him.

2 . "Who is that," said Stephen, "on whom you intend to be revenged?" Philip, as if awakened from a dream, stopped short, and looking at his friend, soon resumed (4) a smile that was natural to his countenance. "Ah," said he, "you remember my bamboo, a very pretty cane which was given me by my father, do you not? Look! there it is in pieces. It was farmer Robinson's son who reduced it to this worthless state."

3 . Stephen very coolly asked him what had induced (5) young Robinson to break it. "I was walking peaceably along," replied he, "and was playing with my cane by twisting it round my body. By accident, one of the ends slipped out of my hand, when I was opposite the gate, just by the wooden bridge, where the ill-natured fellow had put down a pitcher of water, which he was taking home from the well."

4 . "It so happened that my cane, in springing back, upset the pitcher, but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names, when I assured (6) him that what I had done had happened by accident, and that I was sorry for it. Without regarding (7) what I said, he instantly seized my cane, and twisted it, as you see; but I will make him repent of it."

5 . "To be sure," said Stephen, "he is a very wicked boy, and is already very properly punished for being such, since nobody likes him or will have anything to do with him. He can scarcely find a companion to play with him; and is often at a loss for amusement, as he deserves to be. This, properly considered (8) , I think will appear sufficient revenge for you."

6 . "All this is true," replied Philip, "but he has broken my cane. It was a present from my father, and a very pretty cane it was. I offered to fill his pitcher for him again, as I knocked it down by accident. I will be revenged."

7 . "Now, Philip;" said Stephen, "I think you will act better in not minding him, as your contempt (9) will be the best punishment you can inflict (10) upon him. Be assured, he will always be able to do more mischief to you than you choose to do to him. And, now I think of it, I will tell you what happened to him not long since.

8 . "Very unluckily for him, he chanced to see a bee hovering (11) about a flower which he caught, and was going to pull off its wings out of sport, when the animal stung him, and flew away in safety to the hive. The pain put him into a furious passion, and, like you, he vowed revenge. He accordingly procured a stick, and thrust it into the beehive.

9 . "In an instant the whole swarm flew out, and alighting upon him stung him in a hundred different places. He uttered the most piercing cries, and rolled upon the ground in the excess of his agony (12) . His father immediately ran to him, but could not put the bees to flight until they had stung him so severely that he was confined several days to his bed.

10 . "Thus, you see, he was not very successful in his pursuit of revenge. I would advise you, therefore, to pass over his insult. He is a wicked boy, and much stronger than you; so that your ability (13) to obtain this revenge may be doubtful."

11 . "I must own," replied Philip, "that your advice seems very good. So come along with me, and I will tell my father the whole matter, and I think he will not be angry with me." They went, and Philip told his father what had happened. He thanked Stephen for the good advice he had given his son, and promised Philip to give him another cane exactly like the first.

12 . A few days afterward, Philip saw this ill-natured boy fall as he was carrying home a heavy log of wood, which he could not lift up again. Philip ran to him, and helped him to replace it on his shoulder. Young Robinson was quite ashamed at the thought of this unmerited kindness, and heartily repented of his behavior. Philip went home quite satisfied. "This," said he, "is the noblest vengeance I could take, in returning good for evil. It is impossible I should repent of it."

EXERCISES.—What is revenge? Is it right to take revenge on those who injure us? How should we treat such persons?

【中文阅读】

1. “我会报仇的，我一定要让他从心底里后悔。”菲利普自言自语道，脸由于生气显得格外的红。他只顾着生气，也没看见来找他的斯蒂芬。

2. 斯蒂芬说：“说谁呢？你打算找谁报仇？”菲利普仿佛从梦中惊醒，突然停下来看着他的朋友，他恢复了笑容，表情看起来自然了。“啊，你记得我的竹藤吗？我父亲给我的非常漂亮的一节。你记得吗？看，已成碎片了。是农夫罗宾逊的儿子把它弄成这样一钱不值。”

3. 斯蒂芬非常冷静地问他，什么导致罗宾逊的儿子把竹藤弄碎的。他说：“我正好好地走着，一边走一边玩儿，把竹藤缠在身上。一不小心，竹藤的一头从我手里滑了出去，当时我正在门外的木桥边，这个坏家伙放了一罐水在地上，那是他从井里打上来要带回家的。”

4. “说来也巧，我的竹藤反弹回来，弄翻了罐子，不过没把它打碎。他冲到我旁边，开始点名道姓地骂我，我不停跟他说刚才真的不是故意的，我很抱歉。他根本不管我在说什么，立刻抓起我的竹藤，用力扭断了，这你也看见了。但是，我一定会让他后悔的。”

5. 斯蒂芬说：“可以肯定，他是个顽皮的孩子，不过，成为一个没人喜欢、没人愿意和他有任何关系的人，对他来说已经是应有的惩罚了。他根本找不到能玩到一起的伙伴，通常对娱乐一窍不通。他活该。好好想想吧，我觉得这对你来说已经足以报仇雪恨了。”

6. “你说的都没错，”菲利普说，“但是，他弄坏了我的竹藤。这是我父亲给我的礼物，而且特别漂亮。我提议说要给他把罐子装满水，因为我不小心把罐子打翻。我要报仇。”

7. “听着，菲利普，”斯蒂芬说，“我觉得你不去和他一般见识会更好，因为你的蔑视是你能够惩罚他的最好方式。放心吧，你害他一尺，他会反过来害你一丈。现在想想，我告诉你前不久发生在他身上的一件事儿吧。

8. “那天他非常不幸，他看见一只蜜蜂停在一朵花上，他抓住蜜蜂，正要把翅膀揪下来，这只蜜蜂蜇了他一下，很快飞回蜂巢里去了。他疼得气急败坏，像你一样，他说要报复。他找来了一根棍子，戳向蜂巢。

9. “突然间，整个蜂群飞了出来，落在他身上，叮了足足有一百多处。他发出了恐怖的尖叫声，疼得在地上直打滚。很快他父亲跑过去，但根本没办法赶走蜜蜂，蜜蜂叮得严重到他不得不卧床几天。

10. “你看，他的报复没有成功。所以，我建议这件事就算了吧。他是个顽皮的孩子，又比你强壮，你的报复很难成功。”

11. 菲利普说：“不得不承认，你的建议挺好的。跟我来吧，我会把一切告诉我的父亲，我想他不会生我的气。”他们离开，菲利普把事情告诉给他的父亲。父亲感谢斯蒂芬给他儿子的建议，还答应菲利普给他一个和原来一模一样的竹藤。

12. 几天之后，菲利普看见这个调皮的孩子背着一捆很沉的木柴回家时摔倒在地，再也抬不起来了。菲利普跑过去，帮助他把木柴放到肩膀上。年轻的罗宾逊想到这份好意时，感觉很羞愧，他从心底里后悔自己的所作所为。菲利普很满足地回到家，他说：“以德报怨，这是我能做到的最高尚的报复。我绝对不会为此后悔的。”

- (2) *Repent, to feel sorry for.*
- (3) *Countenance, the face.*
- (4) *Resumed, took again.*
- (5) *Induced, caused.*
- (6) *Assured, declared positively.*
- (7) *Regarding, noticing.*
- (8) *Considered, thought of carefully.*
- (9) *Contempt, disdain, scorn.*
- (10) *Inflict, to impose, to put on.*
- (11) *Hovering, hanging over or about.*
- (12) *Agony, very great pain.*
- (13) *Ability, power.*

LESSON 34 EVENING HYMN

夜晚之歌

1 . Come to the sunset tree,

The day is past and gone;

The woodman's ax lies free,

And the reaper's work is done;

The twilight star to heaven,

And the summer dew to flowers,

And rest to us is given,

By the soft evening hours.

2 . Sweet is the hour of rest,

Pleasant the woods' low sigh,

And the gleaming of the west,

And the turf whereon we lie,

When the burden and the heat

Of the laborer's task is o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at the door.

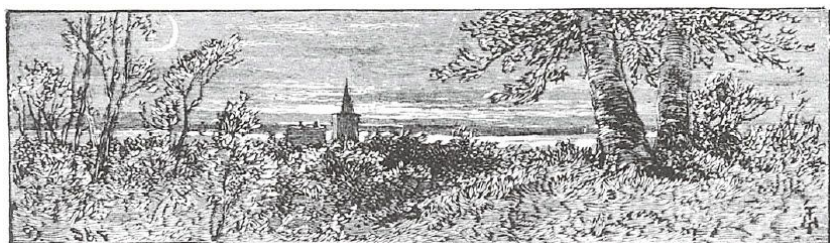
3 . Yes, tuneful is the sound

That dwells in whispering boughs:
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows;
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever the nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill,
In the world beyond the grave.

4 . There, shall no tempests blow,

Nor scorching noontide heat;
There, shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet;
So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,

To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.



【中文阅读】

1. 来到日落树下，

白天一去不复返；

樵夫的斧头闲置一旁，

收割者的工作也已完成；

暮光之星闪耀天际，

花朵上都是夏日的露珠。

这温和的夜晚时光，

给我们休息的安详。

2. 休息的时光如此甜蜜，

树林的低语也如此欢快，

西边闪耀着光芒，
我们躺在草地上，
劳动者工作的负担和匆忙，
也都已经结束。
亲切的声音在门口
把疲惫的人儿问候。

3．枝头仿佛窃窃私语，
声音和谐悦耳。
欢迎周围新鲜的一切，
大风吹拂我们的额头。
更加甜美安详地休息吧，
我们向往的心情应该满足，
在死后的另一个世界。

4．在那儿，不会有暴风雨，
也不会有正午灼人的热浪。
在那儿，也不会有冰雪，
不会有疲惫、彷徨的脚步。

我们从前辈涉足的山丘上，

抬起我们信任的目光，

寻找天空的宁静，

寻找上帝的安宁。

LESSON 35 HOW MARGERY WONDERED

玛杰丽有多好奇

1 . One bright morning late in March, little Margery put on her hood and her Highland plaid shawl, and went trudging ⁽¹⁾ across the beach. It was the first time she had been trusted out alone, for Margery was a little girl; nothing about her was large, except her round gray eyes, which had yet scarcely opened upon half a dozen springs and summers.

2 . There was a pale mist on the far-off sea and sky, and up around the sun were white clouds edged with the hues ⁽²⁾ of pinks and violets. The sunshine and the mild air made Margery's very heart feel warm, and she let the soft wind blow aside her Highland shawl, as she looked across the waters at the sun, and wondered! For, somehow, the sun had never looked before as it did to-day;—it seemed like a great golden flower bursting out of its pearl-lined calyx ⁽³⁾ ,—a flower without a stem. Or was there a strong stem away behind it in the sky, that reached down below the sea, to a root, nobody could guess where?

3 . Margery did not stop to puzzle herself about the answer to her question, for now the tide, was coming in, and the waves, little

at first, but growing larger every moment, were crowding up along the sand and pebbles, laughing, winking, and whispering, as they tumbled over each other, like thousands of children hurrying home from somewhere, each with its own precious little secret to tell.

4 . Where did the waves come from? Who was down there under the blue wall of the horizon (4) , with the hoarse, hollow voice, urging and pushing them across the beach at her feet? And what secret was it they were lisping to each other with their pleasant voices? Oh, what was there beneath the sea, and beyond the sea, so deep, so broad, and so dim, too, away off where the white ships, that looked smaller than sea birds, were gliding out and in?



5 . But while Margery stood still for a moment on a dry rock,

and wondered, there came a low, rippling warble ⁽⁵⁾ to her ear from a cedar tree on the cliff above her. It had been a long winter, and Margery had forgotten that there were birds, and that birds could sing. So she wondered again what the music was.

6 . And when she saw the bird perched on a yellow-brown bough, she wondered yet more. It was only a bluebird, but then it was the first bluebird Margery had ever seen. He fluttered among the prickly twigs, and looked as if he had grown out of them, as the cedar berries had, which were dusty blue, the color of his coat. But how did the music get in his throat? And after it was in his throat, how could it untangle itself, and wind itself off so evenly? And where had the bluebird flown from, across the snow banks down to the shore of the blue sea?

7 . The waves sang a welcome to him, and he sang a welcome to the waves; they seemed to know each other well; and the ripple and the warble sounded so much alike, the bird and the wave must have both learned their music of the same teacher. And Margery kept on wondering as she stepped between the song of the bluebird and the echo of the sea, and climbed a sloping bank, just turning faintly green in the spring sunshine.

8 . The grass was surely beginning to grow! There were fresh, juicy shoots running up among the withered blades of last year, as if in hopes of bringing them back to life; and closer down she saw the sharp points of new spears ⁽⁶⁾ peeping from their sheaths ⁽⁷⁾ . And scattered here and there were small, dark green leaves folded around buds shut up so tightly that only those who had watched them many seasons could tell what flowers were to be let out of their safe prisons by and by. So no one could blame Margery for not

knowing that they were only common things, nor for stooping over the tiny buds, and wondering.

9 . What made the grass come up so green out of the black earth? And how did the buds know when it was time to take off their little green hoods, and see what there was in the world around them? And how came they to be buds at all? Did they bloom in another world before they sprung up here?—and did they know, themselves, what kind of flowers they should blossom into? Had flowers souls, like little girls, that would live in another world when their forms had faded away in this?

10 . Margery thought she would like to sit down on the bank, and wait beside the buds until they opened; perhaps they would tell her their secret if the very first thing they saw was her eyes watching them. One bud was beginning to unfold; it was streaked with yellow in little stripes that she could imagine became wider every minute. But she would not touch it, for it seemed almost as much alive as herself. She only wondered, and wondered!

11 . Margery heard her mother calling her, and she trudged home across the shells and pebbles with a pleasant smile dimpling her cheeks; for she felt very much at home in this large, wonderful world, and was happy to be alive, although she neither could have told, nor cared to know, the reason why. But when her mother unpinned the little girl's Highland shawl, and took off her hood, she said, "O mother, do let me live on the doorstep! I don't like houses to stay in. What makes everything so pretty and so glad? Don't you like to wonder?"

12 . Margery's mother was a good woman. But then there was

all the housework to do, and, if she had thoughts, she did not often let them wander outside of the kitchen door. And just now she was baking some gingerbread, which was in danger of getting burned in the oven. So she pinned the shawl around the child's neck again, and left her on the doorstep, saying to herself, as she returned to her work, "Queer child! I wonder what kind of a woman she will be!"

13 . But Margery sat on the doorstep, and wondered, as the sea sounded louder, and the sunshine grew warmer around her. It was all so strange, and grand, and beautiful! Her heart danced with joy to the music that went echoing through the wide world from the roots of the sprouting grass to the great golden blossom of the sun.

14 . And when the round, gray eyes closed that night, at the first peep of the stars, the angels looked down and wondered over Margery. For the wisdom of the wisest being God has made, ends in wonder; and there is nothing on earth so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child.

(Lucy Larcom)

EXERCISES.—Name the things about which Margery wondered. What did she wonder about each? What is still more wonderful than all that at which Margery wondered?

【中文阅读】

1. 三月末一个明媚的早晨，小玛杰丽穿上帽衫，围上苏格兰格子围巾，步履蹒跚沿着海滩走着。这是她第一次单独出门，因为她还是个很小的女孩。除了她那双圆圆的灰色眼睛，她的五官都不大。在过去的六年里，她几乎都没见过什么。

2. 远处海天交汇的地方是薄薄的迷雾，天空之上太阳被镶有粉色和紫色光晕的云朵环绕。阳光和温和的空气让玛杰丽感觉非常温暖，她让微风吹着她的苏格兰围巾，一边望向大海深处的太阳，充满着好奇。因为她觉得仿佛太阳从未如今天一般照耀——看起来就像从珍珠边的花萼里绽放的金色花朵——一朵没有根茎的花。也或者在它后面的天空上，有着巨大的枝干，向下伸入海底扎根，只是无人知晓在哪里。

3. 玛杰丽并没有为思考自己提出的这个问题而伤脑筋，现在海潮涌来，浪花拍打着海岸，先是小浪花，越来越大，越来越大，沿着沙子和鹅卵石聚集起来，一个接一个地，欢笑着，眨着眼睛，窃窃私语，就像成千上万的孩子们从某个地方奔跑着回家，每个都有自己的小秘密要讲。

4. 浪花从哪儿来的？蓝色的水平线下，是谁在咆哮着、低吟着，追赶着它们到海滩上，直到她脚下呢？它们轻声细语和对方说的又是什么秘密呢？哦，在海的下到底是什么啊？在海的尽头到底是什么？海那么深，那么广，又那么暗淡。远处白色的船舶，看起来比海鸟还小，是不是正在航行着？

5. 玛杰丽在干燥的岩石上静静地坐着，非常好奇，这时她听到低低的柔和的鸟叫声如流水泛起涟漪般从她头顶悬崖上的雪松树上传来。这年冬天很漫长，玛杰丽几乎忘记了还有鸟儿的存在，忘记了鸟儿还会鸣叫。她又好奇起来这是什么音乐。

6. 当她看见一只鸟停在黄褐色的枝头时，她更加好奇了。这仅

仅是一只蓝知更鸟，但这是玛杰丽看到的第一只蓝知更鸟。这鸟在荆棘枝头扑扇翅膀，就像刚从枝头长出来似的，因为雪松树的松果是土蓝色，和蓝知更鸟的颜色非常相近。但是，音乐是怎么进到它喉咙里的呢？音乐进到它的喉咙之后，又怎么重获自由，然后如此自由释放呢？这蓝知更鸟是从哪儿飞来的？飞越皑皑雪山，飞到蓝色海岸。

7. 海浪歌唱着欢迎它，它也歌唱着欢迎海浪；它们仿佛早已熟悉对方，海浪声和鸟鸣声如此相似，鸟和海浪肯定师从同一位老师学习唱歌。玛杰丽行走在鸟的婉转歌声和海浪的回声之间，不停地想象着，她爬上了一段倾斜的海岸，这里在春日的阳光下刚刚有了淡淡绿意。

8. 青草已经开始生长。去年枯萎的叶片中冒出清新嫩绿的芽，仿佛希望它们能重获新生。再近一点，她看到新芽尖尖的芽尖已经从不鞘冒了出来。地上星星点点的，是深绿色叶子紧紧包裹的花蕾，只有常年观察过它们的人才能辨别出从这安全的“监牢”里，不久后会开出什么样的花朵。所以，我们也无法责备玛杰丽不仅不知道这些只是寻常之物，还弯腰好奇地看着这些小花蕾。

9. 什么使小草从黑魑魑的土壤中长出来，却又如此绿油油呢？花蕾怎么知道什么时候它们能够脱去小小的绿色外套，来看看周围的世界？甚至它们到底是怎么变成花蕾的？它们在这儿绽放之前，是不是也曾曾在另一个世界绽放过——它们自己是否知道，它们应该开成哪种花朵？花朵有灵魂吗？就像小女孩，当它们在这个世界的躯体凋零后，灵魂在另一个世界还会活着吗？

10. 玛杰丽想她愿意在岸边坐下来，等在花蕾旁边，等待它们绽放；也许当它们最先看到的是她注视的眼睛，它们就会把这些秘密告诉她。一朵花蕾正要绽放，花蕾上黄色条纹越来越明显，玛杰丽能想象它每一分钟都在向外展开。但是，她不能碰，因为花蕾看起来就像她一样，是有生命的。她只是好奇地想啊，想啊！

11. 玛杰丽听到她母亲在喊她，于是她磕磕绊绊地穿过满布贝壳和碎石的岸边，回到家里，脸颊上挂着满意的微笑，因为在这个奇妙的世界里她感觉自由自在，虽然她不明白，也并不在乎活着的原因，但她很高兴可以活着。但是，当她母亲把这小女孩的苏格兰围巾解开，摘下她的头巾时，她说：“哦，妈妈，就让我住在门口吧！我不喜欢待在房子里。是什么让这一切如此美丽，如此美好呢？难道你不知道吗？”

12. 玛杰丽的母亲是个善良的人。但是，她有很多家务要做，如果她有什么想法，也不会去厨房外胡思乱想的。这时，她正在烤姜饼蛋糕，眼看着就要烤糊了。所以，她又把玛杰丽的围巾围上，把她留在门外台阶上，接着做她的家务活，同时她自言自语：“好奇怪的孩子，我很好奇她将来会成为什么样的女人。”

13. 玛杰丽坐在台阶上，好奇地思考着。海浪声越来越大，太阳温暖地照耀着她。这一切都是如此神奇，又如此壮观，如此美丽！从发芽的草根，到太阳开出的金色花朵，这浩渺世界的一切都回响着美妙的音乐，而她的心，随着音乐舞动着。

14. 那天夜里，这圆圆的灰色眼睛闭上后，天使伴随着星空的出现，向下好奇地看着玛杰丽。因为上帝创造的最智慧的生物，在惊奇中结束。世界上没有什么比一个孩子正在萌芽的心灵更为奇妙了。

(露西·拉科姆)

(1) Trudging, walking sturdily.

(2) Hues, colors.

(3) Calyx, the outer covering of a flower.

(4) Horizon, the line where the sky and earth seem to meet.

- (5) Warble, *a trill of the voice.*
- (6) Spears, *shoots of grass.*
- (7) Sheaths, *coverings.*

LESSON 36 THE CHILD'S WORLD

孩子的世界

1 . "Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,

With the wonderful water round you curled,

And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—

World, you are beautifully drest.

2 . "The wonderful air is over me,

And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;

It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,

And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

3 . "You friendly Earth! how far do you go

With the wheat fields that nod, and the rivers that flow;

With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

- 4 . "Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all:
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
'You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!'"

【中文阅读】

- 1 . “伟大的，宽广的，美丽的，神奇的世界，
奇妙的河流盘旋围绕着你，
神奇的绿草覆盖你胸膛——
世界，你被装点得如此美丽。
- 2 . “神奇的空气环绕着我，
奇妙的风儿摇动树木，
它在水上漫步，它让磨盘旋转，

它在山峰之巅自言自语。

3. “友好的地球！你走了多远

伴随着成熟的麦田，流动的河流；

伴随着城市和花园，悬崖和岛屿，

以及在你身上居住的人们行走万里？

4. “啊，你是如此伟大，而我这等渺小，

世界，一想到你，我浑身颤抖。

然而，今天当我祷告时，

一个内心深处的声音对我低语：

“你比地球还要伟大，尽管你只是沧海一粟，

你会爱，会思考，而地球不会。””

LESSON 37 SUSIE'S COMPOSITION

苏西的作文

1 . Susie Smith came home from school one day, and had no sooner entered the sitting room than she burst into tears. "What is the matter, my dear child?" said her mother, drawing her daughter to her side and smiling.

2 . "O mother, matter enough," sobbed Susie. "All our class must bring in compositions (1) to-morrow morning, and I never, never can write one. We must write twelve lines at least, and I have written only a few words after trying nearly all the afternoon. See what work I have made of it!"

3 . Mrs. Smith took the rumpled (2) , tear-stained paper which Susie held in her hand, and glanced at what she had written. In a careful hand she had tried to write upon three themes (3) : "Time," "Temperance," and "Industry."

4 . "Time is short. We should all improve our time." "Temperance is a very useful thing." "We should all be industrious if we wish to do anything in the world." These sentences were all she had written.

5 . "Now," said Susie, "I can't think of another word to say upon any of these subjects, and I know I shall have to go to school without a composition, for I won't be so mean as to copy one from a book, or to ask you or papa to write one for me."

6 . "That is right, my dear," said her mother. "You will be far happier with a poor composition, if it is all your own, than with a fine one written by somebody else. But cheer up. You have not begun right—you have been trying to write upon subjects that you know nothing about. Run into the garden and play. I will call you in half an hour."

7 . "But my composition," began Susie. "Don't think about your composition while you are gone," said Mrs. Smith, "but have as pleasant a time as you can."

8 . It seemed but a few minutes to Susie before she heard her mother's voice calling her. She went into the house at once—her hands full of sweet flowers, and her cheeks rosy with exercise.

9 . "Now, Susie," said her mother, "I want you to sit by the window with this nice sheet of paper and a pencil, and write something about what you can see." "But my composition, mother," said Susie; "when shall I begin that?" "Never mind your composition, my dear; do this to please me, and we will talk about that by and by."

10 . Susie thought her mother's request ⁽⁴⁾ was a strange one; but she knew that she always had a good reason for everything she did: so she took the paper and pencil, and sat by the window.

11 . "Do not talk to me at all," said her mother. "Look out of the

window, and then write down your thoughts about everything you see."



12 . Susie could not help laughing, it seemed such a funny thing to be doing. As she looked out, she first saw the western sky and some bright, sunset clouds. "O mother!" she exclaimed, "what a splendid sunset!" "Don't talk," said her mother, "but write."

13 . "I'll write about the sunset, then," said she, and the pencil began to move rapidly across the paper. In a few moments she said, "Mother, shall I read you what I have written?" "No, not now," answered her mother; "I am going into the dining room. You may

sit and write until I return."

14 . As Susie went on writing, she became very much interested in her occupation (5) , and for a time forgot all about the dreaded composition. She wrote about the sunset clouds, the appearance of the distant hills, the trees, the river, the garden with its gay flowers, and the birds flying past the window.

15 . Just as she had reached the bottom of the page, her mother came in. "Well, Susie," said she, with a smile, "how does that composition come on?" "Composition!" exclaimed Susie; "you told me not to think about my composition, and I have not thought of it once; I have had such a nice time writing about what I could see from the window."

16 . Mrs. Smith took the paper and read aloud what Susie had written: "I am sitting on a low seat at the bay window, one half of which is open, so that I can smell the sweet flowers in the garden. The sky is all bright with sunset; I can see purple, and pink, and golden. I do not believe that anyone on earth has a paint box with such lovely colors in it.

17 . "I can see one cloud, far above the rest, that looks like a ship sailing in the blue sea. I should like to sail on a cloud, if it would not make me dizzy. Now, while I have been writing, the clouds have changed in color and form, but they are just as beautiful as they were before.

18 . "The green hills are tipped with light, and look as if they were wearing golden crowns. I can see a river a great way off, and it looks quite still, although I know it is running as fast as it can to

get to the ocean.

19 . "The birds are flying past the window to go home and take care of their little ones. I am glad the birds are not afraid to live in our garden, and to build nests in our trees.

20 . "Our garden is full of flowers—pinks, lilies, and roses. Mother calls this the month of roses. My birthday will come in a week, and we can have all the flowers we wish for wreaths and bouquets (6) ."

21 . "There, Susie," said Mrs. Smith, "that is a very nice composition, indeed." "A composition!" exclaimed Susie, "is that a composition?" "Yes, my dear, and a very good one, too," replied her mother. "When it hasn't even a subject?"

22 . "We can find one for it, and I do not doubt it will please your teacher, as it does me. You see, my dear," continued her mother, "that it is easy enough to write if you have anything interesting to write about."

23 . The next morning Susie copied her composition very neatly, and started to school with a happy heart, saying, as she gave her mother a kiss, "Just think how funny it is, dear mother, that I should have written so long a composition without knowing it."

EXERCISES.—What is a composition? Why was Susie so troubled? Why could she not write about "Time," "Temperance," or "Industry"? What did her mother have her do? What did Susie write? Was it a composition? Did she know, at the time, that it was? What fault did she

find with it? Can you give her composition a proper subject?

【中文阅读】

1. 一天，苏西·史密斯放学回到家，还没进门就哭了起来。“因为什么事啊，我的宝贝？”她母亲微笑着把女儿拉到身边，亲切地问。

2. “哦，妈妈，相当重要的事。”苏西哭着说：“明天早晨去上学我们班所有人都得交一篇作文，可我一直都写不出来。我们至少要写十二行，我写了一下午，才写了几个词。您看看我写的。”

3. 史密斯夫人拿过苏西手上皱皱巴巴、泪迹斑斑的作业纸，看了一眼她都写了什么。她非常认真地，试着写了三个主题：“时间”、“节制”、“勤奋”。

4. “时间很短暂。我们应该提高对时间的利用。”“节制对我们很有用。”“如果我们要在世界上做任何事，我们都得勤奋。”这些是她写下来的所有句子。

5. 苏西说：“看吧，对这几个主题，我再也想不出一个字来了。我明天去学校肯定交不出作文来。因为我不会差到从书上抄一篇或者让你或爸爸帮我写一篇。”

6. “你说得对，我的宝贝，”她母亲说，“只要是你自己写的作文，即使很差，也比你拿一篇别人写的好作文要快乐得多。振作起来。你开始写作文的方法不对——你一直想写些你不熟悉的主题。你跑去花园里玩一会儿，半个小时之后我叫你回来。”

7. “那我的作文怎么办啊？”苏西问。史密斯夫人告诉她：“去玩的时候别想着你的作文，尽情地玩耍吧。”

8. 苏西感觉只玩了一小会儿，就听到妈妈叫她的声音。她立刻回到屋里——双手握满鲜花，脸颊跑得通红。

9. 她母亲说：“来，苏西，你现在坐在窗户旁，用这张好纸和这支铅笔，写下你所看见的东西。”“那我的作文怎么办啊？我什么时候开始写呢？”苏西问。“别担心你的作文，宝贝。先写这个我看看，我们一步一步来。”

10. 苏西觉得她母亲的要求很奇怪，不过她觉得妈妈让她做任何一件事都是有道理的，于是她拿过纸笔，坐在窗边。

11. 她母亲说：“不要和我说话。看看窗户外面，写下你看到的一切的想法。”

12. 苏西忍不住笑了起来，这真是一件好玩的事儿。向外望去，她先看见西边的天空，点缀着明亮的落白云。“哦，妈妈！多美丽壮观的落日啊！”她欢呼起来。“别和我说，试着写下来。”她母亲说。

13. “那我就写落日吧。”苏西说。铅笔在纸上快速移动。过了一会儿，她说：“妈妈，我能给你念念我写的吗？”“不用，现在还用，”她母亲说，“我现在要去厨房，你可以写到我回来。”

14. 苏西接着写，她开始喜欢她现在做的事了，一度忘了她那可怕的作文。她写了落日的云朵，写了远山、树木、河流、鲜花朵朵的花园，还写了飞过窗外的飞鸟。

15. 就快写到这页最下面时，她的母亲进来了，微笑着问她：“苏西，你的作文写得怎么样了？”“作文！”苏西大叫起来，“你告诉我不要想着我的作文的，我就一点儿都没想。我正高高兴兴地写我从窗户里看到的東西呢。”

16. 史密斯夫人拿过作文纸，大声读出苏西刚才写的句子：“我现在坐在窗边的矮凳上，窗的一半打开着，我能闻到花园里香甜的花

朵。天空因为落日非常明亮，我能看见紫色、粉色和金色。我觉得地球上没有人有这样的画笔，能调出这么可爱的颜色。

17.“我能看到一朵云，它比其他的云都要高，看起来就像轮船航行在蓝蓝的海上。如果坐着不晕的话，我想要坐在一朵云上。现在，一边写，云彩的颜色和形状都变了，但还是和刚才一样漂亮。

18.“翠绿的山顶闪着光，看起来就像戴着金色的皇冠。我能看见很远的地方有条河，虽然看起来是静止的，不过我知道河水正奔流着冲向大海呢。

19.“几只鸟从窗边飞过，它们要飞回家照顾它们的幼鸟。我很高兴鸟儿们住在我们的花园里不害怕，它们还在我家树上筑了巢。

20.“我家花园里种满了花：石竹花、百合花，还有玫瑰花。妈妈说这个月是玫瑰月。下周就是我的生日了，到时候我们可以用这些花来做花环和花束。”

21. 史密斯夫人说：“看啊，苏西，这就是一篇很好的作文，真的。”“一篇作文，这是作文吗？”苏西不相信地问。“是的，我的宝贝，这是一篇很好的作文。”她的母亲这样回复。“这连个主题都没有，可以吗？”

22.“我们可以找个主题。我相信你的老师肯定会像我一样喜欢这篇作文的，”她母亲继续说，“你看，宝贝，如果要写你感兴趣的東西，写作是非常简单的。”

23. 第二天一早，苏西工工整整地抄写了她的作文，开开心心地去上学。她在妈妈脸上亲了一口，说：“亲爱的妈妈，你看这多有意思啊。不知不觉，我竟然写了这么长的一篇作文。”

-
- (1) Composition, *that which is thought out and arranged, a written or literary work.*
 - (2) Rumpled, *wrinkled, creased.*
 - (3) Themes, *subjects or topics on which a person writes.*
 - (4) Request, *that which is asked.*
 - (5) Occupation, *that which employs the time.*
 - (6) Bouquets, *bunches of flowers.*

LESSON 38 THE SUMMER SHOWER

夏天的雨

The author, Thomas Buchanan Read, was born in Chester Co., Pa., March 12, 1822. His life was devoted to the fine arts, and he attained a high reputation both as artist and poet. He died in New York, May 11, 1872.

1 . Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong stormwind is reaping the plain,
And loiters the boy in the briery lane;
But yonder aslant (1) comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

2 . Adown the white highway (2) like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat (3) ,

The wild birds sit listening the drops round them beat;
And the boy crouches (4) close to the blackberry wall.

3 . The swallows alone take the storm on the wing,
And, taunting (5) the tree-sheltered laborers, sing.
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;
And the boy in dismay hears the loud shower fall.

4 . But soon are the harvesters tossing their sheaves;
The robin darts out from his bower of leaves;
The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves;
And the rain-spattered urchin (6) now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

【中文阅读】

作者托马斯·布坎南·瑞德，1822年3月12日出生在宾夕法尼亚州切斯特郡。他一生致力于美术事业，作为艺术家和诗人均取得了很高的成就。他于1872年5月11日在纽约去世。

1. 在强壮的收割机收割庄稼之前，

猛烈的暴风雨席卷着平原大地，

男孩在荆棘密布的小路上游荡；

银色雨丝倾斜地落在那边，

就像擦得锃亮的长矛排成了线。

2. 顺着白色的道路，就像骑兵的队伍，

无数的脚步溅起尘土飞扬。

就像静悄悄的校园，隐藏在树林间，

野外的鸟儿听着雨滴在身边滴滴答答；

男孩蹲在长满黑莓的墙边。

3. 唯独燕子用翅膀迎接暴风雨，

它们用歌声嘲笑在树下避雨的劳动者。

大雨像鹅卵石击碎了春天的面孔，

落在地上溅起水花，

沮丧的男孩听到了大雨倾盆而下。

4. 但收割机很快开始转动齿轮，

知更鸟从树叶的庇护下冲了出来。

鹪鹩从苔藓覆盖的屋檐下探出头来，

溅了一身雨水的孩子现在开心地想到，

漂亮的彩虹吸引了他们全部的注意力。

(1) Aslant, *toward one side*.

(2) Highway, *a public road*.

(3) Retreat, *a place of refuge or safety*.

(4) Crouches, *stoops low*.

(5) Taunting, *deriding, mocking*.

(6) Urchin, *a child*.

LESSON 39 CONSEQUENCES OF IDLENESS

懒惰的后果

1 . Many young persons seem to think it of not much consequence ⁽¹⁾ if they do not improve their time well in youth, vainly expecting that they can make it up by diligence when they are older. They also think it is disgraceful for men and women to be idle, but that there can be no harm for persons who are young to spend their time in any manner they please.

2 . George Jones thought so. When he was twelve years old, he went to an academy ⁽²⁾ to prepare to enter college ⁽³⁾ . His father was at great expense in obtaining books for him, clothing him, and paying his tuition. But George was idle. The preceptor ⁽⁴⁾ of the academy would often tell him that if he did not study diligently when young he would never succeed well.

3 . But George thought of nothing but present pleasure. He would often go to school without having made any preparation ⁽⁵⁾ for his morning lesson; and, when called to recite with his class, he would stammer and make such blunders that the rest of the class could not help laughing at him. He was one of the poorest scholars in the school, because he was one of the most idle.

4 . When recess came, and all the boys ran out of the academy upon the playground, idle George would come moping along. Instead of studying diligently while in school, he was indolent and half asleep. When the proper time for play came, he had no relish for it. I recollect very well, that, when "tossing up" for a game of ball, we used to choose everybody on the playground before we chose George; and if there were enough without him we used to leave him out. Thus he was unhappy in school and out of school.

5 . There is nothing which makes a person enjoy play so well as to study hard. When recess was over, and the rest of the boys returned, fresh and vigorous (6) , to their studies, George might be seen lagging and moping along to his seat. Sometimes he would be asleep in school; sometimes he would pass his time in catching flies, and penning them up in little holes, which he cut in his seat; and sometimes, when the preceptor's back was turned, he would throw a paper ball across the room.

6 . When the class was called up to recite, George would come drowsily along, looking as mean and ashamed as though he were going to be whipped. The rest of the class stepped up to the recitation with alacrity (7) , and appeared happy and contented. When it came George's turn to recite, he would be so long in doing it, and make such blunders, that all most heartily wished him out of the class.

7 . At last, George went with his class to enter college. Though he passed a very poor examination, he was admitted with the rest; for those who examined him thought it was possible that the reason why he did not answer questions better was because he was frightened. Now came hard times for poor George. In college there

is not much mercy shown to bad scholars; and George had neglected his studies so long that he could not now keep up with his class, let him try ever so hard.

8 . He could, without much difficulty, get along in the academy, where there were only two or three boys of his own class to laugh at him. But now he had to go into a large recitation room, filled with students from all parts of the country. In the presence of all these, he must rise and recite to a professor (8) . Poor fellow! He paid dearly for his idleness.

9 . You would have pitied him if you could have seen him trembling in his seat, every moment expecting to be called upon to recite. And when he was called upon, he would stand up and take what the class called a "dead set;" that is, he could not recite at all. Sometimes he would make such ludicrous (9) blunders that the whole class would burst into a laugh. Such are the applauses (10) an idler gets. He was wretched, of course. He had been idle so long that he hardly knew how to apply his mind to study. All the good scholars avoided him; they were ashamed to be seen in his company. He became discouraged, and gradually grew dissipated (11) .

10 . The officers of the college were soon compelled to suspend him. He returned in a few months, but did no better; and his father was then advised to take him from college. He left college, despised by everyone. A few months ago, I met him, a poor wanderer, without money and without friends. Such are the wages of idleness. I hope every reader will, from this history, take warning, and "stamp improvement (12) on the wings of time."

【中文阅读】

1. 很多年轻人认为，年轻时不好好利用时间并不会产生不良后果，只是徒劳地寄希望于长大后通过勤劳努力来弥补。尽管他们也觉得懒惰对于男人和女人来说都是件不光彩的事，但是对于年轻人来说，用他们喜欢的方式安排时间也没有什么害处。

2. 乔治·琼斯也这么觉得。十二岁的时候，他进入一所学校准备考大学。他的父亲花费了很多钱来给他买书、买衣服、付学费。但是，乔治很懒惰。学校的老师经常对他说，如果他小时候不好好学习，以后他不会成功的。

3. 但是，乔治什么也不想，只想着眼前的快乐。他常常不做任何预习就到学校上早课，一叫他背诵课文，他就结结巴巴总犯错，班上的其他学生总笑话他。他在学校是学习最差的学生，就因为他总是很懒惰。

4. 课间休息时，其他的男孩们跑出教室，到操场上，懒惰的乔治总是慢吞吞地挪过去。在上课的时候他不认真学习，总是懒洋洋的，还经常犯困。到真正玩耍的时间，他也享受不到其中的快乐。我清清楚楚地记得，每当玩球要掷硬币分组时，我们通常会先选操场上的其他人，最后才选乔治；如果不用选他，人数已经够了，我们就把他甩在一边。这样，他在课上和课下都不开心。

5. 对一个人来说，只有在努力学习之后，才能最好地享受玩耍的乐趣。课间休息结束时，其他的男孩子都精神饱满、活力无限地回去学习，而乔治总是磨磨蹭蹭、慢吞吞地回到他的座位。有时候他会在课堂上睡觉，有时候也会抓苍蝇消磨时间，然后把它们关在刻在椅子上的小洞里。还有些时候，当老师转过身去背对他们时，他会把一个纸团扔到教室另一边。

6. 老师让同学们背诵课文时，乔治总是懒洋洋地应付，看上去非常差劲，令人惭愧，仿佛他要挨鞭子似的。其他同学加快了背诵的速度，既高兴又满足。轮到乔治背时，他花的时间可长了，背得磕磕绊绊的，所有人都由衷地希望把他赶出教室。

7. 最后，乔治和他的同学们一起考入了大学。尽管他考试的成绩很差，他还是和其他人一样被录取了，因为考官觉得他没能很好地回答问题的原因可能是他太紧张了。现在乔治的苦日子要来了。大学里，人们对差学生可没那么仁慈了，乔治放松学习的时间太长了，他根本就跟不上课，他还得更加努力地学习。

8. 高中的时候乔治凑合着过活还不难，那时候只有自己班里两三个男生嘲笑他，但现在他是在一间非常大的诵读教室里，里面坐着来自全国各地的学生。当着所有人的面，他必须得站起来，给大学老师背诵。可怜的家伙，他为懒惰付出了高昂的代价。

9. 如果你看见他在自己的座位上浑身颤抖着，时刻等着点名背诵时，你可能会可怜他。被点名后，他站起来，用全班同学戏称为“死套路”的办法，那就是，他根本一点都不会背。有时候他会犯些莫名其妙的错误，惹得全班哄堂大笑。这是对一个懒惰的家伙喝的倒彩。当然，他也很难受。他已经懒散惯了，甚至不知道怎么才能把脑子用在学习上。所有的好学生都躲着他，他们都觉得和他在一起很丢脸。他心灰意冷，慢慢地开始自暴自弃。

10. 很快，学校的领导不得不让他停课。几个月后，他回到学校，不过没什么好转。有人建议他父亲把他从学校带走，所以他在大家的鄙视中离开了大学校园。几个月后，我偶然遇见他，一个可怜的流浪汉，没有钱，也没有朋友。这就是懒惰的代价。我希望每个读者从这个故事中能够引以为戒，能够在时间之翼上记录下成长和进步的印记。

-
- (1) Consequence, *importance, influence.*
 - (2) Academy, *a school of high order.*
 - (3) College, *a seminary of learning of the highest order.*
 - (4) Preceptor, *a teacher.*
 - (5) Preparation, *a making ready.*
 - (6) Vigorous, *full of activity and strength.*
 - (7) Alacrity, *cheerfulness, sprightliness.*
 - (8) Professor, *a teacher in a college.*
 - (9) Ludicrous, *adapted to raise laughter.*
 - (10) Applauses, *praises.*
 - (11) Dissipated, *given up to bad habits.*
 - (12) Improvement, *increase of knowledge.*

LESSON 40 ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY

勤奋的益处

1 . I gave you, in the last lesson, the history ⁽¹⁾ of George Jones, an idle boy, and showed you the consequences of his idleness. I shall now give you the history of Charles Bullard, a classmate of George. Charles was about the same age as George, and did not possess superior talents. Indeed, I doubt whether he was equal to him in natural powers of mind.

2 . But Charles was a hard student. When quite young, he was always careful and diligent in school. Sometimes, when there was a very hard lesson, instead of going out to play during recess, he would stay in to study. He had resolved that his first object should be to get his lessons well, and then he could play with a good conscience ⁽²⁾ . He loved play as well as anybody, and was one of the best players on the ground. I hardly ever saw any boy catch a ball better than he could. When playing any game ⁽³⁾ , everyone was glad to get Charles on his side.

3 . I have said that Charles would sometimes stay in at recess. This, however, was very seldom; it was only when the lessons were very hard indeed. Generally, he was among the first on the

playground, and he was also among the first to go into school when called. Hard study gave him a relish for play, and play again gave him a relish for hard study; so he was happy both in school and out. The preceptor could not help liking him, for he always had his lessons well committed ⁽⁴⁾ , and never gave him any trouble.

4 . When he went to enter college, the preceptor gave him a good recommendation ⁽⁵⁾ . He was able to answer all the questions which were put to him when he was examined. He had studied so well when he was in the academy, and was so thoroughly prepared for college, that he found it very easy to keep up with his class, and had much time for reading interesting books.

5 . But he would always get his lesson well before he did anything else, and would review ⁽⁶⁾ it just before recitation. When called upon to recite, he rose tranquil ⁽⁷⁾ and happy, and very seldom made mistakes. The officers of the college had a high opinion of him, and he was respected by all the students.

6 . There was, in the college, a society made up of all the best scholars. Charles was chosen a member of that society. It was the custom to choose some one of the society to deliver a public address every year. This honor was conferred ⁽⁸⁾ on Charles; and he had studied so diligently, and read so much, that he delivered an address which was very interesting to all who heard it.

7 . At last he graduated ⁽⁹⁾ , as it is called; that is, he finished his collegiate course, and received his degree. It was known by all that he was a good scholar, and by all that he was respected. His father and mother, brothers and sisters, came on the commencement ⁽¹⁰⁾ day to hear him speak.

8 . They all felt gratified, and loved Charles more than ever. Many situations of usefulness and profit were opened to him; for Charles was now an intelligent man, and universally (11) respected. He is still a useful and a happy man. He has a cheerful home, and is esteemed by all who know him.

9 . Such are the rewards of industry. How strange it is that any person should be willing to live in idleness when it will certainly make him unhappy! The idle boy is almost invariably (12) poor and miserable; the industrious boy is happy and prosperous.

10 . But perhaps some child who reads this, asks, "Does God notice little children in school?" He certainly does. And if you are not diligent in the improvement of your time, it is one of the surest evidences (13) that your heart is not right with God. You are placed in this world to improve your time. In youth you must be preparing for future usefulness. And if you do not improve the advantages (14) you enjoy, you sin against your Maker.

With books, or work, or healthful play,

Let your first years be passed;

That you may give, for every day,

Some good account, at last.

EXERCISES.—What was the character of George Jones? Of Charles Bullard? How did George appear in the class at school? How did he

behave at recess? How did Charles differ from him in these respects? Relate what happened when George went to college. What became of him? Did Charles succeed at college? Which of them do you think more worthy of imitation? What is said of the idle? What is said of the industrious? Who watches all our actions wherever we may be? For what are we placed in this world? Should you not then be diligent in your studies?

【中文阅读】

1. 上一课，我们讲了懒惰的孩子乔治·琼斯的经历，让你们知道懒惰有什么后果。现在我要给你们讲讲乔治·琼斯的同学查尔斯·布拉德的事情。查尔斯和乔治年龄差不多，并没有什么过人的天赋。实际上我甚至怀疑在智力上他可能都不如乔治。

2. 但查尔斯特别刻苦。很小的时候，他就很认真勤奋。有时候，如果学了很难的一课，课间休息的时候他就不出去玩儿，而是待在教室里继续学习。他认定了自己的第一目标是要把课学好，然后才能安心心地玩。他和其他人一样喜爱玩耍，也是操场里玩得最好的人之一。我没见过有谁能比他接球接得更好。每次比赛的时候，大家都喜欢和查尔斯在一组。

3. 我刚才说到，有时候课间休息时查尔斯会在教室学习。不过，这种情况很少，只是在课程非常难的时候才会这样。一般情况下，他是第一个到操场上，同样也是第一个回来上课的。刻苦学习让他享受玩耍的乐趣，而玩耍也是努力学习的调剂。所以他在课上课下都很开心。老师自然喜欢他，因为他功课总是很好，从来也不惹麻烦。

4. 上了大学之后，老师对他的评价很高。每次考试的时候，他总是能够回答出所有问题。高中的时候他就学得非常好，为大学学习

做了充分的准备。在大学里听课，他也很容易跟上进度，这样就有很多时间阅读有趣的书籍。

5. 不过，他总是在做任何其他事之前先把功课做好，也会在背诵之前好好复习。点名背诵的时候，他从容又愉悦地站起来，几乎很少犯错。大学里的领导对他的评价非常高，其他的学生都非常尊敬他。

6. 大学里有个由成绩最好的学生们组成的社团。查尔斯被选为这个社团的成员。这个社团有个传统，每年都会选出一位成员来进行一次公开演讲。查尔斯获得了这项殊荣。因为他学习非常刻苦，又阅读了大量书籍，所以他的演讲对每个听众来说都非常有趣。

7. 最后，他毕业了，也就是说，他完成了大学的学分，还获得了学位。所有人都知道他是个好学生，都很尊敬他。他的父亲母亲、兄弟姐妹都来参加他的毕业典礼，听他的演讲。

8. 他们都觉得非常感恩，比以往任何时候都更爱查尔斯。很多好的工作都向查尔斯敞开了大门，因为查尔斯已经是能力很强的人，且被众人尊敬。他是一个对社会有益并非常幸福的人。他有一个快乐的家庭，被每个认识他的人敬重。

9. 这就是勤奋的回报。懒惰只会让自己不幸福，还有人愿意懒惰地度过一生，这是多么奇怪啊。懒惰的人总是贫穷、可怜，而勤奋的人总是幸福且富足。

10. 但是，可能有的孩子看到这儿会问：“上帝注意到在学校上课的孩子们吗？”他当然注意。如果你不能很好地利用时间，这就说明你的心没有和上帝在一起。你来到这个世界上，就要合理地利用自己的时间。年轻的时候，你需要为未来打好基础。如果你不能抓住机会，好好利用时间，你就是在对造物主犯罪。

读书、工作或者健康地游戏，
让你年轻时的岁月如此度过；
最后，你就会
知道之前的努力是多么有意义。

- (1) History, *a description or a narration of events.*
- (2) Conscience, *our own knowledge of right and wrong.*
- (3) Game, *play, sport.*
- (4) Committed, *fixed in mind.*
- (5) Recommendation, *what is said in praise of anyone.*
- (6) Review, *to examine again.*
- (7) Tranquil, *quiet, calm.*
- (8) Conferred, *given to or bestowed upon anyone.*
- (9) Graduated, *received a degree from a college.*
- (10) Commencement, *the day when students receive their degree.*
- (11) Universally, *by all, without exception.*
- (12) Invariably, *always, uniformly.*
- (13) Evidences, *proofs.*
- (14) Advantages, *opportunities for improvement.*

LESSON 41 THE FOUNTAIN

清泉

By James Russell Lowell, one of the most noted of American poets; also well known as an essayist and lecturer. He was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819, and died there in 1891.

1 . Into the sunshine,

Full of the light,

Leaping and flashing,

From morn till night!

2 . Into the moonlight,

Whiter than snow,

Waving so flower-like

When the winds blow!

3 . Into the starlight,

Rushing in spray,

Happy at midnight,

Happy by day!

4 . Ever in motion,

Blithesome ⁽¹⁾ and cheery ⁽²⁾ ,

Still climbing heavenward,

Never weary ⁽³⁾ ;

5 . Glad of all weathers,

Still seeming best,

Upward or downward,

Motion, thy rest;

6 . Full of a nature

Nothing can tame,

Changed every moment,

Ever the same;

7 . Ceaseless aspiring ⁽⁴⁾ ,

Ceaseless content,

Darkness or sunshine

Thy element ⁽⁵⁾ ;

8 . Glorious fountain!

Let my heart be

Fresh, changeful, constant ⁽⁶⁾ ,

Upward like thee!

【中文阅读】

作者詹姆斯·罗素·洛厄尔，美国最著名的诗人之一，同时也是知名的散文家和演讲家。他于1819年出生在马萨诸塞州的剑桥，1891年在那里去世。

1 . 阳光下，

全是光，

跳跃闪烁，

从早到晚。

2 . 月光下 ,

白如雪 ,

微风拂动 ,

如花般摇曳。

3 . 星光里 ,

急速喷洒 ,

在午夜狂欢 ,

狂欢至黎明。

4 . 移动中 ,

愉快又欢欣 ,

朝着天空攀爬 ,

永远不知疲惫。

5 . 喜欢各种天气 ,

永远总是最好 ,

向上或是向下 ,

时动 , 时静。

6 . 天性如此 ,
无法驯服 ,
每时每刻都在改变 ,
从不重复厌倦。

7 . 永远激情四射 ,
永远快乐满足 ,
无论黑暗或光明 ,
这是你的特点。

8 . 壮丽的清泉啊 ,
让我的心情 ,
和你一样 ,
清新、变化、恒久。

(1) Blithesome, gay.

(2) Cheery, in good spirits.

(3) Aweary, weary, tired.

(4) Aspiring, ambitious.

(5) Element, the proper habitation or sphere of anything, suitable state.

(6) Constant, *fixed, not to be changed.*

LESSON 42 COFFEE

咖啡

1 . The coffee tree is a native of eastern Africa, but it was in Arabia that it first became known to the people of Europe, and until about the year 1700 A. D. that country afforded (1) the entire supply.

2 . Then the coffee seeds found their way to Java, by means of some traders, and one of the first plants grown on that island was sent as a present to the governor of the Dutch East India Company, who lived in Holland.

3 . It was planted in the Botanical Gardens at Amsterdam, and in a few years seeds taken from it were sent to South America, where the cultivation of coffee has steadily increased, extending to the West Indies, until now the offspring (2) of this one plant produce more coffee than is obtained from all the other plants in the world.

4 . The plant is an evergreen, and is from six to twelve feet high, the stem being from ten to fifteen inches in diameter. The lower branches bend down when the tree begins to grow old, and extend themselves into a round form somewhat like an umbrella; and the wood is so pliable (3) that the ends of the largest branches may be bent down to within two or three feet of the earth.

5 . The bark is whitish and somewhat rough. A tree is never without leaves, which are at small distances from one another, and on almost opposite sides of a bough. Blossoms and green and ripe fruit may be seen on the same tree at the same time. When the blossom falls off, there grows in its place a small green fruit, which becomes dark red as it ripens.



6 . This fruit is not unlike a cherry, and is very good to eat. Under the pulp of this cherry is found the bean or berry we call coffee, wrapped in a fine, thin skin. The berry is at first very soft, and has a bad taste; but as the cherry ripens the berry grows harder, and the dried-up fruit becomes a shell or pod of a deep brown color.

7 . The berry is now solid, and its color is a translucent (4) green. Each shell contains two seeds, rounded on one side and flat on the other. The seeds lie with the flat sides together, and, in one highly prized variety, the two seeds grow together, forming one: this is known as the pea berry. When the fruit is so ripe that it can be shaken from the tree, the husks are separated from the berries, and are used, in Arabia, by the natives, while the berries are sold.

8 . The young plants are inserted in holes from twelve to eighteen inches deep, and six or eight feet apart. If left to themselves, they would grow to the height of eighteen or twenty feet; but they are usually dwarfed by pruning ⁽⁵⁾ , so that the fruit may be easily got at by the gatherer.

9 . Thus dwarfed, they extend their branches until they cover the whole space about them. They begin to yield fruit the third year. By the sixth or seventh year they are at full bearing, and continue to bear for twenty years or more.

10 . Before the berry can be used, it undergoes a process of roasting. The amount of aromatic ⁽⁶⁾ oil brought out in roasting has much to do with the market value of coffee, and it has been found that the longer the raw coffee is kept, the richer it becomes in this peculiar oil, and so the more valuable. But after the coffee is roasted, and especially after it is ground, it loses its aroma rapidly.

11 . Arabia produces the celebrated Mocha, or "Mokha," coffee, which is the finest in the world; but little or none of the best product is ever taken out of that country. The Java coffee from the East Indies is next prized, but the best quality of this kind is also quite difficult to obtain, and many, therefore, prefer the finest grades of Rio coffee from South America to such Mocha and Java as can be had in our country.

EXERCISES.—What country first supplied coffee? How did the plant come to be grown in other countries? Describe the plant. What is said of the fruit? How are the plants cultivated? What is said about the roasting of coffee? What are the three principal kinds of coffee used, and

how are they valued?

【中文阅读】

1. 咖啡树原产于非洲东部，但最初是在阿拉伯首先为欧洲人所知，直到公元1700年前后，阿拉伯地区承担起全部的供应。

2. 然后，咖啡种子通过贸易商的传播到了爪哇国，之后这个岛屿上生长的第一株咖啡树被当作礼物送给了居住在荷兰的东印度公司管理者那里。

3. 送来的咖啡树种在阿姆斯特丹的植物花园里，几年之后，树上取下的种子被带到了南美，在南美，咖啡种植逐步增长，扩展到了西印度群岛。直到现在，这棵咖啡树的后代所出产的咖啡比世界上所有其他咖啡树出产的都要多。

4. 咖啡树是常绿植物，有六至十二英尺高，树干直径有十至十五英寸。咖啡树生长的年份长了，低处的枝条向下弯曲，往地面方向扩展成圆形，看起来像一把雨伞。咖啡树的枝条质地柔软，最大的枝条可以弯曲到距离地面仅有两三英尺的地方。

5. 咖啡树的树皮发白，有些粗糙。咖啡树上都要有树叶，树叶间的距离非常小，分布在树枝的两侧。一株咖啡树上，可能同时看见花瓣、青色的果实和成熟的果实。花瓣脱落之后，原来的地方会长出小小的绿色果实，慢慢成熟，变成深红色。

6. 它的果实和樱桃没有什么不同，吃起来味道很不错。在“樱桃”果肉下面，就可以看到豆子了，也就是我们所称的咖啡豆，它包裹在一层细薄的外皮之下。咖啡豆最初非常软，味道也不好，但随着“樱桃”的果肉成熟，咖啡豆也越来越硬，最后干瘪的果实成为一个深褐色的豆荚。

7. 咖啡豆现在是实心的，颜色接近半透明的绿色。每个果壳里有两粒种子，一边是球状，一边是平直的。两粒种子的平面挨在一起。在一种非常珍贵的品种里，两粒种子慢慢长在一起，形成一粒豆，这被叫作圆豆。咖啡豆的果实成熟后，就能够从树上摇下来。外皮和咖啡豆分离，外皮在阿拉伯被当地人使用，咖啡豆则用来出售。

8. 小咖啡树插在一个十二至十八英寸深的洞里，两株之间距离六至八英尺远。如果让它们自由生长，可以长到十八至二十英尺高，但人们经常修剪，把它们修剪得比较矮，这样采种子的时候比较容易。

9. 因为顶端优势，它们向外伸展枝条，直到覆盖周围的空间。咖啡树一般第三年开始结果实。到第六年、第七年的时候它们就已经硕果累累，这样的情况会持续二十年，甚至更久。

10. 在用咖啡豆之前，先要进行烘烤。烘烤出的芳香油含量的高低和咖啡豆的市场价值有很大关系。人们发现，生咖啡豆存放的时间越久，烤出的这种独特的油越多，价值也就越高。但是，咖啡豆在烘烤之后，尤其在磨碎之后，这种芳香很快会消失。

11. 阿拉伯生产著名的摩卡咖啡，也叫穆哈咖啡，这是世界上最好的咖啡。但是，上好的产品很少，甚至没有出口国外。东印度的爪哇咖啡紧随其后，但这种咖啡中质量上乘的也很难获得。因此，很多人更乐意选择南美上等的里约咖啡，而不是选择国内能买到的摩卡或爪哇咖啡。

(1) Afforded, yielded, produced.

(2) Offspring, descendants, however remote, from, the stock.

(3) Pliable, easily bent.

- (4) Translucent, *permitting the passage of light.*
- (5) Pruning, *trimming.*
- (6) Aromatic, *containing aroma, fragrant.*

LESSON 43 THE WINTER KING

冬天之王

1 . Oh! what will become of thee, poor little bird?

The muttering (1) storm in the distance is heard;

The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black,

They'll soon scatter snowflakes all over thy back!

From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?

And what art thou doing this cold winter day?

2 . "I'm picking the gum from the old peach tree;

The storm doesn't trouble me. Pee, dee, dee!"

3 . But what makes thee seem so unconscious (2) of care?

The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare:

And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,
As if danger and suffering thou never should'st see,
When no place is near for thy evening nest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no rest?

4 . "Because the same Hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves. Pee, dee, dee!"

5 . But man feels a burden of care and of grief,
While plucking the cluster (3) and binding the sheaf:
In the summer we faint, in the winter we're chilled,
With ever a void that is yet to be filled.
We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,
Yet all their rich gifts do not silence our care.

6 . "A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude. Pee, dee, dee!"

7 . But soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough,

On which thou art flitting ⁽⁴⁾ so playfully now;
And though there's a vesture ⁽⁵⁾ well fitted and warm,
Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What, then, wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,
To save them from pain, mid the frost and the sleet?

8 . "I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see,
To warm them, and fly away. Pee, dee, dee!"

9 . I thank thee, bright monitor ⁽⁶⁾ ; what thou hast taught
Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought;
We look at the clouds; while the birds have an eye
To Him who reigns over them, changeless and high.
And now little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle ⁽⁷⁾ came.

10 . "Because, in all weather, I'm merry and free,
They call me the Winter King. Pee, dee, dee!"

【中文阅读】

1. 哦，你会变成什么样的，可怜的小鸟？

远处传来暴风的呼啸声，

狂风醒来，乌云密布，

它们很快会将雪花洒满你的背！

你是从什么样的晴朗天气里来到这里？

在这寒冷的冬日里你又在做什么？

2. “我在啄食老桃树上的树胶，

暴风雨也不能把我怎么样，吱喳喳！”

3. 什么让你这样毫不担心？

棕色的大地都已冰冻，树枝也已经光秃秃：

你怎能如此轻松自在，

仿佛你从来不会遇到危险和痛苦，

当你在夜晚没有栖息的巢穴，

没有树叶把你荫庇，没有可以安身之地。

4. “因为改变这一切的那双手，褪去夏日树叶的那双手，

它也在把我佑护。吱喳喳！”

5. 但是，人类感觉到关心和悲伤的负担，
拉成一团，凑成一群，
夏天我们热得头晕，冬天我们冷得颤抖，
永远空虚难耐需要有事来填充。
我们从海洋、大地、空气中获取，
但这一切的丰富资源还不能满足我们的渴求。

6. “只要一点点就足够了，
只要一点点就感激满怀，幸福无比，吱喳喳！”

7. 你跳跃嬉戏的枝头，
很快就会有冰雪来加重负担，
尽管现在有羽毛，温暖又合身，
保护你幼小娇弱的身躯，
但你以后怎么保护裸露在外的小脚呢？
怎么来保护它们免受霜冻雨雪的寒冷痛苦呢？

8. “你看，我能把它们紧紧收在羽毛下。
这样暖和起来，然后飞走。吱喳喳！”

9. 我要衷心地感谢你啊，快乐的警示员。你刚才教给我的，
将是最快乐生活的主旨。

我们凝视白云，而鸟儿的眼睛，
时刻不变地凝视着俯视我们的造物主。

小小英雄啊，请告诉我你的名字，
这样我能够知道我是从谁哪儿学到的这些启示。

10. “因为无论天气如何，我永远自由快乐，
他们都叫我，‘冬日之王’。吱喳喳！”

-
- (1) Muttering, murmuring, rumbling.
 - (2) Unconscious, not knowing, not perceiving.
 - (3) Cluster, a bunch.
 - (4) Flitting, moving about in a lively manner.
 - (5) Vesture, clothing, covering.
 - (6) Monitor, one who warns of faults.
 - (7) Oracle, a wise sentence or decision.

LESSON 44 THE NETTLE

荨麻

1 . *Anna*. O papa! I have stung my hand with that nettle.

2 . *Father*. Well, my dear, I am sorry for it; but pull up that large dock leaf you see near it; now bruise the juice out of it on the part which is stung. Well, is the pain lessened?

3 . *A*. Oh, very much indeed, I hardly feel it now. But I wish there was not a nettle in the world. I am sure I do not know what use there can be in them.

4 . *F*. If you knew anything of botany, Nanny, you would not say so.

5 . *A*. What is botany, papa?

6 . *F*. Botany, my dear, is the knowledge of plants.

7 . *A*. Some plants are very beautiful. If the lily were growing in our fields, I should not complain. But this ugly nettle! I do not know what beauty or use there can be in that.

8 . *F*. And yet, Nanny, there is more beauty, use, and instruction in a nettle, than even in a lily.

9 . *A.* O papa, how can you make that out?

10 . *F.* Put on your gloves, pluck up that nettle, and let us examine it. First, look at the flower.

11 . *A.* The flower, papa? I see no flower, unless those little ragged knobs are flowers, which have neither color nor smell, and are not much larger than the heads of pins.

12 . *F.* Here, take this magnifying glass (1) and examine them.

13 . *A.* Oh, I see now; every little knob is folded up in leaves, like a rosebud. Perhaps there is a flower inside.

14 . *F.* Try; take this pin and touch the knob. Well, what do you see?

15 . *A.* Oh, how curious!

16 . *F.* What is curious?

17 . *A.* The moment I touched it, it flew open. A little cloud rose out like enchantment (2) , and four beautiful little stems sprung up as if they were alive; and, now that I look again with the glass, I see an elegant little flower as nice and perfect as a lily itself.

18 . *F.* Well, now examine the leaves.

19 . *A.* Oh, I see they are all covered over with little bristles; and when I examine them with the glass, I see a little bag, filled with a juice like water, at the bottom of each. Ha! these are the things which stung me.

20 . *F.* Now touch the little bag with the point of the pin.

21 . *A.* When I press the bag, the juice runs up and comes out at the small point at the top; so I suppose the little thorn must be hollow inside, though it is finer than the point of my cambric needle.

22 . *F.* Have all the leaves those stings?

23 . *A.* No, papa; some of the young ones are quite green and soft, like velvet, and I may handle them without any danger.

24 . *F.* Now look at the stem, and break it.

25 . *A.* I can easily crack it, but I can not break it asunder ⁽³⁾ , for the bark is so strong that it holds it together.

26 . *F.* Well, now you see there are more curious things in the nettle than you expected.

27 . *A.* Yes, indeed, I see that. But you have often told me that God makes nothing without its use; and I am sure I can not see any use in all these things.

28 . *F.* That we will now consider. You saw the little flower burst open, and a cloud rose, you say, like enchantment. Now all this is necessary for the nature of the plant. There are many thousand plants in the world, and it has pleased God, in his wisdom, to make them all different. Now look at this other nettle, which grew on the opposite side of the road; you see that it is not exactly like the one you have just examined.

29 . *A.* No, papa; this has little flat seeds instead of flowers.

30 . *F.* Very right, my dear. Now, in order to make those seeds

grow, it is necessary that the little flower of this plant and the seed of that should be together, as they are in most others. But plants can not walk, like animals. The wisdom of God, therefore, has provided a remedy ⁽⁴⁾ for this. When the little flower bursts open it throws out a fine powder, which you saw rise like a cloud; this is conveyed ⁽⁵⁾ by the air to the other plant, and when it falls upon the seed of that plant it gives it power to grow, and makes it a perfect seed, which, in its turn, when it falls to the ground, will produce a new plant. Were it not for this fine powder, that seed would never be perfect or complete.

31 . A. That is very curious, indeed; and I see the use of the little cloud and the flower; but the leaf that stung me, of what use can that be? There, dear papa, I am afraid I puzzle you to tell me that.

32 . F. Even these stings are made useful to man. The poor people in some countries use them instead of blisters, when they are sick. Those leaves which do not sting are used by some for food, and from the stalk others get a stringy ⁽⁶⁾ bark, which answers the purpose of flax. Thus you see that even the despised nettle is not made in vain; and this lesson may serve to teach you that we only need to understand the works of God to see that "in goodness and wisdom he has made them all."

【中文阅读】

1 . 安娜：哦！爸爸，那棵荨麻蜇到我的手了。

2 . 父亲：哦，我的宝贝，真替你难过。把你看见的旁边的大酸模草叶摘下来，挤出叶子上的汁，涂在被蜇到的地方。现在怎么样，

好点了吗？

3. 安娜： 哦，好多了呢。我几乎感觉不到疼了。但我真希望世界上没有荨麻。我确定它们没什么用。

4. 父亲： 娜娜，如果你了解一点儿植物学，你就不会这么说了。

5. 安娜： 什么是植物学啊，爸爸？

6. 父亲： 宝贝，植物学，就是关于植物的学问。

7. 安娜： 有些植物很漂亮。如果我们的地里种着百合，我就不会抱怨什么了。可是这难看的荨麻。我真不知道它们有什么好的，有什么用处。

8. 父亲： 可是娜娜，荨麻的妙处、用处和门道可比百合多多了。

9. 安娜： 哦，爸爸，你为何这样说呢？

10. 父亲： 戴上手套，拔下那棵荨麻，我们一起来对它进行观察。先看看荨麻的花。

11. 安娜： 荨麻的花？我没看到花，除非这些粗糙的小疙瘩是荨麻花，不过它们既没有好看的颜色，也没有花的味道，还没有大头针大。

12. 父亲： 给你，用这个放大镜好好看看。

13. 安娜： 哇，现在看见了。每个小疙瘩都被叶子包裹着，就像一个玫瑰花苞。也许里面就有花呢。

14. 父亲： 你试试，用这个大头针碰碰花疙瘩。你看见什么了？

15. 安娜：哎，真奇怪！

16. 父亲：怎么奇怪了？

17. 安娜：我一碰，它就绽开了。就像施了魔法一般，一小团云雾升了起来，四根小小的根茎弹出来，仿佛它们活起来了。现在我用放大镜看，看见一个优雅的小花朵，像百合花一样完美漂亮。

18. 父亲：嗯，你现在仔细看看叶子。

19. 安娜：哦，我看见叶子上覆盖着一层细小的硬毛，用放大镜看的话，我能看见一个小包，好像装满了水，就在细毛底部呢。哈，刚才就是这些东西蜇了我。

20. 父亲：那你用大头针的针尖碰一下那些小包。

21. 安娜：当我挤压它时，里面的汁液就挤出来了，从顶部的小孔流出来。所以我猜这些小刺里面肯定是空心的，不过比我的麻纱针的针头还要锋利呢。

22. 父亲：所有的叶子都有这样的刺吗？

23. 安娜：不是的，爸爸，有的嫩叶又绿又软，就像天鹅绒一样，估计我碰这些叶子也不会有事的。

24. 父亲：看看枝干，能不能弄断？

25. 安娜：我很容易就弄折了，可是没办法弄断，外皮太坚韧了，连在一起弄不开。

26. 父亲：看吧，现在是不是发现荨麻有好多奇妙的地方是以前没想到的？

27. 安娜：是的，确实，我发现了。但是，您以前总和我说，上

帝造的每一件东西都是有用的，可我看不出这些东西有什么用。

28．父亲：这就是我们现在要说的。你刚才看见小花瓣绽放，一片云朵升起来，你说就像施了魔法一样。所有这些都是植物自然生长所必需的。世界上有千万种植物，上帝以他的智慧，把这些植物造得各自不同。我们现在看看长在马路对面的另外一种荨麻，你会发现这和你刚才看到的又不一样。

29．安娜：真的不一样啊，爸爸。这棵荨麻没有花，而是长着扁扁的种子。

30．父亲：很对，亲爱的，这些种子要生长，这棵荨麻的花朵和那棵荨麻的种子必须结合起来，就像其他植物一样。但是，植物不会像动物一样行走移动。因此，上帝用他的智慧，提供了一种补救的方式。小花朵绽放的时候释放出精细的粉末，也就是你看到像云雾一样的东西，它们随着空气传递到其他植物上，落到那棵荨麻的种子上时，种子就获得了生长的力量，使其成为饱满的种子。种子一旦掉在地上，就会长成一棵新的荨麻。如果没有这样的粉末，那些种子就无法变得饱满和完整。

31．安娜：这可真奇妙。我现在知道小云团和小花有什么用了。但是，蜇了我的叶子，又有什么用呢？亲爱的爸爸，恐怕这个要难住你了吧。

32．父亲：那些小刺对人类都是有用的。在一些国家，穷人们生病时不用药，而是用荨麻叶子的刺来治病。那些不带刺的叶子可以当食物，还有人从荨麻枝干得到纤维质的茎皮，用来制作亚麻。你看，即使是最不起眼的荨麻都不是一无是处的。这一课可以告诉我们，我们只需要理解上帝所创造的一切，看“他是如何用善意和智慧创造了一切”。

-
- (1) Magnifying glass, *an instrument used to make objects appear larger.*
 - (2) Enchantment, *magic art, witch-craft.*
 - (3) Asunder, *apart, into parts.*
 - (4) Remedy, *that which removes an evil.*
 - (5) Conveyed, *carried.*
 - (6) Stringy, *full of strings.*

LESSON 45 THE TEMPEST

暴风雨

By James T. Fields (born 1817, died 1881), who was born at Portsmouth, N. H. He was a poet, and the author, also, of some well known prose works. Of these, his "Yesterdays with Authors" is the most noted.

1 . We were crowded in the cabin;

Not a soul would dare to sleep:

It was midnight on the waters,

And a storm was on the deep ⁽¹⁾ .

2 . 'T is a fearful thing in winter

To be shattered by the blast ⁽²⁾ ,

And to hear the rattling trumpet

Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

3 . So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers (3) threatened death.

4 . And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

5 . But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

6 . Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer (4) ;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

【中文阅读】

作者詹姆斯·T·菲尔德（1817～1881），生于新罕布什尔州的朴茨茅斯。他是诗人，同时著有一些著名的散文作品。在他所有作品中，《与作者们在一起的往昔》最为著名。

1．我们挤在船舱里，

没有一个人敢睡去：

那是海上的午夜，

海上风暴正起。

2．在海上被暴风雨打击，

这是多么恐怖的事。

听到吓人的怒吼，

雷声，“切断桅杆！”

3．我们在沉默中瑟瑟发抖，

连最强壮的人也屏住了呼吸，

饥饿的大海咆哮着，

浪花击打岩石发出死亡的威胁。

4 . 就这样，我们坐在黑暗里，
每个人都忙着祷告，
“我们迷路了！”船长喊道，
从扶梯上跌跌撞撞地跑下来。

5 . 但他的小女儿拉起他冰冷的手，
对他轻声细语：
“难道上帝不是像在陆地上一样，
也会在海上吗？”

6 . 我们亲吻了小女孩，
说话的语气也变得振作起来，
最终我们安全停靠在港口，
迎来早晨明媚的曙光。

(1) Deep, *the ocean*.

(2) Blast, *tempest*.

(3) Breakers, *waves of the sea broken by rocks*.

(4) Cheer, *state of mind*.

LESSON 46 THE CREATOR

造物主

The poetry at the close of this selection is by John Keble, a celebrated English clergyman, born in 1792. He held for some years the professorship of Poetry at Oxford University. He died in 1866.

1 . Come, and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose fully blown (1) . See how she sits upon her mossy stem, the queen of flowers. Her leaves glow like fire. The air is filled with her sweet odor (2) . She is the delight of every eye.

2 . But there is one fairer than the rose. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose. He is altogether lovely. He is the delight of every heart.

3 . I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong. When he raiseth himself up from his lair (3) , when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert (4) hide themselves; for he is terrible.

4 . But He who made the lion is stronger than the lion. He can do all things. He gave us life, and in a moment can take it away, and no one can save us from his hand.

5 . I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on his throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over the earth, he is the most glorious and excellent (5) object the eye can behold.

6 . But He who made the sun is more glorious than the sun. The eye cannot look on his dazzling (6) brightness. He seeth all dark places, by night as well as by day. The light of his countenance is over all the world.

7 . This great Being is God. He made all things, but He is more excellent than all that He has made. He is the Creator, they are the creatures. They may be beautiful, but He is Beauty. They may be strong, but He is Strength. They may be perfect, but He is Perfection (7) .

8 . There is a book, who runs may read,

Which heavenly truth imparts (8) ,

And all the lore (9) its scholars need—

Pure eyes and loving hearts.

9 . The works of God, above, below,

Within us, and around,

Are pages in that book, to show

How God himself is found.

10 . The glorious sky, embracing all,

Is like the Father's love;

Wherewith encompassed (10) , great and small

In peace and order move.

11 . Thou who hast given me eyes to see

And love this sight so fair,

Give me a heart to find out Thee

And read Thee everywhere.

EXERCISES.—What is described as beautiful? As strong? As glorious? Who is more beautiful than the rose, stronger than the lion, and more glorious than the sun? What is the book which we may all read? What should it teach us?

【中文阅读】

本篇结尾处诗歌的作者是约翰·基布尔，英国知名的牧师，生于1792年。他曾多年在牛津大学任诗歌教授。于1866年去世。

1 . 来吧，我来告诉你们美丽是什么。是完全绽放的玫瑰花。看

花仙子坐在长着青苔的枝干上，树叶闪耀似火。空气中充满着她香甜的气息。她给每个人带来欢乐。

2. 但还有比玫瑰花更美的。创造玫瑰花的造物主比玫瑰花还要美。他是可爱的。他让每一颗心感到欢乐。

3. 我来告诉你强壮是什么。狮子很强壮。当狮子从巢穴起身，它晃动着自己的鬃毛，咆哮着让所有人都能听到，田野里的牛群四散奔逃，沙漠里的野兽慌忙躲藏，因为狮子令人害怕。

4. 但创造狮子的造物主，他比狮子还强壮。他无所不能。他给了我们生命，也能在转瞬间将它夺走。没有人能从他的手中拯救我们。

5. 我来告诉你辉煌是什么。太阳是辉煌的。太阳在晴朗的天空照耀大地，它坐在天空的太阳宝座上，俯瞰大地，能看到我们眼睛中的一切，它是最为辉煌壮丽的。

6. 但创造太阳的造物主，他比太阳还辉煌。肉眼都无法直视他耀眼的光芒。他可以看到一切黑暗的地方，无论黑夜白天。他脸上的光辉洒满整个世界。

7. 这个伟大的存在就是上帝。他创造了一切，但他比他创造的一切都要伟大。他是造物主，一切都是他所创造的。所造之物可能很漂亮，但造物主才是美。所造之物可能很强壮，但他是力量。所造之物可能很完美，但他才是圆满。

8. 有一本书，人人能读，

传播神圣的真理，

学习这本书的人只需要——

纯净的双眼和慈爱之心。

9. 上帝的杰作，

在我们心里，我们周围，

在那本书里，写着

上帝是怎么发现自己。

10. 耀眼的天空，拥抱一切，

这就像上帝的爱，

环绕一切，大大小小，

和平而又有序地运动着。

11. 是你给了我双眼让我看到一切，

我当然地爱上了这景象，

是你赋予我心灵，

让我在任何地方都能读懂你。

(1) Blown, blossomed, bloomed.

(2) Odor, smell, scent.

- (3) Lair, *bed of a wild beast.*
- (4) Desert, *a wilderness, a place where no one lives.*
- (5) Excellent, *surpassing others in worth, superior.*
- (6) Dazzling, *overpowering with light.*
- (7) Perfection, *the state of being perfect, so that nothing is wanting.*
- (8) Imparts, *makes known.*
- (9) Lore, *learning.*
- (10) Encompassed, *surrounded.*

LESSON 47 THE HORSE



1 . *Uncle Thomas*. Well, boys, I am glad to see you again. Since I last saw you I have made quite a tour, and at some future time will describe to you what I have seen. I promised at this meeting, however, to tell you something about animals, and I propose to begin with the horse. But I know that you like stories better than lecturing, so I will proceed at once to tell you some which I have gathered for you.

2 . *Frank*. We never feel tired of listening to you, Uncle Thomas. We know you always have something curious to tell us.



3 . *Uncle Thomas*. Well then, Frank, to begin at once with the horse.

4 . In several parts of the world there are to be found large herds of wild horses. In South America the immense (1) plains are inhabited (2) by them, and it is said that ten thousand are sometimes found in a single herd. These herds are always preceded by a leader, who directs their motions; and such is the regularity with which they perform their movements, that it seems as if they could hardly be surpassed by the best trained cavalry (3) .

5 . It is extremely dangerous for travelers to meet a herd of this description. When they are unaccustomed to the sight of such a

mass of creatures, they can not help feeling greatly alarmed at their rapid and apparently irresistible approach. The trampling of the animals sounds like distant thunder; and such is the rapidity and impetuosity ⁽⁴⁾ of their advance, that it seems to threaten instant destruction.

6 . Sometimes, however, they suddenly stop short, utter a loud and piercing neigh, and, with a rapid wheel, take an opposite course, and altogether disappear. On such occasions it requires great care in the traveler to prevent his horses from breaking loose and escaping with the wild herd.

7 . In those countries where wild horses are so plentiful, the inhabitants do not take the trouble to raise others, but whenever they want one they mount upon an animal accustomed to the sport, and gallop over the plain toward a herd, which is readily found at no great distance.

8 . The rider gradually approaches some stragglers from the main body, and, having selected the one he wishes, he dexterously ⁽⁵⁾ throws the lasso (which is a long rope with a running noose, and is firmly fixed to his saddle) either over the wild horse's head or in such a manner as to entangle his hind legs; and by the sudden checking of his own horse, he throws the captured animal over on its side.

9 . In an instant he jumps off his horse, wraps his cloak round the head of the captive, forces a bit into his mouth, and straps a saddle on his back. He then removes the cloak, and the animal starts to his feet. With equal quickness the hunter leaps into his saddle; and, in spite of the kicking of the captive, keeps his seat, till,

being wearied out with his efforts, the horse submits to the guidance of his new master, and is reduced (6) to complete obedience.

10 . *Frank*. But, Uncle Thomas, are all horses originally (7) wild? I have heard that Arabia is famous for raising horses.

11 . *Uncle Thomas*. Arabia has, for a long time, been noted for the beauty and speed of its horses. It is not strange, however, that the Arabian horse should be the most excellent, when we consider the care and kindness with which it is treated. One of the best stories which I have ever heard of the love of an Arabian for his steed, is that related of an Arab, from whom an English officer wished to purchase his horse.

12 . The animal was a bright bay mare, of fine form and great beauty; and the owner, proud of her appearance and qualities, paraded (8) her before the Englishman's tent until she attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her, "What will you give me?" was the reply. "That depends upon her age. I suppose she is past five?" "Guess again," said he. "Four?" "Look at her mouth," said the Arab, with a smile. On examination she was found to be about three. This, from her size and symmetry (9) , greatly increased her value.

13 . The gentleman said, "I will give you eighty tomans (10) ," (nearly two hundred and fifty dollars). "A little more, if you please," said the fellow, somewhat entertained. "Ninety—a hundred." He shook his head and smiled. The officer at last came to three hundred tomans, (nearly one thousand dollars). "Well," said the Arab, "you need not tempt me further. You are a rich nobleman,

and, I am told, have loads of silver and gold. Now," added he, "you want my mare, but you shall not have her for all you have got." He put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of the reach of temptation.

14 . The horse can swim, when necessary, as well as most other animals, although he is not very fond of the water. Some years ago a vessel was driven upon the rocks, on the coast of the Cape of Good Hope, and most of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves. Those who were left were seen from the shore, clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran so high that no boat could venture off to their assistance.

15 . Meanwhile, a planter had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck. His heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and, knowing the bold spirit of his horse and his excellence as a swimmer, he determined to make a desperate (11) effort for their deliverance (12) . Having blown a little Brandy into his horse's nostrils, he pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both horse and rider disappeared, but it was not long before they floated to the surface, and swam up to the wreck; when, taking two men with him, each of whom held on by one of his boots, the planter brought them safe to shore.

16 . This was repeated no less than seven times, and he saved fourteen lives; but on his return the eighth time, being much fatigued, and meeting a tremendous wave, he lost his balance and sank in a moment. His horse swam safely to land, but its gallant (13) rider sank, to rise no more.

EXERCISES.—Where are wild horses found? How are they taken?

For what purpose are they taken? In what country are the finest horses raised? Why are the horses so excellent there? Are not animals always made better by kind treatment? Why would not the Arab sell his horse? Relate the anecdote of the planter and the shipwrecked seamen.

【中文阅读】

1. 托马斯叔叔：嘿，孩子们，很高兴又见到你们。上次见到你们之后，我出去旅游了一段时间，以后有机会给你们讲讲我都看到了什么。不过我答应过你们这次要讲讲动物的事，我建议先从马开始讲起。我知道你们喜欢听故事，不喜欢听课，所以我现在就给你们讲讲我收集的关于马的故事。

2. 弗兰克：托马斯叔叔，听您讲课我们永远不觉得烦。我们知道您总有好玩的讲给我们。

3. 托马斯叔叔：那好吧，弗兰克，我们开始讲马的故事了。

4. 世界上许多地区可以发现大群的野马。在南美洲一望无际的大草原上就有野马，据说有时一个马群里有上万匹野马。野马群由一匹领头的马带队，引导马群行进的方向，这也是它们迁徙的规律，即使训练有素的骑兵也不能超越他们。

5. 对于旅行者来说，遇见这样的马群是极其危险的。由于他们对于这样一大群动物非常不熟悉，他们看到马群如此快速、无法抗拒地奔跑，不禁会感到恐惧。马群的马蹄声听起来就像远处的雷声，那是它们飞快且疾速前进的声音，似乎带来瞬间毁灭的危险。

6. 然而，有时候，马群会突然停下来，发出巨大且穿透力极强的嘶叫声，然后迅速向另一个方向行进，瞬间一起消失不见。这种情况下，旅行者要非常小心，避免自己的马挣脱随着野马群一起跑掉。

7. 在野马数量很多的国家，当地人不必费力去饲养马。当他们需要一匹马时，会骑上一匹善于奔跑的马，奔向草原寻找马群，不远处就能发现一群野马。

8. 骑马的人渐渐接近一些离群的马，选中想要的马匹之后，他会娴熟地抛出一个套索（就是一条长绳子，一端系着活扣，另一端紧紧系在他的马鞍上），套索或是套在野马的头上，或是缠住它的后腿，然后突然停住自己的马，野马就被拽倒在地上。

9. 他从自己马背跳下来，用斗篷缠住被捕马匹的头，把一边塞在马嘴里，再在马背上系上马鞍。然后，他把斗篷取下来，这野马就开始走动起来。猎人非常快速地跳上马背，尽管被捕到的马会不停地踢来踢去，他坐在马背上，直到这匹马用尽力气，终于听从新主人的指挥，变得完全顺从。

10. 弗兰克：可是，托马斯叔叔，所有的马最初都是野马吗？我听说阿拉伯人以驯马而闻名。

11. 托马斯叔叔：阿拉伯的确一直以马匹的健美和速度而闻名于世。不过，想想那里的马得到的用心照料，阿拉伯马匹成为最优秀的品种就一点都不奇怪了。我听到的关于阿拉伯人爱马的故事里最好的一个，是一名英国军官想从一个阿拉伯人那里买他的马。

12. 那是一匹亮红棕色的母马，体格健硕，非常漂亮。马的主人为她的外表和体格感到非常自豪，骑着它在英国人的帐篷前炫耀，最终吸引了英国人的注意力。英国人问他是否愿意把马卖给他。他回答说：“你会给我什么呢？”“这就要看马的年纪了。我觉得她已经五岁多了。”“再猜。”“四岁？”“看看她的嘴，”阿拉伯人笑着说。仔细看了之后，发现这匹马大约三岁。从她的体型大小和体格匀称程度来看，这样的年纪无疑大大抬高了她的价值。

13. 英国人说：“我给你80托曼（大约是250美元）。”“如果可以

的话，再加一些。”阿拉伯人很高兴。“90到100。”他只是摇头微笑。英国人最后出价到了300托曼（约合1000美元）。阿拉伯人说：“好吧，不要再用高价来诱惑我了。我听说你是很富有的贵族，有成箱成箱的金银财宝，”他接着说，“你想要我的马，可是你又不愿意用你所有的钱来换它。”他用靴子上的马刺轻踢了下马的腹部，迅速远离了这个充满诱惑的地方。

14. 虽然马不太喜欢水，不过在情况需要的时候，马也会像其他动物一样游泳。很多年以前，一艘船撞到好望角海岸的礁石上，大部分船员落水并有被海浪吞噬的危险。从海岸上能够看见没被海浪冲走的船员，他们抓着船只的残骸浮在水上。海浪很高，没有船敢冒险出海营救他们。

15. 这时，一个庄稼汉从农场回来，正好看见了船只遇险。看见船员遇难，他心急如焚。他知道他的马非常勇敢，而他自己也善于游泳，于是他决定不顾一切去拯救船员们。他往马的鼻孔里擦了些白兰地酒，然后牵着马儿冲进了海浪里。最开始马和骑手都消失了，但不久就浮到了海面上，朝着船的残骸游过去。他们救起两个船员，让他们一人抓着骑手的一只靴子，就这样把他们安全地救回岸上。

16. 这样的过程他们重复了不下七次，救了14条命。他们第八次返回的时候，由于疲惫过度，又遇上一个巨浪，他失去了平衡，顷刻间沉了下去。他的马安全游回了陆地，而这勇敢的主人却沉到了水里，再也没有上来。

(1) Immense, very large.

(2) Inhabited, occupied as a home.

(3) Cavalry, a body of military troops on horses.

(4) Impetuosity, fury, violence.

- (5) Dexterously, *skillfully*.
- (6) Reduced, *brought into*.
- (7) Originally, *at first*.
- (8) Paraded, *showed off*.
- (9) Symmetry, *a proper proportion of the several parts*.
- (10) Toman, *a Persian coin valued at about three dollars*.
- (11) Desperate, *without care of safety*.
- (12) Deliverance, *release from danger*.
- (13) Gallant, *brave, heroic*.

LESSON 48 EMULATION (1)

竞争

1 . Frank's father was speaking to a friend, one day, on the subject of competition (2) at school. He said that he could answer for it that envy is not always connected with it.

2 . He had been excelled (3) by many, but did not recollect ever having felt envious of his successful rivals (4) ; "nor did my winning many a prize from my friend Birch," said he, "ever lessen his friendship for me."

3 . In support of the truth of this, a friend who was present related an anecdote (5) which had fallen under his own notice in a school in his neighborhood.

4 . At this school the sons of several wealthy farmers, and others, who were poorer, received instruction. Frank listened with great attention while the gentleman gave the following account of the two rivals:

5 . It happened that the son of a rich farmer and the son of a poor widow came in competition for the head of their class. They were so nearly equal that the teacher could scarcely decide between them; some days one, and some days the other, gained the head of the class. It was determined by seeing who should be at the head of

the class for the greater number of days in the week.

6 . The widow's son, by the last day's trial, gained the victory, and kept his place the following week, till the school was dismissed for the holidays.

7 . When they met again the widow's son did not appear, and the farmer's son, being next to him, might now have been at the head of his class. Instead of seizing the vacant place, however, he went to the widow's house to inquire what could be the cause of her son's absence.

8 . Poverty was the cause; the poor woman found that she was not able, with her utmost efforts, to continue to pay for the tuition (6) and books of her son, and so he, poor fellow! had been compelled to give up his schooling, and to return to labor for her support.

9 . The farmer's son, out of the allowance of pocket money which his father gave him, bought all the necessary books and paid for the tuition of his rival. He also permitted him to be brought back again to the head of his class, where he continued for some time, at the expense of his generous rival.

EXERCISES.—What is the subject of this lesson? What do you mean by emulation? What is envy? What story is told about the two rivals? Is it right to envy any person?

【中文阅读】

1. 一天，弗兰克的父亲在和一位朋友谈论学校里竞争的话题。他说他敢负责任地说，嫉妒并不总是和竞争联系在一起。

2. 很多人都比他优秀，但他对于他的那些成功的竞争对手并不感到嫉妒，他说：“我从我的朋友波奇那里赢过很多次，但丝毫没有减弱我和他的友谊。”

3. 为了支持这个观点，在场的一位朋友讲述了一个故事，故事很短，就发生在他家社区的学校里。

4. 在这所学校，富有的农场主的儿子和其他穷人的孩子一起接受教育。这位绅士讲这个故事的时候，弗兰克听得很仔细：

5. 事情很碰巧，一个富农的儿子和一个穷寡妇的儿子一起竞选班长。他们的成绩不分伯仲，老师都无法决定选哪个。有时其中一个人的成绩是全班最好的，也有时是另外一个人成绩最好。最后决定，他们两人在一周内，谁的成绩好的时间长，就由谁当班长。

6. 寡妇的儿子在最后一天赢得了胜利，在接下来的一周里也保持着首位，直到学校放假。

7. 开学的时候，寡妇的儿子没来上学。因为富农的儿子成绩仅次于寡妇的儿子，可以成为班上的班长了。不过，他并没有趁机抢占这个空位置，而是到寡妇家询问她儿子没去上学的原因。

8. 原因是贫穷。这个可怜的女人发现她尽了最大努力依然没办法继续支付儿子的学费和书本费。可怜的家伙！所以，不得不放弃学业，辍学回家，帮助妈妈干农活。

9. 富农的儿子拿出父亲给他的零花钱，给他的对手买了所需的书本，还支付了学费。他还允许他再次回到班里继续当班长。寡妇的儿子继续做回班长的位置，而学费却是他慷慨的对手提供的。

-
- (1) Emulation, *rivalry, contest.*
 - (2) Competition, *rivalry.*
 - (3) Excelled, *surpassed, exceeded in good qualities.*
 - (4) Rivals, *those who pursue the same thing.*
 - (5) Anecdote, *a short story.*
 - (6) Tuition, *payment for teaching.*

LESSON 49 THE SANDPIPER

矶鹬

1 . Across the lonely beach we flit,

One little sandpiper (1) and I,

And fast I gather, bit by bit,

The scattered driftwood (2) , bleached (3) and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,

The wild wind raves, the tide (4) runs high,

As up and down the beach we flit,

One little sandpiper and I.

2 . Above our heads the sullen clouds

Scud (5) , black and swift, across the sky;

Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds (6)

Stand out the white lighthouses high.

Almost as far as eye can reach

I see the close-reefed (7) vessels fly,
As fast we flit across the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

3 . I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful (8) song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery (9) .
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans (10) me with a fearless eye;
Stanch (11) friends are we, well-tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

4 . Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth (12)
The tempest rushes through the sky;

For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

(Celia Thaxter)



【中文阅读】

1. 我们掠过荒凉的海滩，
我和一只小矶鹬，
一点一点，我们很快地，
拾捡海浪吹来的木屑，又白又干。
野蛮的海浪冲过来要抓住它，
狂风咆哮着，海潮高高涌起，
我们在海滩来来往往走着，
我和一只小矶鹬。

2. 我们的头顶乌云密布，

阴暗而迅速，划过天空；

就像朦胧雾色中沉默的幽灵，

高高的白色灯塔凸现出来。

几乎在眼睛能看到的最远的地方，

我看到收起帆的船只在飞翔，

像我们掠过海滩一样快，

一只小矶鹬和我。

3. 我看着它跳来跳去，

叫声甜蜜又哀伤；

它不是从我千变万化的歌声开始，

也不是飘飘帷幕的闪光。

它不知道发生了什么，

它上下打量着我，眼神毫无畏惧；

我们是亲密的朋友，经过考验，无比坚强，

我和一只小矶鹬。

4. 亲爱的伙伴，当暴风雨肆虐着来到，

今晚你会在哪里度过？

我捡的浮木将会燃烧得很亮！

你会飞到那个温暖的港湾？

我并不为你担心，尽管汹涌的风暴

怒吼着，冲向天空；

难道我们不是上帝的孩子？

你，小矶鹬和我。

（西莉亚·撒克斯特）

-
- (1) Sandpiper, *a bird of the snipe family, found along the seacoast.*
 - (2) Driftwood, *wood tossed on shore by the waves.*
 - (3) Bleached, *whitened.*
 - (4) Tide, *the regular rise and fall of the ocean which occurs twice in a little over twenty-four hours.*
 - (5) Scud, *fly hastily.*
 - (6) Shrouds, *Winding sheets, dresses of the dead.*
 - (7) Close-reefed, *with sails contracted as much as possible.*
 - (8) Fitful, *irregularly variable.*
 - (9) Drapery, *garments.*
 - (10) Scans, *looks at carefully.*
 - (11) Stanch, *firm.*
 - (12) Wroth, *angry.*

LESSON 50 THE RIGHT WAY

正确的方法

Adapted from a story by Frank R. Stockton. He was born at Philadelphia, April 5, 1834, and when quite a young boy used to write stories for his own pleasure. He was once a designer and engraver on wood, and afterwards an editor; but he now devotes himself entirely to writing, not only for young but also for grown people.

1 . "O Andy!" said little Jenny Murdock, "I'm so glad you came along this way. I can't get over."

2 . "Can't get over?" said Andrew. "Why what's the matter?"

3 . "The bridge is gone," said Jenny. "When I came across after breakfast it was there, and now it's over on the other side, and how can I get back home?"

4 . "Why, so it is," said Andrew. "It was all right when I came over a little while ago, but old Donald pulls it on the other side every morning after he has driven his cows across, and I don't think he has any right to do it. I suppose he thinks the bridge was made for him and his cows."

5 . "Now I must go down to the big bridge, Andy, and I want you to go with me. I'm afraid to go through all those dark woods by myself," said Jenny.

6 . "But I can't go, Jenny," said Andrew, "it's nearly school time now."

7 . Andrew was a Scotch boy, and a fine fellow. He was next to the head of his school, and he was as good at play as he was at his book.

8 . Jenny Murdock, his most particular (1) friend, was a little girl who lived very near Andrew's home. She had no brothers or sisters, but Andrew had always been as good as a brother to her; and, therefore, when she stood by the water's edge that morning, just ready to burst into tears, she thought all her troubles over when she saw Andrew coming along the road.

9 . He had always helped her out of her troubles before, and she saw no reason why he should not do it now. She had crossed the creek in search of wild flowers, and when she wished to return had found the bridge removed, as Andrew supposed, by old Donald McKensie, who pastured his cows on this side of the creek.

10 . This stream was not very wide, nor very deep at its edges, but the center it was four or five feet deep; and in the spring the water ran very swiftly, so that wading across it, either by cattle or men, was quite a difficult undertaking. As for Jenny, she could not get across at all without a bridge, and there was none nearer than the wagon bridge, a mile and a half below.

11 . "You will go with me, Andy, won't you?" said the little girl.

12 . "And be late to school?" said he. "I have not been late yet, you know, Jenny."

13 . "Perhaps Dominie (2) Black will think you have been sick or had to mind the cows," said Jenny.

14 . "He won't think so unless I tell him," said Andrew, "and you know I won't do that."

15 . "If we were to run all the way, would you be too late?" said Jenny.

16 . "If we were to run all the way to the bridge, and I were to run all the way back, I should not get to school till after copy time. I expect every minute to hear the school bell ring," said Andrew.

17 . "But what can I do, then?" said poor little Jenny. "I can't wait here till school's out, and I don't want to go up to the schoolhouse, for all the boys to laugh at me."

18 . "No," said Andrew, reflecting (3) very seriously, "I must take you home some way or other. It won't do to leave you here, and, no matter where you might stay, your mother would be very much troubled about you."

19 . "Yes," said Jenny, "she would think I was drowned."

20 . Time pressed, and Jenny's countenance became more and more overcast (4) , but Andrew could think of no way in which he could take the little girl home without being late and losing his standing in the school.

21 . It was impossible to get her across the stream at any place

nearer than the "big bridge;" he would not take her that way, and make up a false story to account (5) for his lateness at school, and he could not leave her alone or take her with him.

22 . What was to be done? While several absurd and impracticable (6) plans were passing through his brain, the school bell began to ring, and he must start immediately to reach the schoolhouse in time.

23 . And now his anxiety (7) and perplexity became more intense than ever; and Jenny, looking up into his troubled countenance, began to cry.

24 . Andrew, who had never before failed to be at the school door before the first tap of the bell, began to despair. Was there nothing to be done?

25 . Yes! a happy thought passed through his mind. How strange that he should not have thought of it before! He would ask Dominie Black to let him take Jenny home. What could be more sensible and straightforward than such a plan?

26 . Of course, the good old schoolmaster gave Andrew the desired permission, and everything ended happily. But the best thing about the whole affair was the lesson that the young Scotch boy learned that day.

27 . The lesson was this: when we are puzzling our brains with plans to help ourselves out of trouble, let us always stop a moment in our planning, and try to think if there is not some simple way out of the difficulty, which shall be in every respect perfectly right. If we do this, we shall probably find a way more easy and satisfactory

than any which we can devise (8) .

EXERCISES.—Why could not Jenny cross the stream? Whom did she ask to help her? What can you tell about Andrew? Who was Jenny Murdock? What did Jenny wish Andrew to do? Why could he not go with her? Would it have been right for Andrew to have told an untruth even to help Jenny out of trouble? What did he finally do? What does this lesson teach us to do in case of trouble?

【中文阅读】

本文节选自弗兰克·R·斯托克顿所创作的故事。弗兰克·R·斯托克顿1834年4月5日出生在费城，很小的时候他就开始以创作为乐趣。他曾经是木材设计师和雕刻师，还做过编辑，之后他全心投入写作，不仅为儿童写作，也为成人写作。

1.“哦，安迪！”小姑娘珍妮·默多克说，“真高兴你从这边路过，我过不去了。”

2.“过不去了？”安德鲁说，“怎么回事啊？”

3.珍妮说：“桥不见了。早餐后我过来时桥还在呢，现在桥在另外一边了，我怎么回家啊？”

4.“哦，原来是这样，”安德鲁说，“我刚才过来的时候也还是好的。可是老唐纳德每天早上把牛赶过去之后，他就把桥拽到另一边。我觉得他没有权利这么做。估计他觉得这桥就是为他和他们家牛修的。”

5.“我现在必须得去大桥那儿，安德鲁，我想让你和我一起去。我害怕一个人穿过那片黑暗的树林。”珍妮说。

6. 安德鲁说：“但是，我不能去，珍妮。马上就要上课。”

7. 安德鲁是个苏格兰男孩，一个好学生。他几乎是学校属一属二的尖子生，玩和学习都很好。

8. 珍妮·默多克是他最特别的朋友，这个小女孩住在安德鲁家附近。她没有兄弟姐妹，不过安德鲁对她就像哥哥对妹妹一样好。所以，那天早晨她站在河边刚要大哭时，一看见安德鲁从路那边过来，她觉得一切麻烦都会解决的。

9. 安德鲁以前总是能帮她解决各种困难，所以她觉得他现在没有理由不帮助她。她刚才到河这边来摘野花，想要回去的时候，发现桥被移走了。安德鲁猜对了，是老唐纳德·麦肯锡移走的，他在河的另一边放牛呢。

10. 这条河并不宽，河岸也不深，但河中间有四五英尺深，春天水流非常急，要趟水过河，无论是人还是牛，都是很难的。对于珍妮而言，没有桥她根本就过不去，最近的货运桥在一英里半的下游。

11. 小女孩说：“你会和我去的，是吧安德鲁？”

12. 男孩说：“和你去，然后迟到吗？珍妮，你知道我从来没有迟到过的。”

13. “也许布莱克老师会认为你生病了，或者在家照顾奶牛呢。”珍妮说。

14. 安德鲁说：“除非我亲自跟他说，不然他不会这么想的，你知道我不会这么做的。”

15.“我们一直跑过去的话，你也会迟到吗？”珍妮问。

16.“如果我们一路跑到桥那边，然后我再跑回来，我到学校的时候就已经过了抄写时间了。我希望能听见学校的每一次铃声。”安德鲁说。

17.“那我怎么办啊？”可怜的小珍妮说，“我不能一直在这儿等到学校放学，我也不想到学校去，因为男孩子们都会取笑我的。”

18. 安德鲁很认真地想了想说：“不。我必须想办法把你送回家。把你丢在这儿可不行，无论你待在哪儿，你妈妈都会很担心的。”

19. 珍妮说：“是啊，她没准会觉得我被淹死了。”

20. 时间越来越紧迫，珍妮脸上的表情也越来越忧虑，但安德鲁还是想不出办法，既能让他把珍妮送回家，还不至于上课迟到，让他在学校的声誉扫地。

21. 除了“大桥”那里，没有更近的地方可以送她回家；而他又不愿意去那边把她送回家，然后编一个迟到的理由；他也不能把她留在这儿，或者带她去学校。

22. 该怎么办呢？正当几个荒唐不切实际的计划从他脑子里闪过的时候，学校的铃声响起来了，他必须立刻尽快到学校。

23. 现在他的焦虑和困窘比任何时候都更强烈，珍妮看着他脸上发愁的表情，开始哭了起来。

24. 安德鲁从来没有在第一遍铃响的时候还没到学校，这次他开始绝望了。实在没有办法了吗？

25. 有了！他突然想起一个两全其美的办法。真奇怪他刚才怎么

没想到呢！他可以到学校请求布莱克老师让他把珍妮送回家。还有什么比这更合理且更直接的方法吗？

26. 当然，善良的老教师允许了安德鲁这样做，一切得以完美地解决。但是，整件事最好的是这个小男孩学到了一课。

27. 这一课就是：当我们绞尽脑汁想办法帮助自己脱离困境的时候，让我们停下片刻，想一想是不是有什么简单、完美的脱离困境的方法。如果我们能够这样做，可能会找到比原先的任何计划都更简单易行、更令人满意的方法。

(1) Particular, *not ordinary, worthy of particular attention, chief.*

(2) Dominie, *the Scotch name for school-master.*

(3) Reflecting, *thinking earnestly.*

(4) Overcast, *covered with gloom.*

(5) Account, *to state the reasons.*

(6) Impracticable, *not possible.*

(7) Anxiety, *care, trouble of mind.*

(8) Devise, *plan, contrive.*

LESSON 51 THE GOLDEN RULE

黄金法则

1 . To act with integrity ⁽¹⁾ and good faith was such a habit with Susan that she had never before thought of examining the Golden Rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." But the longer she reflected upon it, the stronger was her conviction ⁽²⁾ that she did not always obey the precept; at length, she appealed ⁽³⁾ to her mother for its meaning.

2 . "It implies," said her mother, "in the first place, a total destruction of all selfishness: for a man who loves himself better than his neighbors, can never do to others as he would have others do to him. We are bound not only to do, but to feel, toward others as we would have others feel toward us. Remember, it is much easier to reprove the sin of others than to overcome temptation ⁽⁴⁾ when it assails ⁽⁵⁾ ourselves.

3 . "A man may be perfectly honest and yet very selfish; but the command implies something more than mere honesty; it requires charity as well as integrity. The meaning of the command is fully explained in the parable of the Good Samaritan. The Levite, who passed by the wounded man without offering him assistance, may

have been a man of great honesty; but he did not do unto the poor stranger as he would have wished others to do unto him."

4 . Susan pondered carefully and seriously on what her mother had said. When she thought over her past conduct, a blush of shame crept to her cheeks, and a look of sorrow into her eyes, as many little acts of selfishness and unkindness came back to her memory. She resolved that for the future, both in great things and small, she would remember and follow the Golden Rule.

5 . It was not long after this that an opportunity occurred of trying Susan's principles. One Saturday evening when she went, as usual, to farmer Thompson's inn, to receive the price of her mother's washing for the boarders, which amounted to five dollars, she found the farmer in the stable yard.

6 . He was apparently in a terrible rage with some horse dealers with whom he had been bargaining. He held in his hand an open pocketbook, full of bills; and scarcely noticing the child as she made her request, except to swear at her, as usual, for troubling him when he was busy, he handed her a bank note.

7 . Glad to escape so easily, Susan hurried out of the gate, and then, pausing to pin the money safely in the folds of her shawl, she discovered that he had given her two bills instead of one. She looked around; nobody was near to share her discovery; and her first impulse was joy at the unexpected prize.

8 . "It is mine, all mine," said she to herself; "I will buy mother a new cloak with it, and she can give her old one to sister Mary, and then Mary can go to the Sunday school with me next winter. I

wonder if it will not buy a pair of shoes for brother Tom, too."

9 . At that moment she remembered that he must have given it to her by mistake; and therefore she had no right to it. But again the voice of the tempter whispered, "He gave it, and how do you know that he did not intend to make you a present of it? Keep it; he will never know it, even if it should be a mistake; for he had too many such bills in that great pocketbook to miss one."

10 . While this conflict (6) was going on in her mind between good and evil, she was hurrying homeward as fast as possible. Yet, before she came in sight of her home, she had repeatedly balanced (7) the comforts which the money would buy against the sin of wronging her neighbor.

11 . As she crossed the little bridge over the narrow creek before her mother's door, her eye fell upon a rustic seat which they had occupied during the conversation I have before narrated. Instantly the words of Scripture, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," sounded in her ears like a trumpet.

12 . Turning suddenly round, as if flying from some unseen peril, the child hastened along the road with breathless speed until she found herself once more at farmer Thompson's gate. "What do you want now?" asked the gruff (8) old fellow, as he saw her again at his side.

13 . "Sir, you paid me two bills, instead of one," said she, trembling in every limb. "Two bills? did I? let me see; well, so I did; but did you just find it out? Why did you not bring it back sooner?"

Susan blushed and hung her head.

14 . "You wanted to keep it, I suppose," said he. "Well, I am glad your mother was more honest than you, or I should have been five dollars poorer and none the wiser." "My mother knows nothing about it, sir," said Susan; "I brought it back before I went home."

15 . The old man looked at the child, and, as he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks, he seemed touched by her distress. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a shilling and offered it to her.

16 . "No, sir, I thank you," sobbed she; "I do not want to be paid for doing right; I only wish you would not think me dishonest, for, indeed, it was a sore temptation. Oh! sir, if you had ever seen those you love best wanting the common comforts of life, you would know how hard it is for us always to do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

17 . The heart of the selfish man was touched. "There be things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise," murmured (9) he, as he bade the little girl good night, and entered his house a sadder, and, it is to be hoped, a better man. Susan returned to her humble home with a lightened (10) heart, and through the course of a long and useful life she never forgot her first temptation.

EXERCISES.—What is the Golden Rule? What does it imply? Can a man be perfectly honest and still not follow the Golden Rule? What parable is a perfect illustration of its meaning? How was Susan tempted? What did she first think of doing? What changed her intention? Relate

what happened when she returned the money. What effect did her action have?

【中文阅读】

1. 苏珊已经习惯于诚实、善良地对待一切，所以她从来没有想过这条黄金法则：“无论什么事，你想要他人如何对待你，你就要如何对待他人。”但是，她越是长时间地思考这句话，越觉得她没有遵从这个法则，最后，她询问她的母亲这句话是什么意思。

2. 她母亲说：“这句话的意思是，首先，彻底摧毁一切自私的心理：如果一个人爱自己胜过爱自己的邻居，就不会像自己希望别人对待他一样来对待别人。我们一定不只是去帮忙别人，还要去体会别人的感受，因为别人也会体会我们的感受。记住，人们总是更容易责难别人的错，更难抵挡自己所面临的诱惑。”

3. “一个人可能既是完全诚实的，同时又是非常自私的，这条法则需要比单纯诚实更深层次的东西，需要仁慈之心和为人正直。这个法则的意思在《好撒玛利亚人》的寓言里得到了很好的解释。利未人路过那个受伤的人而没有提供帮助，利未人可能是很诚实的一个人，但他没有做到对这个可怜的陌生人像他期望别人对待他一样。”

4. 苏珊认真严肃地思考着妈妈刚才说的话。当她想到自己过去的一些行为时，不禁有点羞愧得脸红了，眼里满是懊悔的神情，因为她回忆起自己做过的很多自私刻薄的事。她下定决心，今后无论是大事还是小事，都会谨记并遵从这条黄金法则。

5. 这件事过去没多久，一个考验苏珊的机会来了。一个周六的傍晚，她像往常一样去汤姆森农场主的旅店，去收取她母亲为店客们洗衣服应得的报酬，总额是5美元。她在马棚里看到了汤姆森。

6. 农场主看起来非常愤怒，他正和几个马贩子讨价还价呢。他手里拿着一个敞开的钱包，钱包里满满都是钱。他几乎都没注意苏珊跟他说的话，只是像以前一样骂她几句，嫌她在他忙碌的时候打扰他，然后随手给了苏珊一张纸币。

7. 苏珊很高兴能很快拿到钱，急忙出了门。随后，她停下脚步，准备将钱牢牢地别在围巾的夹层里。这时，她发现农场主给了她两张纸币，而不是一张。她环顾四周，没人发现她的秘密，她的第一反应是为意外之财感到高兴。

8. 她对自己说：“这是我的了，都是我的。我要用这钱给妈妈买个新斗篷，这样她可以把旧的送给妹妹玛丽，玛丽明年冬天就能和我一起去上主日学了。不知道还够不够给弟弟汤姆买一双鞋。”

9. 这时候，她意识到农场主可能不小心弄错了，所以她没权力留下。但是，诱惑的声音再次对她低语：“是他给你的，你怎么知道他不是打算给你一份礼物呢？留着吧，即使是他弄错了，他永远也不会知道这件事的，因为他的钱包里有那么多钱，丢一张也不会发现的。”

10. 在她脑子里，善与恶在不停地争斗，她还在快速地朝家的方向跑。但是，在她快要看到自家房子之前，她不断平衡着金钱能够给她带来的慰藉和自己对邻居的罪恶感。

11. 她家门前有条窄窄的小河，河上有座小桥，经过小桥的时候，她看到了上次和母亲谈话时坐着的旧椅子。突然之间，一个声音在她耳朵里像喇叭一样响亮地说：“无论什么事，你希望他人怎么对你，你就要怎样对待他人。”

12. 这孩子突然转过身来，就像逃离看不见的险境一样快，她上气不接下气地跑了回去，直到她发现自己又来到汤姆森家门前。看见她又回来了，坏脾气的汤姆森说：“你又来干什么？”

13. “先生，您给了我两张钞票，而不是一张，”苏珊浑身颤抖着说。“两张钞票？是这样吗？让我看看。哦，还真是。不过你刚发现吗？为什么不早点送回来？”苏珊脸红了，头也低了下来。

14. “我猜你本想自己留下的吧。”农场主说：“不过，我很高兴你的母亲比你诚实多了，不然我就少了5美元，我也算不得精明。”“我母亲什么也不知道，先生，”苏珊说，“我还没到家就把钱送回来了。”

15. 老人看了看这个孩子，他看见眼泪顺着她的脸颊流了下来，似乎被她的不幸打动了。他把手伸进口袋里，拿出1先令要给她。

16. “不用，先生，谢谢您，”她啜泣着说，“我不想因为做了正确的选择就接受您的钱。我只是希望您不要觉得我不诚实，因为，这毕竟是一个让人心动的诱惑。哦，先生，如果您看着您挚爱的人想要得到最平常的舒适生活，您会知道对于我们来说，对待他人，就像我们希望如何被对待一样，这是多么难的事。”

17. 这个自私的男人被打动了。他喃喃地说：“一些在世界上微不足道的事情，已经远远超出了精明的范畴。”他对小女孩说了晚安，难过地进了自己的房子，希望他以后会成为更善良的人。苏珊心情轻松地回到自己简陋的家。在人生漫长而有意义的过程中，她从来没有忘记自己面临的第一次诱惑。

(1) Integrity, honesty, uprightness.

(2) Conviction, strong belief.

(3) Appealed, referred to.

(4) Temptation, that which has a tendency to induce one to do wrong.

(5) Assails, attacks.

- (6) Conflict, *struggle*.
- (7) Balanced, *weighed, compared*.
- (8) Gruff, *rough*.
- (9) Murmured, *spoke in a low voice*.
- (10) Lightened, *made cheerful or lighter*.

LESSON 52 THE SNOW MAN

雪人

1 . Look! how the clouds are flying south!

The winds pipe (1) loud and shrill!

And high above the white drifts stands

The snow man on the hill.

2 . Blow, wild wind from the icy north!

Here's one who will not fear

To feel thy coldest touch, or shrink (2)

Thy loudest blast to hear.

3 . Proud triumph (3) of the schoolboy's skill!

Far rather would I be

A winter giant, ruling o'er

A frosty realm (4) , like thee,

4 . And stand amid the drifted snow,

Like thee, a thing apart,

Than be a man who walks with men,

But has a frozen heart!

(Marian Douglas)

EXERCISES.—With what is the snow man compared in this poem? What is meant by a man with "a frozen heart"? Do you think such a man would follow the Golden Rule?

【中文阅读】

1 . 瞧！云朵向南快速移动！

大风尖叫呼啸！

在白雪皑皑之上，

雪人站立在山巅。

2 . 吹啊，狂风从寒冷的北方吹来！

但雪人从不畏惧

去感受寒风最寒冷的触摸，
也不害怕听到寒风大声的呼啸。

3. 学生堆雪人的技巧让人称道！

但我更想做一个冬天的巨人，
像雪人一样，
控制一切寒冷之地。

4. 宁愿像雪人一样，

独立在冰雪中，
也不愿行走在人群中，
心却如此冷漠。

（玛丽安·道格拉斯）

(1) Pipe, *whistle*.

(2) Shrink, *to draw back on account of fear*.

(3) Triumph, *success causing exultation*.

(4) Realm, *the territory over which authority is used, dominion*.

LESSON 53 ROBINSON CRUSOE'S HOUSE

鲁滨逊·克鲁索的住所

Daniel DeFoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe" (from which these selections are adapted), was born in London, England, in 1661, and died in 1731. He wrote a number of books; but his "Robinson Crusoe" is the only one that attained great notoriety.

1 . I have already described my habitation ⁽¹⁾ , which was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale ⁽²⁾ of posts and cables ⁽³⁾ , but I might now rather call it a wall, for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turf ⁽⁴⁾ , about two feet thick on the outside; and, after some time (I think it was a year and a half) I raised rafters from it, leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees and such things as I could get to keep out the rain, which I found at some times of the year very violent.

2 . I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me; but I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which,

as they lay in no order, took up all my place, so that I had no room to turn myself. So I set to work to enlarge my cave and work farther into the earth; for it was a loose, sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labor I bestowed upon it.

3 . And so when I found that I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways into the rock; and then, turning to the right again, worked quite out, and made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification (5) . This gave me not only egress (6) and regress (7) , as it was a back way to my tent and to my storehouse, but gave me room to stow (8) my goods.

4 . And now I began to apply (9) myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world. I could not write or eat, or do several things with so much pleasure without a table.

5 . So I went to work. I had never handled a tool in my life; and yet in time by labor, application, and contrivance, I found that I wanted nothing but I could have made it, especially if I had had tools; however, I made abundance of things, even without tools, and some with no more tools than an adz and a hatchet, which perhaps were never made that way before, and that with infinite labor.

6 . For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it before me, and hew it flat on either side with my ax till I had brought it to be as thin as a plank, and then dub (10) it smooth with my adz.

7 . It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree; but this I had no remedy for but patience, any more than I had for the prodigious (11) deal (12) of time and labor which it took me to make a plank or board; but my time or labor was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.

8 . However, I made me a table and a chair, as I observed above; and this I did out of the short pieces of boards which I brought on my raft from the ship; but when I had wrought out some boards, as above, I made large shelves, of the breadth of a foot and a half, one over another, all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and ironwork on, and, in a word, to separate everything at large in their places, that I might come easily at them.

9 . I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock to hang my guns and all things that would hang up. So that, had my cave been seen, it would have looked like a general magazine (13) of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessaries so great.

EXERCISES.—How did Robinson Crusoe make a house? Of what did he make a chair and table? How did he obtain boards? What does this lesson teach us in regard to perseverance?

【中文阅读】

本文节选自《鲁滨逊漂流记》，作者丹尼尔·笛福，1661年出生在英国伦敦，1731年去世。他写了很多本书，但《鲁滨逊漂流记》最

为著名。

1. 我前面已描述过自己的住所。那是一个搭在山岩下的帐篷，四周用木桩和缆索做成坚固的木栅环绕着。现在，我可以把木栅叫作围墙，因为我在木栅外面用草皮堆成了一道两英尺厚的墙，过了一段时间（我估计大约一年半左右），我在围墙和岩壁之间搭了一些屋椽，上面盖些树枝或其他可以弄到的东西用来挡雨。我发现，一年之中总有一段时间雨水强烈。

2. 前面我也说过，我把一切东西都搬进了这个围墙，搬进了在后面的山洞。现在我必须补充说一下，起初那些东西都杂乱无章地堆在那里，占了我所有的空间，弄得我连转身的余地都没有。于是，我开始扩大并挖深山洞。好在岩石的质地是一种很松的沙石，我挖起来很容易。

3. 当我觉得围墙已经加固到能够抵御猛兽的袭击之后，我向岩壁旁边挖去，然后再向右挖，一直挖到外面。很快弄好了，这样我可以从另一扇门通到围墙或者避难所外面。这不仅仅是提供了一个可以出入的通道，还是我帐篷和储藏室的后门，而且让我有更多的空间来储藏我的东西。

4. 现在，我开始着手制造日常生活的一些必需物品，尤其是椅子和桌子，没有这两样家具，我连世上最起码的生活乐趣都无法享受。没有桌子，我没法写字、吃饭，也没法做其他有意思的事情。

5. 于是，我接着开工。我以前从没使用过工具，不过在这段劳动、运用与设计的时间中，我发现我不缺什么，并且我都可以做出来，尤其是如果我有工具的话。然而，即便没有工具，我也制造了很多东西，有时只用镢子和斧头就能做出来，我想之前从来没有人用我这种方法来做，也从来没有花这么大力气的。

6. 譬如说，为了要块木板，我只能先砍倒一棵树，把树横放在我面前，再用斧头把两面削平，直到削得像板子一样薄，然后再用锛子刮光。

7. 确实，用这种方法，一整棵树只能做一块木板，但这是没有办法的办法，我唯有用耐心才能完成，做一块木板需要花费大量的时间和体力；反正我的时间和体力都已不值钱了，怎么用都无所谓。

8. 上面讲了，我给自己做了一张桌子和一把椅子，这些是用我离开大船时乘坐的木筏上拆下来的木板为材料制成的；后来，我用上面提到的办法做了一些木板，我开始制作大木架子，沿着山洞的岩壁，我搭起了足足有一英尺半宽的多层木架。我把工具，钉子和铁器等东西分门别类地放在上面，以便取用。

9. 我还把木棒钉进岩石墙，用来挂枪和其他可以挂的东西。假如有人看到我的山洞，会觉得很像仓库，一切东西应有尽有。我把所有物品放得井然有序，取用方便，看见我的东西放得这样整齐，尤其发现各种物品一应俱全，我特别享受。

(1) Habitation, *a dwelling place.*

(2) Pale, *a fence.*

(3) Cables, *large ropes.*

(4) Turf, *sod.*

(5) Fortification, *a place built for defense against attack.*

(6) Egress, *going out.*

(7) Regress, *coming back, return.*

(8) Stow, *to arrange compactly.*

(9) Apply, *to employ diligently.*

(10) Dub, *to cut down or bring to an even surface.*

(11) Prodigious, *very great.*

(12) Deal, *part, amount.*

(13) Magazine, *a storehouse.*

LESSON 54 ROBINSON CRUSOE'S DRESS

鲁滨逊的衣服

1 . But had any man in England met such a man as I was, it must either have frightened him or raised a great deal of laughter; and, as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my traveling through Yorkshire in such a dress.

2 . I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.



3 . I had a short jacket of goatskin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of the thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same; the breeches were made of the skin of an old goat, and the hair hung down such a length on either side that it reached to the middle of my legs like pantaloons.

4 . Stockings and shoes I had none; but I made a pair of something, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins ⁽¹⁾ , to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes ⁽²⁾ ; but they were of a most barbarous ⁽³⁾ shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

5 . I had on a broad belt of goatskin dried, which I drew together with two thongs ⁽⁴⁾ of the same, instead of buckles; and, in a kind of frog ⁽⁵⁾ on each side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and hatchet; one on one side, and one on the other. I had another belt not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches ⁽⁶⁾ , both made of goatskin, too; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot.

6 . At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy, ugly, goatskin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun.

7 . As for my face, the color of it was really not so dark as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equator. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but, as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks.

8 . Of these mustaches or whiskers, I will not say that they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous ⁽⁷⁾ enough, and such as in England

would have passed for frightful. But all this is by the bye; for, as to my figure, I had so few to observe me that it was of no manner of consequence; so I say no more on that part.

【中文阅读】

1. 如果在英国有人碰到我，肯定要么吓一跳，要么大笑一番。我也常常停下来打量自己，想到自己如果穿这套行装，像这样打扮在约克郡穿行，我也禁不住笑了起来。

2. 我头上戴着一顶山羊皮做的帽子，这帽子做得又高又大，没什么样子，后面还垂着一个帽檐。这帽子一来是为了遮阳，二来是为了挡雨，免得雨水流进脖子。在热带这样的气候，大雨淋透衣服沾到皮肤是最伤身体的。

3. 我上身穿着一件山羊皮做的外套，衣襟遮住了一半大腿。下身穿了一条齐膝短裤，也是用一只老公羊的皮做成的，两旁的羊毛一直垂到小腿上，看上去像条马裤。

4. 我没有鞋子，也没有袜子，但我做了一双类似的，不过我不知道该称它什么，有点像半高筒靴，挂在小腿上，两边再用绳子系起来，就像绑腿一样。不过这鞋做的样子很原始，其实我身上穿的其他衣服也一样原始。

5. 我腰间系了一条很宽的皮带，那是用两片一样的小羊皮晒干做成的，皮带没有搭扣，两头各有一个搭环，搭环上没挂短刀或者短剑，而挂了一把小锯和一把斧头，一边一把。我还有另一条窄一点的皮带，用同样的方式系着，斜跨在我的肩膀上。在皮带头上，我的左胳膊下面，挂着两个袋子，也都是山羊皮的，一个装火药，一个装子弹。

6. 我身后背着筐子，肩上扛着枪，头上撑着一顶羊皮做的太阳伞，样子又难看又笨拙。尽管如此，除了枪之外，这把雨伞是我最不可缺少的东西。

7. 至于我的脸，对于像我这样不修边幅，且生活在距离赤道九或十度以内的热带地区的人，还不算黑。我的胡子曾长到四分之一码长，但我有剪刀和剃刀，所以就把它剪短了，但上嘴唇的胡子仍留着，并修剪成像伊斯兰教徒式的八字胡，像我见到的土耳其人留的胡子那样。

8. 不敢说我的胡子长得足以悬挂我的帽子，但确实长度和形状非常古怪，要是在英国被看见，准会把人吓一大跳。不过所有这些都无关紧要，因为我什么样子，根本没有人会看到，所以什么样都无关紧要，我就不多说了。

-
- (1) Buskins, *coverings for the feet coming some distance up the leg, and fit for a defense against thorns, etc.*
 - (2) Spatterdashes, *coverings for the legs to keep them clean from water and mud.*
 - (3) Barbarous, *uncouth, clumsy.*
 - (4) Thongs, *strips of leather.*
 - (5) Frog, *a loop similar to that sometimes used in fastening a cloak or coat.*
 - (6) Pouches, *bags.*
 - (7) Monstrous, *very large, enormous.*

LESSON 55 SOMEBODY'S DARLING

谁的爱人沉睡在这里

1 . Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,

Where the dead and dying lay,

Wounded by bayonets ⁽¹⁾ , shells, and balls,

Somebody's darling ⁽²⁾ was borne one day;

2 . Somebody's darling, so young and brave,

Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,

Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,

The lingering ⁽³⁾ light of his boyhood's grace.

3 . Matted ⁽⁴⁾ and damp are the curls of gold,

Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;

Pale are the lips of delicate (5) mold (6) —

Somebody's darling is dying now.

4 . Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow,

Brush all the wandering (7) waves of gold;

Cross his hands on his bosom now;

Somebody's darling is still and cold.

5 . Kiss him once for somebody's sake,

Murmur a prayer soft and low;

One bright curl from its fair mates take;

They were somebody's pride, you know;

6 . Somebody's hand has rested there;

Was it a mother's, soft and white?

And have the lips of a sister fair

Been baptized in the waves of light?

7 . God knows best! he was somebody's love:

Somebody's heart enshrined (8) him there;
Somebody wafted (9) his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.

8 . Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

9 . Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning (10) to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.

10 . Tenderly (11) bury the fair young dead,
Pausing too drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

【中文阅读】

1. 在白色走廊尽头的病房，
已死和垂死的人躺在那里，
他们被刺刀、子弹和炮弹所伤，
一天，有个人的至爱被抬到这里。

2. 那人的至爱，勇敢而年轻，
他的脸颊苍白又疲惫，
即将被坟墓的尘土掩埋，
不灭的是他英俊的光芒。

3. 金色卷发凌乱潮湿，
亲吻着冰冷如霜的年轻额头，
那易碎的脸庞，双唇苍白，
谁的至爱，他即将死去。

4. 从他那美丽的、青筋斑斑的额头，
金色卷发轻轻划过。
把他的双手交叉放在胸前，
谁的至爱，他冰冷已亡。

5. 再替那人亲吻他一次吧，

为他轻声细语祷告。

那一缕金色的卷发，

曾经是谁的骄傲，你可知道。

6. 谁的双手曾在此安抚？

也许是他的母亲，白皙又温柔。

是否曾有亲密爱人的双唇，

浸润在清晨的阳光里？

7. 上帝知道，谁是他的至爱。

谁把他珍藏在心里，

谁在日日夜夜的祷告声里，

轻轻呼唤着他的名字。

8. 谁在他奔赴战场时悲伤落泪，

目送英俊、勇敢又骄傲的他。

谁在他的额头轻轻一吻，

紧紧握着他的手不忍分离。

9 . 谁在日日夜夜为他守候等待 ,

期盼再次拥他入怀。

可他安息在这里 , 蓝色眼睛早已暗去 ,

天真的双唇轻启泛着笑容。

10 . 轻轻埋葬这年轻的生命吧 ,

停在墓前泪水滑落 ,

在他坟墓的木牌上刻下 ,

“谁的至爱长眠在这里。”

(1) Bayonet, *a short, pointed iron weapon, fitted to the muzzle of a gun.*

(2) Darling, *one dearly loved.*

(3) Lingering, *protracted.*

(4) Matted, *twisted together.*

(5) Delicate, *soft and fair.*

(6) Mold, *shape.*

(7) Wandering, *straying.*

(8) Enshrined, *cherished.*

(9) Wafted, *caused to float.*

(10) Yearning, *being eager, longing.*

(11) Tenderly, *gently, kindly.*

LESSON 56 KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

知识就是力量

1 . "What an excellent thing is knowledge," said a sharp-looking, hustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he. "My boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects (1) . The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Everybody knows something of everything now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is all excellent thing?"

2 . "Why, sir," replied the old man, looking grave, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad, as well as a good thing." "That is what I can not understand," said the bustling (2) little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

3 . "I will tell you," meekly (3) replied the old man; and thus he went on: "When the power of a horse is under restraint (4) , the animal is useful in bearing burdens (5) , drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks

his bridle, dashes to pieces the carriage that he draws, or throws his rider." "I see!" said the little man.

4 . "When the water of a large pond is properly conducted (6) by trenches (7) , it renders the fields around fertile (8) ; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps everything before it and destroys the produce (9) of the fields." "I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

5 . "When the ship is steered (10) aright, the sail that she hoists (11) enables her sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries the further will she go out of her course." "I see!" said the little man, "I see clearly!"

6 . "Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied (12) . God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse." "I see! I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

EXERCISES—What is the subject of this lesson? Is knowledge always a power? Is it always blessing? Relate the several examples of power wrongly used. If we use the powers that God has given us for bad purposes, what will our knowledge prove to be?

【中文阅读】

1 . “知识是多么奇妙啊！”一个长相瘦削、非常精神的小个子男人对一位长者说。他重复着：“知识是多么奇妙啊！六七岁的孩子们比我十二岁的时候知道得多。他们能读各种各样的书，谈论各种各样

的话题。现在的世界比以前更充满智慧。每个人对所有事都有所了解。您难道不觉得吗，先生？知识真是非常奇妙啊！”

2. 这位老者看起来很严肃，他回答说：“先生，为什么呢？那完全取决于知识用在什么地方。知识可能是好事，也可能是祸根。知识仅仅能够让力量加强，而这力量可能是好事，同样可能是坏事。”这个很精神的小个子男人说：“这我就不明白了，力量怎么能是坏事呢？”

3. “让我来告诉你吧，”老人温和地回答，他接着说，“如果一匹马的力量能够很好地控制，这匹马可以驮重物，可以运行李，还可以驮它的主人。但是，如果它的力量不受限制，马会挣脱缰绳，飞奔的时候把马车拖碎，甚至把骑马的人甩下来。”“我明白了！”小个子男人说道。

4. “池塘里的水，如果用沟渠进行适当的引导，可以灌溉周围的田地，让土壤肥沃。但是，一旦冲毁堤坝，水就会冲走一切，摧毁地里的收成。”“我明白了！”小个子说，“我明白了！”

5. “如果轮船驾驶的方向正确，升起的帆会让船早日驶回港口。但是，如果驾驶的方向不对，帆越多，船偏离得就越远。”“我明白了！”小个子说，“我明白了！”

6. 老人继续说：“好吧，那么，如果你清楚地明白这些事，我希望你也能明白，只有被正确地运用，知识才能是好事。心中带着对上帝的感恩，这会让我们知识变成祝福，但如果没有做到，知识可能就会成为祸根。”“我明白了！”小个子说，“我明白了！”

- (2) Bustling, *very active, stirring.*
- (3) Meekly, *mildly, quietly, gently.*
- (4) Restraint, *anything which hinders.*
- (5) Burdens, *loads.*
- (6) Conducted, *led, guided.*
- (7) Trenches, *ditches.*
- (8) Fertile, *producing much fruit, rich.*
- (9) Produce, *that which is yielded or produced.*
- (10) Steered, *guided, directed.*
- (11) Hoists, *raises.*
- (12) Applied, *directed, made use of.*

LESSON 57 GOOD WILL

善意

1 . I suppose you all, my boys, are looking for some sort of success in life; it is right that you should; but what are your notions of success? To get rich as soon as possible, without regard to the means by which your wealth is acquired?

2 . There is no true success in that: when you have gained millions, you may yet be poorer than when you had nothing; and it is that same reckless ambition which has brought many a bright and capable boy, not to great estate at last, but to miserable failure and disgrace; not to a palace, but to a prison.

3 . Wealth rightly got and rightly used, rational enjoyment, power, fame,—these are all worthy objects of ambition; but they are not the highest objects, and you may acquire them all without achieving true success. But if, whatever you seek, you put good will into all your actions, you are sure of the best success at last; for whatever else you gain or miss, you are building up a noble and beautiful character ⁽¹⁾ , which is not only the best of possessions in this world, but also is about all you can expect to take with you into the next.

4 . I say, good will in all your actions. You are not simply to be kind and helpful to others; but, whatever you do, give honest,

earnest purpose ⁽²⁾ to it. Thomas is put by his parents to learn a business. But Thomas does not like to apply himself very closely. "What's the use?" he says. "I'm not paid much, and I'm not going to work much. I'll get along just as easily as I can, and have as good times as I can."

5 . So he shirks his tasks; and instead of thinking about his employer's interests, or his own self improvement, gives his mind to trifles,—often to evil things, which in their ruinous effects upon his life are not trifles. As soon as he is free from his daily duties, he is off with his companions, having what they call a good time; his heart is with them even while his hands are employed in the shop or store.

6 . He does nothing thoroughly well,—not at all for want of talent, but solely for lack of good will. He is not preparing himself to be one of those efficient clerks or workmen who are always in demand, and who receive the highest wages.

7 . There is a class of people who are the pest of every community, workmen who do not know their trade, men of business ignorant of the first principles ⁽³⁾ of business. They can never be relied upon to do well anything they undertake. They are always making blunders which other people have to suffer for, and which react upon themselves. They are always getting out of employment, and failing in business.

8 . To make up for what they lack in knowledge and thoroughness, they often resort to trick and fraud, and become not merely contemptible but criminal. Thomas is preparing himself to be one of this class. You can not, boys, expect to raise a good crop

from evil seed.

9 . By Thomas's side works another boy, whom we will call James,—a lad of only ordinary capacity ⁽⁴⁾ , very likely. If Thomas and all the other boys did their best, there would be but small chance for James ever to become eminent. But he has something better than talent: he brings good will to his work. Whatever he learns, he learns so well that it becomes a part of himself.

10 . His employers find that they can depend upon Jim. Customers soon learn to like and trust him. By diligence, self-culture, good habits, cheerful and kindly conduct, he is laying the foundation of a generous manhood and a genuine success.

11 . In short, boys, by slighting your tasks you hurt yourself more than you wrong your employer. By honest service you benefit yourself more than you help him. If you were aiming at mere worldly advancement only, I should still say that good will was the very best investment you could make in business.

12 . By cheating a customer, you gain only a temporary and unreal advantage. By serving him with right good will,—doing by him as you would be done by,—you not only secure his confidence but also his good will in return. But this is a sordid ⁽⁵⁾ consideration compared with the inward satisfaction, the glow and expansion of soul which attend a good action done for itself alone. If I were to sum up all I have to say to you in one last word of love and counsel, that one word should be—Good will.

(J. T. Trowbridge)

EXERCISES.—What is meant by the phrase "to apply himself," in the fourth paragraph? What is meant by "a generous manhood," tenth paragraph? By "expansion of soul," twelfth paragraph? Tell what is meant by "good will," as taught by this lesson. How did Tom and James differ in character?

【中文阅读】

1. 我的孩子们，我想你们的一生都在追寻某种成功，这样当然是对的，但你对于成功的定义是什么呢？是要变得尽可能地富有，毫不顾忌获得财富的途径吗？

2. 这不是真正的成功：当你获得了百万的财富，你可能比一无所有的时候还要贫穷。也正是同样不计后果的野心，最后常常不会给聪明能干的孩子巨额的财产，而是惨痛的失败和屈辱，狼狈不堪；等待他们的不是宫殿，而是监狱。

3. 正当地获得财富、恰当地使用财富、理性地享受、权力、名气——这些都是值得雄心壮志的人追求的目标。但这些不是最高目标，即便你获得了这一切，仍然没有获得真正的成功。可是，无论你追求什么，你都带着善意去做事，最终你肯定是最好的成功者，这其中不论你得到或失去什么，你都在塑造一个高贵、完美的个人形象。这不但是世界上最好的品质，还是你最终能够带到下一世的所有财富。

4. 我想说，你的每个行为都要用心。不是简单的待人和蔼、乐于助人，而是要永远带着诚实和真诚的心去做每一件事。托马斯的父母让他学习做生意，可托马斯并没有全力以赴地去学。他说：“有什么用呢？我的工资又不高，所以我不会努力工作的。我得过且过，能

混日子过得轻松愉快就行了。”

5. 所以，他常常逃避责任，从不考虑雇主的利益，或者提高自己的能力，他只考虑一些微不足道的——这些事常常是有害的，而这些事对他的人生具有毁灭性的后果，这可不是微不足道的了。一做完日常的工作，他马上和伙伴们出去玩，去享受他们所谓的欢乐时光。即使手上做着商店或仓库的工作，他的心也飞到伙伴们那里了。

6. 他从来没有尽全力做过一件事——并不是因为他缺乏才能，而是因为他没有善意。他从没想过要成为一名最杰出的职员或工人，这种人最紧缺，工资也最高。

7. 有这样一类人，他们是人群中的害虫。工人不懂业务，商人忽略商业的第一法则。你永远不能指望他们做好任何工作。他们总是不断出错，给别人添麻烦，反过来也影响他们自己。他们总是被开除，经商总会失败。

8. 因为缺乏知识，考虑不周，他们经常使用小把戏、小技巧。不仅可憎，还可能走向犯罪。托马斯正让他自己成为他们中的一员。孩子们，如果种子是坏的，不能期望长出好庄稼。

9. 在托马斯的旁边另一个男孩在工作，我们叫他詹姆斯，他很可能才能一般。如果托马斯和其他男孩们全力以赴，詹姆斯变得杰出的机会就微乎其微。但是，他有比才智更宝贵的品格：他做每件事都很用心。不管他学什么，他都学得很好，并且与所学的知识融为一体。

10. 他的老板发现能够依赖詹姆斯。客户们很快开始喜欢他、信赖他。通过勤奋努力、自我学习、良好习惯、积极友善的举动，詹姆斯为自己具有慷慨的人格和真正的成功打下了基础。

11. 孩子们，总而言之，怠慢你的工作，不仅对雇主不公，更会

伤害你自己。通过诚实服务，不仅老板受益，你更在帮助自己。如果你所追求的仅仅是物质上的成就，我还是告诉你，善意是你对事业唯一最好的投资。

12. 欺骗客户，你得到的只是暂时的利益，这是不真实的。用心好好地对待客户——就像你期望被别人对待的那样——你不但可以赢得客户的信任，而且还能得到客户善意的回报。但是，与内心的满足、心灵的喜悦和充实相比，这是微不足道的，每个真正用心的善行从来别无他求。如果要用一个词来总结我刚才对你说的一切，这个词就是——善意。

(J·T·特罗布里奇)

-
- (1) Character, *the sum of qualities which distinguish one person from another.*
 - (2) Purpose, *intention, aim.*
 - (3) Principles, *fixed rules.*
 - (4) Capacity, *ability, the power of receiving ideas.*
 - (5) Sordid, *base, meanly avaricious.*

LESSON 58 A CHINESE STORY

中国故事一则

By Christopher Pearse Cranch, who was born at Alexandria, Va. (then D. C.), in 1813 . He has written some well-known children's stories, besides numerous poems; but his greatest literary work is "The Aeneid of Vergil, translated into English blank verse." He died in Cambridge Mass., 1892.

1 . Two young, near-sighted (1) fellows, Chang and Ching,

Over their chopsticks (2) idly chattering,

Fell to disputing which could see the best;

At last, they agreed to put it to the test.

Said Chang, "A marble tablet (3) , so I hear,

Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,

With an inscription (4) on it. Let us go

And read it (since you boast your optics (5) so),

Standing together at a certain place

In front, where we the letters just may trace;
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,
The palm ⁽⁶⁾ for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."
"Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon:
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."

2 . "Nay, not so soon," said Chang; "I'm bound to go
To-morrow a day's ride from Hoang-Ho,
And sha'n't be ready till the following day:
At ten A. M ⁽⁷⁾ ., on Thursday, let us say."

3 . So't was arranged; but Ching was wide-awake:
Time by the forelock he resolved to take;
And to the temple went at once, and read,
Upon the tablet, "To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins ⁽⁸⁾ , the great Goh-Bang."
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,
Who read the same; but peering closer, he
Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see—

The words, "This tablet is erected here

By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

4 . So on the appointed day—both innocent

As babes, of course—these honest fellows went,

And took their distant station; and Ching said,

"I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,

The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'"

"And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang;

"I see what you have read, but furthermore,

In smaller letters, toward the temple door,

Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here

By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"

5 . "My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!" said Ching.

"They're there," said Chang, "if I see anything,

As clear as daylight." "Patent (9) eyes, indeed,

You have!" cried Ching; "do you think I can not read?"

"Not at this distance as I can," Chang said,

"If what you say you saw is all you read."

6 . In fine, they quarreled, and their wrath increased,

Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest;

Lo! here he comes to meet us," "It is well,"

Said honest Ching; "no falsehood he will tell."



7 . The good man heard their artless story through,
And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few
Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear:
There's no such tablet or inscription there!
There was one, it is true; 't was moved away

And placed within the temple yesterday."

【中文阅读】

作者克里斯托弗·皮尔斯·克朗茨，1813年出生在弗吉尼亚州亚历山德里亚郡（后来的哥伦比亚特区）。除了诗歌之外，他写了很多为人熟知的儿童故事，但他最著名的文学著作是《维吉尔的埃涅伊德，译成英语的无韵诗》。他1892年在马萨诸塞州的剑桥去世。

1. 两个近视的年轻人，常和秦，

在饭桌上闲聊起来，

后来两人争执谁的眼力好。

最后他们决定来场竞赛。

常说：“我听说，一块大石碑

立在附近的庙前，

碑上刻着碑文。我们去看看

谁能读出来（既然你吹嘘自己眼力好）。

一起站在碑前一个地方，

只能依稀看见碑上的文字，

谁能最快读出碑文，

谁就赢了这场视力竞赛。”

秦说：“我同意，我们尽快比赛，
明天下午怎么样？”

2. “不行，不能太快。”常说：“我明天
骑马从黄河出发，一天的行程，
后天才能回来。
星期四上午十点我们再比赛。”

3. 就这样决定了，但秦却十分机警。

他一点时间都不耽误，
立刻来到寺庙，读着
碑上的文字：“致那些壮烈牺牲的烈士，
满洲的首领，伟大的高邦。”
他刚离开，常就偷偷地来了，
他也读到了同样的碑文，但靠近一看，
他发现角落里有秦没有发现的碑文——
“此碑由敬仰伟大的高邦的
人所立。”

4. 这样在约定的日子——两人如婴儿一般

诚实的人来了，

远远地站好，秦说：

“我很容易就能看见：‘致那些壮烈牺牲的烈士，

满洲的首领，伟大的高邦。’”

“你看见的就这些吗？”常说。

“我还看见你刚才没读的，并且

字体更小，靠近寺庙的门，

非常清楚：‘此碑由敬仰伟大的高邦的

人所立。’”

5. “我好眼神的朋友，没有这样的文字！”秦说。

常反驳：“就在那儿呢。我看到的一切，

都像日光一样清楚。”“真是好眼力啊！”秦说，

“你以为我不识字吗？”

常说：“像我一样离这么远就不行，

如果你说你刚才读的就是看见的所有文字。”

6. 他们越吵越凶，怒气冲冲，

最后常说：“我们找庙里的住持来裁判吧，
看，他走过来了。”“很好，”
诚实的常说：“住持是不会说谎的。”

7. 住持完完整整听了他们所述，
说：“两位尊敬的先生，我以为
世上很少有人像二位这样的好眼力。
这里根本就没有墓碑和碑文！
以前的确有，没错，但昨天
我们把它搬到寺庙里面了。”

-
- (1) Near-sighted, *seeing at a short distance only.*
(2) Chopsticks, *small sticks of wood, ivory, etc., used in pairs by Chinese to carry food to the mouth.*
(3) Tablet, *a small, flat piece of anything on which to write or engrave.*
(4) Inscription, *something written or engraved on a solid substance.*
(5) Optics, *eyes.*
(6) Palm, *the reward of victory, prize.*
(7) A. M., *an abbreviation for the Latin ante meridian, meaning before noon.*
(8) Mandarin, *a Chinese public officer.*
(9) Patent, *secured from general use, peculiar to one person.*

LESSON 59 THE WAY TO BE HAPPY 幸福之道

1 . Every child must observe how much more happy and beloved some children are than others. There are some children you always love to be with. They are happy themselves, and they make you happy.

2 . There are others whom you always avoid. They seem to have no friends. No person can be happy without friends. The heart is formed for love, and can not be happy without it.

3 . "It is not in titles nor in rank,

"T is not in wealth like London bank,

To make us truly blest.

If happiness have not her seat

And center in the breast,

We may be wise, or rich, or great,

But never can be blest."

4 . But you can not receive affection unless you will also give it. You can not find others to love you unless you will also love them. Love is only to be obtained by giving love in return. Hence the importance of cultivating (1) a good disposition. You can not be happy without it.

5 . I have sometimes heard a girl say, "I know that I am very unpopular (2) at school." Now, this plainly shows that she is not amiable.

6 . If your companions (3) do not love you, it is your own fault. They can not help loving you if you will be kind and friendly. If you are not loved, it is a good proof that you do not deserve to be loved. It is true that a sense of duty may, at times, render it necessary for you to do that which will displease your companions.

7 . But if it is seen that you have a noble spirit, that you are above selfishness, that you are willing to make sacrifices (4) to promote (5) the happiness of others, you will never be in want of friends.

8 . You must not regard it as your misfortune that others do not love you, but your fault. It is not beauty, it is not wealth, that will give you friends. Your heart must glow with kindness, if you would attract to yourself the esteem and affection of those around you.

9 . You are little aware how much the happiness of your whole life depends upon the cultivation of a good disposition. If you will adopt the resolution that you will confer favors whenever you can, you will certainly be surrounded by ardent friends. Begin upon this

principle in childhood, and act upon it through life, and you will make yourself happy, and promote the happiness of all within your influence.

10 . You go to school on a cold winter morning. A bright fire is blazing in the stove, surrounded with boys struggling to get near it to warm themselves. After you are slightly warmed, a schoolmate comes in suffering (6) with cold. "Here, James," you pleasantly call out to him, "I am almost warm; you may have my place."

11 . As you slip aside to allow him to take your place at the fire, will he not feel that you are kind? The worst boy in the world can not help admiring such generosity (7) ; and, even though he be so ungrateful as not to return the favor, you may depend upon it that he will be your friend as far as he is capable of friendship. If you will always act upon this principle, you will never want for friends.

12 . Suppose, some day, you are out with your companions playing ball. After you have been playing for some time, another boy comes along. He can not be chosen upon either side, for there is no one to match him. "Henry," you say, "you may take my place a little while, and I will rest."

13 . You throw yourself down upon the grass, while Henry, fresh and vigorous, takes your bat and engages in the game. He knows that you give up to oblige him, and how can he help liking you for it? The fact is, that neither man nor child can cultivate such a spirit of generosity and kindness without attracting affection and esteem.

14 . Look and see which of your companions have the most friends, and you will find that they are those who have this noble spirit; who are willing to deny themselves, that they may make others happy. There is but one way to make friends; and that is, by being friendly to others.

15 . Perhaps some child who reads this feels conscious of being disliked, and yet desires to have the affection of his companions. You ask me what you shall do. I will tell you. I will give you an infallible (8) rule: Do all in your power to make others happy. Be willing to make sacrifices, that you may promote the happiness of others.

16 . This is the way to make friends, and the only way. When you are playing with your brothers and sisters at home, be always ready to give them more than their share of privileges. Manifest (9) an obliging disposition, and they can not but regard you with affection. In all your intercourse (10) with others, at home or abroad, let these feelings influence you, and you will receive a rich reward.

EXERCISES.—What is this lesson about? Can we be happy without friends? How can we win the love of those about us? Whose fault is it if we are not loved? What rule will surely gain us love and friendship if we always follow it?

【中文阅读】

1 . 你可能会注意到，有些孩子比其他人要幸福得多，被宠爱得

多。有些孩子，你就是喜欢和他们在一起。他们自己很幸福，也会让你感觉幸福。

2. 还有些孩子，你总是想方设法躲避。他们似乎没有朋友。任何人没有朋友都会感觉不幸福。人心是为爱而生的，没有爱，人就不会幸福。

3. “让我们真正幸福的

不是名声，不是荣誉，

也不是同伦敦银行一样多的财富，

如果我们心中

没有幸福的位置，

我们可能很聪明、很富有、很伟大，

但永远不会真正幸福。”

4. 只有你愿意付出情感，你才能收获情感。只有你同样爱别人，别人才会爱你。只有付出了爱，才会反过来收获爱。因此培养好的性格非常重要。没有它，你就不会幸福。

5. 一天，我听到一个女孩说：“我知道我在学校很不受欢迎。”看，这就简单地说明了她不可爱。

6. 如果你的同伴不爱你，那是你自己的过错。如果你愿意做一个善良友爱的人，他们无法不爱你。如果人们不爱你，这也很好地证明了你不值得被爱。确实，有时候责任感可能会让你做一些让同伴们不那么高兴的事。

7. 但是，如果大家看到你的精神是高尚的，你并不自私，你愿

意为他人的幸福做出自己的牺牲，你就永远不会缺少朋友。

8. 你不要认为其他人不爱你是你运气不好，相反，这是你的过错。能给你带来朋友的，不是美貌，不是财富。如果你想要获得周围人的尊重和喜爱，你的心灵必须闪耀着友善之光。

9. 你可能还不知道，你一生的幸福和你良好性格的养成有多大的关系。如果你决定能够尽己所能随时为他人提供帮助，你一定会被热情的朋友包围。从小相信这一点，并且一生将其付诸行动，你将会非常幸福，并使受你影响的人更幸福。

10. 你在寒冷的冬日早晨去上学。学校的炉火里，明亮的火焰跳跃着，孩子们挤在火炉旁烤火取暖。你刚刚有点暖和，一个浑身发冷的同学过来了。“来，詹姆斯，”你高兴地叫他，“我差不多暖和了，你来我这儿烤吧。”

11. 你站到一边去，让他在你的位置烤火，他难道不会觉得你人很好吗？就连世界上最坏的孩子也会喜欢你的慷慨大方，即使他不觉得感激，不会予以回报，你依然可以相信，只要他具有交友的能力，他就是你的朋友。只要你总是奉行这个原则，你永远不会缺少朋友的。

12. 假如有一天你和你的伙伴们在玩球。你们玩了一会儿之后，又来了一个男孩。因为哪边都不缺人手，两边都不愿意选他。你说：“亨利，你代替我的位置玩会儿吧，我休息休息。”

13. 你自己躺在草地上，亨利活力四射地接替你加入比赛，和大家玩耍起来。他知道你放弃自己玩耍来帮助他，他怎么能不喜欢你呢？事实就是，无论是大人还是小孩，只要养成了这样慷慨和善的品格，他就会获得爱和尊重。

14. 看看你的伙伴中，谁的朋友最多，你就会发现他们就是具备

这种高贵品格的人，他们愿意牺牲自己，他们能够让别人感觉幸福。交朋友只有唯一一种方法，那就是：成为别人的朋友。

15．可能有些读到这篇文章的孩子知道自己不招人喜欢，但又想获得同伴的友谊。你问我该怎么做。我来告诉你吧。我给你一条绝对有效的法则：尽你所能让别人幸福。愿意为提升别人的幸福做出自己的牺牲。

16．这就是交到朋友的方式，也是唯一的方式。在家和你的兄弟姐妹玩耍时，你应该总是愿意给予他们更多的权利。展示你乐于助人的性格，他们肯定会把爱心给你。无论在家还是在外边，和人交往时，永远带着这种感情，你就会获得丰厚的回报。

-
- (1) Cultivating, *cherishing, encouraging.*
 - (2) Unpopular, *not pleasing others.*
 - (3) Companions, *those who keep company with anyone.*
 - (4) Sacrifices, *things given up to oblige others.*
 - (5) Promote, *advance, forward.*
 - (6) Suffering, *undergoing pain.*
 - (7) Generosity, *kindness, nobleness of soul.*
 - (8) Infallible, *certain, that can not fail.*
 - (9) Manifest, *to show plainly.*
 - (10) Intercourse, *communication, mutual dealings.*

LESSON 60 THE GIRAFFE, OR CAMELOPARD

长颈鹿

1 . The giraffe is a native of Africa. It is of singular shape and size, and bears some resemblance both to the camel and the deer. The mouth is small; the eyes are full and brilliant ⁽¹⁾ ; the tongue is rough, very long, and ending in a point. The neck is long and slender, and, from the shoulder to the top of the head, it measures between seven and eight feet; from the ground to the top of the shoulder, it is commonly ten or eleven feet; so that the height of a full-grown giraffe is seventeen or eighteen feet.

2 . The hair is of a deep brown color in the male, and of a light or yellowish brown in the female. The skin is beautifully diversified ⁽²⁾ with white spots. They have short, blunt horns, and hoofs like those of the ox. In their wild state, they feed on the leaves of a gum-bearing tree peculiar ⁽³⁾ to warm climates.

3 . The giraffe, like the horse and other hoofed animals, defends itself by kicking; and its hinder limbs are so light, and its blows so rapid, that the eye can not follow them. They are sufficient for its defense against the lion. It never employs its horns in resisting the attack of an enemy. Its disposition is gentle, and it flees

to its native forest upon the least alarm.

4 . Le Vaillant (the celebrated French traveler and naturalist (4)) was the first who gave us any exact account of the form and habits of the giraffe. While he was traveling in South Africa, he happened one day to discover a hut covered with the skin of one of those animals; and learned to his surprise that he was now in a part of the country where the creature was found. He could not rest contented until he had seen the animal alive, and had secured a specimen (5) .

5 . Having on several days obtained sight of some of them, he, with his attendants, on horseback and accompanied with dogs, gave chase; but they baffled (6) all pursuit. After a chase of a whole day, which effected nothing but the fatigue (7) of the party, he began to despair of success.

6 . "The next day," says he, "by sunrise, I was in pursuit of game, in the hope of obtaining some provisions for my men. After several hours' fatigue, we saw, at the turn of a hill, seven giraffes, which my pack of dogs instantly pursued. Six of them went off together; but the seventh, cut off by my dogs, took another way.

7 . "I followed the single one at full speed, but, in spite of the efforts of my horse, she got so much ahead of me, that, in turning a little hill, I lost sight of her altogether, and I gave up the pursuit. My dogs, however, were not so easily exhausted. They were soon so close upon her that she was obliged to stop and defend herself. From the noise they made, I conjectured (8) that they had got the animal into a corner, and I again pushed forward.

8 . "I had scarcely got round the hill, when I perceived her

surrounded by the dogs, and endeavoring to drive them away by heavy kicks. In a moment I was on my feet, and a shot from my carbine (9) brought her to the earth. I was delighted with my victory, which enabled me to add to the riches of natural history. I was now able, also, to destroy the romance (10) which attached to this animal, and to establish the truth of its existence."

EXERCISES.—Of what country is the giraffe a native? To what height does it attain when full grown? On what does it live? How does it defend itself? Relate the story of Le Vaillant's giraffe hunt.

【中文阅读】

1. 长颈鹿是非洲本地的动物，它们的外形和尺寸非常独特，既像骆驼，又像鹿。它们的嘴巴很小，眼睛又大又亮，舌头粗糙，而且很长，舌尖是尖尖的。长颈鹿的脖子又细又长，从肩到头顶有七八英尺，而从地面到肩部，又有十到十一英尺，所以一只成年的长颈鹿高约十七八英尺。

2. 雄性长颈鹿的毛是深棕色，雌性长颈鹿是浅棕或者棕黄色。长颈鹿的毛皮上点缀着白色斑点。长颈鹿有短短的角，并不尖锐，蹄子和牛很相似。野生状态的长颈鹿吃一种含树胶的叶子，这种树是气候温暖的地区特有的。

3. 像马和其他蹄类动物一样，长颈鹿用踢腿来自卫。它们的后肢非常灵巧，行动非常迅速，人的肉眼甚至跟不上。这使得长颈鹿甚至可以和狮子对抗。它们从来不用角来对付敌人。长颈鹿脾气很温和，一有轻微的警报就会跑回原始森林。

4. 勒·瓦杨（法国著名旅行家和博物学家）是第一个详细描述长

颈鹿外形和生活习性的人。在南非旅行时，一天他碰巧发现一个棚屋上覆盖着长颈鹿的鹿皮，他惊讶地了解到这里就是发现长颈鹿的地方。除非亲自看到野生的长颈鹿，并获得标本，否则他无法安心。

5. 后来，接连几天他都看到了长颈鹿，他和助手骑着马，带着猎犬，开始追踪，但一直追不到。这样追了一整天之后，他的团队除了疲劳之外，一无所获，他开始对成功失去信心了。

6. 他说：“第二天天一亮，我就开始追击猎物，希望给跟随我的人弄些吃的。几个小时之后，很累了，在一个山丘的转弯处我们看见七只长颈鹿，猎犬立刻追了过去。其中的六只都向一个方向逃跑了，不过第七只被我的猎犬拦截了，向另一个方向跑去。

7. “我全速追击落单的这只长颈鹿，我的马使出全身力气，它还是远远地在我们前面，在山丘转弯的时候，我跟丢了，只好放弃追踪。不过我的猎犬可没那么容易累。它们很快追上了长颈鹿，它只好停下来抵抗。听见它们的声音，我估计猎犬把长颈鹿困住了，我重新骑马追上去。

8. “刚绕过山丘，我就看见长颈鹿被猎犬包围着，想要用力把它们踢走。我立刻跳下马，用卡宾枪把它打倒在地上。很高兴我胜利了，这让我能够为博物学增添新的财富做出贡献。我也打破了长颈鹿的浪漫神话，证明它们真的存在。”

(1) Brilliant, *sparkling, shining*.

(2) Diversified, *made various*.

(3) Peculiar, *especially belonging to*.

(4) Naturalist, *one who is acquainted with objects of nature*.

(5) Specimen, *a sample*.

- (6) Baffled, *defeated*, *escaped from*.
- (7) Fatigue, *weariness*.
- (8) Conjectured, *guessed*.
- (9) Carbine, *a short gun*.
- (10) Romance, *a story without truth*.

LESSON 61 THE LOST CHILD

失踪的孩子

1 . A few years since, a child was lost in the woods. He was out with his brothers and sisters gathering berries, and was accidentally separated (1) from them, and lost. The children, after looking in vain for some time in search of the little wanderer, returned, just in the dusk of the evening, to inform their parents that their brother was lost and could not be found.

2 . The woods, at that time, were full of bears. The darkness of a cloudy night was rapidly coming on, and the alarmed father, gathering a few of his neighbors, hastened in search of the lost child. The mother remained at home, almost distracted (2) with suspense (3) .

3 . As the clouds gathered, and the darkness increased, the father and the neighbors, with highly excited fears, traversed (4) the woods in all directions, and raised loud shouts to attract the attention of the child. But their search was in vain. They could find no trace of the wanderer; and, as they stood under the boughs of the lofty trees, and listened, that if possible they might hear his feeble voice, no sound was borne to their ears but the melancholy moaning of the wind as it swept through the thick branches of the forest.

4 . The gathering clouds threatened an approaching storm, and the deep darkness of the night had already enveloped them. It is difficult to conceive what were the feelings of that father. And who could imagine how deep the distress which filled the bosom of that mother, as she heard the wind, and beheld the darkness in which her child was wandering!

5 . The search was continued in vain till nine o'clock in the evening. Then, one of the party was sent back to the village, to collect the inhabitants for a more extensive search. The bell rung the alarm, and the cry of fire resounded through the streets. It was ascertained (5) , however, that it was not fire which caused the alarm, but that the bell tolled the more solemn tidings of a lost child.

6 . Every heart sympathized (6) in the sorrows of the distracted parents. Soon, multitudes of the people were seen ascending the hill, upon the declivity (7) of which the village stood, to aid in the search. Ere long, the rain began to fall, but no tidings came back to the village of the lost child. Hardly an eye was that night closed in sleep, and there was not a mother who did not feel for the parents.

7 . The night passed away, and the morning dawned, and yet no tidings came. At last, those engaged in the search met together and held a consultation (8) . They made arrangements for a more minute search, and agreed that, in case the child was found, a gun should be fired, to give a signal to the rest of the party.

8 . As the sun arose, the clouds were scattered, and the whole landscape (9) glittered in the rays of the bright morning. But that village was deserted and still. The stores were closed, and business

was hushed. Mothers were walking the streets, with sympathizing countenances and anxious hearts. There was but one thought in every mind: "What has become of the lost child?"

9 . All the affections and interest of the neighborhood were flowing in one deep and broad channel toward the little wanderer. About nine in the morning, the signal gun was fired, which announced that the child was found; and, for a moment, how dreadful was the suspense! Was it found a mangled corpse? or was it alive and well?

10 . Soon, a joyful shout proclaimed (10) the safety of the child. The shout was borne from tongue to tongue, till the whole forest rang again with the joyful sound. A messenger rapidly bore the tidings to the distracted mother. A procession was immediately formed by those engaged in the search. The child was placed upon a platform, hastily formed from the boughs of trees, and borne in triumph at the head of the procession. When they arrived at the brow of the hill, they rested for a moment, and proclaimed their success with three loud and animated cheers.

11 . The procession (11) then moved on till they arrived in front of the dwelling where the parents of the child resided. The mother, who stood at the door, with streaming eyes and throbbing heart, could no longer restrain herself or her feelings.

12 . She rushed into the street, clasped her child to her bosom, and wept aloud. Every eye was filled with tears, and, for a moment, all were silent. But suddenly some one gave a signal for a shout. One loud, and long, and happy note of joy rose from the assembled multitude, and they went to their business and their homes.

13 . There was more joy over the one child that was found than over the ninety and nine that went not astray. Likewise, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. But still, this is a feeble representation ⁽¹²⁾ of the love of our Father in heaven for us, and of the joy with which the angels welcome the returning wanderer.

14 . The mother can not feel for her child that is lost as God feels for the unhappy wanderer in the paths of sin. If a mother can feel so much, what must be the feelings of our Father in heaven for those who have strayed from his love? If man can feel so deep a sympathy, what must be the emotions which glow in the bosom of angels?

【中文阅读】

1 . 几年前，一个孩子在树林里走丢了。他本来是和兄弟姐妹们到树林里摘果子，意外地和他们分开了，就这样走丢了。那些孩子们努力寻找这个走丢的孩子，最后却是徒劳，他们在夜幕降临的时候回到家里，告诉他们的父母他们的兄弟走丢的消息。

2 . 那时候，森林里有很多狗熊。乌云密布的黑暗的夜晚就要降临了，警醒的父亲，带领着他的几个邻居，迅速去寻找走丢的孩子。母亲在家里等待，几乎要被焦虑折磨疯了。

3 . 乌云聚集，天色越来越暗，父亲和几个邻居极端恐惧，他们在树林的每一个方向寻找，大声叫着想要引起那个走丢的孩子的注意。但是，他们一无所获。找不到任何踪迹。他们在大树下仔细倾听，看看是否能够听到这孩子微弱的声音，可是，除了风吹过树林里茂密的树枝发出的令人沮丧的呼啸声之外，什么也听不到。

4. 乌云越聚越多，预示着暴风雨要来临，漆黑的夜已经包围了他们。很难想象这个父亲此刻在想什么。谁又能够想象，那个母亲听着呼啸的风声，看着无边的黑暗，想到她走丢的孩子，心里是多么悲伤啊！

5. 他们继续寻找，直到晚上九点，依然一无所获。随后，他们派了一个人回到村庄，召集更多的村民进行更彻底的搜索。警报鸣响，失火的叫喊声响彻大街，然后，后来人们明白，鸣响警报并不是因为失火，而是因为更严重的事情——一个孩子走丢了。

6. 每个人的心中都对这对心慌意乱的父母感到同情。很快，更多的人来到这座村庄所依傍的山上，帮助寻找孩子。很快，开始下雨了，但并没有关于这个走失的孩子的消息传回村庄。那天夜里，几乎没人睡觉，没有哪个母亲不为那对父母而悲伤。

7. 黑夜很快过去，黎明降临，还是没有消息。最后，那些参与寻找的人聚在一起，商量对策。他们安排了更详细的寻找计划，一致同意，如果找到孩子，就要向空中鸣枪，给其他人报信。

8. 太阳升起来，乌云散去，清晨明亮的光线覆盖了整片大地。但是，那个村庄像没有人居住一样宁静。商店关门了，生意暂停了。走在街上的母亲们都露出同情的神色，内心十分焦急。每个人的心中只有一个想法：“那个走失的孩子怎么样了？”

9. 整个村庄的居民把情感和关注都汇集在那个走失的小孩身上。约莫早上九点的时候，有人鸣响了信号枪，也就是说，孩子找到了。一时间，人们又开始纷纷猜测：找到的是孩子的尸体吗？还是健康健康地活着呢？

10. 很快，欢乐的喊声宣布孩子是安全的。人们口口相传，整个森林里都是人们欢乐的声音。很快有人把这消息告诉了焦虑中的母亲。参与寻找的人立刻形成队列，队列的最前端人们胜利地抬着孩

子，把他放在一个临时由树枝做成的平台上。到达山顶的时候，他们停下来休息了一会儿。他们高声热烈地欢呼了三次，以此来宣告他们的胜利。

11．队伍继续行进，最终停在孩子父母的住所前。母亲站在门口，泪如雨下，心如刀割，再也控制不住她的感情了。

12．她冲到街上，把孩子紧紧抱在怀里，大声哭了起来。一时间，每双眼睛都充满泪水，所有人都鸦雀无声。但突然间，有人发出了一声欢呼，人群中发出了长长的喜悦的欢呼声，随后他们返回自己的工作、返回自己家里。

13．一个失踪的孩子带给人们的喜悦远远超过九十九个从未失踪的更多。同样，在上帝的天使面前，一个罪人的忏悔也一样令人喜悦。这确实代表了天堂里上帝对于我们的爱，以及天使欢迎浪子回头的喜悦。

14．母亲对走失的孩子的感情，无法同上帝对犯罪的游子产生的感情相比。如果一个母亲能有那么多的感受，那么上帝对于迷失了爱的浪子又当如何感受？如果连人们都会如此同情，天使的心里又有着怎样的感受？

(1) Separated, *parted*.

(2) Distracted, *made crazy*.

(3) Suspense, *doubt, uncertainty*.

(4) Traversed, *passed over and examined*.

(5) Ascertained, *made certain*.

(6) Sympathized, *felt for*.

(7) Declivity, *descent of land*.

(8) Consultation, *a meeting of persons to advise together*.

- (9) Landscape, *a portion of territory which the eye can see in a single view.*
- (10) Proclaimed, *made known publicly.*
- (11) Procession, *a train of persons walking or riding.*
- (12) Representation, *the act of describing or showing.*

LESSON 62 WHICH?

哪一个？

1 . Which shall it be? Which shall it be?

I looked at John—John looked at me;

Dear, patient John, who loves me yet

As well as though my locks were jet.

And when I found that I must speak,

My voice seemed strangely low and weak:

"Tell me again what Robert said!"

And then I, listening, bent my head.

"This is his letter:"

2 . "I will give

A house and land while you shall live,

If, in return, from out your seven,

One child to me for aye (1) is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

3 . "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,



Dear John and I surveyed (2) our band.

First to the cradle light we stepped,

Where Lilian the baby slept,

A glory 'gainst the pillow white.

Softly the father stooped to lay

His rough hand down in loving way,

When dream or whisper made her stir,

And huskily he said: "Not her!"

4 . We stooped beside the trundle-bed,

And one long ray of lamplight shed

Athwart the boyish faces there,

In sleep so pitiful and fair;

I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,

A tear undried. Ere John could speak,

"He's but a baby, too," said I,

And kissed him as we hurried by.

5 . Pale, patient Robbie's angel face

Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:

"No, for a thousand crowns ⁽³⁾ , not him,"

He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

6 . Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward ⁽⁴⁾ son,

Turbulent ⁽⁵⁾ , reckless, idle one—

Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave,

Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

7 . Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

8 . Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I can not, will not let him go."

9 . And so we wrote in courteous (6) way,
We could not drive one child away.
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed (7) place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

(MRS. E. L. BEERS)

【中文阅读】

1 . 选哪个呢？选哪个呢？

我看看约翰，约翰看看我，
亲爱的耐心的约翰，他如此爱我，
就像钥匙爱着锁。
当我意识到必须说些什么时，
我的声音异常低沉微弱：

“再跟我说一遍罗伯特说了什么。”

接下来我低下头听着：

“这是他的来信：

2．“我会给你

一座房子、一些地供你居住生活，

但作为回报，你的七个孩子中，

有一个要永远过继给我。”

我看着约翰破旧的衣衫，

想着他所承受的一切，

贫穷、辛苦、生活的重担，

我虽然有心，却无力分担，

我想着七张等吃饭的嘴，

要满足七个孩子的需要，

又想到了这封信。

3．我说：“约翰，过来。”

“我们现在选吧，他们都睡着了。”

手牵着手，

亲爱的约翰和我看着我们的孩子。

我们先来到摇篮的灯光下，

宝贝莉莉安正熟睡，

她就是躺在枕头上的一道光芒，

他的爸弯下腰，

粗糙的大手充满爱意地抚摸孩子，

也许是梦境，也许是我们的低语让她动了一下，

他沙哑着嗓子说：“不能把她送人！”

4．我们站在小床边，

油灯的光线照在

两个男孩的脸庞，

睡梦中的孩子们如此迷人让人怜爱，

看见杰米红红的小脸上，

挂着未干的眼泪。没等约翰说话，

我就已经开口：“他也只是个婴儿。”

亲吻了他，我们匆匆离开。

5．生病的罗比脸色苍白，天使般的脸庞

睡梦中还露出痛苦的模样：

“不行，即使给我一千克朗，也不能把他送人。”

约翰这样说，我们的眼睛都黯淡起来。

6. 可怜的迪克，淘气的迪克，我们这个淘气的儿子，

捣乱、毛手毛脚、懒惰的家伙——

可以把他送人吗？“不行，把他赐予我们的人

嘱咐我们今生都要好好待他，

只有母亲的心，

才会对这样的孩子足够耐心，

“所以，”约翰说，“我可不敢

让他离开妈妈的身边。”

7. 我们悄悄地来到

可爱的孩子玛丽身边，

“也许送走她对她更好。”

我对约翰说。他默默地，

捋起她脸上金色的头发，

摇了摇头：“不行，亲爱的，不能送她。”

这时我能听见自己的心跳声。

8. 只有最后一个了，我们最大的孩子，

忠诚又值得信赖，最善良也最欢乐——

和他的父亲如此相像。“不行，约翰，不要，

我不能，也不会让他走的。”

9. 所以，我们非常礼貌地回了信，

我们无法送走任何一个孩子。

尽管送走后，我们可能不会这么辛苦，

虽然这是我们梦寐以求的。

真的，很高兴我们没有让

任何一个孩子离开原来的地方。

心存感激，为七个孩子劳作，

其余的一切，信赖天堂里的神吧。

(E. L. 比尔夫人)

- (1) Aye, *always* ,
- (2) Surveyed, *took a view of*.
- (3) Crown, *an English silver coin worth about \$1.20*.
- (4) Wayward, *willful*.
- (5) Turbulent, *disposed to disorder*.
- (6) Courteous, *polite*.
- (7) Accustomed, *usual*.

LESSON 63 THE PET FAWN

宠物鹿

1 . A pretty little fawn (1) had been brought in from the woods, when very young, and nursed and petted by a lady in the village until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful, as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about, being caressed (2) by the neighbors, and welcome everywhere.

2 . One morning, after playing about as usual until weary, it lay down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter by pursuit, and who still kept several hounds, one of which was now with him.

3 . The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped. The little animal saw him, and started to its feet. It had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had apparently lost all fear of them; but it seemed now to know that an enemy was near. In an instant, its whole nature seemed changed; all its past habits were forgotten; every wild impulse was awake; its head erect, its nostrils dilated (3) , its eyes flashing.

4 . In another instant, before the spectators (4) had thought of

the danger, and before its friends could secure it, the fawn was bounding away through the street, and the hound in full chase. The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons immediately followed its track; the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, in vain.

5 . The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dog, but with no success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. But if for a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; for the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen village dogs joined blindly in the pursuit.

6 . A large crowd collected on the bank—men, women, and children—anxious for the fate of the little animal so well known to them all. Some threw themselves into boats, hoping to intercept (5) the hound before he reached his prey. The plashing of the oars, the eager voices of men and boys, and the barking of the dogs, must have filled the heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish,—as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled, had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

7 . It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across a bay toward the nearest borders of the forest. Immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, and ran at full speed, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On swam the fawn, as it never swam before; its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed (6) its course alike to its friends and foes.

8 . As it approached the land, the interest became intense (7) . The hunter was already on the same side of the lake, calling loudly and angrily to his dog; but the hound seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn reached the shore. With a leap it had crossed the narrow strip of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods.

9 . The hound followed true to the scent (8) , pointing to the same spot on the shore; his master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the same critical moment. Will the dog listen to his voice? or can the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the bank told that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest. At the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain side, and its enemy was restrained. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed (9) , were easily managed.

10 . A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the woods in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the fawn had not been seen. Some thought that after its fright had passed it would return of its own accord. It wore a pretty collar with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods.

11 . Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and showed a collar with her name upon it. He said that he was out hunting in the morning, and saw a fawn in the distance. The little pet, instead of bounding away, as he expected, moved toward him; he took aim,

fired, and shot it through the heart.

【中文阅读】

1. 一只漂亮的小鹿在很小的时候，就被人从树林里带了回来，村子里一位女士把它当宠物驯养，它也变得特别驯服。像别的小动物一样，小鹿非常优雅，也非常温和、好玩，没人不喜欢它，它跟着不同的家庭成员到处走，邻居们也常常抚摸它，它到哪儿都很受欢迎。

2. 一天早上，小鹿像平常一样到处玩，玩累了就在一家商店的台阶上休息，趴在一个朋友脚边晒太阳。这时那边来了一个乡下人，他以前是个猎手，至今还养着几只猎犬，现在就有一只带在身边。

3. 接近小鹿趴着的地方时，猎犬突然停了下来。小鹿看到它，很快站了起来。小鹿有一半的时间都和村里的狗待在一起，显然已经不怕它们了，但现在它仿佛知道敌人就在靠近。突然之间，小鹿的性格似乎全变了，它忘记了过去的一切习性，身上的野性都被唤醒了。它抬起头，鼻孔变大，双眼放光。

4. 转瞬之间，谁都没有想到可能的危险，出乎大家的意料，小鹿已经沿着大街跳跃着跑了，猎犬在后面紧追不舍。人们想要营救它，几个人立刻跟了上去。一直以来抚育和喂养小鹿的朋友呼唤它的名字，可是它一点反应都没有。

5. 猎人吹口哨想叫回猎犬，可是没叫回来。半分钟后，小鹿就已经拐过第一个街角，冲到湖边，跃入水中。但是，如果开始这受惊的小家伙觉得自己在凉爽的湖水中央就安全了话，它很快就醒悟了，因为猎犬紧紧尾随着，十几只村里的狗也盲目跟着追赶。

6. 一大群人聚集在岸边——男人、女人、孩子们——大家都为他们熟悉的小鹿的命运担心。有些人跳到船上，试图在猎狗追上小鹿

之前阻拦它。船桨摇动水花四溅，男人、女人、孩子们急切地呼喊着，猎狗和村狗汪汪叫着，这一切让可怜的小鹿又害怕又惊恐——仿佛这片土地上曾经爱抚它、喜爱它的所有生命，突然之间都成了它的死敌。

7. 很快人们看到小鹿横穿河湾，向最近的森林方向跑去。猎犬的主人迅速过了桥，全速冲过去，想在他的猎犬上岸的时候拦住它。小鹿继续向前游，使出了平生的所有力气。水面上几乎看不见它小小的头，但所过之处在水面留下痕迹，向它的朋友和敌人暴露了踪迹。

8. 小鹿接近地面的时候，人们变得特别紧张。猎人已经在湖的另一边，生气地大声呼喊他的猎犬，但猎犬在这无情的追逐中仿佛已经忘记了主人的声音。小鹿上了岸。轻轻一跃，它已经跳过狭窄的河滩，马上就到了树林的边缘。

9. 猎犬紧紧跟着小鹿的气味，朝着河岸上的小鹿追去。它的主人急着要拦住它，全力奔跑着，在这关键时刻追到了。猎犬会听从它的主人吗？或者猎人能不能赶上去及时抓住并控制它？河岸上突然大叫一声，原来小鹿已经冲进森林里不见了踪影。与此同时，猎犬一上岸就被主人强有力的手臂抓住了脖子。最可怕的事情终于没有发生。小鹿顺着山坡向上跑，它的敌人已经被制服了。其他的狗，看见它们的头目被制服了，也都乖乖的了。

10. 一些人分头到树林里去找这只小鹿，但都没找到。他们回到村里，汇报说没有发现小鹿。有些人觉得等小鹿不再害怕，它就会自己回来的。小鹿的脖子上戴有刻着主人名字的项圈，和在树林里的其他鹿相比，非常容易识别。

11. 没过多久，一个猎人出现在曾经驯养小鹿的女士面前，向她出示了一个刻有名字的项圈。他说，早上打猎，看见远处有一只鹿。他以为这个小家伙会跑走，没想到却朝着他走来，他瞄准、射击，打

穿了它的心脏。

- (1) Fawn, *a young deer.*
- (2) Caressed, *fondled, petted.*
- (3) Dilated, *extended, spread out.*
- (4) Spectators, *those who look on.*
- (5) Intercept, *to stop, to seize.*
- (6) Betrayed, *showed.*
- (7) Intense, *extreme.*
- (8) Scent, *track followed by the sense of smell.*
- (9) Cowed, *made afraid.*

LESSON 64 ANNIE'S DREAM

安妮的梦

1 . It was a clear, cold, winter evening, and all the Sinclairs but Annie had gone out for a neighborly visit. She had resolved to stay at home and study a long, difficult lesson in Natural (1) Philosophy.

2 . Left to herself, the evening passed quickly, but the lesson was learned a full half hour before the time set for the family to come home.

3 . Closing her book, she leaned back in the soft armchair in which she was sitting, soon fell asleep, and began to dream. She dreamed that it was a very cold morning, and that she was standing by the dining-room stove, looking into the glass basin which was every day filled with water for evaporation (2) .

4 . "Oh, dear," she sighed, "it is nearly school time. I don't want to go out in the cold this morning. Then there is that long lesson. I wonder if I can say it. Let me see—it takes two hundred and twelve degrees (3) of heat, I believe, for water to evaporate—"

5 . "Nonsense!" "Ridiculous!" shouted a chorus of strange little voices near by; "Look here! is this water boiling? What an idea; two hundred and twelve degrees before we can fly, ha, ha!"

6 . "Who are you?" asked Annie, in amazement. "Where must I look?" "In the basin, of course."

7 . Annie looked, and saw a multitude of tiny forms moving swiftly around, their numbers increasing as the heat of the fire increased. "Why you dear little things!" said she, "what are you doing down there?"

8 . "We are water sprites (4) ," answered one, in the clearest voice that can be imagined, "and when this delightful warmth comes all about us, we become so light that we fly off, as you see."

9 . In another moment he had joined a crowd of his companions that were spreading their wings and flying off in curling, white clouds over Annie's head. But they were so light and thin that they soon disappeared in the air.

10 . She could not see where they went, so she again turned to the basin. "Doesn't it hurt you," she asked one, "to be heated—?" "Not always to two hundred and twelve," said the sprite, mischievously (5) .

11 . "No, no," replied Annie, half-vexed; "I remember, that is boiling point—but I mean, to be heated as you all are, and then to fly off in the cold?"

12 . "Oh, no," laughed the little sprite; "we like it. We are made to change by God's wise laws, and so it can't hurt us. We are all the time at work, in our way, taking different shapes. It is good for us. If you will go to the window, you will find some of my brothers and sisters on the glass."

13 . Annie went to the window, and at first could see nothing but some beautiful frostwork on it. Soon, however, the panes seemed to swarm (6) with little folks. Their wings were as white as snow, and sparkled with ice jewels.

14 . "Oh," cried Annie, "this is the prettiest sight I ever saw. What is your name, darling?" she asked one that wore a crown of snow roses. The little voice that replied was so sharp and fine that Annie thought it seemed like a needle point of sound, and she began to laugh.

15 . "Fine Frost is our family name," it said. "I have a first name of my own, but I shall not tell you what it is, for you are so impolite as to laugh at me."

16 . "I beg your pardon, dear," said Annie; "I could not help it. I will not laugh at you any more if you will tell me how you came here. I have been talking with one of your brothers over there in the basin."

17 . The little sprite then folded her wings in a dignified manner, and said, "I will tell you all I know about it, since you promise to be polite. It is a very short story, however."

18 . "Last evening we all escaped (7) from the glass basin, as you have seen our companions do this morning. Oh, how light and free we felt! But we were so very delicate and thin that no one saw us as we flew about in the air of the room."

19 . "After a while I flew with these others to this window, and, as we alighted on the glass, the cold changed us from water sprites into sprites of the Fine Frost family." "It is very wonderful," said

Annie. "Is it nice to be a sprite?"

20 . "Oh, yes, we are very gay. All last night we had a fine time sparkling in the moonlight. I wore a long wreath full of ice pearls and diamonds. Here is a piece of it. Before long we shall be water sprites again. I see the sun is coming this way."

21 . "Shall you dread to be melted?" inquired Annie. "No, indeed," answered the sprite. "I like to change my form now and then."

22 . A thought flashed across Annie's brain. What if she should breathe on the frost and not wait for the sun to melt it. In a moment more she had done so. Down fell a great number of the tiny mountains and castles, carrying with them a multitude of frost sprites, and all that could be seen was a drop of water on the window sill.

23 . "Oh, dear! have I hurt them?" she exclaimed. "No, no," replied a chorus of many small voices from the drop of water, "we are only water sprites again. Nothing hurts us; we merely change." "But you are always pretty little things," said Annie. "I wish—"

24 . Here a ring at the doorbell woke Annie. She started up to find the family had returned from their visit, which all declared was a delightful one. But Annie said she did not believe they had enjoyed their visit better than she had her half hour's dream.

【中文阅读】

1 . 这是个清澈寒冷的冬日夜晚，除了安妮，辛克莱一家都到邻

居家串门了。安妮决心要待在家里，学习一节又长又难的自然课。

2. 一个人留在家里，夜晚过得非常快，课程已经学完了，可是离家里人说好的回来时间还有整整半个小时。

3. 合上书，她向后靠在自己坐着的软软的扶手椅上，很快就睡着了，还开始做起了梦。她梦见一个寒冷的早晨，她站在餐厅的炉火旁，向玻璃水盆里看，这个水盆每天都盛满水，蒸发的水汽能让屋里空气潮湿些。

4. “哦，天哪，马上该去上学，”安妮叹了口气，“我可不想在这么冷的天出门。还要上那么长的一节课。我想知道，自己是否能说上来所学的东西。我知道需要达到212华氏度（100摄氏度）时，水才会蒸发，我觉得是这样。”

5. “不对！”“胡说！”旁边有叽叽喳喳微小的声音在说话。“你朝这儿看！这水烧开了吗？想什么呢，212华氏度，我们就能飞了。哈哈！”

6. “你们是谁啊？”安妮惊讶地问，“我朝哪儿看？”“当然是水盆里！”

7. 安妮向水盆里望去，看见许多小东西很快地移动着，火的温度升高，这些小东西的数量也越来越多。“怎么回事？你们这些可爱的小家伙，”她说，“你们在那儿干什么啊？”

8. “我们是水精灵，”其中一个用你能想象的最清亮的声音说，“这可爱的温暖包围我们的时候，我们就轻得飞走了。你看见了吧。”

9. 转瞬间，这个小家伙就加入了它的其他同伴中，它们张开翅膀，在缭绕的白色烟雾中飞过安妮的头上。它们那么轻，那么薄，很快就消失在空气中了。

10. 安妮看不到它们去了哪儿，所以她又回头对着水盆，问其中一个说：“你们不疼吗？加热到这样？”“不是总要加热到212华氏度。”水精灵淘气地说。

11. 安妮有点生气：“不是不是，我记得水的沸点是这个，我的意思是，你们加热到现在这个程度，然后飞到冷冷的空气里。”

12. “哦，一点儿也不疼，”小小的水精灵笑着说，“我们喜欢这样。按照自然的法则，我们本来就是要改变形状的，所以一点儿也不疼。我们总是在以我们的方式工作着，不停变换形态。这对我们是好事。你到窗户那儿看看，就会发现我的兄弟姐妹在玻璃上呢。”

13. 安妮走到窗户边，开始什么也看不见，只是看见了一些漂亮的霜花。很快，窗玻璃上好像挤满了小家伙。它们的翅膀像雪一样白，像冰宝石一样闪闪发光。

14. 安妮大叫：“哇，这是我见过的最美的景象。你叫什么名字啊，亲爱的？”她问其中一个带着雪玫瑰皇冠的家伙。回答她的声音又尖又细，安妮觉得像是针尖的声音，忍不住笑了。

15. 它说：“霜是我们的姓，我自己有名字，但我不想告诉你，因为你很没礼貌，刚才嘲笑我了。”

16. “对不起，”安妮说，“我没忍住。我再也不笑你了。你能告诉我你是从哪儿来的吗？我刚才和那边水盆里你的一个兄弟说话来着。”

17. 小精灵很高贵地把翅膀收起来，说：“既然你保证你会有礼貌，我就告诉你我知道的一切吧，不过这个故事很短。”

18. “昨天晚上我们从玻璃水盆里逃了出来，就像今天早上你看见的我的伙伴那样。噢，我们觉得非常轻松和自由！但是，我们又轻又小，在房间的空气里飞翔的时候，没人看见我们。”

19. “飞了一会儿，我和其他人一起飞到了这个窗户上，一落在窗户上，寒冷就把我们从水精灵变成了霜家族的精灵。”“这么奇妙啊！”安妮说，“当精灵好玩吗？”

20. “噢，那当然啦！我们特别开心。昨天晚上，我们整晚都在月光下闪耀呢。我带着一个用冰珍珠和冰钻石做成的项链。看，这是其中的一块。过一会儿我们就又变成水精灵了。我看见太阳从这边出来了。”

21. “你害怕融化吗？”安妮问它。“不，一点也不怕，”小精灵回答，“我喜欢时不时地变换形态。”

22. 安妮的脑海中闪过一个想法。如果等太阳融化它们，她对着霜花吹口气会怎样呢。没多想她就吹了口气。大量微小的山脉和城堡坍塌了，上面是许许多多的霜精灵，窗玻璃上只看到一滴水。

23. “噢，亲爱的，我伤害它们了吗？”她惊叫道。“没有没有，”水滴中许多微小的声音一起说，“我们只是又变成了水精灵。没什么能够伤害我们。我们只是改变了形态。”“但是，你们总是漂亮的小家伙，”安妮说，“我希望……”

24. 这时，门铃声惊醒了安妮。她站起来发现家人们已经从邻居家回来了，每人都很开心。但是，安妮说她不信他们玩得比她那半小时的美梦更快乐。

(1) Natural Philosophy, *the study which teaches about the laws of matter in nature.*

(2) Evaporation, *the act of turning into vapor.*

(3) Degree, *a division of space marked on an instrument such as a thermometer.*

(4) Water sprite, *a spirit or fairy living in the water.*

- (5) Mischievously, *in a teasing manner*.
- (6) Swarm, *to be crowded*.
- (7) Escaped, *got away, fled*.

LESSON 65 MY GHOST

我遇见的鬼

By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, who was born near Lexington, Ky., in 1836 . Among her published works may be mentioned "The Nests at Washington, and Other Poems," and "A Woman's Poems."

1 . Yes, Katie, I think you are very sweet,

Now that the tangles are out of your hair,

And you sing as well as the birds you meet,

That are playing, like you, in the blossoms there.

But now you are coming to kiss me, you say:

Well, what is it for? Shall I tie your shoe?

Or loop up your sleeve in a prettier way?

"Do I know about ghosts?" Indeed I do.

2 . "Have I seen one?" Yes; last evening, you know,

We were taking a walk that you had to miss,
(I think you were naughty, and cried to go,
But, surely, you'll stay at home after this!)
And, away in the twilight, lonesomely,
("What is the twilight?" It's—getting late!)
I was thinking of things that were sad to me!—
There, hush! you know nothing about them, Kate.

3 . Well, we had to go through the rocky lane,
Close to that bridge where the water roars,
By a still, red house, where the dark and rain
Go in when they will at the open doors.
And the moon, that had just waked up, looked through
The broken old windows, and seemed afraid,
And the wild bats flew, and the thistles grew
Where once in the roses the children played.

4 . Just across the road by the cherry trees
Some fallen white stones had been lying so long,

Half hid in the grass, and under these
There were people dead. I could hear the song
Of a very sleepy dove as I passed
The graveyard near, and the cricket that cried;
And I look'd (ah! the Ghost is coming at last!)
And something was walking at my side.

5 . It seemed to be wrapped in a great dark shawl
(For the night was a little cold, you know,);
It would not speak. It was black and tall;
And it walked so proudly and very slow.
Then it mocked me everything I could do:
Now it caught at the lightning flies like me;
Now it stopped where the elder blossoms grew;
Now it tore the thorns from a gray bent tree.

6 . Still it followed me under the yellow moon,
Looking back to the graveyard now and then,
Where the winds were playing the night a tune—

But, Kate, a Ghost doesn't care for men,
And your papa couldn't have done it harm.
Ah! dark-eyed darling, what is it you see?
There, you needn't hide in your dimpled arm—
It was only my shadow that walk'd with me!

【中文阅读】

作者S. M. B. 皮亚特夫人，1836年出生于肯塔基州莱克星顿附近。她发表的作品包括《华盛顿的巢及其他诗歌》和《一个女人的诗》。

1. 是的，凯蒂，我觉得你很可爱，
头发也不乱了，
你像鸟儿一样歌唱，
鸟儿们像你一样，在花丛嬉戏，
但你现在过来亲亲我，你说：
怎么了？是要我帮你系鞋带吗？
还是把你的袖子挽得好看些？
“我知道鬼吗？”我当然知道。

2. “我见过鬼吗？”是的，就在昨晚，

我们出门散步，你没去。

（我觉得你太淘气，哭着非要去，

不过，我保证，这之后你会甘愿待在家里！）

在阴暗的暮色里，孤独寂寥，

（“什么是暮色？”就是天黑的时候！）

我正想着让我伤心的事情，

听，你不懂那是什么，凯蒂。

3. 我们要走过小石路，

紧挨着河水咆哮的小桥，

旁边是一所安静的红房子，大门敞开着，

雨水落进去，黑暗钻进去。

月亮刚刚醒来，照着

破损的旧窗户，仿佛害怕了。

野蝙蝠飞来飞去，蓟草也在这里生长，

而这里曾经是玫瑰花丛，孩子们在花间玩耍。

4. 穿过小路，在樱桃树边，

一些白色的石碑已经安放很久，
半掩在草丛里的石碑下，
安息着死去的人。
经过坟墓时，我能听到
一只疲倦的鸽子歌唱，蟋蟀也在悉悉作响。
我一看（啊，鬼终于来了。）
好像有什么走在我身边。

5. 它裹着黑色斗篷，
（因为夜里有点凉，你知道的）
它什么也不说，又黑又高。
它自大又缓慢地走着。
然后模仿我做的一切：
一会儿它像我一样抓萤火虫，
一会儿它又停在花丛间，
一会儿它又去折弯曲的灰色树枝。

6. 在黄色的月光下，它一直跟着我，
时不时向后看看墓园，

那里晚风呼啸，仿佛吹着什么曲调——

但是，凯蒂，鬼才不在乎人什么呢。

你的爸爸也没有伤害过它。

啊，黑眼睛的小可爱啊，你觉得这是什么？

来，不要把头埋在我的胳肢窝里，

跟着我走的只是我自己的影子！

LESSON 66 THE ELEPHANT

大象

1 . The elephant is the largest of quadrupeds ⁽¹⁾ ; his height is from eight to fourteen feet, and his length, from ten to fifteen feet. His form is that of a hog; his eyes are small and lively; his ears are long, broad and pendulous ⁽²⁾ . He has two large tusks, which form the ivory of commerce ⁽³⁾ , and a trunk, or proboscis ⁽⁴⁾ , at the end of the nose, which he uses to take his food with, and for attack or defense. His color is a dark ash-brown.

2 . Elephants often assemble in large troops; and, as they march in search of food, the forests seem to tremble under them. They eat the branches of trees, together with roots, herbs, leaves, grain, and fruit, but will not touch fish nor flesh. In a state of nature, they are peaceable, mild, and brave; exerting their power only for their own protection or in defense of their own species.

3 . Elephants are found both in Asia and Africa, but they are of different species, the Asiatic elephant having five toes, and the African, three. These animals are caught by stratagem ⁽⁵⁾ , and, when tamed, they are the most gentle, obedient, and patient, as well as the most docile ⁽⁶⁾ and sagacious of all quadrupeds. They are used to carry burdens, and for traveling. Their attachment to their masters is remarkable; and they seem to live but to serve and

obey them. They always kneel to receive their riders; or the loads they have to carry.

4 . The anecdotes illustrating the character of the elephant are numerous. An elephant which was kept for exhibition at London, was often required, as is usual in such exhibitions, to pick up with his trunk a piece of money thrown upon the floor for this purpose. On one occasion a sixpence was thrown, which happened to roll a little out of his reach, not far from the wall. Being desired to pick it up, he stretched out his proboscis several times to reach it; failing in this, he stood motionless a few seconds, evidently considering how to act.

5 . He then stretched his proboscis in a straight line as far as he could, a little distance above the coin, and blew with great force against the wall. The angle produced by the opposition of the wall, made the current of air act under the coin, as he evidently supposed it would, and it was curious to observe the sixpence traveling toward the animal till it came within his reach, when he picked it up.

6 . A soldier in India, who had frequently carried an elephant some arrack ⁽⁷⁾ , being one day intoxicated, and seeing himself pursued by the guard whose orders were to conduct him to prison, took refuge under the elephant. The guard soon finding his retreat, attempted in vain to take him from his asylum ⁽⁸⁾ ; for the elephant vigorously defended him with his trunk.

7 . As soon as the soldier became sober, and saw himself placed under such an unwieldy ⁽⁹⁾ animal, he was so terrified that he scarcely durst move either hand or foot; but the elephant soon

caused his fears to subside by caressing him with his trunk, and thus tacitly (10) saying, "Depart in peace."

8 . A pleasing anecdote is related of an elephant which was the property of the nabob (11) of Lucknow. There was in that city an epidemic (12) disorder, making dreadful havoc among the inhabitants. The road to the palace gate was covered with the sick and dying, lying on the ground at the moment the nabob was about to pass.

9 . Regardless of the suffering he must cause, the nabob held on his way, not caring whether his beast trod upon the poor helpless creatures or not. But the animal, more kind-hearted than his master, carefully cleared the path of the poor, helpless wretches as he went along. Some he lifted with his trunk, entirely out of the road. Some he set upon their feet, and among the others he stepped so carefully that not an individual was injured.

【中文阅读】

1 . 大象是四蹄动物中体型最大的：高达八到十英尺，长达十到十五英尺。大象的外形和猪有点像：眼睛很小，但很有活力，耳朵又长又宽，向下耷拉着。大象有两颗大牙，因此也产生了象牙贸易。象的鼻子很长，可以用来拿食物，也可以攻击或是防卫。大象的颜色是深灰褐色的。

2 . 大象常常聚集成一大群，在它们集体找食的时候，似乎森林都在它们脚下颤抖。它们吃树枝，也吃树根、野草、树叶、谷物和水果，但不吃鱼和肉。自然状态下，大象爱和平、性格温和，也很勇敢，只有在保护自己或是同类的时候才会施展自己的力量。

3. 尽管在亚洲和非洲都有大象，但它们的种类不同。亚洲象有五个脚趾，非洲象只有三个脚趾头。捕捉大象需要使些计谋，一旦驯服了，它们非常温和、顺从，富有耐心，是所有四蹄动物中最听话、最聪明的。大象可以用来驮重物 and 骑行。它们对主人的感情非常深厚，仿佛它们生来就是为主人服务、顺从主人的。它们总是跪下来等待装载重物，或者等人骑上去。

4. 描述大象性格的故事不计其数。以前在伦敦养了一只大象，用来展览，在这样的展览里，它经常被要求用鼻子捡起扔在地上的钱。一天有人扔了六便士，碰巧滚到离墙很近的地方，它正好够不到。它很想把钱捡起来，所以几次伸出长鼻子去够，几次都失败了。它一动不动站了几秒钟，显然是在想该怎么办。

5. 大象把鼻子尽可能地伸直，伸到离硬币有点距离的上方，随后它使劲对着墙吹了一口气。吹出的气受到墙的阻挡，在硬币下面发了力，就像它计算好的一样。人们惊讶地发现硬币向着大象移动了，移到了它可以够到的地方，然后大象把硬币捡了起来。

6. 印度有名士兵经常用一头大象运烧酒，一天这士兵喝醉了，一旦他被护卫抓住，就会被关进监狱了。他藏到了大象身下，护卫虽然很快发现他的藏身之地，但没法把他从这里弄出来，因为大象用长鼻子勇敢地保护着他。

7. 士兵清醒之后，发现自己藏在这个庞然大物身下，他吓坏了，手脚都不敢动一下。可是大象很快打消了他的恐惧，它用长鼻子抚摸着它，仿佛在说：安心离开吧！

8. 还有一个人们喜闻乐见的故事。一位印度王子有一头不同寻常的大象。当时那个城市正闹瘟疫，给当地居民带来严重的损失。当王子经过宫殿大门的时候，道路上躺着的满是病人和垂死的人。

9. 王子骑着象继续赶路，丝毫不顾及是否会踩到人，也不管会

带来多大痛苦。但是，这头大象比他的主人要善良得多，一边走，一边小心地避开路上的可怜的人、受伤的人。它用鼻子把一些人挪到路边，它还让一些人站了起来。它小心翼翼地走在余下的人中间，没让任何人受伤。

- (1) Quadruped, *an animal having four feet.*
- (2) Pendulous, *hanging down.*
- (3) Commerce, *trade.*
- (4) Proboscis, *snout, trunk.*
- (5) Stratagem, *artifice.*
- (6) Docile, *teachable*
- (7) Arrack, *a spirituous liquor made from the juice of the cocoanut.*
- (8) Asylum, *a refuge.*
- (9) Unwieldy, *heavy, unmanageable.*
- (10) Tacitly, *silently.*
- (11) Nabob, *a prince in India.*
- (12) Epidemic, *affecting many people.*

LESSON 67 DARE TO DO RIGHT

勇于做正确的事

Adapted from "School Days at Rugby," by Thomas Hughes, an English writer well known through this book, and its sequel, "Tom Brown at Oxford." The author was born in 1823, and died in 1896.

1 . The little schoolboys went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers: while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats (1) off.

2 . Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed (2) with the novelty (3) of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

3 . "Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and

hands?" "Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring: "that's your wash-hand stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all."

4 . And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand stand, and began his ablutions (4) , thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

5 . On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

6 . It was a trying moment for the poor, little, lonely boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped all his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

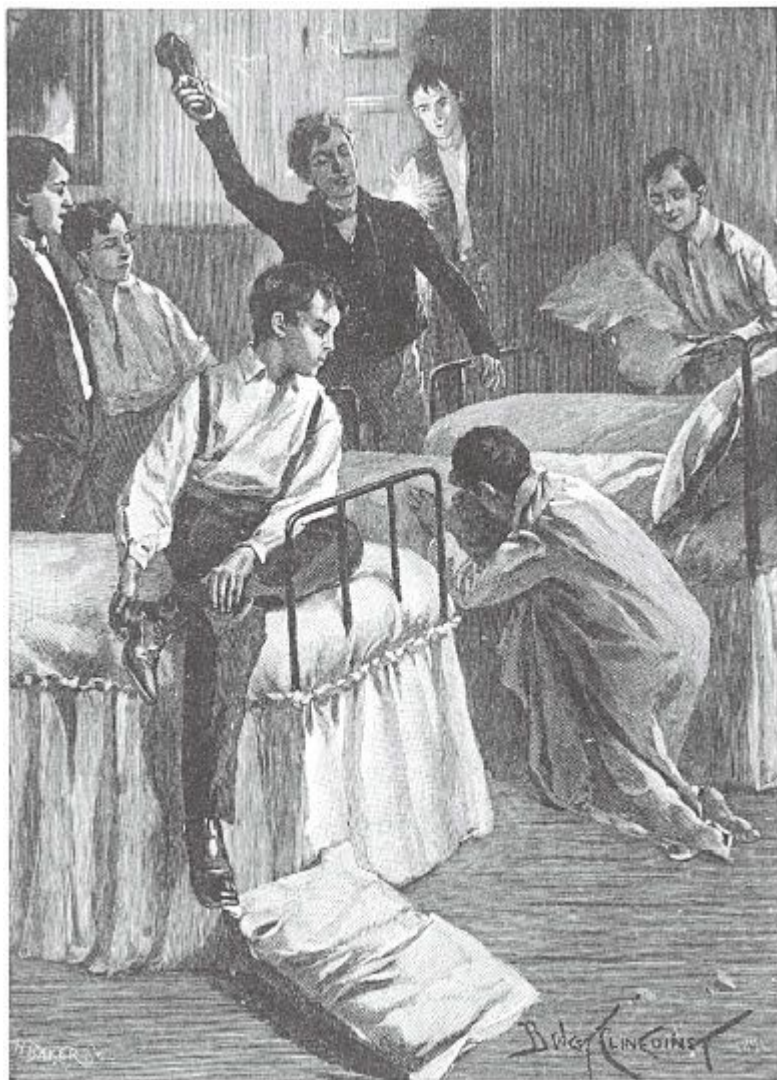
7 . Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered (5) , and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver.

8 . Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully (6) , who

had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow. "Confound you, Brown; what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain. "Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling (7) : "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

9 . What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy (8) came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old janitor had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting the door with his usual, "Good night, gen'l'm'n."

10 . There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.



11 . Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

EXERCISES.—What were Arthur's feelings the first night at Rugby? Relate what happened when he said his prayers. What do you think of the boy who threw the slipper? Was Tom right in defending Arthur from insult?

【中文阅读】

本文节选自《在拉格比学校的日子》，作者托马斯·休斯，以本书及其续集《汤姆·布朗在牛津》而闻名。作者生于1823年，于1896年逝世。

1. 学校里，小男孩们悄悄地爬上床，脱掉衣服，开始说起了悄悄话，大一点的孩子们，包括汤姆·布朗，互相坐在床上聊起天来，他们也已经脱了外套和马甲。

2. 可怜的小阿瑟初来乍到，觉得有点不适应。和陌生的男孩们在同一个屋子里睡觉，他以前可从来没有想过，这让他觉得又奇怪，又痛苦。他很难忍受脱掉外衣，不过，很快，一咬牙，他还是脱了下来，然后他停下来看着汤姆，这时汤姆正坐在自己的床头，有说有笑的。

3. “请问，布朗，”他小声说，“我可以洗洗手和脸吗？”“当然可以，如果你愿意的话，”汤姆盯着他说，“你的脸盆架在那边窗子下面，从你的床数第二个。如果你把水都用了，早晨你得下去再打些过来。”

4. 汤姆继续和别人说话，而阿瑟轻手轻脚地从床之间来到自己的脸盆架旁开始洗脸，也把房间的注意力暂时吸引到了他身上。

5. 他们继续说笑着，阿瑟洗漱完之后脱下衣服，换上了他的睡衣。他紧张地看了一圈。两三个小男孩已经坐在床上，下巴放在膝盖上。灯光明亮，房间里的噪音继续着。

6. 对可怜的小阿瑟来说，这是一个考验他的时刻，不过这次他没有问汤姆他能不能做，而是直接在他的床边跪了下来，就像他从孩提起每天做的那样，他向聆听世人请求、为弱小的孩子和成年人承受苦恼和痛苦的主敞开了他的心。

7. 汤姆正坐在床边解鞋带，背对着阿瑟，所以他没看到发生了什么，只是感觉突然安静下来，他便惊讶地抬起头来。这时，两三个男孩大笑起来，讥讽小阿瑟，一个高大鲁莽的家伙站在房间中央，拿起一只拖鞋，扔向跪着的阿瑟，把他叫作哭哭啼啼的小家伙。

8. 汤姆看到了发生的一切，刚脱下的鞋子笔直地飞向那个恶棍的头，那个家伙抬起胳膊，正好用胳膊肘挡住了。“疯了吧，布朗，你在干什么？”他大叫起来，疼得直跺脚。“不用管我是什么意思，”汤姆站在地上，身体里的每一滴血液都在燃烧，“有谁想要另一只靴子，他知道该怎么做。”

9. 接下来可能发生什么没人知道，因为这时，六年级的值周生过来了，大家都不作声了。汤姆和其他男孩赶忙冲到床上，脱了衣服。随后宿舍老师把蜡烛熄灭，像往常一样关上门，说：“晚安，先生们。”

10. 刚才发生的一幕让宿舍里的很多男孩在心里思量起来。汤姆怎么都睡不着。刚才发生的事情让他非常激动，大脑里涌动的记忆和刚才的一幕互相追逐，让他无法思考和分析。他头疼得厉害，心怦怦地跳，差点忍不住从床上跳起来绕着房间跑几圈。

11. 然后，他想到了自己母亲，几年前，他在母亲的膝前保证，说自己每天晚上躺下之前，一定不会忘记跪在床边，把自己交给上

帝，因为可能一觉之后就再也不会醒来了。他轻轻躺下，哭得仿佛心都碎了。他才只是个十四岁的孩子啊。

- (1) Waistcoat, *a vest*.
- (2) Overwhelmed, *overcome, cast down*.
- (3) Novelty, *newness*.
- (4) Ablution, *the act of washing*.
- (5) Sneered, *showed contempt*.
- (6) Bully, *a noisy, blustering fellow, more insolent than courageous*.
- (7) Tingling, *having a thrilling feeling*.
- (8) Sixth-form boy. *The school was graded into six classes or "forms," and the boys of the highest, or sixth, form were expected to keep the smaller boys under them in order.*

LESSON 68 DARE TO DO RIGHT (CONCLUDED) 勇于做正确的事 (结束篇)

1 . It was no light act of courage in those days for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven ⁽¹⁾ the school, the tables turned: before he died, in the Schoolhouse at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way.

2 . But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

3 . Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

4 . Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling, which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all

others which he loathed (2) was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor, little, weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart (3) as he was, dared not do.

5 . The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing (4) to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony (5) next morning.

6 . The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered (6) , for the Devil showed him, first, all his old friends calling him "Saint," and "Squaretoes" and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives (7) would be misunderstood, and he would be left alone with the new boy; whereas, it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number.

7 . And then came the more subtle (8) temptation, "shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study (9) , letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public, at least, I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had

found peace.

8 . Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him?

9 . He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

10 . It was not needed: two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering ⁽¹⁰⁾ of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave at Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still, small voice asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"—that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without his witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

11 . He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

EXERCISES.—Relate Tom's early experience at Rugby. Was it courageous in him to stop saying his prayers? How did he feel over it? What did he resolve to do? Did he carry out his resolve? What two lessons was he taught?

【中文阅读】

1. 那个时候，一个小男孩要在公开场合做祷告，这需要不小的勇气，在拉格比学校也是这样。过了几年，阿诺德校长以勇敢和虔诚开始改变这所学校，情况才有所变化。他去世之前，至少拉格比学校的情况不同了，而在其他的学校，我相信还没有什么变化。

2. 但是，可怜的汤姆没赶上这样的好时候。刚上学的前几个晚上，他因为大家吵吵闹闹，就没有跪下祷告，而是坐在床上等着蜡烛熄灭之后，悄悄溜出去祷告，他怕让别人发现。很多可怜的小家伙也是如此。

3. 后来，他想干脆自己在床上进行祷告，这样他是跪着、坐着，或者躺着也没什么关系。这就是事情的经过，其他不愿在众人面前祷告的人也是一样。最后一年他几乎没有认真祷告过。

4. 可怜的汤姆！最强烈也最让他痛苦的就是他的懦弱，几乎要让他的心碎了。他想到了别的令他非常厌恶的罪恶，这让他的灵魂备受煎熬。他对他的母亲说谎了，他对母亲、自己的良心和上帝说了谎。他怎么能忍受呢？但这个可怜、瘦小又柔弱的男孩，这个曾让他感到怜悯，甚至嘲笑的软弱的男孩，居然做了件他只是吹嘘，却没有勇气做的事。

5. 他发誓无论如何都要支持那个男孩，鼓励他、帮助他、分担他的困难。晚上他所做的好事，给他带来一点点安慰。然后，他决定

第二天给家里写封信，告诉母亲发生的一切，告诉她自己曾经是怎样的一个胆小鬼。他下定决心在第二天一早证明自己，这才让他心里感到宁静了。

6. 他想到第二天早晨可能比夜晚还要难度过，但他觉得不能再让这次机会溜走了。他也犹豫了好几次，因为魔鬼不停地影响他：他的老朋友们叫他“圣人”、“古板的家伙”，还有其他难听的外号；魔鬼小声在他耳边低声，说他的动机会被人误解的，最后他会和这个新来的男孩一起被孤立。然而，他决定不管一切的影响，一定要坚持正确的到最后。

7. 随后，更微妙的诱惑来了：“我必须要这么做，让他们觉得我在逞强吗？我必须现在开始吗？我是不是应该在我的书房祷告，让其他男孩知道我在这么做，然后试着引导他们，而在公开场合，还是像我原来一样？”但是，那天晚上，正义的天使太强大了，他侧着躺着睡着了，没有再想什么，而是决定遵从他内心强烈的冲动，这样他也觉得心里平静了。

8. 第二天一早，他起来梳洗穿戴完毕，只剩外套和马甲没穿，再有十分钟上课铃就要响了，在宿舍所有人眼皮底下，他跪下来祷告。他还没说几个字，铃声就响了起来。他听着屋子里小声说话的声音——他们会怎么想他呢？

9. 他不好意思再跪着了，也不好意思站起来。最后，从他内心深处，一个平静、微小的声音说出了那些话：“上帝啊，请饶恕我这个罪人吧！”他一遍又一遍地重复这句话，求生似地紧抓着这句话，这才心安理得地站起来，准备好坦然地面对整个世界。

10. 他的担心是多余的：阿瑟和他身边的另外两个男孩已经学着他的样子跪下祷告了，在去教室的路上，他又明白了这样一课——只要战胜了自己内心的怯懦，你就征服了外面的整个世界。他也明白了

当以利亚藏在基立溪旁的山洞里，当时他低下了头，而一个宁静、微小的声音问道：“你在那儿做什么，以利亚？”不论我们在世界上感觉多么孤独，神灵总是看得到的。而在任何一个社会里，无论多么腐败，多么不敬神灵，总有不向邪恶屈服的人。

11. 他还发现，他是多么夸大了自己行为的影响。开始几个晚上，当他跪下来的时候，偶尔有人讥讽嘲笑，但很快就听不到了。除了三四个男孩，其他的男孩们一个接一个地跟随他一样祷告了。

-
- (1) Leaven, *to make a general change, to imbue.*
 - (2) Loathed, *hated, detested.*
 - (3) Braggart, *a boaster.*
 - (4) Vowing, *making a solemn promise to God.*
 - (5) Testimony, *open declaration.*
 - (6) Faltered, *hesitated.*
 - (7) Motive, *that which causes action, cause, reason.*
 - (8) Subtle, *artful, cunning.*
 - (9) Study, *a private room devoted to study.*
 - (10) Glimmering, *a faint view.*

LESSON 69 THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

赫斯珀洛斯号的残骸

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the greatest of American poets. He was born in Portland, Me., in 1807 . For some years he held the professorship of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, and later a similar professorship in Harvard College. He died March 24th, 1882.

1 . It was the schooner Hesperus,

That sailed the wintry sea;

And the skipper ⁽¹⁾ had taken his little daughter,

To bear him company.

2 . Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,

Her cheeks like the dawn of day,

And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,

That ope in the month of May.

3 . The skipper, he stood beside the helm,

His pipe was in his mouth,

And he watched how the veering (2) flaw (3) did blow

The smoke now west, now south.

4 . Then up and spake an old sailor,

Had sailed to the Spanish Main (4) ,

"I pray thee, put into yonder port (5) ,

For I fear the hurricane.

5 . "Last night, the moon had a golden ring,

And to-night no moon we see!"

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,

And a scornful laugh laughed he.

6 . Colder and louder blew the wind,

A gale from the northeast;

The snow fell hissing in the brine (6) ,

And the billows frothed like yeast.

7 . Down came the storm, and smote amain (7)

The vessel in its strength;

She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,

Then leaped her cable's length.

8 . "Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,

And do not tremble so;

For I can weather (8) the roughest gale

That ever wind did blow."

9 . He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,

Against the stinging blast:

He cut a rope from a broken spar (9) ,

And bound her to the mast.

10 . "O father! I hear the church bells ring,

Oh say, what may it be?"

"'T is a fog bell on a rock-bound coast!"—

And he steered for the open sea.

11 . "O father! I hear the sound of guns,

Oh say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that can not live

In such an angry sea!"

12 . "O father! I see a gleaming light,

Oh say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word,

A frozen corpse was he.

13 . Lashed to the helm [\(10\)](#) , all stiff and stark,

With his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

14 . Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the lake of Galilee.

15 . And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe [\(11\)](#) .

16 . And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land:
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

17 . The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

18 . She struck where the white and fleecy waves

Looked soft as carded (12) wool,

But the cruel rocks, they gored her side

Like the horns of an angry bull.

19 . Her rattling shrouds (13) , all sheathed in ice,

With the masts, went by the board (14) ;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove (15) and sank,

Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

20 . At day break, on the bleak seabeach,

A fisherman stood aghast,

To see the form of a maiden fair

Lashed close to a drifting mast.

21 . The salt sea was frozen on her breast,

The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,

On the billows fall and rise.

22 . Such was the wreck of the Hesperus

In the midnight and the snow:

Heav'n save us all from a death like this

On the reef of Norman's Woe!

【中文阅读】

作者亨利·沃兹沃斯·朗费罗，美国最著名的诗人之一。他于1807年出生在缅因州波特兰市。他多年在鲍登学院现代语言系任教，后在哈佛大学任类似职务。他于1882年3月24日去世。

1 . 那是大帆船赫斯珀洛斯号，

行驶在冰冷的大海上。

船长带着她的小女儿，

跟随他一起出海。

2 . 她的眼睛蓝得像盛开的亚麻花，

她的面庞红润，似天边的朝霞，

她的胸脯洁白，

像五月绽放的山楂花。

3 . 船长站在舵边 ,

嘴里叼着大烟卷 ,

他看着风向不停变换 ,

把烟雾吹向西来吹向南。

4 . 一位老水手走过来 ,

他曾出海远航到危险的加勒比海岸。

“请您在那边的港口停靠我们的船 ,

恐怕一场飓风就要来到。”

5 . “昨晚我看到月亮的金边 ,

今晚却看不见月亮。”

老船长 , 他吐出一个大烟圈 ,

不屑一顾 , 哈哈大笑。

6 . 大风呼啸 , 越来越冷 ,

东北方向的大风突然来得很猛 ,

雪花沙沙落在海上 ,

巨浪汹涌着搅动奔腾。

7. 暴风雨来了，就在突然之间，

它奋力拍打着轮船，

只见这船随风摇晃，就像马儿受了惊吓，

突然跃起到缆绳那么高。

8. “到这儿来，到这儿来，我的乖女儿，

不要害怕颤抖。

多大的狂风大浪，

我都能挺得过。”

9. 他脱下海员服给女儿裹上，

来抵御凛冽的寒风。

从折断的船板上割下绳子，

把女儿绑在桅杆上。

10. “哦，爸爸，我听到教堂钟声敲响，

告诉我，发生了什么事？”

“这是礁石海岸敲响的雾钟！”——

他随机掉转船头驶向大海中央。

11 . “哦，爸爸，我听到枪响的声音，
告诉我，发生了什么事？”
“有的船发出了求救信号，他们已经
无法抵抗大海的愤怒。”

12 . “哦，爸爸，我看见了闪烁的光，
告诉我，发生了什么事？”
但是，他的父亲已经无法回答，
他已经冻僵了。

13 . 船长的身体靠在船舵上，僵硬冰冷，
仰面朝天躺在那里，
灯光透过雪的光芒闪耀，
在他呆滞定格的双眼。

14 . 小女孩双手合十，默默祈祷，
祈祷自己能够获救。
她想到了耶稣，是他
曾平静了加利利海的波涛。

15 . 急速穿过夜空的黑暗阴冷，

穿过呼啸的雨和雪，

这艘船像扬帆的鬼船，

驶向诺曼沃暗礁。

16 . 阵阵大风之间，

不时从海岸传来声响。

那是海浪在拍打着

岩石和坚硬的海砂。

17 . 海浪就在船头下方呼啸，

她在残骸上漂浮，

呼啸的巨浪从甲板

席卷了如同冰柱般死亡的船员。

18 . 轮船卡在一个地方，

洁白的浪花柔和得像梳理过的羊毛。

但这残忍的岩石啊，就在她一旁，

像疯狂的牛用角乱撞。

19 . 横桅索上结了冰，撞击起来咔咔作响，
和桅杆一起，从船上滑下，
如同玻璃做成的，轮船破损沉没，
吼叫！吼叫！巨浪如此咆哮！

20 . 天亮时，在荒凉的海滩上，
一个渔夫被吓坏了，
他看到一个小姑娘，
紧紧绑在桅杆上。

21 . 苦涩的海水在她胸膛结冰，
苦涩的泪水留在她眼中，
他看见她的头发，仿佛褐色的海草，
随巨浪漂起又落下。

22 . 这就是赫斯珀洛斯残骸
在暴风雪的午夜发生的事情。
上帝保佑我们
从诺曼沃暗礁的死亡中得到拯救。

-
- (1) Skipper, *the master of a small merchant vessel.*
 - (2) Veering, *changing.*
 - (3) Flaw, *a sudden gust of wind.*
 - (4) The Spanish Main, *was the name formerly applied to the northern coast of South America from the Mosquito Territory to the Leeward Islands.*
 - (5) Port, *harbor.*
 - (6) Brine, *the sea.*
 - (7) Amain, *with sudden force.*
 - (8) Weather, *to endure, to resist.*
 - (9) Spar, *a long beam.*
 - (10) Helm, *the instrument by which a ship is steered.*
 - (11) The reef of Norman's Woe. *A dangerous ledge of rocks on the Massachusetts coast, near Gloucester harbor.*
 - (12) Carded, *cleaned by combing.*
 - (13) Shrouds, *sets of ropes reaching from the mastheads to the sides of a vessel to support the masts.*
 - (14) Went by the board. *A sailor's expression, meaning "fell over the side of the vessel."*
 - (15) Stove, *broke in.*

LESSON 70 ANECDOTES OF BIRDS

鸟类趣闻

1 . I had once a favorite black hen, "a great beauty," as she was called by everyone, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the fragments that I never failed to collect from the breakfast table for "Yarico," as she was called.

2 . Yarico, by the time she was a year old, hatched a respectable family of chickens; little, cowering, timid things at first, but, in due time, they became fine chubby ones; and old Norah said, "If I could only keep Yarico out of the copse ⁽¹⁾ , it would do; but the copse is full of weasels and of foxes.

3 . "I have driven her back twenty times; but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again. It is always the case with young hens, Miss; they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens." I have often thought since that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear.

4 . One morning; after breakfast, I went to seek my favorite in

the poultry yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico. The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard mastiff; a noble fellow, steady and sagacious (2) as a judge.

5 . At the end of a lane, flanked on one side by a quickset hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young, long-legged pullets, running with both wings and feet toward home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse; but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock.

6 . Poor Yarico! An impertinent (3) fox cub had attempted to carry off one of her children; but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay. His desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub fox.

7 . The most interesting portion of my tale is to come. Yarico not only never afterward ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog which had preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him

accordingly.

8 . It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend; not knowing exactly what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated, and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel (4) , and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the henhouse. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird.

9 . One could almost believe a parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it is certainly singular to observe how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one that had been taught many sentences; thus, "Sally, Poll wants her breakfast!" "Sally, Poll wants her tea!" but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning, and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by "How do you do, Mr. A?"

10 . She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of "Get out, dogs!" with such vehemence (5) and authority as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight.

11 . How wonderful is that instinct by which the bird of passage performs its annual migration (6) ! But how still more

wonderful is it when the bird, after its voyage of thousands of miles has been performed, and new lands visited, returns to the precise window or eaves where, the summer before, it first enjoyed existence! And yet, such is unquestionably the fact.

12 . Four brothers had watched with indignation the felonious (7) attempts of a sparrow to possess himself of the nest of a house martin, in which lay its young brood of four unfledged birds.

13 . The little fellows considered themselves as champions for the bird which had come over land and sea, and chosen its shelter under their mother's roof. They therefore marshaled themselves with blowguns, to execute summary vengeance; but their well-meant endeavors brought destruction upon the mud-built domicile (8) they wished to defend. Their artillery (9) loosened the foundations, and down it came, precipitating its four little inmates to the ground. The mother of the children, Good Samaritan-like, replaced the little outcasts in their nest, and set it in the open window of an unoccupied chamber.

14 . The parent birds, after the first terror was over, did not appear disconcerted (10) by the change of situation, but hourly fed their young as usual, and testified, by their unwearied twitter of pleasure, the satisfaction and confidence they felt. There the young birds were duly fledged, and from that window they began their flight, and entered upon life.

15 . The next spring, with the reappearance of the martins, came four, which familiarly flew into the chamber, visited all the walls, and expressed their recognition (11) by the most clamorous twitterings of joy. They were, without question, the very birds that

had been bred there the preceding year.

【中文阅读】

1. 我曾经有一只最喜爱的黑色大母鸡，人们都叫她“大美人”，我觉得它名副其实。它的羽毛乌黑发亮，头上的羽毛又白又密。它的听觉就像狗一样灵敏，对我的声音非常熟悉，经常会咯咯咯地扑扇着翅膀到我手上啄食，我经常收拾剩下的早饭来喂雅丽克，雅丽克是它的名字。

2. 雅丽克一岁的时候，已经孵出了很大一群小鸡，一开始这些小家伙小心翼翼、畏头畏脑的，后来慢慢地，变得圆嘟嘟的，老诺拉说：“我得让雅丽克离小树林远点，这就好了，小树林里都是黄鼠狼和狐狸。”

3. “我都把它赶回来二十次了，但每次一看见有人出门，它就溜出去了。小母鸡们都是这样，小姐，它们总觉得自己比主人知道的多，不丢一两窝小鸡它们可记不住。”此后，我就经常想：年轻人和小母鸡们一样，买个教训要付出昂贵的教训。

4. 一天上午，早饭之后，我去鸡场找我最喜欢的这只母鸡，那里有很多只母鸡，但就是没有雅丽克。大门开着，我觉得它肯定去了树林禁地，我朝着那边走去，带着叫乔克的马士提夫犬，这只狗雄赳赳的，非常稳重，目光敏锐，非常聪明。

5. 小路一边是简易栅栏，一边是空旷的空地，小路的尽头就是树林边。还没到小树林，我就听到了大声的咯咯叫声，还看见两只小母鸡，伸着长腿，扑腾着翅膀，朝着家里跑。乔克竖起灵敏的耳朵，要不是被我牵着，早就全速冲进树林里去了。我牵着乔克以最快的速度快速往前跑，想要和他一起看看树林里发生了什么。

6. 可怜的雅丽克！一只凶恶的小狐狸试图要叼走它的一个孩子，不过它把孩子们护在身后的栅栏里，它自己勇敢地冲了上去，无礼的小狐狸明显地被逼到了死胡同。小狐狸一心要做强盗，没有注意到我们的到来，乔克很快就让这只小狐狸感觉到英国马士提夫犬的优势地位。

7. 接下来我要讲到这个故事最有意思的地方了。雅丽克此后不仅再也不敢去小树林，而且还和拯救了它家庭的乔克建立了深厚的友谊。只要乔克出现在鸡场里，它就跑过去找它，咯咯咯地叫个不停，好像在拉家常，还在它腿间走来走去，让乔克走不动路，这令乔克有点恼火。如果其他的狗来鸡场里，它就会愤怒地飞跑过去，可能担心它的孩子受到伤害，但它显然把乔克当作了特殊的保护者，也因此对乔克非常亲热。

8. 乔克看到它的长满羽毛的朋友那副奇怪神态觉得很滑稽，也不知该如何对待它的这种热情，觉得不知所措。雅丽克的孩子长大后，不再需要它的庇护了，它就经常到乔克的狗舍做客，有时候就在那儿过夜，而不是和其他的母鸡一样回到鸡场。雅丽克显然是最懂感恩、最有趣的小鸡。

9. 看到鹦鹉能够活力四射地与人交谈，人们常常觉得它们是有智力的动物。观察一只受过良好训练的鹦鹉如何运用自己的知识，这显然是件新奇的事。我的一位朋友见过一只会说很多话的鹦鹉，比如“莎莉，波尔要吃早餐！”“莎莉，波尔要喝茶！”这只鹦鹉从来没有弄混过，总是在早晨要早餐，在下午要茶。它还经常和自己的主人打招呼：“您好，A先生。”但她从来不问候其他的人。

10. 这是一只非常有意思的鸟，它甚至还可以吹口哨招呼狗，它也很喜欢这么做。人们把鸟笼挂在门口的时候，它会一块面包掉在地上，然后吹一段口哨，狗闻讯赶来。正在狗要享用面包美餐的时候，它就突然大叫一声：“狗，滚开！”声音里充满力量和权威，狗什

么都没吃到就跑开了，这时它就感到特别高兴。

11. 候鸟具有每年迁徙的本能，这是多么神奇的事情啊！但是，当鸟儿在飞行了上千里，在经历过新的栖息地之后，鸟儿们还是会回到去年夏天它们最初居住过的窗户或屋檐下，这更是神奇。然而，这是毫无疑问的事实。

12. 四个兄弟曾经愤怒地看到一只麻雀试图占领一只家燕的鸟窝，而窝里有四只羽翼未丰的小家燕。

13. 四兄弟觉得自己是英雄，因为家燕飞跃重重陆地和海洋，选择了他们家的屋檐来做窝。他们拿起气枪，匆忙向麻雀讨公道，但他们本来好意要维护鸟窝，实际却带来了灾难。他们的武器把鸟窝的根基松动了，鸟窝掉了下来，里面的四只小鸟掉在了地上。四兄弟的妈妈，就像好心的撒玛利亚人一样，把四只小家伙放回窝里，把鸟窝放在一个没住人的房间的窗户上方。

14. 短暂的恐慌之后，燕子爸爸和妈妈并没有因为环境改变而不安，而是像往常一样按时喂小燕子，通过它们不时叽叽喳喳的叫声可以知道，它们感觉很满足很安心。就这样，小燕子们在这儿羽翼渐丰，从这个窗户上方开始了人生的旅途。

15. 第二年春天，燕子再次出现的时候，四只燕子很熟悉地飞到那个房间的窗口，沿着周边的墙飞来飞去，欢快地喳喳叫着表示它们认出了这个熟悉的地方。毫无疑问，它们就是去年在这儿出生的那四只雏燕。

(1) Copse, a grove of small trees or bushes.

(2) Sagacious, quick in discernment.

- (3) Impertinent, *rude, intrusive.*
- (4) Kennel, *a place for dogs.*
- (5) Vehemence, *force.*
- (6) Migration, *change of place, removal.*
- (7) Felonious, *criminal.*
- (8) Domicile, *the home or residence of anyone.*
- (9) Artillery, *weapons of warfare.*
- (10) Disconcerted, *interrupted, confused.*
- (11) Recognition, *recollection of a former acquaintance.*

LESSON 71 THE RAINBOW

PILGRIMAGE

寻找彩虹的旅程

By Sara J. Lippincott, born at Onondaga, N. Y., in 1823, of New England parentage. Under the name of "Grace Greenwood" she has written many charming stories for children. Some of her best sketches are in "Records of Five Years."

1 . One summer afternoon, when I was about eight years of age, I was standing at an eastern window, looking at a beautiful rainbow that, bending from the sky, seemed to be losing itself in a thick, swampy wood about a quarter of a mile distant.

2 . It happened that no one was in the room with me then but my brother Rufus, who was just recovering (1) from a severe illness, and was sitting, propped up with pillows, in an easy-chair, looking out, with me, at the rainbow.

3 . "See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars, where we go in the spring to find wintergreens (2) !"

4 . "Do you know, Gracie," said my brother, with a very serious

face, "that if you should go to the end of the rain how, you would find there purses filled with money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

5 . "Is it truly so?" I asked.

6 . "Truly so," answered my brother, with a smile. Now, I was a simple-hearted child who believed everything that was told me, although I was again and again imposed (3) upon; so, without another word, I darted out of the door, and set forth toward the wood. My brother called after me as loudly as he was able, but I did not heed him.

7 . I cared nothing for the wet grass, which was sadly drabbling (4) my clean frock,—on and on I ran: I was so sure that I knew just where that rainbow ended. I remember how glad and proud I was in my thoughts, and what fine presents I promised to all my friends out of my great riches.

8 . So thinking, and laying delightful plans, almost before I knew it I had reached the cedar grove, and the end of the rainbow was not there! But I saw it shining down among the trees a little farther off; so on and on I struggled, through the thick bushes and over logs, till I came within the sound of a stream which ran through the swamp. Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come down right in the middle of that deep, muddy brook!"

9 . Ah! but I was frightened for my heavy pots of gold and silver, and my purses of money. How should I ever find them there? and what a time I should have getting them out! I reached the bank of the stream, and "the end was not yet." But I could see it a little

way off on the other side. I crossed the creek on a fallen tree, and still ran on, though my limbs seemed to give way, and my side ached with fatigue.

10 . The woods grew thicker and darker, the ground more wet and swampy, and I found, as many grown people had found before me, that there was rather hard traveling in a journey after riches. Suddenly I met in my way a large porcupine ⁽⁵⁾ , who made himself still larger when he saw me, as a cross cat raises its back and makes tails at a dog. Fearing that he would shoot his sharp quills at me, I ran from him as fast as my tired feet would carry me.

11 . In my fright and hurry I forgot to keep my eye on the rainbow, as I had done before; and when, at last, I remembered and looked for it, it was nowhere in sight! It had quite faded away. When I saw that it was indeed gone, I burst into tears; for I had lost all my treasures, and had nothing to show for my pilgrimage ⁽⁶⁾ but muddy feet and a wet and torn frock. So I set out for home.

12 . But I soon found that my troubles had only begun; I could not find my way: I was lost! I could not tell which was east or west, north or south, but wandered about here and there, crying and calling, though I knew that no one could hear me.

13 . All at once I heard voices shouting and hallooing; but, instead of being rejoiced at this, I was frightened, fearing that the Indians were upon me! I crawled under some bushes, by the side of a large log, and lay perfectly still. I was wet, cold, scared, altogether very miserable indeed; yet, when the voices came near, I did not start up and show myself.

14 . At last I heard my own name called; but I remembered that Indians were very cunning, and thought they might have found it out some way, so I did not answer. Then came a voice near me, that sounded like that of my eldest brother, who lived away from home, and whom I had not seen for many months; but I dared not believe that the voice was his.

15 . Soon some one sprang up on the log by which I lay, and stood there calling. I could not see his face; I could only see the tips of his toes, but by them I saw that he wore a nice pair of boots, and not moccasins (7) . Yet I remembered that some Indians dressed like white folks; so I still kept quiet, till I heard shouted over me a pet name, which this brother had given me. It was the funniest name in the world.

16 . I knew that no Indian knew of the name, as it was a little family secret; so I sprang up, and caught my brother about the ankles. I hardly think that an Indian could have given a louder yell than he gave then; and he jumped so that he fell off the log down by my side. But nobody was hurt; and, after kissing me till he had kissed away all my tears, he hoisted me on to his shoulder, called my other brothers, who were hunting in different directions, and we all set out for home.

17 . I had been gone nearly three hours, and had wandered a number of miles. My brother Joseph's coming and asking for me, had first set them to inquiring and searching me out. When I went into the room where my brother Rufus sat, he said, "Why, my poor little sister! I did not mean to send you off on such a wild-goose chase to the end of the rainbow. I thought you would know I was only quizzing (8) you."

18 . Then my eldest brother took me on his knee, and told me what the rainbow really is: that it is only painted air, and does not rest on the earth, so nobody could ever find the end; and that God has set it in the cloud to remind him and us of his promise never again to drown the world with a flood. "Oh, I think God's Promise would be a beautiful name for the rainbow!" I said.

19 . "Yes," replied my mother, "but it tells us something more than that he will not send great floods upon the earth,—it tells us of his beautiful love always bending over us from the skies. And I trust that when my little girl sets forth on a pilgrimage to find God's love, she will be led by the rainbow of his promise through all the dark places of this world to 'treasures laid up in heaven,' better, far better, than silver or gold."

【中文阅读】

作者莎拉·利平科特，于1823年出生于纽约的奥内达加，父母是新英格兰人。以格蕾丝·格林伍德为笔名，她写了很多美妙的儿童故事。《五年记录》包括一些著名的故事。

1 . 大概八岁的时候，一个夏天的下午，我坐在窗户旁，看着天边美丽的彩虹，彩虹从天上弯曲而下，仿佛要消失在四分之一英里外那浓密、潮湿的森林里。

2 . 当时，房间里除了我哥哥卢夫斯没有别人，他刚生了一场重病，正在恢复呢。他坐在摇椅上，靠着枕头坐着，和我一起看着彩虹。

3 . “看啊，哥哥！”我说，“彩虹就落在雪松林里，就是我们春天

去找鹿蹄草的地方。”

4.“你知道吗，格蕾西，”我哥哥用特别严肃的口吻说，“如果你到彩虹尽头，你会发现装满钱财的钱包，还有大罐大罐的金银财宝。”

5.“真是这样的吗？”我问他。

6.“真的是这样的。”我哥哥微笑着回答。我那时是个单纯的小女孩，虽然我总是一次又一次被骗，但我还是相信别人告诉我的一切。所以，我什么也没说，就冲出门外，朝着树林跑去。我哥哥大声地喊我，不过我都没注意。

7.我完全不顾潮湿的草地弄脏了我干净的衣裙，只是自顾自地跑着。我很确定地知道彩虹尽头在哪儿了。我记得当时有多么开心自豪，发誓用我的巨大财富给所有好朋友买精美的礼物。

8.这样想着，开心地计划着，直到我发现自己已经到了雪松树林里，可是彩虹的尽头却不在这儿！我明明看见它就在比树林还远一点的地方闪耀着啊！我继续挣扎着往前走，穿过茂密的灌木丛，越过地上砍倒的圆木，后来我听到泉水穿过沼泽的声音。然后，我想：“如果彩虹恰好落在那条深深的泥泞小溪里怎么办？”

9.啊！我不禁开始担心我那一罐罐沉重的金银财宝了，还有鼓囊囊的钱包。我怎么才能在那儿找到这些东西呢？要把它们打捞出来可要费劲了！我到了小溪岸边，可是“彩虹尽头不在这儿”。不过我看见就在离溪那边远一点的地方。我踩着一棵伐倒的树，过了小溪，继续向前跑，我的双腿已经不听使唤了，腰也累得直疼。

10.森林越来越密，越来越暗，地上也越来越潮湿，越来越泥泞。和很多成年人一样，我发现追逐财富的旅程总是充满艰辛。突然，我面前出现一只大豪猪，它一看见我，就耸起身躯，变得更大

了，就像一只生气的猫遇到狗的时候，弓起背，竖起尾巴的样子。我生怕它用长长的刺攻击我，我拖着疲惫的双腿赶忙跑开。

11. 惊慌之中，我忘记了彩虹，当我后来想起来要找彩虹的时候，发现根本就看不到了！彩虹已经消失了。当确定彩虹不见了，我号啕大哭起来，因为我丢失了所有的财富，这次寻宝之旅一无所获，而且双腿沾满了泥，裙子湿漉漉的，还破了。我只好回家了。

12. 我很快发现我的麻烦才刚刚开始，我找不到回家的路了！我迷路了！我分不出哪儿是东，哪儿是西，哪儿是南，哪儿是北。我在原地转来转去，虽然知道没人能听得到，我还是一边哭，一边大喊大叫。

13. 突然之间，我听见有声音在高喊，但我没觉得高兴，而是突然害怕起来，怕印第安人要来追我。我趴在一丛灌木下，旁边是一个伐倒的大圆木，一动不动。我又湿又冷又害怕，总之就是惨极了。但是，声音越来越近，我没有站起来暴露自己。

14. 后来我听见有人叫自己的名字，我记得印第安人很狡猾，他们可能通过某种方式知道了我的名字，所以我没有应答。后来有个声音在我旁边呼唤，听着就像我的大哥，可是他不在家里，我已经好几个月没见到他了。但是，我不敢相信这就是他的声音。

15. 很快有人跳到我身边的圆木上，站在那儿叫我的名字。我看不见他的脸，从他的鞋尖我看到了他穿着新靴子，不是印第安人穿的轻皮平底鞋。可是我记得有些印第安人会穿得和白人一样，所以我还是一声不响，直到我听到自己的小名，这是我哥哥给我起的。我觉得这是世界上最可笑的名字。

16. 我知道印第安人不会知道这个名字的，因为这是我们家里的小秘密。于是，我突然站起来，抓住我哥哥的脚踝。我觉得没有印第安人会叫得比他声音大，他跳了起来，掉下圆木，摔在我旁边。不过

我们都没受伤，他亲吻了我，把泪水都亲没了，然后他把我放在他的肩膀上，叫着分头寻找我的其他哥哥们，然后我们一起往家走。

17. 我后来知道自己离开了快三个小时，走了好几英里。我大哥约瑟夫正好来家里，知道我的情况后，立即叫人们分头寻找。回到家后，当我到卢夫斯的房间，他说：“哎呀，我可怜的小妹妹。我没想让你白费时间去找彩虹的尽头。我以为你知道我只是逗你玩儿呢。”

18. 我大哥把我放在他膝盖上，告诉我彩虹实际上是什么：它只是有颜色的空气，并不停留在地面上。所以，没人可以找到彩虹尽头。上帝让彩虹出现在云端，是在提醒他和人们，他保证再也不会用洪水淹没地球。“哦，我觉得上帝的承诺是彩虹不错的名字呢！”我说。

19. “没错，”妈妈说，“不过，除了告诉我们他不会再用洪水淹没地球，还告诉我们他的爱一直从天空降落到人间。我相信当我的小宝贝开始这场寻找上帝之爱的旅程，在上帝的彩虹引领下，她会穿越世间所有的黑暗，最终找到‘天国的财富’，这远比任何金银财宝都珍贵。”

(1) Recovering, growing well.

(2) Wintergreen, a creeping evergreen plant with bright red berries.

(3) Imposed, (used with on or upon), deceived, misled.

(4) Drabbling, making dirty by drawing in mud and water.

(5) Porcupine, a small quadruped whose body is covered with sharp quills.

(6) Pilgrimage, journey.

(7) Moccasins, shoes of deerskin without soles, such as are usually worn by Indians.

(8) Quiz'zing, making sport of.

LESSON 72 THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

旧橡木桶

By Samuel Woodworth, who was born in Massachusetts in 1785 . He was both author and editor. This is his best known poem. He died in 1842.

1 . How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!



The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it:
The bridge and the rock where the cataract ⁽¹⁾ fell:
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

2 . That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;

For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite (2) pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebble bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing (3) ,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 . How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,

As poised (4) on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet (5) could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar (6) which Jupiter sips;

And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively (7) swell,
As fancy reverts (8) to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

*EXERCISES.—Who was the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket"?
What is said of this piece? What does the poem describe? and what
feeling does it express?*

【中文阅读】

作者塞缪尔·伍德沃茨，1785年出生在马萨诸塞州。他是作家兼编辑。本诗是他最著名的诗歌作品。他于1842年去世。

1. 多么美好啊，我那童年的时光！

美妙的回忆把旧时一幕幕带到眼前。

果园、草地和深处茂密的树林，

童年的处处如此可爱：

宽阔的池塘，池塘旁的磨坊，

旁边的小桥、岩石、瀑布流淌，
父亲的木床，旁边的奶牛房，
还有那挂在井里的粗糙木桶，
老旧的橡木桶，铁箍的木桶，
长满苔藓的木桶悬挂在井口。

2. 那长满苔藓的木桶啊，我视若珍宝，

每天中午，从田地回到家中，
这是我无限欢乐的来源，
木桶能打来最纯净甘甜的井水。
我激动地用双手紧紧抓住，
快速沉到布满白鹅卵石的井底，
片刻，木桶里仿佛真理满溢，
滴滴清亮，木桶渐渐升到井口。
老旧的橡木桶，铁箍的橡木桶，
长满苔藓的木桶渐渐升到井口。

3. 从长满苔藓的桶沿喝水是多么甘甜，

靠在井沿，木桶倾斜到我嘴边，

即使是高脚杯里盛满神仙琼浆
也不能和我交换，
现在，回想当时满是爱的画面，
遗憾的泪水流淌我的脸，
幻想回到爸爸的种植园，
而这只木桶啊，它悬挂在井边，
老旧的橡木桶，铁箍的橡木桶长满苔藓，
就这样，悬挂在井边。

-
- (1) Cataract, *a great fall of water.*
 - (2) Exquisite, *exceeding, extreme.*
 - (3) Overflowing, *running over.*
 - (4) Poised, *balanced.*
 - (5) Goblet, *a kind of cup or drinking vessel.*
 - (6) Nectar, *the drink of the gods.*
 - (7) Intrusively, *without right or welcome.*
 - (8) Reverts, *returns.*

LESSON 73 THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

登山宝训

1 . And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples ⁽¹⁾ came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

2 . Blessed ⁽²⁾ are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit ⁽³⁾ the earth.

3 . Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

4 . Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

5 . Blessed are ye when men shall revile ⁽⁴⁾ you, and persecute ⁽⁵⁾ you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.

6 . Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear (6) thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

7 . Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

8 . Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

9 . Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully (7) use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

10 . For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans (8) the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is

in heaven is perfect.

11 . Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete ⁽⁹⁾ , it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote ⁽¹⁰⁾ that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

12 . Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite ⁽¹¹⁾ , first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

13 . Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for everyone that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

14 . If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.

15 . Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a

rock.

16 . And everyone that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

17 . And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes (12) .

EXERCISES.—Who delivered this sermon? Who are blessed? and why? Is it right to swear? How should we treat our enemies? Should we judge others harshly? What does Jesus say of him who finds faults in his neighbor, but does not see his own? What is said about prayer? About our conduct to others?

【中文阅读】

1 . 耶稣看见这许多的人，就上了山，既已坐下，门徒到他跟前来。他就开口教训他们，说：

2 . “虚心的人有福了，因为天国是他们的。哀恸的人有福了，因为他们必得安慰。温柔的人有福了，因为他们必承受地土。

3 . 饥渴慕义的人有福了，因为他们必得饱足。怜恤人的人有福了，因为他们必蒙怜恤。清心的人有福了，因为他们必得见神。

4 . 使人和睦的人有福了，因为他们必称为神的儿子。为义受逼

迫的人有福了，因为天国是他们的。

5．人若因我辱骂你们，逼迫你们，捏造各样坏话毁谤你们，你们就有福了。应当欢喜快乐，因为你们在天上的赏赐是大的。

6．你们又听见有吩咐古人的话，说：“不可背誓，所起的誓，总要向主谨守。”只是我告诉你们：甚么誓都不可起。不可指着天起誓，因为天是神的座位；不可指着地起誓，因为地是他的脚凳；也不可指着耶路撒冷起誓，因为耶路撒冷是大君的京城。

7．又不可指着你的头起誓，因为你不能使一根头发变黑变白了。你们的话，是，就说是；不是，就说不是；若再多说，就是出于那恶者（注：或作“是从恶里出来的”）。

8．你们听见有话说：“以眼还眼，以牙还牙。”只是我告诉你们：不要与恶人作对。有人打你的右脸，连左脸也转过来由他打；有人想要告你，要拿你的里衣，连外衣也由他拿去；有人强逼你走一里路，你就同他走二里；有求你的，就给他；有向你借贷的，不可推辞。

9．你们听见有话说：“当爱你的邻舍，恨你的仇敌。”只是我告诉你们：要爱你们的仇敌，为那逼迫你们的祷告。这样，就可以作你们天父的儿子，因为他叫日头照好人，也照歹人；降雨给义人，也给不义的人。

10．你们若单爱那爱你们的人，有甚么赏赐呢？就是税吏不也是这样行吗？你们若单请你弟兄的安，比人有甚么长处呢？就是外邦人不也是这样行吗？所以你们要完全，像你们的天父完全一样。

11．你们不要论断人，免得你们被论断。因为你们怎样论断人，也必怎样被论断；你们用甚么量器量给人，也必用甚么量器量给你们。为甚么看见你弟兄眼中有刺，却不想自己眼中有梁木呢？

12．你自己眼中有梁木，怎能对你弟兄说“容我去掉你眼中的刺”呢？你这假冒为善的人！先去掉自己眼中的梁木，然后才能看得清楚，去掉你弟兄眼中的刺。

13．你们祈求，就给你们；寻找，就寻见；叩门，就给你们开门。因为凡祈求的，就得着；寻找的，就寻见；叩门的，就给他开门。你们中间谁有儿子求饼，反给他石头呢？求鱼，反给他蛇呢？

14．你们虽然不好，尚且知道拿好东西给儿女，何况你们在天上的父，岂不更把好东西给求他的人吗？所以，无论何事，你们愿意人怎样待你们，你们也要怎样待人，因为这就是律法和先知的道理。

15．所以，凡听见我这话就去行的，好比一个聪明人，把房子盖在磐石上。雨淋，水冲，风吹，撞着那房子，房子总不倒塌，因为根基立在磐石上。

16．凡听见我这话不去行的，好比一个无知的人，把房子盖在沙土上。雨淋，水冲，风吹，撞着那房子，房子就倒塌了，并且倒塌得很大。

17．耶稣讲完了这些话，众人都希奇他的教训。因为他教训他们，正像有权柄的人，不像他们的文士。

(1) Disciple, *one who receives instruction from another.*

(2) Blessed, *happy.*

(3) Inherit, *to come into possession of.*

(4) Revile, *to speak against without cause.*

(5) Persecute, *to punish on account of religion.*

(6) Forswear, *to swear falsely.*

(7) Despitefully, *maliciously, cruelly.*

- (8) Publicans, *tax collectors (they were often oppressive and were hated by the Jews).*
- (9) Mete, *to measure.*
- (10) Mote, *a small particle.*
- (11) Hypocrite, *a false pretender.*
- (12) Scribes, *men among the Jews who read and explained the law to the people.*

LESSON 74 THE YOUNG WITNESS

小证人

1 . A little girl nine years of age was brought into court, and offered as a witness (1) against a prisoner who was on trial for a crime committed (2) in her father's house.

2 . "Now, Emily," said the counsel (3) for the prisoner, "I wish to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

3 . "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

4 . "Your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the judge, "it is evident that this witness should be rejected (4) . She does not understand the nature of an oath."

5 . "Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

6 . Assured (5) by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently (6) in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

7 . "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

8 . The little girl stepped back with a look of horror; and the red blood rose and spread in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he intended to ask if she had ever used profane (7) language.

9 . "I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean were you ever a witness?"

10 . "No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

11 . He handed her the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?"

12 . She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

13 . "Do you ever read in it?" he asked.

14 . "Yes, sir; every evening."

15 . "Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

16 . "It is the word of the great God," she answered.

17 . "Well," said the judge, "place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the following oath: "Do you swear that in the evidence which you shall give in this case, you will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth; and that you will ask God to help you?"

18 . "I do," she replied.

19 . "Now," said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

20 . "I shall be shut up in the state prison," answered the child.

21 . "Anything else?" asked the judge.

22 . "I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

23 . "How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

24 . The child took the Bible, turned rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, and, pointing to the one which reads, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," said, "I learned that before I could read."

25 . "Has anyone talked with you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

26 . "Yes, sir," she replied, "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness; and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him."

27 . "And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

28 . "Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

29 . "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner which showed that her conviction of the truth was perfect.

30 . "God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. The witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

31 . She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but her voice and manner carried conviction of her truthfulness to every heart.

32 . The lawyers asked her many perplexing questions, but she did not vary in the least from her first statement.

33 . The truth, as spoken by a little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury (8) had preceded her testimony; but before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff (9) .

34 . The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured (10) villainy to pieces, like a potter's (11) vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her; and the sublime and terrible simplicity,—terrible to the prisoner and his associates,—was like a revelation (12) from God himself.

(S. H. HAMMOND)

EXERCISES.—What is this story about? Why did the counsel wish to have Emily refused as a witness? Was she a fit person to be a witness? How was this shown? Which commandment forbids us to bear false

witness? What was the result of Emily's testimony?

【中文阅读】

1. 一个九岁大的小女孩被带上法庭，作为证人将要指证一个在他父亲的房间行窃的嫌疑犯。

2. “来，艾米丽，”嫌疑犯的辩护律师说，“我希望了解你是否知道誓言的本质。”

3. “我不知道您的意思。”艾米丽简单地回答。

4. “尊敬的法官大人，”辩护律师对法官说，“很显然不能用这个证人。她都不明白誓言的本质。”

5. “让我想想，”法官说，“过来，小姑娘。”

6. 法官和善的语气和表情让小女孩很安心，她走向法官，信任地看着他的脸，眼神平静、纯洁，毫无掩饰，让人一眼就能看透她的心灵。

7. “你发过誓吗？”法官问。

8. 小姑娘害怕地向后退了一步，血液涌上来，脸和脖子都涨红了，她回答道：“没有，先生。”她以为法官在问她有没有说过亵渎神的话。

9. “我不是这个意思，”法官发现她误解了，接着说，“我是问你有没有做过证人？”

10. 她回答：“没有，先生，我从来没有出过庭。”

11. 法官递给小女孩一本打开的《圣经》，问：“你知道这本书

吗，小姑娘？”

12. 她看了看说：“我知道，先生，这是《圣经》。”

13. 他问：“你读过吗？”

14. “是的，先生，每天晚上都读。”

15. “你能告诉我《圣经》是什么吗？”法官问。

16. “这是上帝说的话。”她回答。

17. “好的，”法官说，“把你的手放在这本《圣经》上，听我说。”于是他缓慢而严肃地重复了如下的誓言：“你是否发誓你在为本案提供证据时，只讲实话，绝不欺骗。你会请求上帝来帮助你吗？”

18. “我发誓。”她回答。

19. “好的，”法官说，“你已经发誓作为一名证人。你能告诉我，如果不说实话的话你会有什么后果吗？”

20. “我会被关在监狱里。”小女孩说。

21. “还有呢？”法官问。

22. “我将永远不能去天堂了。”她回答。

23. “你怎么知道这些的？”法官接着问。

24. 孩子拿过《圣经》，迅速翻到“十诫”那一章，指着其中的一节，上面写着：“你们不应该做伪证，陷害你们的邻居。”孩子说，“我认字以前就知道。”

25. “有人曾经和你说过，你要在法庭上作证揭发这个人吗？”法官问。

26.“是的，先生，”她回答说，“我母亲听说他们希望我出庭作证之后，昨天晚上把我叫到她的房间，让我告诉他‘十诫’是什么，然后我们一起跪下来，她祷告说希望我知道作伪证陷害邻居是邪恶的，她祈祷上帝保佑我，一个幼小的孩童，能够像在上帝面前一样讲实话。”

27.“我和父亲一起来这里的时候，母亲亲吻了我，她告诉我要谨记第九诫的内容，她说我说的每个字上帝都会听到的。”

28.“你相信这些吗？”法官问，他的眼里闪烁着泪花，嘴唇激动地颤抖着。

29.“我相信，先生。”她的声音和神态都显示她确信无疑。

30.“上帝保佑你，我的孩子，”法官说，“你有一个好母亲。你可以胜任证人的工作，”他继续说，“如果无辜面临审判，我也会祈祷上帝给我派来这样的一个人。你们可以询问她了。”

31. 她用一个孩子的方式简单叙述了她看到的经过，因为她就是个孩子，但她的声音和态度令每个人从心里对她说的话没有丝毫疑问。

32. 律师问了很多复杂的问题，但她的陈述始终是一致的。

33. 正如这个孩子所说，真理是神圣的。在她作证人之前有人说谎和做伪证，可是在她的证言面前，一切虚假都像蛋壳般破碎。

34. 这个小孩子，她的母亲曾为她祷告，使她拥有讲真话的力量，就像面对上帝一样，这把某些成年人编造的狡猾的谎言击成碎片，仿佛打破陶器。她母亲向神祷告祈求力量，而她那崇高却可怕的简洁话语——对罪犯和同伙来说是可怕的——就像来自上帝的启示一样。

- (1) Witness, *one who gives testimony.*
- (2) Committed, *done, performed.*
- (3) Counsel, *a lawyer.*
- (4) Rejected, *refused.*
- (5) Assured, *made bold.*
- (6) Confidingly, *with trust.*
- (7) Profane, *irreverent, taking the name of God in vain.*
- (8) Perjury, *the act of willfully making a false oath.*
- (9) Chaff, *the light dry husk of grains or grasses.*
- (10) Matured, *perfected, fully developed.*
- (11) Potter, *one whose occupation is to make earthen vessels.*
- (12) Revelation, *the act of disclosing or showing what was before unknown.*

LESSON 75 KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS 所罗门王和蚂蚁

By John Greenleaf Whittier, born near Haverhill, Mass., In 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, N. H., In 1892. Until he was eighteen years old he worked on the farm, and during that time learned the trade at a shoemaker. He afterwards became an editor and one of the first poets of America.

1 . Out from Jerusalem

The king rode with his great
War chiefs and lords of state,
And Sheba's queen with them.

2 . Proud in the Syrian sun,

In gold and purple sheen,
The dusky Ethiop queen

Smiled on King Solomon.

3 . Wisest of men, he knew

The languages of all

The creatures great or small

That trod the earth or flew.

4 . Across an ant-hill led

The king's path, and he heard

Its small folk, and their word

He thus interpreted [\(1\)](#) :

5 . "Here comes the king men greet [\(2\)](#)

As wise and good and just,

To crush us in the dust

Under his heedless feet."

6 . The great king bowed his head,

And saw the wide surprise

Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes

As he told her what they said.

7 . "O king!" she whispered sweet,

"Too happy fate have they

Who perish in thy way

Beneath thy gracious feet!

8 . "Thou of the God-lent crown,

Shall these vile creatures dare

Murmur against thee where

The knees of kings kneel down?"

9 . "Nay," Solomon replied,

"The wise and strong should seek

The welfare ⁽³⁾ of the weak;"

And turned his horse aside.

10 . His train ⁽⁴⁾ , with quick alarm,

Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound,
And left it free from harm.

11 . The jeweled head bent low;
"O king!" she said, "henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

12 . "Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries ⁽⁵⁾ of the great."

【中文阅读】

本文作者约翰·格林利夫·惠迪尔，1807年出生在马萨诸塞州黑弗里尔附近，1892年在新罕布什尔州的汉普顿去世。他在农场工作到十八岁，在此期间在一家鞋厂学习。后来他成为一名编辑，也是美国首批诗人之一。

1 . 从耶路撒冷城，

国王跃马离去，
带领军官和领主，
还有示巴王国的王后。

2．在叙利亚的日光下，
闪耀金色和紫色光辉，
忧郁的阿比西尼亚王后，
对着所罗门王微笑。

3．他是最聪明的人，他知晓
世上所有语言，
不论大小生灵，
不论飞禽走兽。

4．国王的路上，
经过一个蚁穴，他听到
小家伙悉悉索索，还在说话，
他听得懂它们在说：

5.“人人尊敬的国王来了，
他聪明、和善又公正，
他就要把我们无情地踩在脚下，
化为灰烬。”

6. 尊贵的王低下了头，
看到示巴王后
异常惊讶的表情，
他把蚂蚁们的话告诉王后。

7.“哦，王啊！”她甜蜜地低语，
“它们是多么幸运啊，
能在您慷慨的足下，
以这种方式毁灭。”

8.“您有上帝赐予的王冠，
所有的王都要向您跪拜。
这些卑微的家伙胆敢，
对您的行为指指点点。”

9 . “不是这样的。”所罗门王说道，

“聪明和强壮的人应当

为弱小者谋福利。”

说话间他把马头转向一边。

10 . 他的车队，紧急号令，

跟随主人逶迤前行，

绕过蚂蚁居住的蚁穴，

不让它们遭受一丝伤害。

11 . 王后低下华丽的头，

“哦，王啊。”她说：

“我终于知道，

您的智慧和富有的秘诀所在。”

12 . “若君主关心

穷人的疾苦，而不是

强者的奉承，

这样的臣民才是幸福的。”

-
- (1) Interpreted, *explained the meaning of*.
 - (2) Greet, *Address, salute*.
 - (3) Welfare, *happiness*.
 - (4) Train, *a body of followers*.
 - (5) Flatteries, *praises for the purpose of gratifying vanity or gaining favor*.

LESSON 76 RIVERMOUTH

THEATER

河口剧院

From "The Story of a Bad Boy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The author was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836. When quite young his family moved to Louisiana, but he was sent back to New England to be educated, and later he located at New York. He is a well-known writer of both prose and poetry.

1 . "Now, boys, what shall we do?" I asked, addressing a thoughtful conclave (1) of seven, assembled in our barn one dismal, rainy afternoon. "Let's have a theater," suggested Binny Wallace.

2 . The very thing! But where? The loft of the stable was ready to burst with hay provided for Gypsy, but the long room over the carriage house was unoccupied. The place of all places! My managerial (2) eye saw at a glance its capabilities for a theater.

3 . I had been to the play a great many times in New Orleans, and was wise in matters pertaining to the drama. So here, in due time, was set up some extraordinary scenery of my own painting. The curtain, I recollect, though it worked smoothly enough on other

occasions, invariably hitched during the performances.

4 . The theater, however, was a success, as far as it went. I retired from the business with no fewer than fifteen hundred pins, after deducting (3) the headless, the pointless, and the crooked pins with which our doorkeeper frequently got "stuck." From first to last we took in a great deal of this counterfeit money. The price of admission to the "Rivermouth Theater" was twenty pins. I played all the principal characters myself—not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment.

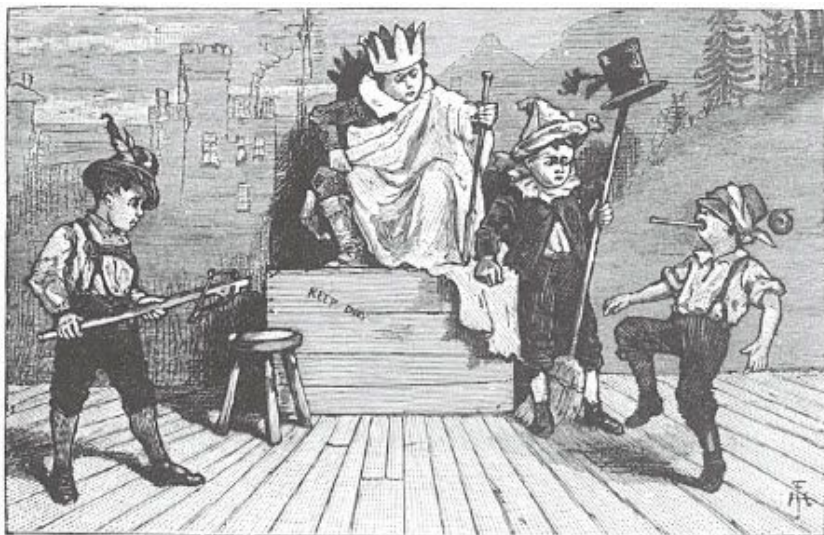
5 . At the tenth representation, my dramatic career (4) was brought to a close by an unfortunate circumstance. We were playing the drama of "William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland." Of course I was William Tell, in spite of Fred Langdon, who wanted to act that character himself. I wouldn't let him, so he withdrew from the company, taking the only bow and arrow we had.

6 . I made a crossbow out of a piece of whalebone, and did very well without him. We had reached that exciting scene where Gesler, the Austrian tyrant, commands Tell to shoot the apple from his son's head. Pepper Whitcomb, who played all the juvenile and women parts, was my son.

7 . To guard against mischance, a piece of pasteboard was fastened by a handkerchief over the upper portion of Whitcomb's face, while the arrow to be used was sewed up in a strip of flannel. I was a capital marksman, and the big apple, only two yards distant, turned its russet cheek fairly towards me.

8 . I can see poor little Pepper now, as he stood without

flinching, waiting for me to perform my great feat. I raised the crossbow amid the breathless silence of the crowded audience (5) — consisting of seven boys and three girls, exclusive of Kitty Collins, who insisted on paying her way in with a clothespin. I raised the crossbow, I repeat. Twang! went the whipcord; but, alas! instead of hitting the apple, the arrow flew right into Pepper Whitcomb's mouth, which happened to be open at the time, and destroyed my aim.



9 . I shall never be able to banish that awful moment from my memory. Pepper's roar, expressive of astonishment, indignation, and pain, is still ringing in my ears. I looked upon him as a corpse, and, glancing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution (6) in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

10 . Luckily, poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but Grandfather Nutter, appearing in the midst of the confusion

(attracted by the howls of young Tell), issued an injunction (7) against all theatricals thereafter, and the place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this would have been the proudest moment of my life if I hadn't hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried, "Hear! hear!"

11 . I then attributed (8) the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom (9) could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.

12 . This was my last appearance on any stage. It was some time, though, before I heard the end of the William Tell business. Malicious little boys who hadn't been allowed to buy tickets to my theater used to cry out after me in the street, "'Who killed Cock Robin?'"

【中文阅读】

本文节选自《顽童故事》，作者是托马斯·贝利·奥德里奇，1836年出生在新罕布什尔州的朴茨茅斯市。很小的时候全家搬迁到路易斯安那州，但作者被送回新英格兰接受教育，后来定居纽约。他是著名的散文和诗歌作家。

1 . “现在，男孩们，咱们做点什么呢？”我问参加秘密会议的七个男孩子。阴霾的雨天的下午，我们聚集在我家谷仓里讨论。“我们

建个剧场吧。”宾尼·华莱士建议。

2. 好主意！可是建在哪儿呢？马棚的阁楼装满了给马准备的干草，不过马车库对面的长房间还空着。这真是个好地方！我用主办人的眼光看了看这个地方能不能建成剧场。

3. 在新奥尔良的时候，我去过很多次剧场，对于排练的事情非常熟悉。所以，在这儿，我很快自己制作了很多绝妙的布景。我记得幕布在其他任何场合都很好用，只是在演出的时候无可挽救地被钩住了。

4. 不过，到目前为止，剧院很成功。结束这个行当的时候，我收集了不下一千五百多根钉子，还有很多没帽的、没尖的、弯曲的坏钉子，剧场的看门人拿这些钉子也毫无办法。从始至终我们就收了不少这样的“假币”。我们“河口剧院”的入场券是二十根钉子。我亲自扮演了所有的主要角色——不是因为我比其他男孩演技好，而是因为我是剧场的主人。

5. 第十场演出的时候，因为当时发生了意外，我的演艺生涯划上了句号。我们当时正在演出《瑞士英雄威廉·泰尔》。当然我饰演了威廉·泰尔，不过弗雷德·兰登自己也想演这个角色。我当然不会让他演的，所以他从剧场撤出了，还带走了我们唯一的弓箭。

6. 我用鲸须做了一副十字弓，所以没有他也能演得下去。我们演了令人激动的一幕：澳大利亚暴君盖斯勒命令泰尔射击他儿子头上的苹果。佩珀·惠特科姆一直都演幼童和妇女的角色，这次他演我的儿子。

7. 为了防止发生意外，佩珀的脸的上面部分用手绢绑了一块纸板，射击的箭也是用法兰绒条做的。我是个神射手，大苹果在两码之外，金灿灿地正对着我。

8. 我能看见佩珀，他站在那里一点儿都不害怕，等着我的壮举。我抬起十字弓，拥挤的观众屏住呼吸。这些观众有七个男孩和三个女孩，不包括吉蒂·科林斯，她非要用一个衣夹来当门票。我举起十字弓，拉了两次。哐当！弓弦响了。可是，天哪！箭没有射中苹果，而是径直飞到惠特科姆的嘴巴里，正好那时他是张着嘴的。

9. 我永远不会忘记那可怕的一刻。佩珀号叫着，充满吃惊、愤怒和痛苦，这声音至今还回响在我的耳边。我看着他，就像看着一具尸体。同时我看到自己可怕的未来，想象着我当着同样这些人的面，被拉上刑场处决。

10. 幸运的是，可怜的佩珀伤势并不重。但是，纳特爷爷在混乱中出现了（被小泰尔的号叫吸引来的），他下令从此停止一切演出，剧院关闭了。不过我没忘了来场告别演讲，我说，如果没有射中佩珀·惠特科姆的嘴巴，这将是我一生最光荣的时刻。这时，观众呼叫起来（很高兴地说，佩珀也在其中），说：“听！听！”

11. 然后，我把事故原因归结于佩珀自己，因为刚好在我射击的时候，他的嘴巴是张开的，他张开的大嘴巴像漩涡一样，把箭吸了进去。我刚要解释一个小小的漩涡如何可以把大轮船吸进去，幕布自己掉了下来，观众也开始喊叫起来。

12. 这是我最后一次出现在舞台上。不过之后很久，人们还是会说起威廉·泰尔的事情。那些没能买票进我的剧院观看的调皮男孩们，经常在街上跟着我喊叫：“谁杀死了知更鸟？”

(1) Conclave, a private meeting.

(2) Managerial, of or pertaining to a manager.

(3) Deducting, taking away, subtracting.

- (4) Career, *course of action*.
- (5) Audience, *an assembly of hearers*.
- (6) Execution, *a putting to death by law*.
- (7) Injunction, *a command*.
- (8) Attributed, *assigned, charged*.
- (9) Maelstrom, *a whirlpool*.

LESSON 77 ALFRED THE GREAT

阿尔弗雷德大帝

1 . More than a thousand years ago, (in the year 849), a prince was born in England, who afterwards became one of the most celebrated and best loved kings in the world. His name was Alfred—afterwards called Alfred the Great—and he was the favorite son both of the king and queen.

2 . In those days the common people were very ignorant; few of them could even read and write. There were no schools, and the monasteries ⁽¹⁾ , where almost the only teaching had been done, were nearly all destroyed in the wars which were continually going on. Only the higher classes had any chance to study, and even they paid much more attention to fighting than to studying.

3 . But Alfred was different from most persons of his time. Even when a little boy, he delighted in listening to poems and to the ballads which harpers used to sing, and he learned many of them by heart. When he was twelve years old, his mother, the queen, offered to give a volume of poems to that one of her four sons who would first learn to read it. Alfred was the youngest of them all, yet he easily won the prize of which his brothers thought

so little.

4 . But, as has been said, these were stirring times, and Alfred was soon called on to show his great abilities as a soldier. The Danes, a warlike people, were continually swooping down in their vessels upon the coast of England. Often they spread over the entire country, plundering and burning the towns, and killing the people.

5 . In the midst of these invasions (2) Alfred became king, when he was only twenty-two years old. He proved as good a warrior as he was a student. He thought that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. He was generally successful against the Danes, but at one time they seemed to have the country entirely in their power, and Alfred was compelled to hide for his life.

6 . For some time he dressed as a peasant, and lived in the cottage of a cowherd, who was so careful of his king's safety that he did not even tell his wife who he was. So she treated the king as a common peasant, and one day gave him a sharp scolding because he allowed some cakes to burn on the griddle, after she had left him to watch them. She told him he was clever enough at eating cakes though he managed so badly at baking them.

7 . When the search for him grew less active, Alfred gradually collected some of his followers, with whom he encamped on a small spot of firm ground in the center of a bog. It was surrounded by almost impassable forests, and Alfred fortified the place so that it could not well be taken. Then he made frequent sudden and successful attacks on the enemy until his troops and the people became encouraged.

8 . One victory in particular, when they captured a banner which the Danes thought enchanted, led Alfred to take bolder steps. He wished to find out the exact condition of the enemy, and, for this purpose, disguised (3) himself as a harper and entered their camp. He was so successful in his disguise that he remained there some days, even being admitted to the tent of the Danish leader Guthrum.

9 . He found their entire army living in careless security, and so he determined to make a sudden and bold attack on them, to try and rid his country once more of these cruel invaders. He summoned his people about him from far and wide. Many of them had long thought their beloved king dead, but now all eagerly obeyed his call.

10 . He at once led them against that part of the camp which he had seen to be most unguarded. The attack was entirely unexpected; and, although the Danes were greater in numbers, they were defeated with great slaughter. Some of them, with their leader, fled to a fortified place, but were soon obliged to surrender.

11 . Alfred granted them their lives, and settled them in a part of his kingdom where nearly all his own people had been destroyed. He hoped by this to change obstinate enemies into useful friends who would protect England from further attacks of their own countrymen. However, some years later, when the Danes made another invasion, these people joined them in fighting against Alfred, but he soon succeeded in driving them all out of the country.

12 . Much as Alfred did for his people in war, he did more in

time of peace. Above all else he gave careful attention to their education. He rebuilt the monasteries and aided the young University (4) of Oxford. He also founded many schools, to which every owner of a certain portion of land was compelled to send his children.

13 . But he did as much good by the example that he set as by these acts. His time was divided into three parts. One was given to business, one to refreshment by sleep and food, and the third to study and devotion. Clocks and watches, and probably even sundials, were then unknown, so these divisions were marked by burning candles of equal lengths.

14 . Alfred did not study for his own pleasure merely, but translated (5) and wrote many works for the good of his people, using the simple language which they could easily understand and enjoy. His person was handsome and dignified, full of grace and activity. But the more noble beauty was within, in the enlightened (6) mind and virtuous heart of the king. After his name, which has its place on an ancient record of English kings, is written the noble title of "Truth Teller."

【中文阅读】

1 . 一千多年以前（公元849年），一个王子出生在英格兰，他后来成为世界上最著名、最受人爱戴的国王之一。他的名字叫阿尔弗雷德——后来被称为阿尔弗雷德大帝——他是国王和王后最喜爱的儿子。

2 . 那个时候，人们非常无知，几乎没有几个人会读会写。当时没有学校，唯一可以接受教育的地方是修道院，但几乎被当时连绵不

断的战火摧毁了。只有贵族有机会接受教育，即使是他们，对战争投入的关注也比学习大很多。

3. 但是，阿尔弗雷德和当时的大部分人不一样。当他还是小孩子的时候，他就喜欢听竖琴师唱诗歌和民谣，甚至很多都会背了。十二岁的时候，他的母后拿出一卷诗歌，对四个儿子说，谁先会读，就把这本诗歌送给他。阿尔弗雷德最小，但他轻松赢得了奖励，而他的哥哥们满不在乎。

4. 但是，前面已经说过，当时正是战乱时期，阿尔弗雷德很快要入伍成为一名战士。好战的丹麦人不断乘船袭击英格兰的海岸，他们常常遍布全国，烧杀掳掠，无恶不作。

5. 在战火中，阿尔弗雷德成为国王，当时他才二十二岁。他证明了自己不但是个好学生，还是个好战士。他认为任何值得做的事情，要做就要做好。在对抗丹麦人的战斗中他很多时候处于优势，但有一次几乎整个国家都被丹麦掌控了，阿尔弗雷德被迫藏身逃命。

6. 有一段时间他打扮成农民模样，住在一个牧民家。这个牧民对国王的安全十分小心谨慎，所以甚至没告诉自己的妻子他是谁。所以，牧民的妻子像对待普通农民一样对待国王。一天，她还狠狠地责备了他一顿，因为让照看的蛋糕不小心烤糊了。牧民的妻子说他吃蛋糕可比烤蛋糕聪明多了。

7. 当丹麦人放松对他的搜捕时，阿尔弗雷德渐渐聚拢起一些追随者，他们聚集在沼泽中心一小块结实的平地上。这块地四周都是密林，难以通过，加之阿尔弗雷德修筑了防御工事，因此易守难攻。他频繁袭击敌人，大获成功，他的军队和人民都很受鼓舞。

8. 在一次胜利中，他们夺取了丹麦人认为有魔法的一面旗帜，这促使阿尔弗雷德采取更大胆的行动。他希望准确地了解敌军的情况，为了达到目的，他自己装扮成竖琴师的模样，进入了敌营。他伪

装得非常成功，在敌营待了好几天，甚至还被允许进入丹麦首领古特罗姆的营帐。

9. 他发现整个敌军守卫非常松散，所以他决定突袭敌军，使他的国家永久摆脱被入侵的命运。他广泛地召集士兵，很多人原以为他们热爱的国王已经去世，现在纷纷响应他的号召。

10. 他迅速带领军队攻击他之前发现的敌营守卫最薄弱的地方。整个袭击令敌人始料未及，尽管丹麦人数量很多，但他们死伤众多，吃了败仗。很多士兵跟着首领逃到一处堡垒，但很快就被迫投降了。

11. 阿尔弗雷德饶了他们的命，让他们居住在王国的土地上，那里他的子民基本已经在战争中全部死亡了。他希望这样能够把他顽固的敌人变成有用的朋友，在其他丹麦人入侵时保卫英格兰。可是，几年后，丹麦人再次入侵时，这些人加入他们，联合对抗阿尔弗雷德，但阿尔弗雷德很快就成功地把他们赶出了自己的国家。

12. 阿尔弗雷德在战争年代保卫国家，在和平年代一样也为国民做了很多。其中最重要的一点是他特别重视教育。他重修了修道院，资助了新建的牛津大学。他还开办了很多学校，所有土地的拥有者都必须把子女送去读书。

13. 不仅如此，他自己更是以身作则。他的时间分成三部分，一部分用于日常事务，一部分用于睡觉吃饭获得休息，还有一部分用于学习和宗教活动。当时还没有钟，也没有表，甚至连日晷都没有，所以这三部分时间的划分是以燃烧相同长度的蜡烛来判断的。

14. 阿尔弗雷德不仅仅为了自己的喜好才学习，他还为自己的国民翻译和亲自撰写了很多书籍，全是用他们很容易就能理解和生动优美的简单语言。阿尔弗雷德大帝长相英俊、态度端庄、举止优雅、充满活力，但他更高尚的美是内在的，也就是开明的头脑和善良的内心。在一本古老的记录英格兰国王的书中，在他的名字后面，人们写

了这个高贵的名号：“讲真话的人。”

- (1) Monastery, *a religious house where monks live.*
- (2) Invasion, *the warlike entrance of an army.*
- (3) Disguised, *hidden by an unusual dress and appearance.*
- (4) University, *a school of the highest grade, in which are taught all branches of learning.*
- (5) Translated, *changed from one language to another.*
- (6) Enlightened, *well informed.*

LESSON 78 LIVING ON A FARM

农场生活

1 . How brightly through the mist of years,

My quiet country home appears!

My father busy all the day

In plowing corn or raking hay;

My mother moving with delight

Among the milk pans, silver-bright;

We children, just from school set free,

Filling the garden with our glee.

The blood of life was flowing warm

When I was living on a farm.

2 . I hear the sweet churchgoing bell,

As o'er the fields its music fell,
I see the country neighbors round
Gathering beneath the pleasant sound;
They stop awhile beside the door,
To talk their homely matters o'er—
The springing corn, the ripening grain,
And "how we need a little rain;"
"A little sun would do no harm,
We want good weather for the farm."

3 . When autumn came, what joy to see

The gathering of the husking bee,
To hear the voices keeping tune,
Of girls and boys beneath the moon,
To mark the golden corn ears bright,
More golden in the yellow light!
Since I have learned the ways of men,
I often turn to these again,
And feel life wore its highest charm.

When I was living on the farm.

【中文阅读】

1. 穿过这么多年时光荏苒，

我安静的农村生活清晰显现！

我的父亲忙忙碌碌一整天，

犁玉米地，把干草翻。

我的母亲欢欢喜喜，

在银白色的奶锅旁忙碌。

我们这些孩子们，刚刚放学回家，

在田野里欢快地奔跑。

那时住在农场里，

生命的血液温暖地流淌。

2. 我听到甜美的教堂钟声，

曼妙的声响弥漫整个田野。

我看到乡村的邻居，

聚集在美妙的钟声下。

他们在门口站立停留，

谈论起各自的大小事情——

你家的玉米出芽了，他家的谷物将熟了，

我们多么“渴盼一场雨”，

“多点儿日光也不赖，

农场需要好天气。”

3. 秋天来临，一幅欢快的景象，

人们碌碌忙忙，

听到男男女女，

在月光下窃窃私语。

玉米穗如此金黄，

在皎洁月光下更是闪闪发光！

虽然我已长大成人，

我仍喜欢回顾旧时岁月。

在农场度过的时光，

生活是最美的景象。

LESSON 79 HUGH IDLE AND MR. TOIL

休•艾德和特劳先生

Adapted from the story of "Little Daffydowndilly," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The author was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804, and ranks among the first of American novelists. He died in 1864.

1 . Hugh Idle loved to do only what was agreeable (1) , and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Hugh was yet a little boy, he was sent away from home, and put under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

2 . Those who knew him best, affirmed (2) that Mr. Toil was a very worthy character, and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. He had, however, a severe and ugly countenance; his voice was harsh; and all his ways and customs were disagreeable to our young friend, Hugh Idle.

3 . The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sulked about among his scholars, with a big cane in his hand; and unless a

lad chose to attend constantly and quietly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a single quiet moment. "This will never do for me," thought Hugh; "I'll run off, and try to find my way home."

4 . So the very next morning off he started, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses (3) . He had gone but a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate (4) appearance trudging at a moderate (5) pace along the road.

5 . "Good morning, my fine lad!" said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

6 . Now Hugh was a boy of very frank disposition (6) , and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now, but confessed (7) that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil. "Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger; "then we will go together; for I likewise have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of." So they walked on very sociably (8) side by side.

7 . By and by their road led them past a field, where some haymakers were at work. Hugh could not help thinking how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, than to learn lessons all day long, shut up in a dismal schoolroom, continually watched by Mr. Toil.

8 . But in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his

companion's hand. "Quick, quick!" cried he; "let us run away, or he will catch us!"

9 . "Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

10 . "Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster," answered Hugh; "don't you see him among the haymakers?" and Hugh pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field.

11 . He was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; and he kept constantly crying out to his work people to make hay while the sun shone. Strange to say, the features (9) of the old farmer were precisely the same as those of Mr. Toil, who at that very moment must have been just entering the schoolroom.

12 . "Don't be afraid," said the stranger; "this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer. He won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on his farm."

13 . Hugh believed what his companion said, but was glad when they were out of sight of the old farmer who bore such a singular resemblance (10) to Mr. Toil. The two travelers came to a spot where some carpenters were building a house. Hugh begged his companion to stop awhile, for it was a pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work with their saws, planes, and hammers; and he was beginning to think he too should like to use the saw, and the plane, and the hammer, and be a carpenter himself. But suddenly he caught sight of something that made him seize his friend's hand, in a great fright.

14 . "Make haste! quick, quick!" cried he; "there's old Mr. Toil

again." The stranger cast his eyes where Hugh pointed his finger, and saw an elderly man, who seemed to be overseeing the carpenters, as he went to and fro about the unfinished house, marking out the work to be done, and urging the men to be diligent (11) ; and wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage (12) , they sawed and hammered as if for dear life.

15 . "Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger; "it is another brother of his who follows the trade of carpenter."

16 . "I am very glad to hear it," quoth (13) Hugh; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

【中文阅读】

本篇节选自《小水仙》，作者是纳撒尼尔·霍桑。霍桑于1804年出生在马萨诸塞州的塞森镇，是美国最著名的小说家之一。他于1864年去世。

1 . 休·艾德只做他喜欢做的事，不喜欢任何劳动。当休还是小男孩的时候，他就离开了家，被送到非常严厉的教师特劳先生那里学习。

2 . 认识特劳先生的人都知道，特劳先生是个值得敬重的人，他为孩子，也为成年人所做的好事比世界上任何人都要多。不过，他表情严肃，长相丑陋，声音刺耳。他的所有方式和习惯让我们的小朋友休·艾德很不喜欢。

3 . 从早到晚，这个可怕的老教师总在学生之间踱来踱去，手里

拿着一个大手杖，只有他的学生们认真安静地看书的时候，他才能享受一会儿自己的安静时光。“我可受不了这样，”休·艾德想，“我得逃走，找到回家的路。”

4. 所以第二天早上，他就离开了，只带了早餐的几片面包和奶酪，还有很少的零花钱。他刚走出去没多远，就看见一个形色冷峻的人在路上不急不忙地走着。

5. “早上好，小家伙！”这个陌生人说。他的声音听起来生硬、严肃，不过透着和善，“你怎么这么早？这是要去哪儿啊？”

6. 这时的休还是个非常直性子的小男孩，他从来没说过谎话。所以现在他也没说谎，承认他因为特别不喜欢特劳先生，而从学校跑出来了。这个陌生人说：“哦，很好，我的年轻朋友。那我们一起走吧。因为我也受不了特劳先生，我们得找一个他从来没听过的地方。”这样，他们友好地一起往前走。

7. 走着走着，他们穿过了一片田地，那儿有些人在晒干草。休禁不住想：在阳光和蓝天下晒干草，这比一整天关在阴暗的教室里，被特劳先生看着学习要快乐多了！

8. 他一边想，一边透过石头墙的缝隙往里看了一眼，突然转过去，拉着同伴的手，喊叫着：“快点，快点！我们赶紧跑，要不然他就抓住我们了！”

9. “谁会抓住我们？”陌生人问。

10. “特劳先生，那个教师，”休回答说，“你没看见他在那些晒干草的人里面吗？”休指了指其中一个年长的人，看起来像是这块地的主人。

11. 他挽着袖子正在忙碌地干活。大滴的汗水从他的额头渗出，他不停对工人喊叫，让他们趁着天晴快晒干草。很奇怪，这个老农场

主的神态和特劳先生还真是一样，这会儿特劳先生可能刚走进教室。

12. “别害怕，”陌生人说，“这不是特劳先生，只是他的一个兄弟，他是个农场主。除非你成了他农场的劳力，否则他不会找你麻烦的。”

13. 休相信了同伴说的话，他很高兴地离开了这个和老特劳先生长相惊人相似的人。两个人来到一个地方，那里木匠们正在盖房子。休请求同伴等一会儿，因为他看见工匠们用木锯、刨子和锤子认真地工作，这场景很有趣。他开始想象他自己也会喜欢用木锯、刨子和锤子，自己成为一名木匠。但突然，他看到了什么，害怕地抓住了同伴的手。

14. “快点！快！快！”他大叫着，“又是老特劳先生。”休用手指着，陌生人顺着手的方向望去，看见一个上年纪的人，看起来像是监工，在没盖完的房子里走来走去，标出要做的工作，让木匠们赶紧干活。他那严肃而布满皱纹的脸在哪里出现，哪里的木匠就拼命地锤啊锯啊，努力地工作。

15. “哦，不，这不是老特劳先生，”陌生人说，“这是他的另一个弟兄，他是从事木匠工作的。”

16. “听到你这么说我就放心了，”休说，“可是，先生，我还是想快点离开这儿。”

(1) Agreeable, *pleasing*.

(2) Affirmed, *declared*.

(3) Expenses, *costs*.

(4) Sedate, *calm*.

(5) Moderate, *neither fast nor slow*.

- (6) Disposition, *natural state of mind*.
- (7) Confessed, *acknowledged*.
- (8) Sociably, *in a friendly way*.
- (9) Features, *the distinctive marks of the face*.
- (10) Resemblance, *likeness*.
- (11) Diligent, *industrious*.
- (12) Visage, *the face*.
- (13) Quoth, *said*.

LESSON 80 HUGH IDLE AND MR. TOIL (CONCLUDED)

休·艾德和特劳先生 (结束篇)

1 . Now Hugh and the stranger had not gone much further, when they met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with feathers in their caps, and glittering muskets on their shoulders. In front marched the drummers and fifers, making such merry music that Hugh would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. If he were only a soldier, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture (1) to look him in the face.

2 . "Quickstep! forward! march!" shouted a gruff voice.

3 . Little Hugh started in great dismay (2) ; for this voice sounded precisely (3) like that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom. And turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, in an officer's dress, to be sure, but looking as ugly and disagreeable as ever.

4 . "This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Hugh, in a trembling voice. "Let us away, for fear he should make us enlist (4) in his company."

5 . "You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger very composedly (5) . "This is only a brother of Mr. Toil's, who has served in the army all his life. You and I need not be afraid of him."

6 . "Well, well," said Hugh, "if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more." So the child and the stranger resumed (6) their journey; and, after awhile, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle.

7 . "Oh, let us stop here," cried Hugh; "Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry."

8 . But the words had scarcely died away on the little boy's tongue, when, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, armed with a fiddle bow this time, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life.

9 . "Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale; "it seems as if there were nobody but Mr. Toil in the world."

10 . "This is not your old schoolmaster," observed (7) the stranger, "but another brother of his, who has learned to be a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Master Pleasure; but his real name is Toil, and those who know him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

11 . "Pray, let us go on," said Hugh.

12 . Well, thus the two went wandering along the highway and in shady lanes and through pleasant villages, and wherever they went, behold! There was the image of old Mr. Toil. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there! He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere they stumbled on some of the old schoolmaster's innumerable (8) brothers.

13 . At length, little Hugh found himself completely worn out with running away from Mr. Toil. "Take me back! take me back!" cried the poor fellow, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse."

14 . "Yonder it is; there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Hugh had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to the school together."

15 . There was something in his companion's voice that little Hugh now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil, so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he had been doing his best to run away from him.

16 . Little Hugh Idle, however, had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he now knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he

began to think his ways were not so disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation (9) made his face sometimes appear almost as pleasant as even that of Hugh's mother.

EXERCISES.—To whose school was Hugh Idle sent? Why did he run away? Relate the adventures of Hugh and the stranger. What lesson is taught by this story?

【中文阅读】

1. 休和陌生人没走出多远，遇见了一队士兵，他们穿着整齐，帽子上插着羽毛，肩膀上扛着锃发亮的滑膛枪。队伍最前面是鼓手和笛子手，他们吹出的音乐如此美妙，休甚至想跟随他们走遍世界。他自言自语，如果他是士兵，特劳先生肯定永远不敢看他一眼。

2. “加快脚步，前进！前进！”一个粗暴的声音喊道。

3. 小家伙吓坏了，因为这个声音听起来跟他每天在特劳先生的教室里听见的一模一样。他转过头去看见了部队的长官，他看见的简直就是老特劳先生本人啊，他穿着军官的衣服，但和他以前一样又丑又不讨人喜欢。

4. “这绝对是老特劳先生，”休的声音颤抖着说，“我们赶紧走吧，万一他让我们加入他的军队。”

5. “你又弄错了，我的小朋友，”陌生人非常冷静地说，“这只是特劳先生的一个兄弟，他一生都在部队参军。你和我都不必害怕他。”

6. “好吧，好吧，”休说，“先生，求您了，我不想再看见这些士

兵。”这样，休和陌生人又开始了他们的旅途。过了一会儿，他们来到路边的一间房子里，在这房间里，很多年轻的小伙子和面颊红润的小姑娘，面带微笑，随小提琴演奏翩翩起舞。

7.“哦，我们在这儿歇会儿吧，”休大声说，“小提琴手在这儿演奏，人们高兴地跳着舞，特劳先生肯定不敢出现在这儿的。”

8. 这小家伙的话音还没落，他看了一眼小提琴手，竟然又是特劳先生，这次他拿着一把小提琴，熟练地演奏着，仿佛他这一生都是小提琴手。

9.“哦，天哪！”他脸色苍白，小声地说，“好像世界上到处都是特劳先生。”

10.“这不是你的老特劳先生，”陌生人说道，“这是他的另一个兄弟，他成为了一名小提琴手。他以家族的姓氏为耻，所以自称是欢乐先生，但他的真实姓氏还是特劳，了解他的人都知道他比他的弟兄们还要不招人喜欢。”

11.“求你了，我们赶紧走吧。”休说。

12. 这样，两个人继续往前走，沿着大路，走过小路，穿过欢乐的村庄，不管他们走到哪儿，看啊，都有老特劳先生的身影。他们走进一间房子，特劳先生就在客厅坐着；他们朝厨房看，他也在那儿！他出现在每一个村舍，即使是最华丽的住宅，他也装扮成不同的样子偷偷溜进来。总之，无论到那儿，他们总能碰上特劳先生无穷的弟兄中的一个。

13. 最后，小家伙休觉得自己实在是精疲力尽，逃脱不了特劳先生了。可怜的小家伙大哭着说：“带我回去，带我回去！如果世界上到处都是特劳先生，我还是回到学校的教室里吧。”

14.“就在那边了，那边就是学校的教室。”陌生人说。因为尽管

他和休走了很多路，他们没有走直线，只是绕了一个圈。“来吧，我们一起回学校。”

15. 他同伴的声音听起来很熟悉，很奇怪他之前没有想起来。看看同伴的脸，天哪，又是老特劳先生。尽管这个可怜孩子一直在试着逃脱特劳先生，特劳先生一整天都和他在了一起。

16. 不过，小家伙休学到了很好的一课，从那时起，他学习非常勤奋努力，因为他现在知道了，勤奋并不比偷懒或游戏更辛苦。对特劳先生熟悉了之后，他也开始觉得特劳先生并不是那么让人讨厌，甚至有时候特劳先生不时露出赞赏的笑容，这让他的脸几乎和休的妈妈一样令人快乐。

-
- (1) Venture, *to dare, to risk.*
 - (2) Dismay, *fright, terror.*
 - (3) Precisely, *exactly.*
 - (4) Enlist, *to put one's name on a roll, to join.*
 - (5) Composedly, *calmly, quietly.*
 - (6) Resumed, *recommenced.*
 - (7) Observed, *remarked.*
 - (8) Innumerable, *not to be counted.*
 - (9) Approbation, *the act of regarding with pleasure.*

LESSON 81 BURNING THE FALLOW

燃烧的土地

Adapted from "Roughing it in the Bush," a story by Mrs. Susanna Moodie (sister of Agnes Strickland), who was born in Suffolk, England, in 1803. She died in 1885.

1 . The day was sultry, and towards noon a strong wind sprang up that roared in the pine tops like the dashing of distant billows, but without in the least degree abating (1) the heat. The children were lying listlessly (2) upon the floor, and the girl and I were finishing sunbonnets, when Mary suddenly exclaimed, "Bless us, mistress, what a smoke!"

2 . I ran immediately to the door, but was not able to distinguish ten yards before me. The swamp immediately below us was on fire, and the heavy wind was driving a dense black cloud of smoke directly towards us.

3 . "What can this mean?" I cried. "Who can have set fire to the fallow (3) ?" As I ceased speaking, John Thomas stood pale and trembling before me. "John, what is the meaning of this fire?"

4 . "Oh, ma'am, I hope you will forgive me; it was I set fire to it, and I would give all I have in the world if I had not done it."

5 . "What is the danger?"

6 . "Oh, I'm afraid that we shall all be burnt up," said John, beginning to whimper. "What shall we do?"

7 . "Why, we must get out of it as fast as we can, and leave the house to its fate."

8 . "We can't get out," said the man, in a low, hollow tone, which seemed the concentration (4) of fear; "I would have got out of it if I could; but just step to the back door, ma'am, and see."

9 . Behind, before, on every side, we were surrounded by a wall of fire, burning furiously within a hundred yards of us, and cutting off all possibility of retreat; for, could we have found an opening through the burning heaps, we could not have seen our way through the dense canopy (5) of smoke; and, buried as we were in the heart of the forest, no one could discover our situation till we were beyond the reach of help.

10 . I closed the door, and went back to the parlor. Fear was knocking loudly at my heart, for our utter helplessness destroyed all hope of our being able to effect (6) our escape. The girl sat upon the floor by the children, who, unconscious of the peril that hung over them, had both fallen asleep. She was silently weeping; while the boy who had caused the mischief was crying aloud.

11 . A strange calm succeeded (7) my first alarm. I sat down upon the step of the door, and watched the awful scene in silence.

The fire was raging in the cedar swamp immediately below the ridge on which the house stood, and it presented a spectacle truly appalling (8) .

12 . From out of the dense folds of a canopy of black smoke—the blackest I ever saw—leaped up red forks of lurid (9) flame as high as the tree tops, igniting (10) the branches of a group of tall pines that had been left for saw logs. A deep gloom blotted out the heavens from our sight. The air was filled with fiery particles, which floated even to the doorstep—while the crackling and roaring of the flames might have been heard at a great distance.

13 . To reach the shore of the lake, we must pass through the burning swamp, and not a bird could pass over it with unscorched wings. The fierce wind drove the flames at the sides and back of the house up the clearing; and our passage to the road or to the forest, on the right and left, was entirely obstructed by a sea of flames. Our only ark of safety was the house, so long as it remained untouched by the fire.

14 . I turned to young Thomas, and asked him how long he thought that would be. "When the fire clears this little ridge in front, ma'am. The Lord have mercy on us then, or we must all go."

15 . I threw myself down on the floor beside my children, and pressed them to my heart, while inwardly I thanked God that they were asleep, unconscious of danger, and unable by their cries to distract (11) our attention from adopting any plan which might offer to effect their escape.

16 . The heat soon became suffocating. We were parched (12)

with thirst, and there was not a drop of water in the house, and none to be procured nearer than the lake. I turned once more to the door, hoping that a passage might have been burnt through to the water. I saw nothing but a dense cloud of fire and smoke—could hear nothing but the crackling and roaring of flames, which was gaining so fast upon us that I felt their scorching breath in my face.

17 . "Ah," thought I—and it was a most bitter thought—"what will my beloved husband say when he returns and finds that his poor wife and his dear girls have perished in this miserable manner? But God can save us yet."

18 . The thought had scarcely found a voice in my heart before the wind rose to a hurricane, scattering the flames on all sides into a tempest of burning billows. I buried my head in my apron, for I thought that all was lost, when a most terrific crash of thunder burst over our heads, and, like the breaking of a waterspout (13) , down came the rushing torrent of rain which had been pent up for so many weeks.

19 . In a few minutes the chip yard was all afloat, and the fire effectually checked. The storm which, unnoticed by us, had been gathering all day, and which was the only one of any note we had that summer, continued to rage all night, and before morning had quite subdued the cruel enemy whose approach we had viewed with such dread.

【中文阅读】

本文节选自《丛林中的艰苦岁月》，由苏珊娜·穆迪（艾格尼丝·斯特里兰克的妹妹）所创作的小说，作者1803年生于英格兰的萨福

克。1885年去世。

1. 那天天气闷热，快到中午的时候，一阵强风吹来，松树树枝摇曳，仿佛远处掀起了巨浪，但丝毫没有降低炎热的温度。孩子们无精打采地躺在地板上，女孩和我在给正做着的太阳帽收尾，这时，玛丽突然惊叫起来：“上帝保佑，太太，怎么这么大的烟啊？”

2. 我立刻跑到门口，眼前十码远的地方什么也看不见。紧挨着我们的沼泽地已经着火了，大风把浓烟直接吹向我们。

3. “这是怎么了？”我惊呼着，“谁能在休耕地放火呢？”这时，约翰·托马斯脸色苍白、浑身颤抖地站在我面前。“约翰，这场火意味着什么？”

4. “噢，太太，希望您能原谅我。是我放的火，真希望我没有这么做，为此让我放弃世上我拥有的一切都愿意。”

5. “有什么危险吗？”

6. “噢，恐怕我们会被烧死，”约翰说着，开始哭泣了，“我们该怎么办啊？”

7. “还能怎么办，我们必须尽快离开这里，房子也只能听天由命了。”

8. “我们逃不走了，”这个男人说着，声音低沉空洞，全是害怕，“如果能逃，我早逃走了。太太，到后门看看吧。”

9. 后面，前面，每个方向，火墙把我们包围了，距离我们一百码的地方，大火猛烈地燃烧着，切断了一切逃脱的退路。即使我们能从燃烧的火势中找到突破口，我们在弥漫的浓烟中也找不到方向。另外，我们处于森林深处，没有人会及时发现我们的状况。

10. 我关上门，回到客厅里。恐惧敲击着我的心脏，我们彻底绝望了，毫无希望逃脱。女孩坐在地板上挨着孩子们，孩子们还没有意识到他们面临的灭顶之灾，已经睡着了。她在默默地流泪，而导致了这场灾难的男孩在大声哭泣着。

11. 一阵惊慌之后，我奇怪地冷静了下来。我坐在门口的台阶上，默默地看着这恐怖的景象。火焰在雪松地里疯狂地燃烧着，紧挨着我们房屋所在的山地，这场景的确让人害怕。

12. 浓密的黑烟中火红的火舌跃起到树梢那么高，点燃了被留作锯木用的原木的树枝。浓烟遮挡，我们甚至看不见天。空气中充满着燃烧的颗粒物，甚至飘到了门口的台阶上——火焰燃烧发出的喳喳声和呼啸声从很远就能听得到。

13. 要想到达湖岸，我们必须穿过燃烧的沼泽地，连一只鸟想要飞越过去都会烧焦翅膀。狂风吹着火焰，吹向房子旁边和后面的空地。我们通往山路或者森林的路，无论左边还是右边，都已经被凶猛的火焰阻挡了。我们唯一的安全之舟，就是这间房子，这还是在火势不能到达房子的情况下。

14. 我转向小托马斯，问他觉得多久会烧到房子。“当火烧光前面这块山地的时候，太太。到时候除非上帝大发仁慈，否则我们都得赶紧离开。”

15. 我扑倒在地板上的孩子们旁边，把他们紧紧抱在怀里，内心十分感谢上帝，他们还都睡着，不知道现在的危险状况，也不会哭着分散我们的注意力，而我们计划着如何使他们躲过这场浩劫。

16. 热浪很快变得让人窒息。我们又干又渴，房间里一滴水都没有，附近最近的取水的地方就是湖边。我又一次到了门口，希望能够烧出一条通往湖边的路。除了浓浓的烟火，什么也看不到；除了火焰燃烧的噼噼啪啪声和呼啸声，什么也听不到。火焰正迅速向我们接

近，我的脸甚至能够感受到火焰的呼吸。

17. “啊！”我想到，这是很残酷的想法，“如果我亲爱的丈夫回来后看到他的妻子和孩子以这样悲惨的方式死去了，他会说什么呢？但是，上帝请拯救我们吧！”

18. 我甚至还没来得及想，大风变成了飓风，火焰吹向各个方向，仿佛燃烧的巨浪在翻滚。我把头埋在围裙里，觉得一切都要完了。突然一声惊雷响起，就像水管裂开了，几周来一直等待的大雨倾盆而下。

19. 几分钟之内，储存场里的木片全浮起来了，大火也被有效地控制了。我们一直没有注意到，这场暴雨已经酝酿了一整天，这是这个夏天唯一的一场暴雨。这场暴雨持续了整个晚上，在黎明到来前，它终于制服了我们万分恐惧即将到来的残酷敌人。

(1) Abating, *lessening*.

(2) Listlessly, *not paying attention, heedlessly*.

(3) Fallow, *a new clearing usually covered with brush heaps*.

(4) Concentration, *bringing into a small space, the essence*.

(5) Canopy, *a covering or curtain*.

(6) Effect, *to bring to pass*.

(7) Succeeded, *followed*.

(8) Appalling, *terrifying*.

(9) Lurid, *dull red*.

(10) Igniting, *setting on fire*.

(11) Distract, *confuse, perplex*.

(12) Parched, *made very dry*.

(13) Waterspout, *a column of water caught up by a whirlwind*.

LESSON 82 THE DYING SOLDIERS

垂死的士兵

1 . A waste of land, a sodden ⁽¹⁾ plain,

A lurid sunset sky,

With clouds that fled and faded fast

In ghostly phantasy ⁽²⁾ ;

A field upturned by trampling feet,

A field uppled with slain,

With horse and rider blent ⁽³⁾ in death

Upon the battle plain.

2 . The dying and the dead lie low;

For them, no more shall rise

The evening moon, nor midnight stars,

Nor day light's soft surprise:
They will not wake to tenderest call,
Nor see again each home,
Where waiting hearts shall throb and break,
When this day's tidings ⁽⁴⁾ come.

3 . Two soldiers, lying as they fell

Upon the reddened clay—
In daytime, foes; at night, in peace
Breathing their lives away!
Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast;
Fate only, made them foes;
And lying, dying, side by side,
A softened feeling rose.

4 . "Our time is short," one faint voice said;

"To-day we've done our best
On different sides: what matters now?
To-morrow we shall rest!

Life lies behind. I might not care

For only my own sake;

But far away are other hearts,

That this day's work will break.

5 . "Among New Hampshire's snowy hills,

There pray for me to-night

A woman, and a little girl

With hair like golden light;"

And at the thought, broke forth, at last,

The cry of anguish (5) wild,

That would not longer be repressed (6) —

"O God, my wife, my child!"

6 . "And," said the other dying man,

"Across the Georgia plain,

There watch and wait for me loved ones

I ne'er shall see again:

A little girl, with dark, bright eyes,

Each day waits at the door;
Her father's step, her father's kiss,
Will never greet her more.

7 . "To-day we sought each other's lives:

Death levels all that now;
For soon before God's mercy seat
Together we shall bow.
Forgive each other while we may;
Life's but a weary game,
And, right or wrong, the morning sun
Will find us, dead, the same."

8 . The dying lips the pardon (7) breathe;

The dying hands entwine (8) ;
The last ray fades, and over all
The stars from heaven shine;
And the little girl with golden hair,
And one with dark eyes bright,

On Hampshire's hills, and Georgia's plain,

Were fatherless that night!

EXERCISE.—What do the first two stanzas describe? What does the third? What did one soldier say to the other? Where was his home? What friends had he there? Where was the home of the other soldier? Who waited for him? Did they forgive each other?

【中文阅读】

1. 一片荒芜的土地，地面刚刚湿润，

晚霞如血，染红天际，

云层快速移动，

如鬼魅很快消逝。

这片土地曾被无数脚步踩踏，

这片土地曾经见证杀戮，

战马、士兵，尸横遍野

在这片杀戮的战场上。

2. 有的奄奄一息，有的已经牺牲，

他们再也看不见，

夜晚升起的月亮，午夜闪耀的星辰，
也无法感受清晨的日光。
他们再也不会被最轻柔的呼声唤醒，
再也看不到亲爱的家乡，
当战场消息传回家乡
等待他们的心只会破碎、哭泣。

3. 两个士兵倒下了，

在这被鲜血染红的土地——
白天，他们是仇敌；夜晚，他们和平地，
体会着生命最后的气息。
胸膛里跳动着勇敢的心，
命运让他们成为仇敌，
而将死之际，并肩躺在这里，
温暖的感情从心中升起。

4. “我们时日不多了。”微弱的声音响起；

“今天我们两方都已经尽力，
现在还有什么关系？”

明天我们即将安息在这里，
生命从此消逝。我并不在乎
我自己的生命，
但千里之外的亲人啊，
今天会让他们心碎。”

5. “在新罕布什尔的雪山上，
他们今夜在为我祈祷，
一个女人，一个小女孩，
金发闪耀金色光芒。”
想到这里，难以抑制，
最终号啕大哭，
再也控制不住：
“哦，上帝，我的爱人，我的孩子。”

6. 另一个垂死的人说：
“在佐治亚州的平原上，
爱我的人在守候观望，
我再也看不到，

眼睛黑又亮的小女孩，
每天守候在门前，
可她再也等不到，
爸爸的脚步，爸爸的吻。”

7．“今天我们试图结束对方的生命，
而死亡让一切都平等。
很快我们都将屈服在
上帝宽容的脚下。
尽可能地互相原谅吧，
生命不过是一场无聊的游戏，
无论对错，明天的太阳，
将同样把我们照耀，而我们早已死亡。”

8．将死的嘴里说出了原谅的话语，
将死的手和手牵在一起，
最后的生命之光淡去，
天空的星光照耀大地，
罕布什尔山上金发的女孩，

佐治亚平原黑眼睛的女孩，
她们在这个夜晚，
永远失去了自己的父亲！

- (1) Sodden, *soaked*.
- (2) Phantasy, *specter-like appearance*.
- (3) Blent, *mingled together*.
- (4) Tidings, *news*.
- (5) Anguish, *deep distress*.
- (6) Repressed, *kept back*.
- (7) Pardon, *forgiveness*.
- (8) Entwine, *clasp together*.

LESSON 83 THE ATTACK ON NYMWEGEN

偷袭纳梅亨

From "The History of the United Netherlands," by John Lothrop Motley, who was born in 1814, at Dorchester, Mass. He graduated at Harvard in 1831, and afterwards lived many years in Europe, writing the histories which made him famous. He died in 1877.

1 . On the evening of the 10th of August, 1589, there was a wedding feast in one of the splendid mansions of the stately city. The festivities were prolonged until deep in the midsummer's night, and harp and viol were still inspiring the feet of the dancers, when on a sudden, in the midst of the holiday groups, appeared the grim visage of Martin Schenk, the man who never smiled.

2 . Clad in no wedding garment, but in armor of proof, with morion (1) on head, and sword in hand, the great freebooter (2) strode heavily through the ballroom, followed by a party of those terrible musketeers (3) who never gave or asked for quarter (4) , while the affrighted revelers fluttered away before them.

3 . Taking advantage of a dark night, he had just dropped down the river from his castle, with five and twenty barges, had landed with his most trusted soldiers in the foremost vessels, had battered down the gate of St. Anthony, and surprised and slain the guard.

4 . Without waiting for the rest of his boats, he had then stolen with his comrades through the silent streets, and torn away the latticework, and other slight defenses on the rear of the house which they had now entered, and through which they intended to possess themselves of the market place.



5 . Martin had long since selected this mansion as a proper position for his enterprise, but he had not been bidden to the wedding, and was somewhat disconcerted when he found himself on the festive scene which he had so grimly interrupted.

6 . Some of the merrymakers escaped from the house, and proceeded to alarm the town; while Schenk hastily fortified his position, and took possession of the square. But the burghers (5) and garrison (6) were soon on foot, and he was driven back into the house.

7 . Three times he recovered the square by main strength of his own arm, seconded by the handful of men whom he had brought with him, and three times he was beaten back by overwhelming numbers into the wedding mansion.

8 . The arrival of the greater part of his followers, with whose assistance he could easily have mastered the city in the first moments of surprise, was mysteriously delayed. He could not account for their prolonged absence, and was meanwhile supported only by those who had arrived with him in the foremost barges.

9 . The truth—of which he was ignorant—was, that the remainder of the flotilla (7) , borne along by the strong and deep current of the Waal, then in a state of freshet, had shot past the landing place, and had ever since been vainly struggling against wind and tide to force their way back to the necessary point.

10 . Meantime Schenk and his followers fought desperately in the market place, and desperately in the house which he had seized. But a whole garrison, and a town full of citizens in arms proved too much for him, and he was now hotly besieged in the mansion, and at last driven forth into the streets.

11 . By this time day was dawning, the whole population, soldiers and burghers, men, women, and children, were thronging about the little band of marauders (8) , and assailing them with every weapon and every missile to be found. Schenk fought with his usual ferocity, but at last the musketeers, in spite of his indignant commands, began rapidly to retreat toward the quay (9) .

12 . In vain Martin stormed and cursed, in vain with his own

hand he struck more than one of his soldiers dead. He was swept along with the panic-stricken band, and when, shouting and gnashing his teeth with frenzy, he reached the quay at last, he saw at a glance why his great enterprise had failed.

13 . The few empty barges of his own party were moored at the steps; the rest were half a mile off, contending hopelessly against the swollen and rapid Waal. Schenk, desperately wounded, was left almost alone upon the wharf, for his routed followers had plunged helter-skelter into the boats, several of which, overladen in the panic, sank at once, leaving the soldiers to drown or struggle with the waves.

14 . The game was lost. Nothing was left the freebooter but retreat. Reluctantly turning his back on his enemies, now in full cry close behind him, Schenk sprang into the last remaining boat just pushing from the quay. Already overladen, it foundered (10) with his additional weight, and Martin Schenk, encumbered (11) with his heavy armor, sank at once to the bottom of the Waal.

15 . Some of the fugitives succeeded in swimming down the stream, and were picked up by their comrades in the barges below the town, and so made their escape. Many were drowned with their captain. A few days afterward, the inhabitants of Nymwegen fished up the body of the famous partisan (12) . He was easily recognized by his armor, and by his truculent (13) face, still wearing the scowl with which he had last rebuked his followers.

【中文阅读】

本文选自《统一尼德兰史》，作者约翰·罗斯洛普·莫特利于1814

年出生在马萨诸塞州的多尔切斯特市。1831年他毕业于哈佛大学，之后在欧洲居住多年，以历史创作闻名。他于1877年去世。

1. 在1589年8月10日的傍晚，在这个伟大城市的一座富丽堂皇的大厦里正举办一场婚宴。庆祝活动一直持续到仲夏深夜，人们伴随着竖琴和六弦提琴演奏的音乐翩翩起舞。突然，在欢庆的人群中，出现了一张阴暗的脸，是马丁·申克，他从来没有笑过。

2. 他没有穿婚礼服饰，而是穿上了盔甲，头上戴着头盔，手执宝剑，这个强盗步履沉重地穿过舞厅，后面跟着一队恐怖的火枪手，狂欢着的人们受了惊，慌忙逃走了。

3. 趁着夜色正浓，二十五条驳船从城堡潜入河中，驳船最前方是他最信赖的士兵，他们猛击圣安东尼的大门，出其不意地杀死了守门的卫士。

4. 没有等待其余的船只，他和他的战友们潜入安静的大街小巷，破坏了屋后的栅栏和其他无足轻重的防御设施，进入了现在这间屋子，他们想要通过这里占领整个市场。

5. 马丁早就把这栋大厦作为行动的根据地，但他没有接到婚礼的邀请，他发现自己很不识时务地打断了婚礼的欢乐场景，也觉得挺惊慌的。

6. 一些寻欢作乐的人们从房子里逃了出去，开始向全镇发出警报。而申克急忙巩固他的根据地，并占领了广场。但是，镇上的居民和士兵很快聚集过来，又把他赶回了房子里。

7. 凭借他自己的武装力量，和他带来的一小部分人，他三次占领广场，但又三次被人数众多的敌人赶回了举办婚礼的大厦。

8. 如果他的后续部队到了，在他们的帮助下，他可以轻而易举出其不意地占领这座城市，但他们不知为何迟迟未到。他没办法依靠这些没来的人，只能依靠先到的几只驳船一起进行抵抗。

9. 事实的真相是他所不知道的，其余的驳船受瓦尔河湍急的河流冲击，在洪水中，错过了着陆地点，后来只能徒劳地和风浪抗争，试图回到原来的着陆地点。

10. 同时，申克和他的跟随者们在市场绝望地抗争着，在他们占据的大厦里几乎要绝望了。但是，全体卫戍部队和武装起来的市民对他们来说太多了，焦急的他被困在了大厦里，最后被赶到了大街上。

11. 这时天已经亮了，所有的人，士兵和市民，男人和女人，甚至孩子，紧紧地包围着这个入侵的小部队，用能找到的所有武器向他们攻击。申克用他一贯的凶猛对抗着，但是，尽管他不停发出命令，他的士兵们还是开始快速向码头撤退了。

12. 尽管申克咆哮、咒骂，还亲手杀死了不只一个士兵，还是无济于事。尽管他愤怒地大声喊叫，咬牙切齿，他还是被恐慌的士兵裹带着到了码头，看了一眼，他就明白了为什么大队人马没有赶到的原因。

13. 几只空驳船系在踏板上，剩下的在一英里之外，无望地对抗着洪流和湍急的瓦尔河。码头上只剩下受伤的申克一人，非常绝望。溃败的随从慌乱地跳进船上，惊慌失措中由于分量太重，几艘船立刻沉了下去，士兵们在巨浪中挣扎着被淹没。

14. 最终失败了。这个强盗除了撤退别无选择。申克不情愿地转过身去，身后是步步紧逼的敌人，他跳上仅存的最后一艘船。这艘船已经超载了，增加了额外重量之后，迅速沉了下去。马丁·申克，穿着厚重的盔甲，很快沉到了瓦尔河底。

15. 一些逃兵成功地沿着河水游到下游，被下游驳船上的同伙救了上来，成功逃脱。很多人和他们的将领一起，溺死河中。几天之后，纳梅亨的居民捞上了这个著名强盗的尸体。从所穿的盔甲和阴冷的面孔，很容易能分辨出来是申克，他还带着责备跟随者时暴怒的样子。

- (1) Morion, *a kind of helmet.*
- (2) Freebooter, *one who plunders.*
- (3) Musketeer, *a soldier armed with a musket.*
- (4) Quarter, *mercy.*
- (5) Burghers, *inhabitants of a town.*
- (6) Garrison, *troops stationed in a fort or town.*
- (7) Flotilla, *a fleet of small vessels.*
- (8) Marauders, *plunderers.*
- (9) Quay, *a wharf.*
- (10) Foundered, *sank.*
- (11) Encumbered, *weighed down.*
- (12) Partisan, *a commander of a body of roving troops.*
- (13) Truculent, *fierce.*

LESSON 84 THE SEASONS

四季

I . SPRING

H. G. Adams, an English writer, has compiled two volumes of poetical quotations, and is the author of several volumes of original poems. The following is from the "Story of the Seasons."

A bursting into greenness;

A waking as from sleep;

A twitter and a warble

That make the pulses leap:

A watching, as in childhood,

For the flowers that, one by one,

Open their golden petals (1)

To woo the fitful sun.

A gust, a flash, a gurgle,

A wish to shout and sing,
As, filled with hope and gladness,
We hail the vernal (2) Spring.

II. SUMMER

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed (3) away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.
We may shut our eyes, but we can not help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back
For other couriers (4) we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—

And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty (5) crowing.

—Lowell

III. AUTUMN

Thomas Hood, author of the following selection, was born in 1798, at London, where he was editor of the "London Magazine," and died in 1845. He is best known as a humorist, but some of his poems are full of tender feeling.

The autumn is old;
The sear (6) leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold
And now he is dying:
Old age, begin sighing!

The year's in the wane (7) ;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;

Cold winter gives warning.

IV. WINTER

Charles T. Brooks translated the following selection from the original by the German poet, Ludwig Holty. Mr. Brooks was born at Salem, Mass., in 1813. After graduation at Harvard he entered the ministry. He translated much from the German, both of poetry and prose. He died in 1883.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the wood with song;
Icebound trees are glittering;
Merry snowbirds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.
Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee,
Love thy chilly greeting,—
Snowstorms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

【中文阅读】

1 . 春

H·G·亚当，英国作家，编撰了两卷诗歌选集，还是七卷原创诗歌的作者。本诗选自《四季的故事》。

绿色爆发生机，
仿佛从睡梦中醒来，
鸟儿叽叽喳喳，
跳动着春天的脉搏。

仿佛像孩童时一样，
看着花朵依次绽放，
一朵朵张开金色的花瓣，
好像在追求日光，

微风习习，泉水淙淙，
想要大喊，想要歌唱，
仿佛充满欢乐和希望，
我们为春意盎然的春天歌唱。

2 . 夏

这是一年的高峰，
曾经消逝的生命
都已奔回，像水波荡漾，
在每个河口、溪流、海滩流淌。
我们可以闭上双眼，可我们依然可以想象：
天空晴朗，青草生长，
微风在耳边轻声歌唱，
蒲公英在附近绽放，
玉米发芽，泉水流淌，
河水清澈，比天空还蓝。
知更鸟修葺自己的新家，
如果微风不传来佳音，我们也有其他的使者。
听那边小母牛的欢叫，
听公鸡清脆的啼叫，
让我们知道它们多么活力四射，
在这一年最美好的季节。

（洛厄尔）

3 . 秋

托马斯·胡德是以下章节的作者，他于1798年出生在伦敦，曾任《伦敦杂志》的编辑，1845年去世。他是知名的幽默作家，但他的很多诗歌感情非常细腻。

秋天恰似暮年，
干枯的树叶飘落，
它曾经带来谷物金黄，
而它如今即将消亡，
暮年，让人叹息！

一年快要到头，
没有什么可以装点，
黑夜瞬间来临，
白天也没有清晨，
寒冬即将来临。

4 . 冬

以下章节是由查尔斯·T·布鲁克斯翻译的德国诗人路德维希·霍尔蒂的诗。布鲁克斯先生于1813年出生在马萨诸塞州的塞伦市。哈佛毕业后，他成为一名牧师。他翻译了很多德国作品，包括诗歌和散文。他

于1883年去世。

不再有佩戴羽饰的人群，

在树林里欢乐地歌唱。

结冰的树枝闪闪发光，

欢快的雪鸟在放声歌唱，

努力要把人们士气鼓舞，

在这寒冷又阴郁的季节。

冬天，我依然觉得

魅力不减，

我爱你寒冷的问候，

暴风雪猛烈撞击，

即使漫漫长夜，

也有弥足珍贵的喜悦。

(1) Petals, *the colored leaves of flowers.*

(2) Vernal, *belonging to spring.*

(3) Ebbed, *flowed back, receded.*

(4) Courier, *a messenger.*

(5) Lusty, *strong, vigorous, healthful.*

(6) Sear, *dry, withered*.

(7) Wane, *decrease, decline*.

LESSON 85 BRANDYWINE FORD

布兰迪万河浅滩

Bayard Taylor was born at Kennett Square, Penn., in 1825. He received a limited school education, but at an early age displayed great energy and talent. He was a great traveler, and a fluent, graceful writer, both of prose and verse. Mr. Taylor held high official positions under the government. The following selection is adapted from "The Story of Kennett," He died in 1878.

1 . The black, dreary night, seemed interminable (1) . He could only guess, here and there, at a landmark, and was forced to rely more upon Roger's instinct of the road than upon the guidance of his senses. Toward midnight, as he judged, by the solitary crow of a cock, the rain almost entirely ceased.

2 . The wind began to blow sharp and keen, and the hard vault of the sky to lift a little. He fancied that the hills on his right had fallen away, and that the horizon was suddenly depressed (2) towards the north. Roger's feet began to splash in constantly deepening water, and presently a roar, distinct from that of the

wind, filled the air.

3 . It was the Brandywine. The stream had overflowed its broad meadow bottoms, and was running high and fierce beyond its main channel. The turbid (3) waters made a dim, dusky gleam around him; soon the fences disappeared, and the flood reached to his horse's body.

4 . But he knew that the ford could be distinguished by the break in the fringe of timber; moreover, that the creek bank was a little higher than the meadows behind it, and so far, at least, he might venture. The ford was not more than twenty yards across, and he could trust Roger to swim that distance.

5 . The faithful animal pressed bravely on, but Gilbert soon noticed that he seemed at fault. The swift water had forced him out of the road, and he stopped from time to time, as if anxious and uneasy. The timber could now be discerned (4) , only a short distance in advance, and in a few minutes they would gain the bank.

6 . What was that? A strange, rustling, hissing sound, as of cattle trampling through dry reeds,—a sound which quivered and shook, even in the breath of the hurrying wind! Roger snorted, stood still, and trembled in every limb; and a sensation of awe and terror struck a chill through Gilbert's heart. The sound drew swiftly nearer, and became a wild, seething (5) roar, filling the whole breadth of the valley.

7 . "The dam! the dam!" cried Gilbert, "the dam has given way!" He turned Roger's head, gave him the rein, struck, spurred, cheered,

and shouted. The brave beast struggled through the impending (6) flood, but the advance wave of the coming inundation (7) already touched his side. He staggered; a line of churning foam bore down upon them, the terrible roar was all around and over them, and horse and rider were whirled away.

8 . What happened during the first few seconds, Gilbert could never distinctly recall. Now they were whelmed in the water, now riding its careering tide, torn through the tops of brushwood, jostled by floating logs and timbers of the dam, but always, as it seemed, remorselessly held in the heart of the tumult and the ruin.

9 . He saw at last that they had fallen behind the furious onset (8) of the flood, but Roger was still swimming with it, desperately throwing up his head from time to time, and snorting the water from his nostrils. All his efforts to gain a foothold failed; his strength was nearly spent, and unless some help should come in a few minutes it would come in vain. And in the darkness, and the rapidity with which they were borne along, how should help come?

10 . All at once Roger's course stopped. He became an obstacle to the flood, which pressed him against some other obstacle below, and rushed over horse and rider. Thrusting out his hand, Gilbert felt the rough bark of a tree. Leaning towards it, and clasping the log in his arms, he drew himself from the saddle, while Roger, freed from his burden, struggled into the current and instantly disappeared.

11 . As nearly as Gilbert could ascertain, several timbers, thrown over each other, had lodged, probably upon a rocky islet in the stream, the uppermost one projecting slantingly out of the flood. It required all his strength to resist the current which sucked,

and whirled, and tugged at his body, and to climb high enough to escape its force, without overbalancing his support. At last, though still half immersed (9), he found himself comparatively safe for a time, yet as far as ever from a final rescue.

12. Yet a new danger now assailed him, from the increasing cold. There was already a sting of frost, a breath of ice, in the wind. In another hour the sky was nearly swept bare of clouds, and he could note the lapse (10) of the night by the sinking of the moon. But he was by this time hardly in a condition to note anything more.

【中文阅读】

贝亚德·泰勒，1825年出生在宾夕法尼亚州的肯尼特斯奎尔。他接受了有限的学校教育，但很小就展现出了惊人的能量和才能。他是一位旅行家，文笔流畅优美，作品包括散文和诗歌。泰勒先生在政府部门担任重要职务。本文改编自《肯尼特故事》。作者于1878年去世。

1. 黑暗、阴沉的夜晚似乎没有尽头。他只能通过路标来猜测身处何地，被迫更多地依靠罗杰的本能来认路，而不是依靠自己的感觉。接近午夜，他听到一只公鸡孤独的啼叫声，心想雨快要停了。

2. 风变得越来越急、越来越猛，似乎把天穹划开了一个口。他感觉右边的山峦变远了，地平线也向北方移动。罗杰的蹄子在越来越深的水里溅起水花，它时不时嘶叫一声，和风的呼啸一起充斥耳边。

3. 这就是布兰迪万河。河水已经漫过宽阔的低洼地带，在主河道之外湍急猛烈地流淌着。浑浊的河水在他周围闪烁着黯淡的光，围

栏很快不见了，洪水漫过他的马背。

4. 但他知道浅滩还是可以通过围栏的缝隙分辨出来。另外，河水两岸比身后的低洼处要高，这样，他至少可以冒险渡过。浅滩只有不到二十码宽，他相信罗杰一定能够游过去。

5. 忠诚的罗杰勇敢地奋力向前游，不过吉尔伯特很快意识到自己错了。湍急的水流使它离开原路，它只好时不时停下来，焦虑又不安。现在能够看到围栏边缘，就在前方，距离并不远，不用一会儿他们就能到达河岸。

6. 那是什么？一种奇怪的嘶嘶声传来，仿佛牛群踏过干燥的土地——这个声音令人震颤，即使在这样的狂风中也是如此。罗杰鼻子喷着气，站住不动了，四肢瑟瑟发抖，吉尔伯特感觉到了恐惧和害怕，打了个寒战。声音很快越来越近，变成疯狂野蛮的呼啸，响彻山谷。

7. “是大坝，大坝！”吉尔伯特大叫，“大坝决口了！”他掉转马头，拉紧缰绳，用力拍打、喊叫，给马使劲。这匹勇敢的马在湍急的洪水里挣扎着，但涌来一个大浪，洪水涨到马的身体之上。它踉跄着。一阵漩涡袭来，四周都是可怕的咆哮声。马和骑手都被卷走了。

8. 最初的几秒发生了什么，吉尔伯特已经想不起来了。现在他们已经完全被水淹没了，跟随波浪上下起伏。身边是漂浮的木柴，不停被漂浮的圆木和大坝的木材撞击着，就这样被无情地困在洪流和杂物之间。

9. 最后，他看见他们落在了洪峰后面，但罗杰还跟随洪水游着，时不时绝望地抬起头来，打几个响鼻。想要找个地方立住脚，却一直没有成功。它几乎用尽了力气，除非有人及时赶来救援，否则一切努力都是徒劳的。但是，在这黑夜里，洪水湍急，谁又会来救他们呢？

10. 突然之间罗杰停了下来。他成为洪水的阻碍，洪水把他冲到下面的一个阻碍物上，漫过了马和骑手。奋力伸出手，吉尔伯特摸到了粗糙的树干。他向树靠近，双臂抱紧树干，从马鞍上站起身来。而罗杰没有了负担，被洪流卷走，立刻消失了。

11. 正如吉尔伯特想到的，可能在河水中一个突起的岩石上，几根木材擦在一起，互相绊住了，最上面那根斜着伸出了水面。他用尽全身力气抵抗洪水的冲击和漩涡，他努力向上爬来摆脱河水的冲击，还要提防大树失去平衡。最后，尽管还是淹没了半个身体，他总算暂时安全了，可是离最后获救还很远。

12. 可是这时一个新的危险袭来——天越来越冷。风也带着寒霜和冰的气息。一个小时后，天空中几乎没有云了，看着月亮越来越低，他知道夜晚即将过去。可是这时他已经没法注意更多东西了。

-
- (1) Interminable, *endless*.
 - (2) Depressed, *lowered*.
 - (3) Turbid, *muddy*.
 - (4) Discerned, *made out, distinguished*.
 - (5) Seething, *boiling, bubbling*.
 - (6) Impeding, *hindering, obstructing*.
 - (7) Inundation, *a flood*.
 - (8) Onset, *a rushing upon, attack*.
 - (9) Immersed, *plunged under a liquid*.
 - (10) Lapse, *a gradual passing away*.

LESSON 86 BRANDYWINE

FORD (CONCLUDED)

布兰迪万河浅滩 (结束篇)

1 . The moon was low in the west, and there was a pale glimmer of the coming dawn in the sky, when Gilbert Potter suddenly raised his head. Above the noise of the water and the whistle of the wind, he heard a familiar sound,—the shrill, sharp neigh of a horse. Lifting himself with great exertion, to a sitting posture, he saw two men, on horseback, in the flooded meadow, a little below him. They stopped, seemed to consult, and presently drew nearer.

2 . Gilbert tried to shout, but the muscles of his throat were stiff, and his lungs refused to act. The horse neighed again. This time there was no mistake; it was Roger that he heard! Voice came to him, and he cried aloud,—a hoarse, strange, unnatural cry.

The horsemen heard it, and rapidly pushed up the bank, until they reached a point directly opposite to him. The prospect (1) of escape brought a thrill of life to his frame; he looked around and saw that the flood had indeed fallen.

3 . "We have no rope," he heard one of the men say. "How shall we reach him?"

"There is no time to get one now," the other answered. "My horse is stronger than yours. I'll go into the creek just below, where it's broader and not so deep, and work my way up to him,"

"But one horse can't carry both."

"His will follow, be sure, when it sees me."

4 . As the last speaker moved away, Gilbert saw a led horse plunging through the water beside the other. It was a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The horseman and the loose horse entered the main stream below, where its divided channel met and broadened, but it was still above the saddle girths, and very swift.

5 . Sometimes the animals plunged, losing their foothold; nevertheless, they gallantly breasted (2) the current, and inch by inch worked their way to a point about six feet below Gilbert. It seemed impossible to approach nearer.

"Can you swim?" asked the man.

Gilbert shook his head. "Throw me the end of Roger's bridle!" he then cried.

6 . The man unbuckled the bridle and threw it, keeping the end of the rein in his hand. Gilbert tried to grasp it, but his hands were too numb (3) . He managed, however, to get one arm and his head through the opening, and relaxed (4) his hold on the log.

7 . A plunge, and the man had him by the collar. He felt himself lifted by a strong arm and laid across Roger's saddle. With his failing strength and stiff limbs, it was no slight task to get into place; and the return, though less laborious to the horses, was

equally dangerous, because Gilbert was scarcely able to support himself without help.

"You're safe now," said the man, when they reached the bank, "but it's a downright mercy of God that you're alive!"

8 . The other horseman joined them, and they rode slowly across the flooded meadow. They had both thrown their cloaks around Gilbert, and carefully steadied him in the saddle, one on each side. He was too much exhausted to ask how they had found him, or whither they were taking him,—too numb for curiosity, almost for gratitude.

9 . "Here's your savior!" said one of the men, patting Roger's shoulder. "It was through him that we found you. Do you wish to know how? Well—about three o'clock it was, maybe a little earlier, maybe a little later, my wife woke me up. 'Do you hear that?' she said."

10 . "I listened and heard a horse in the lane before the door, neighing,—I can't tell you exactly how it was,—as though he would call up the house. It was rather queer, I thought, so I got up and looked out of the window, and it seemed to me he had a saddle on. He stamped, and pawed, and then he gave another neigh, and stamped again."

11 . "Said I to my wife, 'There is something wrong here,' and I dressed and went out. When he saw me, he acted in the strangest way you ever saw; thought I, if ever an animal wanted to speak, that animal does. When I tried to catch him, he shot off, ran down the lane a bit, and then came back acting as strangely as ever."

12 . "I went into the house and woke up my brother, here, and we saddled our horses and started. Away went yours ahead, stopping every minute to look around and see if we followed. When we came to the water I rather hesitated, but it was of no use; the horse would have us go on and on, till we found you. I never heard of such a thing before, in all my life." Gilbert did not speak, but two large tears slowly gathered in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. The men saw his emotion (5) , and respected it.

13 . In the light of the cold, keen dawn, they reached a snug farmhouse, a mile from the Brandywine. The men lifted Gilbert from the saddle, and would have carried him immediately into the house, but he first leaned upon Roger's neck, took the faithful creature's head in his arms, and kissed it.

【中文阅读】

1 . 月亮西斜，天空中闪烁着清晨的微光。吉尔伯特·波特突然抬起了头。在水的流淌声和呼啸的风声之间，他听见了一个熟悉的声音——马的高声嘶鸣。他努力抬起身，坐了起来。他看见在被洪水没过的低洼地上有两个人骑在马背上。他们停下来，仿佛在商量着什么，很快朝他骑过来了。

2 . 吉尔伯特想要呼救，但他的喉部肌肉僵硬，肺部氧气不足。马又嘶叫了一声。这次没错，他听见的就是罗杰。他终于可以喊出声了，大声叫了出来——沙哑、奇怪、不自然的喊声。

骑马的人听到喊声，很快跑上河岸，到了他的对面。获救的希望使他浑身兴奋起来，他环顾一周，发现洪水已经渐渐退去。

3 . “我们没有绳子，”他听见一个人说，“我们怎么才能够到

他？”

“我们没有时间去取绳子了，”另一个人说，“我的马比你的强壮，我到下面的河里去，那边宽一点，但没有这么深，然后渐渐走到他身边。”

“但是，一匹马驮不动两个人。”

“他的马会跟着来，我确定，它看见我就会跟着来。”

4. 后来说话的人走过来后，吉尔伯特看见一匹马趟过水，走在另一匹马旁边。这是一次艰难危险的历程。骑手和马进入了下方河流的主干道，这里两股水流相交，河道变宽，但河面仍然漫过马鞍，并且水流非常湍急。

5. 有时马会陷进去，失去平衡，但它们勇敢地和水流斗争，一步一步走到了吉尔伯特下游六英尺的地方。仿佛没有办法再走近了。

“你还能游吗？”这个男人问。

吉尔伯特摇了摇头，然后大声说：“把罗杰的缰绳扔给我。”

6. 这个人解开缰绳扔给他，另一头抓在他手里。吉尔伯特想要抓住缰绳，可他的手已经麻木了。不过他最终把一个胳膊和头穿过缰绳的圆口，松开了他一直抱着的圆木。

7. 向前一跨，那个男人抓住了他的衣领。他觉得自己被强有力的手臂举起，放在了罗杰的鞍子上。他的力量越来越弱，四肢麻木，要想坐稳不是件容易的事。回去的路上，虽然马不太费劲，但也同样很危险，如果没有人帮忙，吉尔伯特几乎没有力量坐好。

“你现在安全了，”他们到岸上的时候那个男人说，“但是，你能够活下来真的是上帝的仁慈啊。”

8. 另一个骑马的人和我们一起，慢慢地骑马走过被洪水淹没的低洼地。他们把自己的外衣给吉尔伯特披上，一边一个人扶着他，让他稳稳坐在马鞍上。他太累了，也没有问他们是怎么发现他的，也没问他们要把他带到哪儿——他已经冻得麻木了，顾不上好奇和表达感激之情。

9. “这是你的救命恩人。”一个男人拍着罗杰的背说，“我们是通过它才发现你的。你想知道是怎么回事吗？是这样的——大约三点的时候，可能早一点儿，也可能晚一点儿，我的妻子把我叫醒了。‘听见了吗？’她问我。”

10. “我听了听，听见一匹马在门前的小路上嘶叫着，我也说不清楚是怎么叫的，仿佛它要把房子掀了似的。我觉得它很奇怪，就起来朝窗户外面看，似乎它的背上有马鞍。它不停地蹬蹄子、挠地，时不时嘶叫一声，然后又开始蹬蹄子。”

11. “我对我妻子说：‘肯定发生什么事了。’我穿上衣服走了出去。看见我之后，它的表现简直奇怪极了。我就想，如果动物想要说话，这匹马一定是想要说话。我想要抓住它，它却跑开了，然后返回来，动作像刚才一样很奇怪。”

12. “我回到家叫醒了我兄弟，然后，我们骑上自己的马出发了。你的马在前面带路，时不时停下来看看我们是否还跟着。到水边的時候我很犹豫，但没有用。这匹马让我们不停地走啊走，直到我们发现了你。我这一生从来都没有听说过这样的事。”吉尔伯特没有说话，但双眼含泪，泪水顺着脸颊流了下来。两个男人看他动了感情，都很敬重他。

13. 在清晨寒冷的阳光中，他们来到了一个温暖舒适的农家，离布兰迪万河大概有一英里远。两个男人把吉尔伯特从马鞍抬下来，本来要立刻把他送进屋子里，可他先是靠在罗杰的脖子上，双臂紧紧抱

着他忠诚的马的头，亲了一下。

- (1) Prospect, *ground or reason for hoping, anticipation.*
- (2) Breasted, *opposed courageously.*
- (3) Numb, *without the power of feeling or motion.*
- (4) Relaxed, *loosened.*
- (5) Emotion, *excited feeling, agitation.*

LESSON 87 THE BEST CAPITAL

最好的资本

Louisa May Alcott was born at Germantown, Pa., in 1833, and, among other works, wrote many beautiful stories for children. During the Civil War she was a hospital nurse at Washington. The following selection is adapted from "Little Men." She died in 1888.

1 . One would have said that modest John Brooke, in his busy, quiet, humble life, had had little time to make friends; but now they seemed to start up everywhere,—old and young, rich and poor, high and low; for all unconsciously his influence had made itself widely felt, his virtues were remembered, and his hidden charities rose up to bless him.

2 . The group about his coffin was a far more eloquent eulogy (1) than any that man could utter. There were the rich men whom he had served faithfully for years; the poor old women whom he cherished (2) with his little store, in memory of his mother; the wife to whom he had given such happiness that death could not mar it utterly; the brothers and sisters in whose hearts he had made a

place forever; the little son and daughter who already felt the loss of his strong arm and tender voice; the young children, sobbing for their kindest playmate, and the tall lads, watching with softened faces a scene which they never could forget.

3 . That evening, as the Plumfield boys sat on the steps, as usual, in the mild September moonlight, they naturally fell to talking of the event of the day.

Emil began by breaking out in his impetuous way, "Uncle Fritz is the wisest, and Uncle Laurie the jolliest, but Uncle John was the best; and I'd rather be like him than any man I ever saw."

4 . "So would I. Did you hear what those gentle men said to Grandpa to-day? I would like to have that said of me when I was dead;" and Franz felt with regret that he had not appreciated (3) Uncle John enough.

"What did they say?" asked Jack, who had been much impressed by the scenes of the day.

5 . "Why, one of the partners of Mr. Laurence, where Uncle John has been ever so long, was saying that he was conscientious (4) almost to a fault as a business man, and above reproach in all things. Another gentleman said no money could repay the fidelity and honesty with which Uncle John had served him, and then Grandpa told them the best of all.

6 . "Uncle John once had a place in the office of a man who cheated, and when this man wanted uncle to help him do it, uncle wouldn't, though he was offered a big salary. The man was angry, and said, 'You will never get on in business with such strict

principles;' and uncle answered back, 'I never will try to get on without them,' and left the place for a much harder and poorer one."

7 . "Good!" cried several of the boys warmly, for they were in the mood (5) to understand and value the little story as never before.

"He wasn't rich, was he?" asked Jack.

"No."

"He never did anything to make a stir in the world, did he?"

"No."

"He was only good?"

"That's all;" and Franz found himself wishing that Uncle

John had done something to boast of, for it was evident that

Jack was disappointed by his replies.

8 . "Only good. That is all and everything," said Uncle Fritz, who had overheard the last few words, and guessed what was going on in the minds of the lads.

"Let me tell you a little about John Brooke, and you will see why men honor him, and why he was satisfied to be good rather than rich or famous. He simply did his duty in all things, and did it so cheerfully, so faithfully, that it kept him patient, brave, and happy, through poverty and loneliness and years of hard work.

9 . "He was a good son, and gave up his own plans to stay and live with his mother while she needed him. He was a good friend, and taught your Uncle Laurie much beside his Greek and Latin, did it unconsciously, perhaps, by showing him an example of an upright man.

10 . "He was a faithful servant, and made himself so valuable to those who employed him that they will find it hard to fill his place. He was a good husband and father, so tender, wise, and thoughtful, that Laurie and I learned much of him, and only knew how well he loved his family when we discovered all he had done for them, unsuspected and unassisted."

11 . Uncle Fritz stopped a minute, and the boys sat like statues in the moonlight until he went on again, in a subdued (6) and earnest voice: "As he lay dying, I said to him, 'Have no care for your wife and the little ones; I will see that they never want.' Then he smiled and pressed my hand, and answered, in his cheerful way, 'No need of that; I have cared for them.'"

12 . "And so he had, for when we looked among his papers, all was in order,—not a debt remained; and safely put away was enough to keep his wife comfortable and independent (7) . Then we knew why he had lived so plainly, denied himself so many pleasures, except that of charity, and worked so hard that I fear he shortened his good life.

13 . "He never asked help for himself, though often for others, but bore his own burden and worked out his own task bravely and quietly. No one can say a word of complaint against him, so just and generous and kind was he; and now, when he is gone, all find

so much to love and praise and honor, that I am proud to have been his friend, and would rather leave my children the legacy (8) he leaves his than the largest fortune ever made.

14 . "Yes! simple, genuine goodness is the best capital (9) to found the business of this life upon. It lasts when fame and money fail, and is the only riches we can take out of this world with us. Remember that, my boys; and, if you want to earn respect and confidence and love, follow in the footsteps of John Brooke."

【中文阅读】

作者路易莎·梅·奥尔科特，于1833年出生在宾夕法尼亚州的德国镇。除了其他作品，还写了很多儿童故事。内战期间，她在华盛顿医院做护士。本文改编自《小男子汉》。她死于1888年。

1 . 有人可能会说，诚实的约翰·布鲁克，在他繁忙、安静又平凡的一生中，几乎没有时间交朋友。但是，现在他的朋友从各个地方出现了——老人和孩子，富人和穷人，高的和矮的——因为人们不知不觉地受到了他的影响，记起了他的美德，而他默默的善行也给自己带来了祝福。

2 . 他棺材周围的人流比颂词都要顺畅。有他曾经忠诚侍奉了多年的富人；他用自己的小商店照顾过的贫困老妇人，为了纪念自己的母亲；有他的妻子，他给她带来的幸福就连死亡也带不走；有他的兄弟姐妹，在他们的心里，他永远有一席之地；有他的儿女，他们已经感到了失去父亲强壮的臂弯和柔和的话语；有年轻的孩子们，为他和蔼可亲的玩伴哭泣，大一点的孩子们面色温和地看着这永远不会忘记的一幕。

3. 那天傍晚，在九月皎洁的月光下，梅园的男孩们像往常一样坐在台阶上，很自然地开始谈论当天发生的事情。

埃米尔以他急躁的方式打开了话题：“弗里茨叔叔是最聪明的，劳里叔叔是最欢乐的，但约翰叔叔是最好的。在我见过的所有人里，我最愿意成为他这样的人。”

4. “我也是。今天你们听到那些绅士们对祖父说的话了吗？我也希望我死的时候人们能这么说我。”弗朗茨很遗憾自己以前对约翰叔叔敬仰得不够。

“他们说什么是？”杰克问。他也深深地记住了今天的场景。

5. “劳伦斯先生的一个合伙人和叔叔共事过很长时间，他说约翰叔叔作为商人的公正和认真几乎到了挑剔的地步，做什么事情都无可指责。另一个先生说多少财富也买不来约翰叔叔服务时的忠诚和诚实，然后爷爷讲了约翰叔叔一件了不起的事。

6. “约翰叔叔曾经在某人的公司做事，那个人曾经做过骗人的事，当这个人要求叔叔帮助他骗人的时候，尽管可以支付一大笔工资，叔叔还是拒绝了。那个人很生气，说：‘以你这样耿直的性格，你在商业上不会成功的。’然后，叔叔回答他：‘我不会放弃原则来取得成功。’然后他离开了那儿，从事了一份更艰苦、收入更少的工作。”

7. “真厉害！”几个男孩子兴奋地叫着，因为他们了解了这个故事的價值。

“他不富有，是吧？”杰克说。

“是的，不富。”

“他从来没有做什么惊天动地的大事，对吧？”

“对。”

“他只是个好人吗？”

“完全如此。”弗朗茨发现他希望能想起约翰叔叔做过什么值得吹嘘的事，因为很显然杰克对他的回复有点失望。

8.“只是好人。这是他做的所有的事。”弗里茨叔叔说，他正好听见了后面几句话，猜出来孩子们脑子里在想什么了。

“我来告诉你们约翰·布鲁克的故事，你们会发现为什么人们尊敬他，为什么他宁愿做个好人，而不是富人、名人。他只是在所有事情上尽职尽责，每件事都开心地做、忠诚地做，尽管他很贫穷、孤独，需要辛勤地劳动，可他一直都很耐心、勇敢和幸福。

9.“他是个好儿子，在他的母亲需要他的时候，他放弃了自己的计划和母亲住在一起。他是个好朋友，除了教劳里叔叔希腊语和拉丁语，还不知不觉地教会他很多东西，或是通过自己为榜样以身作则，告诉他怎样做一个正直的人。

10.“他还是个忠诚的仆人，对雇佣他的人来说他是如此有价值，很难有人能代替他。他也是一个好丈夫、好父亲，他那么温和、聪明、周到，劳里和我都从他身上学了好多东西，直到我们发现他默默地为家人所做的一切之后，我们知道了他是多么地爱他的家人。”

11. 弗里茨叔叔停了一会儿，男孩们像一尊尊雕塑坐在月光下，一动不动，他继续说道，声音低沉而认真：“他快要死的时候，我对他说：‘不要担心你的妻子和孩子们，我会照顾他们，让他们什么都不少。’他微笑着握住我的手，用他一贯热情的方式说：‘不用了，我已经替他们安排好了。’”

12.“他确实已经安排好了，因为看到他的遗嘱时，我们发现一切井然有序——没有一分债务，他的积蓄足够让妻子过上舒适而独立

的生活。我们这才知道他为什么过得如此节俭，自己拒绝了那么多的享乐，只是做些慈善。他工作得那么努力，我都担心这缩短了他的生命。

13. “他从来不为自己寻求帮助，但经常为别人着想，他承担自己的负担，勇敢、安静地完成自己的工作。没有人对他有一句怨言，现在他走了，所有人都发现他那么值得爱戴、称赞和敬重。我很骄傲曾经是他的朋友。我希望留给我的孩子的，和他留给他孩子的一样，而不是很多金钱。

14. “没错！简单、真诚的善良就是这一生最好的资本。当名誉和金钱消失的时候，它还在，这是我们能够从这个世界带走的唯一财富。孩子们，记住这一点，如果你想要获得尊重、信心和爱，跟随约翰·布鲁克脚步吧！”

-
- (1) Eulogy, a speech or writing in praise of the character of a person.
 - (2) Cherished, supported, nurtured with care.
 - (3) Appreciated, valued justly.
 - (4) Conscientious, governed by a strict regard to the rules of right and wrong.
 - (5) Mood, state of mind, disposition.
 - (6) Subdued, reduced to tenderness, softened.
 - (7) Independent, not relying on others.
 - (8) Legacy, a gift by will, a bequest.
 - (9) Capital, stock employed in any business.

LESSON 88 THE INCHCAPE ROCK

印奇开普暗礁

Robert Southey was a celebrated English poet, born 1774, who once held the honorable position of poet laureate. He wrote a great deal both in prose and verse. He died in 1843.

1 . No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,

The ship was as still as she could be,

Her sails from heaven received no motion,

Her keel ⁽¹⁾ was steady in the ocean.

2 . Without either sign or sound of their shock

The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;

So little they rose, so little they fell,

They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3 . The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok

Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy (2) in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

4 . When the Rock was hid by the surges' (3) swell,

The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

5 . The sun in heaven was shining gay,

All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance (4) in their sound.

6 . The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen

A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

7 . He felt the cheering power of spring,

It made him whistle, it made him sing;

His heart was mirthful to excess,

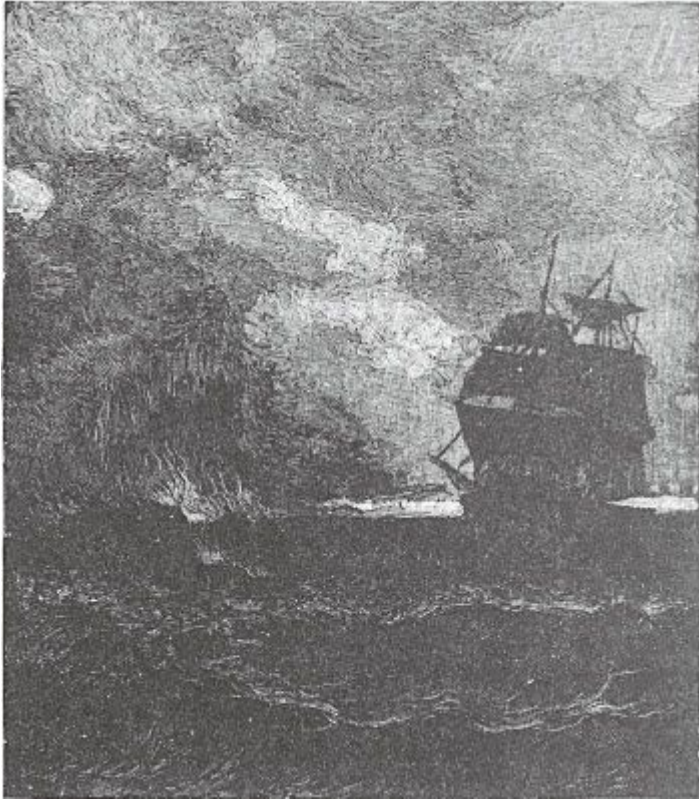
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

8 . His eye was on the Inchcape float;

Quoth he, "My men put out the boat,

And row me to the Inchcape Rock,

And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."



- 9 . The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.
- 10 . Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;

Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock,
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

11 . Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured (5) the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store (6) ,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

12 . So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They can not see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

13 . On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14 . "Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?"

For methinks ⁽⁷⁾ we should be near the shore."

"Now where we are I can not tell,

But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

15 . They hear no sound, the swell is strong;

Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,

Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:

Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

16 . Sir Ralph the rover tore his hair,

He curst himself in his despair;

The waves rush in on every side,

The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

17 . But even in his dying fear

One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,

A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell

The fiends ⁽⁸⁾ below were ringing his knell ⁽⁹⁾ .

【中文阅读】

罗伯特·骚塞，英国著名诗人，出生于1774年。他曾获得“桂冠诗人”的尊贵称号。他写过很多散文和诗歌，于1843年去世。

1．空中没有风，海上也没有浪，

轮船平稳地航行在海上，

天堂之旅一帆风顺，

龙骨稳健，行驶海上。

2．毫无征兆，毫无声响，

海浪涌向印奇开普暗礁，

海浪轻轻升起，轻轻落下，

甚至没有摇响印奇开普钟。

3．善良的阿波博罗特修道院院长，

把那口钟放在印奇开普暗礁，

暴风雨来临时就会漂浮摇晃，

随着风浪发出声响。

4．随着海浪来临，岩石隐藏，

水手听到警告的钟声敲响。

他们想到危险的暗礁，

阿波博罗特院长为他们祈祷。

5. 天上太阳明亮地照耀，

那天的一切都令人喜悦，

海鸟在天空盘旋尖叫，

声音中也充满了欢唱。

6. 可以看见印奇开普钟的浮标，

仿佛茫茫大海上的黑点，

海盗拉尔夫在甲板上走来走去，

双眼紧盯越来越暗的黑点。

7. 他感觉到春天跳动的活力，

这让他吹起口哨，唱起了歌。

他的心里满溢着欢乐，

但海盗的欢乐是邪恶的。

8. 他的目光定在印奇开普浮标，
说到：“放下小船，
把我送到印奇开普暗礁，
我要让阿波博罗特院长烦恼。”

9. 小船降下，水手摇桨，
他们驶向印奇开普暗礁。
拉尔夫从船上弯下腰，
从印奇开普浮标把钟剪掉。

10. 汨汨作响着，钟沉入了大海，
气泡升起又散开来，
拉尔夫说：“下一个人来到暗礁，
阿波博罗特不会再为他们祈祷。”

11. 海盗拉尔夫扬帆远去，
在海上漂荡多日，
抢劫的财富让他变得富有，
他确定方向驶向苏格兰海岸。

12. 天空中弥漫浓浓的雾霾，

无法看见高空的太阳，

白天里大风呼啸了一整日，

夜晚却已悄悄平息。

13. 海盗站在甲板上，

黑暗中完全看不见陆地何方，

拉尔夫说：“很快天就会亮，

因为那边已经有了初月的光芒。”

14. 有人说：“听到了吗？海浪呼啸，

我觉得我们已经接近海岸。”

“我们在哪儿我无法知晓，

我希望能听到印奇开普暗礁的钟声。”

15. 海浪汹涌，他们什么也听不到，

虽然大风已经平息，他们的船依然飘摇，

突然发生撞击，船体猛烈晃动。

他们大喊：“是印奇开普暗礁。”

16 . 海盗拉尔夫揪着自己的头发 ,

在绝望中把自己咒骂。

海浪从四面八方冲上来 ,

轮船在海浪中缓缓沉到海底。

17 . 甚至面临垂死的恐惧 ,

海盗依然听到惊悚的声音 ,

好像和印奇开普钟声一起 ,

海底的魔鬼在为他敲响。

-
- (1) Keel, *the principal timber in a ship, extending from bow to stern, at the bottom.*
- (2) Buoy, *a floating mark to point out the position of rocks, etc., beneath the water.*
- (3) Surge, *a large wave.*
- (4) Joyance, *gayety.*
- (5) Scoured, *roved over, ranged about.*
- (6) Store, *that which is massed together.*
- (7) Methinks, *it seems to me.*
- (8) Fiends, *evil spirits.*
- (9) Knell, *the stroke of a bell rung at a funeral or at the death of a person.*

LESSON 89 MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

母亲的坟墓

1 . It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful ⁽¹⁾ period, a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered, too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize ⁽²⁾ that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose checks she so often kissed in an excess ⁽³⁾ of tenderness.

2 . But the varied ⁽⁴⁾ events of thirteen years had not effaced ⁽⁵⁾ the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing.

3 . The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart; and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

4 . One day when I had lost my place in the class, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go downstairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly (6) asked her why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?"

5 . I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her as I had been wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly, and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good night; but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?" I could not sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her.

6 . I did not tell anyone what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved (7) to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke,

and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! She never spoke more—never smiled upon me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start.

7. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I then wished that I might die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude (8). But I can not call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold (9) kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

【中文阅读】

1. 我母亲去世已经十三年了，离开家乡多年以后，我又站在了母亲的坟墓旁边，我曾经亲眼看见母亲被埋葬在这里。那段极度悲伤的岁月之后，我发生了很大的变化。我的孩提岁月已成往事，青春也一去不复返，世界也发生了变化。当我站在母亲的坟墓旁边，难以想象我曾是个天真无邪的快乐家伙，脸颊曾无数次被母亲温柔地亲吻着。

2. 但是，十三年的世事无常丝毫不能改变记忆中母亲的笑容。她的音容笑貌仿佛就在昨天，我耳边仿佛还听到熟悉的亲切声音。儿时的欢乐梦境清晰浮现在眼前，如果不是苦涩的回忆，我流的泪一定是温柔清新的。

3. 这可能是件小事，但一想起来我的心就会疼。把我的故事讲一遍，希望那些享受着父爱母爱的孩子们能够珍惜这一切。我的母亲生病很长时间，我也习惯了她苍白的脸色和虚弱的声音，一点也不害

怕了，孩子们就是这样。开始，我真的常常哭泣不止，后来，日复一日，我从学校回来，发现她和往常一样，我开始相信她会一直陪伴我，可是他们告诉我她快死了。

4. 一天，我在学校考试成绩不理想，垂头丧气地回到家里。我来到母亲的房间，她比以前脸色更苍白了，但她一如往常地带着亲切的笑容欢迎我回来。唉，十三年后回忆起来，我觉得当时我的心一定是石头做的才没被融化。她让我下楼给她拿一杯水。我任性地问她为什么不让佣人去。她略带责备地说，这一刻即使我活到一百岁也不会忘记，“我的女儿不愿意为她生病的可怜母亲拿一杯水吗？”

5. 我心不甘情不愿地下楼给母亲拿了一杯水。我没有对她笑，也没有像往常一样亲吻她，我很快把杯子放下，离开了她的房间。玩儿了一会儿后，我没对母亲说晚安，直接上床睡觉了，可是当我独自一人在黑暗寂静的房间里时，我想起她当时是多么苍白，声音是多么颤抖地说“我的女儿不愿意为她生病的可怜母亲拿一杯水吗”，我无法入睡。我偷偷走进她的房间想要请求她原谅我。她已经睡着了，人们告诉我不能叫醒她。

6. 我没有告诉别人困扰我的是什么，悄悄回到我的床上，决定第二天早上早早起来告诉她我很后悔。我醒来的时候，太阳很刺眼，我快速穿上衣服，跑去母亲的房间。她已经去世了！她再也不会对我说什么，再也不会对我微笑。我触摸她的手，她曾经把手放在我头上祝福我，现在已经冰凉了，这让我大吃一惊。

7. 我跪在她床边，内心痛苦地哭泣着。我多么希望我也死了，和她埋在一起。现在我已经不再年轻了，如果能让母亲活着告诉我她已原谅了我儿时不懂得感恩，我愿意用全世界我拥有的一切来交换。但是，我无法把她唤回，如今站在她的坟墓前，一想到她的慈祥和善，记忆中她责备我的神情就像毒蛇一样啮咬着我。

-
- (1) Mournful, *full of sorrow.*
 - (2) Realize, *to cause to seem real.*
 - (3) Excess, *that which goes beyond what is usual.*
 - (4) Varied, *different.*
 - (5) Effaced, *worn away.*
 - (6) Pettishly, *in an illtempered way.*
 - (7) Resolved, *determined.*
 - (8) Ingratitude, *unthankfulness.*
 - (9) Manifold, *various, multiplied.*

LESSON 90 A MOTHER'S GIFT —THE BIBLE

母亲的礼物——《圣经》

1 . Remember, love, who gave thee this,

When other days shall come,

When she who had thine earliest kiss,

Sleeps in her narrow home.

Remember! 't was a mother gave

The gift to one she'd die to save!

2 . That mother sought a pledge ⁽¹⁾ of love,

The holiest for her son,

And from the gifts of God above,

She chose a goodly one;

She chose for her beloved boy,

The source of light, and life, and joy.

3 . She bade him keep the gift, that, when

The parting hour should come,

They might have hope to meet again

In an eternal home.

She said his faith ⁽²⁾ in this would be

Sweet incense ⁽³⁾ to her memory.

4 . And should the scoffer ⁽⁴⁾ , in his pride,

Laugh that fond faith to scorn,

And bid him cast the pledge aside,

That he from youth had borne,

She bade him pause, and ask his breast

If SHE or HE had loved him best.

5 . A parent's blessing on her son

Goes with this holy thing;

The love that would retain the one,

Must to the other cling.

Remember! 't is no idle toy:

A mother's gift! remember, boy.

【中文阅读】

1. 记住，亲爱的，是谁把这个给了你，
在以后的岁月里，
当最早亲吻你的人，
安息在自己狭窄的家中。
记住，是你的母亲，是她
把这个礼物给了她愿以生命交换的你。

2. 母亲发现了爱的约定，
是给儿子的最神圣的礼物。
这礼物来自高高在上的天父，
她选了最好的一个。
她送给儿子的礼物，
是光明、生命和喜悦的源泉。

3 . 她让他好好保存这份礼物 ,

当分离的时刻来临 ,

他们可能有望

在天上永远的家里再次相见。

她说他的信仰

就是对她最好的纪念。

4 . 如果有傲慢的人 ,

嘲笑这种信念 ,

她让他把这份从小坚守的信念

暂时放到一边 ,

她让他停下来 , 问问自己的内心

是神还是母亲更爱他。

5 . 母亲对儿子的祝福 ,

永远和这神圣的礼物在一起。

如果爱自己的母亲 ,

也绝不会忘记另一个。

记住 , 这不是无聊的玩具 ,

这是母亲的礼物，孩子，要记住！

(1) Pledge, *proof, evidence.*

(2) Faith, *belief.*

(3) Incense, *something offered in honor of anyone.*

(4) Scoffer, *one who laughs at what is good.*



美国国会图书馆 塑造美国的
Library of Congress 88本书*

美国语文读本

5

〔美〕威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

〔美〕威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

（英汉双语图文版）

5

McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader

最纯粹的美德读本、最纯正的美语阅读、最经典的美式教育
一本影响了美国五代人的经典课本
了解美国，从启蒙读本开始



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



中国青年出版社



The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

5

McGuffey's Eclectic Primer

McGuffey's First Eclectic Reader



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



中青文传媒

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

美国语文读本. 5：汉英对照 /（美）麦加菲（McGuffey, W. H.）编；

李芳华译.—北京：中国青年出版社，2013.6（塑造美国的88本书）

ISBN 978-7-5153-1646-8

I. ①美... II. ①麦... ②李...

III. ①英语—阅读教学—中小学—美国—课外读物 IV. ①G634.413

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2013）第110423号

美国语文读本5

作者：[美]威廉·H·麦加菲

译者：李芳华

策划编辑：陈晨 李玲香

责任编辑：肖佳 胡莉萍

美术编辑：夏蕊 张建

出 版：中国青年出版社

发 行：北京中青文文化传媒有限公司

电 话：010-65516873/65518035

公司网址：www.cyb.com.cn

购书网址：zqwts.tmall.com www.diyijie.com

制 作：中青文制作中心

印 刷：北京盛源印刷有限公司

版 次：2013年6月第1版

印 次：2013年6月第1次印刷

开 本：787×1092 1/16

字 数：500千字

印 张：32

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5153-1646-8

定 价：52.00元

中青版图书，版权所有，盗版必究

编者的话

1910年，年仅19岁的胡适考取“庚子赔款”第二期官费生赴美留学，就读于康奈尔大学。偶遇美国小学新生开学，胡适难抑好奇跑去旁听，内心受到极大震动。美国启蒙第一课只有一个内容，便是令全体学生宣读誓词：“我保证善用我的思辨才能；我保证发展我独立的思想；我保证接受教育，从而使自己能够独立判断。”正是这段誓词，让胡适深刻体会到：美国之所以成为美国，全在于其“独立之精神，自由之思想”，而这一理念成了胡适先生一生坚守的信念。

美国，距其建国不过200余年，却已是世界强国。我们不禁要问：这个民族，究竟是如何在这么短的时间内做到经济上飞速发达，政治上游刃有余的？更为重要的是，它如何将这关系国本的“思想与精神”赋予它的民众，令他们秉持信仰，坚守信念？

2012年5月，美国馆藏量最大、历史最悠久的国会图书馆遴选出88部对美国社会最具影响力的书籍，定名为“塑造美国的书”（Books That Shaped America）。《飘》、《麦田守望者》、《了不起的盖茨比》、《第22条军规》、《汤姆叔叔的小屋》等历久弥新、耳熟能详的经典名著均入选。这些书籍或曾在当时社会引发争议，或

甫一亮相即引起极大轰动，或令人愤慨，或引人怒骂，或发人深思，但仍对美国乃至全世界读者了解美国社会发挥了重要作用。

为此，我们引进并翻译出版了这套“塑造美国的88本书”丛书。力争客观、原生态地呈现美国的人文社会、政治制度以及美国历史发展和民主进程，在一个个美国故事中，讲述真实的美国和美国人，宏观展示美国的诞生、成长和强大，美国人自我意识的觉醒和认同。它们包括：推动北美人民走上公开独立道路的战斗缴文《常识》；成就美国宪法和联邦制度的政治经典《联邦党人文集》；激励无数年轻人的世界上最著名的自传《富兰克林自传》；影响美国五代人的经典教科书《美国语文读本》；美国哲学和美式生活方式的代表之作《实用主义》；美国移民人手一册的人生指南《穷理查智慧书》；点燃美国20世纪60年代性解放运动的性学经典《金赛性学报告》；来自美国总统世家的对教育的反思与批判《亨利·亚当斯的教育》；出版史上的奇迹、永远的励志畅销书《人性的弱点》，等等。

这套“塑造美国的88本书”丛书将自始至终贯彻严肃认真的学风和生动活泼的文风，分辑陆续推出。

约四百年前，弗朗西斯·培根在《伟大的复兴》一书序言中，曾经这样谈到书中描述的对象，他“希望人们不要

把它看作一种意见，而要看作是一项事业，并相信我们在这里所做的不是为某一宗派或理论奠定基础，而是为人类的福祉和尊严……”我们怀着真挚的感情，把这段话献给“塑造美国的88本书”丛书的读者，希望广大读者关心她、批评她、帮助她。

让她成为我们共同的事业。

中青文传媒

“塑造美国的88本书”丛书编委会

2013年6月

目录

LESSON 1 THE GOOD READER · 一名优秀的朗读者

LESSON 2 THE BLUEBELL · 蓝色风铃草

LESSON 3 THE GENTLE HAND · 温柔的手

LESSON 4 THE GRANDFATHER · 爷爷

LESSON 5 A BOY ON A FARM · 农场少年

LESSON 6 THE SINGING LESSON · 歌唱课

LESSON 7 DO NOT MEDDLE · 请别多管闲事

LESSON 8 WORK · 劳动

LESSON 9 THE MANIAC · 疯子

LESSON 10 ROBIN REDBREAST · 红胸脯的知更鸟

LESSON 11 THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH · 那条我没钓到的鱼

LESSON 12 IT SNOWS · 下雪了

LESSON 13 RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH REWARDED · 尊重安息日

LESSON 14 THE SANDS O'DEE · 迪河沙滩

LESSON 15 SELECT PARAGRAPHS · 《圣经》节选

LESSON 16 THE CORN SONG · 玉米颂

LESSON 17 THE VENOMOUS WORM · 致命毒虫

LESSON 18 THE FESTAL BOARD · 节日聚会

LESSON 19 HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS · 如何传达噩耗

LESSON 20 THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM·布伦海姆战役

LESSON 21 “I PITY THEM.”·“我同情他们”

LESSON 22 AN ELEGY ON MADAM BLAIZE·布莱兹夫人的挽歌

LESSON 23 KING CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN·英王查尔斯二世与威廉·佩恩先生

LESSON 24 WHAT I LIVE FOR·我为什么而活

LESSON 25 THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN·公正不会缺席

LESSON 26 ABOUT BEN ADHEM·阿博·本·艾德汉

LESSON 27 LUCY FORESTER·露西·弗斯特

LESSON 28 THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS·死神与花朵

LESSON 29 THE TOWN PUMP·小镇水泵

LESSON 30 GOOD NIGHT·晚安

LESSON 31 AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL·传统守旧的女儿

LESSON 32 MY MOTHER'S HANDS·母亲的双手

LESSON 33 THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM·不满的钟摆

LESSON 34 THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS·花朵的死亡

LESSON 35 THE THUNDERSTORM·暴风雨

LESSON 36 APRIL DAY·四月天

LESSON 37 THE TEA ROSE·香水月季

LESSON 38 THE CATARACT OF LODORE·洛多大瀑布

LESSON 39 THE BOBOLINK·北美食米鸟

LESSON 40 ROBERT OF LINCOLN·罗伯特·林肯

LESSON 41 REBELLION IN MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON·马萨诸塞州州立监狱的叛乱

LESSON 42 FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY·无情寡义的娜莉·格蕾

LESSON 43 THE GENEROUS RUSSIAN PEASANT·慷慨的俄罗斯农民

LESSON 44 FORTY YEARS AGO·四十年前

LESSON 45 MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE·考德尔夫人的演讲

LESSON 46 THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH·乡村铁匠

LESSON 47 THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW·勒克瑙救援

LESSON 48 THE SNOWSTORM·暴风雪

LESSON 49 BEHIND TIME·迟到

LESSON 50 THE OLD SAMPLER·昔日的绣花图样

LESSON 51 THE GOODNESS OF GOD·上帝的仁爱

LESSON 52 MY MOTHER·妈妈

LESSON 53 THE HOUR OF PRAYER·祈祷时刻

LESSON 54 THE WILL·遗嘱

LESSON 55 THE NOSE AND THE EYES·鼻子与眼睛

LESSON 56 AN ICEBERG·冰山

LESSON 57 ABOUT QUAIL·鹌鹑

LESSON 58 THE BLUE AND THE GRAY·蓝与灰

LESSON 59 THE MACHINIST'S RETURN·回家之路

LESSON 60 MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY·为自由开路

LESSON 61 THE ENGLISH SKYLARK·英国云雀

LESSON 62 HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE·勇士如何安眠

LESSON 63 THE RAINBOW·彩虹

LESSON 64 SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS·约翰·亚当斯的假想演说

LESSON 65 THE RISING·呐喊震天

LESSON 66 CONTROL YOUR TEMPER·请君制怒

LESSON 67 WILLIAM TELL·威廉·泰尔（上）

LESSON 68 WILLIAM TELL（CONCLUDED）·威廉·泰尔（下）

LESSON 69 THE CRAZY ENGINEER·疯狂的火车司机

LESSON 70 THE HERITAGE·遗产

LESSON 71 NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR·没有汗水，怎有成功

LESSON 72 THE OLD HOUSE CLOCK·老钟

LESSON 73 THE EXAMINATION·审查考试

LESSON 74 THE ISLE OF LONG AGO·很久以前的小岛

LESSON 75 THE BOSTON MASSACRE·波士顿惨案

LESSON 76 DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL·美好事物的逝去

LESSON 77 SNOW FALLING·大雪纷飞

LESSON 78 SQUEERS'S METHOD·斯格威尔的教学方法

LESSON 79 THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS·两手空空的礼物

LESSON 80 CAPTURING THE WILD HORSE·捕捉野马

LESSON 81 SOWING AND REAPING·播种与收获

LESSON 82 TAKING COMFORT·享受大自然

LESSON 83 CALLING THE ROLL·点名

LESSON 84 TURTLE SOUP·甲鱼汤

LESSON 85 THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE·最好的复仇

LESSON 86 THE SOLDIER OF THE RHINE·莱茵河畔的士兵

LESSON 87 THE WINGED WORSHIPERS·长着翅膀的朝圣者

LESSON 88 THE PEEVISH WIFE·暴躁易怒的妻子

LESSON 89 THE RAINY DAY·雨天

LESSON 90 BREAK, BREAK, BREAK·撞击，撞击，撞击

LESSON 91 TRANSPORTATION AND PLANTING OF SEEDS·种子的传播和种植

LESSON 92 SPRING AGAIN·又是一年春天

LESSON 93 RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY·宗教——社会的唯一基石

LESSON 94 ROCK ME TO SLEEP·请荡起摇篮，哄我入眠

LESSON 95 MAN AND THE INFERIOR ANIMALS·人类与低等动物

LESSON 96 THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT·盲人摸象

LESSON 97 A HOME SCENE·家庭场景

LESSON 98 THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS·昔日的光辉

LESSON 99 A CHASE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL·英吉利海峡追逐战

LESSON 100 BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE·约翰·摩尔爵士的葬礼

LESSON 101 LITTLE VICTORIES·微小的胜利

LESSON 102 THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE·幸福生活的特点

LESSON 103 THE ART OF DISCOURAGEMENT·泼冷水的艺术

LESSON 104 THE MARINER'S DREAM·水手的梦

LESSON 105 THE PASSENGER PIGEON·过路的旅鸽

LESSON 106 THE COUNTRY LIFE·乡村生活

LESSON 107 THE VIRGINIANS·弗吉尼亚人

LESSON 108 MINOT'S LEDGE·迈诺特的礁石

LESSON 109 HAMLET·哈姆雷特

LESSON 110 DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG·论烤猪

LESSON 111 A PEN PICTURE·北极素描

LESSON 112 THE GREAT VOICES·伟大的声音

LESSON 113 A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE·人生的一幕

LESSON 114 A SUMMER LONGING·夏天的渴望

LESSON 115 FATE·命运

LESSON 116 THE BIBLE THE BEST OF CLASSICS·《圣经》——最好的经典

LESSON 117 MY MOTHER'S BIBLE·母亲的《圣经》

[返回总目录](#)

LESSON 1 THE GOOD READER·一名优秀的朗读者

LESSON 1

THE GOOD READER



一名优秀的朗读者

1. It is told of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that, as he was seated one day in his private room, a written petition^[1] was brought to him with the request that it should be immediately read. The King had just returned from hunting, and the glare of the sun, or some other cause, had so dazzled his eyes that he found it difficult to make out a single word of the writing.

2. His private secretary happened to be absent; and the soldier who brought the petition could not read. There was a page, or favorite boy servant, waiting in the hall, and upon him the King called. The page was a son of one of the noblemen of the court, but proved to be a very poor reader.

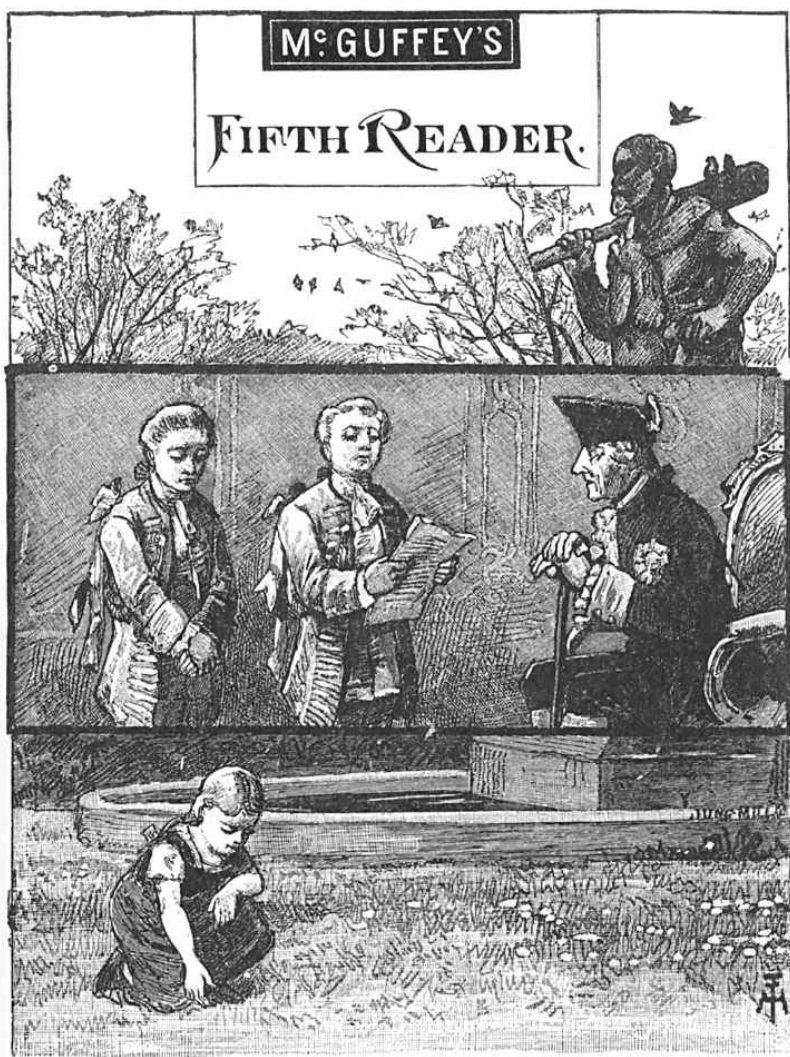
3. In the first place, he did not articulate^[2] distinctly. He huddled his words together in the utterance, as if they were syllables of one long word, which he must get through with as speedily as possible. His pronunciation was bad, and he did not modulate^[3] his voice so as to bring out the meaning of what he read. Every sentence was uttered with a dismal monotony^[4] of voice, as if it did not differ in any respect from that which preceded it.

4. “Stop!” said the King, impatiently. “Is it an auctioneer’s list of goods to be sold that you are hurrying over? Send your companion to me.” Another page who stood at the door now entered, and to him the King gave the petition. The second page began by hemming and clearing his throat in such an affected^[5] manner that the King jokingly asked him whether he had not slept in the public garden, with the gate open,

the night before.

5. The second page had a good share of self-conceit, however, and so was not greatly confused by the King's jest. He determined that he would avoid the mistake which his comrade had made. So he commenced reading the petition slowly and with great formality, emphasizing every word, and prolonging the articulation of every syllable. But his manner was so tedious that the King cried out, "Stop! are you reciting a lesson in the elementary sounds? Out of the room! But no: stay! Send me that little girl who is sitting there by the fountain."

6. The girl thus pointed out by the King was a daughter of one of the laborers employed by the royal gardener; and she had come to help her father weed the flower beds. It chanced that, like many of the poor people in Prussia, she had received a good education. She was somewhat alarmed when she found herself in the King's presence, but took courage when the King told her that he only wanted her to read for him, as his eyes were weak.



7. Now, Ernestine (for this was the name of the little girl) was fond of reading aloud, and often many of the neighbors would assemble at her father's house to hear her; those who could not read themselves would come to her, also, with their letters from distant friends or children, and she thus formed the habit of reading various sorts of handwriting promptly and well.

8. The King gave her the petition, and she rapidly glanced through the opening lines to get some idea of what it was about. As she read, her eyes began to glisten, and her breast to heave. "What is the matter?" asked the King; "don't you know how to read?" "Oh, yes! sire," she replied, addressing him with the title usually applied to him: "I will now read it, if you please."

9. The two pages were about to leave the room. "Remain," said the King. The little girl began to read the petition. It was from a poor widow, whose only son had been drafted^[6] to serve in the army, although his health was delicate and his pursuits had been such as to unfit him for military life. His father had been killed in battle, and the son had a strong desire to become a portrait painter.

10. The writer told her story in a simple, concise^[7] manner, that carried to the heart a belief of its truth; and Ernestine read it with so much feeling, and with an articulation so just, in tones so pure and distinct, that when she had finished, the King, into whose eyes the tears had started, exclaimed, "Oh! now I understand what it is all about; but I might never have known, certainly I never should have felt, its meaning had I trusted to these young gentlemen, whom I now dismiss from my service for one year, advising them to occupy their time in learning to read."

11. "As for you, my young lady," continued the King, "I know you will ask no better reward for your trouble than the pleasure of carrying to this poor widow my order for her son's immediate discharge^[8]. Let me see whether you can write as well as you can read. Take this pen, and write as I dictate^[9] ." He then

dictated an order, which Ernestine wrote, and he signed. Calling one of his guards, he bade him go with the girl and see that the order was obeyed.

12. How much happiness was Ernestine the means of bestowing through her good elocution, united to the happy circumstance that brought it to the knowledge of the King! First, there were her poor neighbors, to whom she could give instruction and entertainment. Then, there was the poor widow who sent the petition, and who not only regained her son, but received through Ernestine an order for him to paint the King's likeness; so that the poor boy soon rose to great distinction^[10], and had more orders than he could attend to. Words could not express^[11] his gratitude, and that of his mother, to the little girl.

13. And Ernestine had, moreover, the satisfaction of aiding her father to rise in the world, so that he became the King's chief gardener. The King did not forget her, but had her well educated at his own expense. As for the two pages, she was indirectly the means of doing them good, also; for, ashamed of their bad reading, they commenced studying in earnest, till they overcame the faults that had offended the King. Both finally rose to distinction, one as a lawyer, and the other as a statesman; and they owed their advancement in life chiefly to their good elocution.

NOTES.—Fredorick II. of Prussia (b. 1712, d. 1788), or Frederick the Great, as he was called, was one of the greatest of German rulers. He was distinguished for his military exploits, for his wise and just government, and for his literary attainments. He wrote many able works in the French language. Many pleasant anecdotes are told of this king, of which the one given in the

lesson is a fair sample.

【中文阅读】

1. 有一天，普鲁士国王腓特烈大帝坐在他的私人房间里，士兵呈上一份请愿信，呈请国王立即审阅。当时，国王刚刚从狩猎场返回，刺眼的阳光，或是其他一些原因，影响了他的视力，他发现自己看不清信上的任何一个字。

2. 他的私人秘书正巧不在场，而为他送来这份请愿信的士兵也不识字。当时，有一个男侍，或者不如说一位乖巧侍童，正等候在大厅里，于是腓特烈大帝召唤了他。这个男侍是一位宫廷贵族的儿子，但国王很快发现，他是个糟糕的朗读者。

3. 首先，他的发音不够清晰。他吐字很含糊，听起来，有些词语音节应该很长，可他总是急不可耐地含糊读完。他的发音也很糟糕，并没有根据这封请愿信的意思而调整他的语调。他所表述的每个句子都是令人沮丧的单调声音，毫无抑扬顿挫之感或音调变化，似乎句子之间不存在任何差别。

4. “够了！”国王不耐烦地打断了他，“这难道是一份你急着卖掉的拍卖货物清单？叫你的同伴过来见我。”于是，正站在门口等候的另一名男侍进来了，国

王将请愿书交给他。这个男侍做作地清了清嗓子，然后才开始朗读。国王诙谐地问他，昨晚是不是虽然没有在公园里过夜，但睡觉时门却整晚没关。

5. 这个男侍相当自负，对国王的俏皮话，似乎不太在意。他决定避免犯下他的同伴所犯的错误，于是，他开始慢慢地、庄重地读这封请愿书，强调每一个字，拉长每一个发音，但他读得如此乏味造作，国王不禁大声呵斥：“够了！你难道是在按基本发音背诵课文吗？给我滚出去！不，等等，留下来！把那个坐在喷泉旁的小女孩给我叫来。”

6. 国王说的这名女孩，是宫廷花师所雇佣人的女儿，那天，她是来帮助父亲给宫廷花圃除草的。碰巧的是，像许多普鲁士的穷人一样，她接受过良好的教育。当发现自己正站在国王面前时，她多少有点惊慌，但国王告诉她，由于他眼睛看不清，只希望她能为自己读一封请愿信，她才稍稍鼓起了勇气。

7. 欧丝婷（小女孩名字）喜欢大声朗读，她的许多邻居经常聚集在她家中来听她读书；那些不识字的人，会带着他们远方朋友或孩子的来信来找她帮忙。她因此养成了朗读各种各样手写信件的习惯，读得既快速又好听。

8. 国王将请愿书交给她，她迅速浏览了开篇几行

字，很快理解了信里的意思。当她看这封信的时候，她眼中泪光闪烁，呼吸急速。“怎么了？”国王问，“难道你不知道该怎么读？”“哦，我知道！陛下，”她回答道，用尊敬的语气对他说，“如果您愿意的话，我现在就开始为您读这封信。”

9. 那两名男侍想退出房间。“留下。”国王下令。小女孩开始读这封请愿信。这封信是一位穷苦的寡妇写的，她唯一的儿子被征募去军队服役，尽管他身虚体弱，志向亦不在行伍。他的父亲已经在战场上牺牲了，而这个少年还有个梦寐以求的愿望，想成为一名肖像画家。

10. 这个寡妇在信里用质朴简洁的语言讲述了她的遭遇，文字中流露出的真切情感令人动容。欧丝婷满怀深情地读着它，她的发音如此清晰，语调如此纯正，抑扬顿挫，以至于当她读完的时候，国王也忍不住流泪了，他惊呼道：“天哪！现在我才明白这封信里说的是什么。但是，如果听信那些年轻贵族的话，我将永远无从了解，准确地说，永远不会像现在这样感受到这封信的深刻含义。现在，我要将那些家伙辞退一年，让他们好好学学如何朗读。”

11. “至于你，我的孩子，”国王继续说，“我要派你去向这位穷苦的寡妇传达我的旨意：她的儿子不用

服兵役了。我想，为她传达这样一个令人高兴的消息，大概是对你为我读信的最好奖赏。来吧，让我看看你是否能准确书写，像你的阅读那么棒。拿着这支笔，写下我的口谕。”接着，他口述了一份命令，欧丝婷将它写下来，国王随后签上了自己的名字。他叫来一个卫兵，吩咐他跟着这个女孩去传达国王的旨意。

12. 通过感情真挚的阅读，让国王获悉了民情，欧丝婷简直快乐极了！首先，那些贫困的邻居们从她那儿得到了指导与安慰。其次，呈送请愿信的可怜寡妇不仅重新与儿子一起生活，而且还从欧丝婷那里得到国王的旨意，安排她的儿子为国王画像。这个穷苦孩子很快就出人头地，得到很多让他画像的订单，忙都忙不过来了，千言万语都无法表达出这位少年和他的寡母对小姑娘欧丝婷的深深感激之情。

13. 不仅如此，欧丝婷的父亲后来被提拔为国王的首席园丁，在世界园林界赢得了声誉，这一点，让欧丝婷非常自豪。国王没有忘记她，花钱让她接受了良好的教育。至于那两名男侍，他们也间接从她身上受益。由于为自己糟糕的朗读能力而感到羞愧，他们开始认真学习，直到克服了原先触怒国王的那些阅读障碍。他们最终也出人头地了，一位做了律师，另一位成了政治家，他们将所获得的成就归功于良好的演

说能力。

- [1] Petition, a formal request.
- [2] Articulate, to utter the elementary sounds.
- [3] Modulate, to vary or inflect.
- [4] Monotony, lack of variety.
- [5] Affected, unnatural and silly.
- [6] Drafted, selected by lot.
- [7] Concise, brief and full of meaning.
- [8] Discharge, release.
- [9] Dictate, to utter so that another may write down.
- [10] Distinction, honorable and notable position.
- [11] Express, to make known the feelings of.

LESSON 2 THE BLUEBELL



蓝色风铃草

1. There is a story I have heard—
A poet learned it of a bird,
And kept its music every word—
2. A story of a dim ravine,
O'er which the towering tree tops lean,
With one blue rift^[1] of sky between;
3. And there, two thousand years ago,
A little flower as white as snow
Swayed^[2] in the silence to and fro.
4. Day after day, with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky,
And fleecy clouds that floated by.
5. And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height^[3] ,
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.
6. Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,

A slow change came—but not to mar;

7. For softly o'er its petals^[4] white
There crept a blueness, like the light
Of skies upon a summer night;
8. And in its chalice^[5] , I am told,
The bonny^[6] bell was formed to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.
9. Now, little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you
Writ in the floweret's hell of blue:
10. The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by and by.

【中文阅读】

1. 我曾听过一个故事，
一位诗人从小鸟那儿获悉，
他记下，故事里的每个音符。
2. 故事来自一个幽暗的山谷，
这个山谷被高高的树荫遮蔽，
只露出一道狭长的蓝天。
3. 两千多年前，那处峡谷，
开着一朵小花，洁白妩媚，

安静地妙曼起舞。

4. 日复一日，摇曳着期盼，
小花凝视着狭仄的蓝天，
轻柔的云，悠然飘过头顶。
5. 夜复一夜，黑暗无边，
有颗星星，从蓝色缝隙闪入，
照亮孤独小花喜悦的眼睛。
6. 就这样，遥远天穹，
升起一颗，笑脸星辰，
变化慢慢开始——不会太糟。
7. 它雪白的花瓣，悄然升起
一抹亮丽，幽蓝夜空里，
尽情伸展，夏季的深邃致意。
8. 小花，像捧白色圣杯，
我听说，那美丽的小风铃，
是为了能握住一粒金光闪闪的小星星。
9. 现在，亲爱的孩子们，
在这株蓝色风铃草里
藏着一个甜蜜的，真实的故事：
10. 学会坚忍，学会敏锐观察，
仰望那些纯净高贵的魂灵，

耳濡目染，获取精神动力。

- [1] Rift, a narrow opening, a cleft.
- [2] Swayed, swung.
- [3] Height, an elevated place.
- [4] Petals, the colored leaves of a flower.
- [5] Chalice, a cup or bowl.
- [6] Bonny, beautiful.

LESSON 3 THE GENTLE HAND



温柔的手

Timothy S. Arthur (b. 1809, d. 1885) was born near Newburgh, N.Y., but passed most of his life at Baltimore and Philadelphia. His opportunities for good schooling were quite limited, and he may be considered a self-educated man. He was the author of more than a hundred volumes, principally novels of a domestic and moral tone, and of many shorter tales—magazine articles, etc. “Ten Nights in a Barroom,” and “Three Years in a Mantrap,” are among his best known works.

1. When and where it matters not now to relate—but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly peopled district of country, night came down upon me almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village toward which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking shelter and a night’s lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

2. Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity^[1] of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an

inclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet.

3. Turning aside, and passing through the ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

4. A deep, quick bark answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck, and a low word spoken.

5. "Go in, Tiger," said the girl, not in a voice of authority, yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and, as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand, and he turned away and disappeared within the dwelling.

6. "Who's that?" A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy-looking man took the dog's place in the door.

7. "How far is it to G—?" I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting place for the night.

8. "To G—!" growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. "It's good six miles from here."

9. "A long distance; and I'm a stranger and on foot," said I. "If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful."

10. I saw the girl's hand move quickly up his arm, until it rested on his shoulder, and now she leaned to

him still closer.

11. “Come in. We’ll try what can be done for you.” There was a change in the man’s voice that made me wonder. I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

12. “A stranger, mother,” said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; “and he wants us to let him stay all night.”

13. The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied coldly, “We don’t keep a public house.”

14. “I’m aware of that, ma’am,” said I; “but night has overtaken me, and it’s a long way yet to G——.”

15. “Too far for a tired man to go on foot,” said the master of the house, kindly, “so it’s no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed.”

16. So unobtrusively^[2] that I scarce noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to her mother’s side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed, as she spoke, one small, fair hand rested on the woman’s hand.

17. Was there magic in that touch? The woman’s repulsive^[3] aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said, “Yes, it’s a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him.”

18. Many times more during that evening, did I observe the magic power of that hand and voice—the one gentle yet potent^[4] as the other. On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take

my departure when my host^[5] informed me that if I would wait for half an hour he would give me a ride in his wagon to G——, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation.

19. In due time, the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse as a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

20. "Dick!" said the farmer in a peremptory^[6] voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke. But Dick moved not a step. "Dick! you vagabond! get up." And the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

21. It availed^[7] not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt to the number of half a dozen. The man might as well have beaten the wagon, for all his end was gained.

22. A stout lad now came out into the road, and, catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions, but Dick met this new ally^[8] with increased stubbornness, planting his fore feet more firmly and at a sharper angle with the ground.

23. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of the head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

24. "Don't do so, John!" I turned my head as the

maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and in the next moment had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification.

25. And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense^[9] muscles relaxed^[10] —how quickly the stubborn air vanished!

26. "Poor Dick!" said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with a childlike hand. "Now, go along, you provoking fellow!" she added, in a half-chiding^[11], yet affectionate voice, as she drew up the bridle.

27. The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchet^[12] had ever entered his stubborn brain.

28. "What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" said I, speaking to my companion, as we rode away.

29. He looked at me for a moment, as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said briefly, "She's good! Everybody and everything loves her."

30. Was that, indeed, the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts! The father's explanation was doubtless the true one. Yet have I ever since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the

loving and the good, but never to the extent as instanced^[13] in her, whom, for want of a better name, I must still call “Gentle Hand.”

【中文阅读】

蒂莫西·S·亚瑟（1809—1885）出生于美国纽约州纽堡市附近，但他在巴尔的摩和费城度过生命中的大部分时光。他所受的正规教育很有限，属于自学成才的类型。他的著述多达一百多部，其中主要是家庭和道德伦理方面的小说，以及为期刊杂志撰写的大量篇幅更短的文章。在他的作品中，《酒吧里的十个夜晚》和《无间道·三年》都流传甚广。

1. 这件事发生在何时、何地，现在看来并不重要——姑且叫它从前吧，当我正穿过一处人烟稀少的地方时，夜幕悄然降临了。由于是步行，如果我想到达原先想去的城镇，恐怕得走到深夜。于是我急切地想找个地方过夜，随便哪个先碰上的房舍都行，不管条件有多简陋，对付一晚足矣。

2. 暗淡的暮色渐渐褪去，黑暗降临了。这时我发现附近有户人家，从几扇不挂窗帘的小窗户中透出的光，似乎正传递着温暖而愉悦的气氛。这栋屋子四周围着栅栏，离我所行走的路很近，而我正疲累不堪。

3. 我离开小路，推开虚掩的栅栏门，走近这栋屋

子。栅栏门上的木质铰链在慢慢晃动着，门关上时，门闩发出轻微的声响。这些声音都没有惊动屋内欢乐的气氛，一直等我快走到门廊了，才发现有位身材苗条的姑娘站在那里，显然，刚才她听到了我的脚步声。

4. 门刚关上，像是回应这个声响似的，响起一声低沉而短促的狗吠；紧接着，一条体型硕大的狗幽灵般地出现在门廊上。眼看它快扑上来的时候，一只手轻轻搭在它毛发蓬松的脖颈上，一个温柔的声音低声响起。

5. “小虎，进去。”姑娘说道，声音并不威严，但她温柔的嗓音中带着一种不容置疑的清晰暗示。一边说着，她一边轻拍了几下大狗的脑袋，于是那狗转过身，进了屋。

6. “谁在那儿？”一个粗犷的声音传来，一个脸色阴沉的男人从狗的身后闪出。

7. “请问，这儿离G地还有多远？”我问道。一开始就告诉他我想找个今晚过夜的地方，大概不是个好主意，我想。

8. “G地！”男人大声地说着，言语间却少了最初的严厉，“离这儿还有足足六英里呢。”

9. “路可真够远的。我是步行来的，一个过路客，”我说，“如果你们能让我在这里歇上一晚，我真是感激不尽。”

10. 我看到那姑娘的手沿着那男人的手臂上移，最后搭在他肩上，现在她离那男人更近了些。

11. “进来吧，看看我们能给你帮上什么忙。”男人的语气有所变化，让我颇觉意外。我进了屋，房间很宽敞，壁炉中的火苗轻快地跃动着。壁炉前，坐着两个身材结实的小伙子，他们满脸阴沉地抬眼看我，明显带着不快的神情。一位中年妇女站在桌子旁边，两个孩子在地板上自顾自地逗着小猫咪。

12. “孩子他妈，这个过路的，”刚才在门前粗鲁地与我打招呼的那个男人说道，“想在我们这儿过一夜。”

13. 那妇人狐疑地打量我片刻，冷冷地说：“我们这儿没有客房。”

14. “我知道，夫人，”我说，“但是，天太晚了，去G地实在太远了。”

15. “让一个疲惫的人走这么长一段路，太荒唐了。”男主人和蔼地说，“不用再讨论了，孩子他妈，我们得为他匀出一张床。”

16. 悄无声息地，那姑娘已经靠近她母亲，我几乎没注意到她是何时走过去的。她悄声对她母亲说了些什么，声音太轻，我听不见内容。但我注意到，当她说话时，她那娇小美丽的手已轻轻搭在她母亲的手上。

17. 她的触摸有魔法吗？那妇人反感冷淡的态度瞬间变得亲切和善，她说：“说得对，到G地还远着呢。我想，我们是得帮他准备张床。”

18. 就在那个晚上，我无数次地观察到那双手和那个声音——像她的手一般温柔而有力所具有的魔力。第二天早上，吃完早餐后，我正打算告辞，男主人告诉我，他要赶往G地办事，如果我愿意多等待半小时，他便可以用自己的马车送我一程，我自然非常高兴地接受了他的好意。

19. 约定的时间到了，那农夫将马车停在屋前的马路上，招呼我上车。我注意到那匹驾辕的马，那马驹面部粗糙，属于加拿大品种，具有顽强忍耐的优良品性。农夫上了马车，坐在我身边，全家人走出门来为我们送行。

20. “狄克！”农民严厉地呵斥，一边猛地拉动缰绳，但狄克竟然一步都没挪动，“狄克，你这个懒鬼！快走啊。”农夫猛地一甩鞭，鞭子声在小马的耳边尖锐

地乍响。

21. 依然毫不奏效，狄克固执地站在那里，无动于衷。男主人急躁起来，第二鞭便甩到小马驹身上，但它只是暴跳了一下。接着几鞭又快又狠地甩在马驹背上，但全无效果，农夫如果早知道他最终束手无策，还不如起先就鞭打那马车罢。

22. 一个身材粗壮的小伙子走到路中间，抓着狄克的缰绳猛地向前拽，边拽边骂骂咧咧。但狄克面对这个新来的敌人，报以更加倔强的姿态，将前蹄死死抵住地面，怎么都不肯动弹。

23. 小伙子不耐烦起来，开始握紧拳头狠揍小马驹的脑袋，然后死命地猛拽缰绳。但这同样毫不奏效，狄克无论如何就是不肯迈开蹄子。

24. “别这么做，约翰！”少女甜美的声音传来。我循声扭头，她正穿过栅栏门，走到路上，接着她握住小伙子的手臂，将他轻轻从小马驹身边推开。在做这些事情的时候，她的动作很温柔。她抓住他的手臂，而他也毫不反抗地任她这么做，丝毫没有忤逆她的意思。

25. 现在，她柔软的手正温柔抚摸着小马驹的脖颈，嘴里对它低低地说着些什么。一转眼间，小马驹身上那紧绷的肌肉便放松了——原本僵持的气氛一扫

而空！

26. “可怜的狄克！”少女一边说着，一边抚摸着它的脖子，或者说，是用她娇小的手温柔地拍打了它几下，“现在，去吧，你这爱折腾人的孩子！”她提了提笼头，语气中略带责备，但仍然满怀爱意。

27. 小马驹转向她，将脑袋靠在她臂弯间蹭了几下，接着，它竖起耳朵，开始轻快地跑起碎步来。它的步伐越来越矫健，就好像刚才不曾有任何怪异的念头盘踞在它那固执的小脑瓜里一样。

28. 马车跑起来了。“那双手，拥有多么奇妙的力量啊！”我对身旁的农夫说道。

29. 农夫注视了我片刻，似乎我的评论使他偶发惊奇，他的脸上闪过一丝喜悦，却只说了句：“她心地仁慈，这里的人和那些牲口都喜欢她。”

30. 这便是她魅力的源泉吗？大家都从她的双手中感受到她灵魂的高贵，即使是那些不通人性的动物！她父亲的解释无疑道出了真相。但从那以后，我始终很好奇，直到今天也仍然想知道，那名少女充满魔力的抚摸中到底蕴藏了多少力量。我曾见过通过爱与善表达出来的类似力量，但从来没有一种力量能像我在她身上见到的那么强大。这种力量，在没有更好的名称之前，我愿称它为“温柔的手”。

- [1] Vicinity, neighborhood.
- [2] Unobtrusively, not noticeably, modestly.
- [3] Repulsive, repelling, forbidding.
- [4] Potent, powerful, effective.
- [5] Host, one from whom another receives food, lodging, or entertainment.
- [6] Peremptory, commanding, decisive.
- [7] Availed, was of use, had effect.
- [8] Ally, a confederate, one who unites with another in some purpose.
- [9] Tense, strained to stiffness, rigid.
- [10] Relaxed, loosened.
- [11] Chiding, scolding, rebuking.
- [12] Crotchet, a perverse fancy, a whim.
- [13] Instanced, mentioned as an example.

LESSON 4 THE GRANDFATHER



Charles G. Eastman (b. 1816, d.1861) was born in Maine, but removed at an early age to Vermont, where he was connected with the press at Burlington, Woodstock, and Montpelier. He published a volume of poems in 1848, written in a happy lyric and ballad style, and faithfully portraying rural life in New England.

1. The farmer sat in his easy-chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale^[1] old wife with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee, was catching flies.
2. The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the selfsame place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
“Don't smoke!” said the child, “how it makes you
cry!”

3. The house dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the manteltree^[2]
Had plodded^[3] along to almost three.
4. Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving^[4] breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay;
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯·G·伊士曼（1816—1861）出生在美国缅因州，但早年就已迁往佛蒙特州。在那里，他与伯灵顿、伍兹托克以及蒙彼利埃等地的出版社联系密切。1848年，他出版了一本轻快抒情、民谣风格的诗集，真实描绘了新英格兰地区的田园生活。

1. 老农躺在他的安乐椅上，
抽着他的陶制烟斗，
他硬朗的年迈妻子仍在不停忙碌，
清理着晚餐后的狼藉杯盘。
美丽蓝眼睛的可爱小女孩，
坐在爷爷的膝上捉蜻蜓。

2. 老农摩挲着小孙女的脑袋，
皱纹遍布的脸上，挂着一滴眼泪，
他想起小女孩已过世的母亲，
她曾经常坐在同样的地方。
泪水从他半阖的眼里扑簌而下，
“不许抽烟！”小姑娘说，“它让你哭得多厉害
呀！”

3. 他们的狗趴在地板上，
在午后的阴凉处惬意打盹。
忙碌的老妇人敞开着门，
吱吱呀呀地转着纺车。
壁炉楣架上的老铜钟，
快到三点的时针一步步辛勤在爬。

4. 老农安静地坐在他的安乐椅上，
他甜美的小孙女，
被打湿的眉毛和脸蛋是那么可爱，
正靠着他起伏的胸膛。
他的脑袋耷拉着，枕着她柔软的头，
那个夏日午后，祖孙俩都进入温暖的梦乡。

[1] Hale, healthy.

[2] Manteltree, shelf over a fireplace.

[3] Plodded, went slowly.

[4] Heaving, rising and falling.

LESSON 5 A BOY ON A FARM



农场少年

Charles Dudley Warner (b. 1829, d.1900) was born at Plainfield, Mass. In 1851 he graduated at Hamilton College, and in 1856 was admitted to the bar at Philadelphia, but moved to Chicago to practice his profession. There he remained until 1860, when he became connected with the press at Hartford, Conn., and has ever since devoted himself to literature. “My Summer in a Garden,” “Saunterings,” and “Backlog Studies” are his best known works. The following extract is from “Being a Boy.”

1. Say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum^[1], always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable^[2] things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall all the odds and ends, the most difficult things.

2. After everybody else is through, he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's,—perpetually^[3] waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to eat a good dinner than it is to wash the dishes afterwards. Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do,—things that must be done, or life would actually

stop.

3. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centiped^[4] , they would tire before night. His two short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way.

4. This he sometimes tries to do; and the people who have seen him “turning cart wheels” along the side of the road, have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time; he was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize^[5] his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch^[6] .

5. He practices standing on his head, in order to accustom himself to any position. Leapfrog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He would willingly go an errand any distance if he could leapfrog it with a few other boys.

6. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. This is the reason why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, he is absent so long; for he stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a penstock^[7] , to put his hand over the spout, and squirt the water a little while.

7. He is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cut it; he mows it away in the barn; he rides the horse, to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he drives the cows night and morning; he brings wood and water, and splits kindling; he gets up the horse, and puts out the horse; whether he is in the

house or out of it, there is always something for him to do.

8. Just before the school in winter he shovels paths; in summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are lots of wintergreens and sweet flags, but instead of going for them, he is to stay indoors and pare apples, and stone raisins, and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupations, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores^[8] !

9. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯·达德利·华纳（1829—1900）出生于美国马萨诸塞州麦斯·普兰菲尔德市。1851年，他从汉密尔顿学院毕业，并于1856年在费城取得律师执照，他后来搬到芝加哥从事律师见习。1860年，他离开芝加哥，与康涅狄格州哈特福德市的出版社联系密切，从此投身于文学创作。他最著名的作品有《花园中的夏天》、《闲庭漫步》和《对滞压工作的研究》，下面这篇文章节选自他的《少年当自强》。

1. 如果你让我谈谈一个少年能做什么，我觉得，一个没有少年的农场大概很快就会前景黯淡。一个少年所做的事情，在农场生活里须臾不可缺少。他是农

场的杂事总管，每个人都需要他，指望他做许多别人不愿意做，又必不可少的事情，各种各样最困难的零杂琐事都落在他的肩上。

2. 当别人都忙完了以后，农场少年得去扫尾。他的工作有点像女人们的活儿——总是要伺候别人。毋庸置疑，外出赴宴享受美味大餐永远比餐后洗刷碗碟轻松太多太多。想想一个农场少年平时要干的活儿——这些事情必须得有人做，要不然，生活可就过不下去了。

3. 首先，众所周知，农场少年得负责所有跑腿的差事，譬如去商店、上邮局、给大家传递各种各样的口信。哪怕他的腿像蜈蚣那么多，晚上上床躺倒前也还是会累个半死。他还那么小，指望两条小短腿干活儿真是远远不够。他恨不得再多长几条腿，像自行车轮上的辐条那么多，恐怕也还要连轴转个不停。

4. 他有时会试着这么做，有些人曾见农场少年在路边“转着轮子”，以为他不过是闲着没事干，自娱自乐。实际上，他只不过是发明一种新的运动方式，以便节省腿力，完成更多指派或差遣。

5. 他还经常练习倒立，来训练自己习惯各种姿势。蛙跳行进堪称快捷走完路程的美妙方法之一，要是能与几个狐朋狗友互动互乐更好，这样的话，他会

心甘情愿四下跑腿，路再远也毫不在乎。

6. 忙中作乐，是农场少年与生俱来的天赋。所以，如果有人让他去泉水边汲水，很长时间他都不会回来。他会在路边停留片刻，捅捅趴在石头上的青蛙；要是路边有个水渠，他就会把手捂在喷口上一会儿，把水弄得飞溅。

7. 大人们割下田里的草，农场少年需要把草铺开晒干，他还要把谷仓里的干草堆成垛。他要骑马，种玉米，在热浪熏天的一排排玉米田里劳作；大人们把土豆挖出来，他跟着收土豆；清晨，他赶着牛群外出放牧，黄昏，他牵着牛群打道回府；他还要拣柴、打水、生火、喂马、遛马……屋里屋外，他每天总有做不完的事情。

8. 冬天，去上学前，农场少年总要先铲除路上的积雪；夏天，他便找出磨刀石来把砍柴刀好好磨磨。他知道哪里的鹿蹄草最多，哪里的白菖蒲最甜。但是，他可没空出门采摘，他得待在家里削苹果，把葡萄晾在石头上晒干，或是在研钵里臼些什么东西。但是，即使他总是要不停地忙着各种杂活，他脑子里却总会想着各种各样他想做的事情。除了学校和这些无穷无尽的家务以外，他仍是个自由的男孩！

9. 农场少年觉得，如果有人愿意揽下这些闲杂琐

事，他会很乐意去做那些正经活计。可是，我怀疑，如果一个男孩不愿意做这些杂活，没法从这些琐事中享受到自由成长的乐趣，他以后是否能在世上找到可干的事儿，能否像个男人一样承担自己的责任。

[1] Factotum, a person employed to do all kinds of work.

[2] Indispensable, absolutely necessary.

[3] Perpetually, continually.

[4] Centiped, an insect with a great number of feet.

[5] Economize, to save.

[6] Dispatch, diligence, haste.

[7] Penstock, a wooden tube for conducting water.

[8] Chores, the light work of the household either within or without doors.

LESSON 6 THE SINGING LESSON



Jean Ingelow (b. 1830, d.1897) was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, England. Her fame as a poetess was at once established upon the publication of her “Poems” in 1863; since which time several other volumes have appeared. The most generally admired of her poems are “Songs of Seven” and “The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,” She has also written several successful novels, of which, “Off the Skelligs” is the most popular. “Stories Told to a Child,” “The Cumberers,” “Poor Mat,” “Studies for Stories,” and “Mopsa, the Fairy” are also well known. Miss Ingelow resided in London, England, and spent much of her time in deeds of charity.

1. A nightingale made a mistake;
 She sang a few notes out of tune:
Her heart was ready to break,
 And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
 But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
 And pretended to be asleep.

2. A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,

Came sauntering^[1] up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker^[2] and sneer;
She thought that life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

3. “O nightingale!” cooed a dove;
“O nightingale! what’s the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don’t sulk away from our sight,
Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?”

4. “Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest^[3] ,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak!”

5. The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely^[4] calm;
And the people stood on the grass

To hear that wonderful psalm.

6. The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this tale has a moral^[5], I know,
If you'll try and find it out.

NOTE.—The nightingale is a small bird, about six inches in length, with a coat of dark-brown feathers above and of grayish-white beneath. Its voice is astonishingly strong and sweet, and, when wild, it usually sings throughout the evening and night from April to the middle of summer. The bird is common in Europe, but is not found in America.

【中文阅读】

吉恩· 殷吉洛 (1830—1897) 出生于英国林肯郡波士顿。1863年, 她的《诗集》出版, 迅速奠定了她作为一名女诗人的声望。此后, 她陆续出版了其他文集, 她最受赞赏的诗歌包括《七子之歌》和《林肯郡岸边的冲天浪涛》。她也写了一些成功的小说, 其中, 《告别斯凯林格岛》最为著名。除此之外, 《对一个孩子讲述的故事》、《累赘的人》、《可怜的马特》、《故事研究》和《莫泊莎仙女》也都流传甚广。殷吉洛女士居住在英国伦敦, 她一生中的大部分时间都致力于慈善事业。

1. 一只夜莺，出了丑，
她唱跑调了几个音符。
她的心儿，都要碎了，
连忙藏在月亮看不见的地方。
她拧着自己的爪子，可怜的小东西，
她是如此骄傲，所以她不敢哭。
她偷偷把小脑袋埋在翅膀下，
假装自己睡着了。
2. 一只云雀和一只画眉，
手牵着手，晃悠悠地飞了过来；
夜莺能感觉到自己羞红了脸，
虽然羽毛遮住了她的脸蛋。
她知道，他们听到了自己的歌，
感觉到他们窃笑嘲讽；
这个尴尬时刻为什么这么漫长？她想，
要是能嗖的一下一年过去，那就好了。
3. “亲爱的夜莺！”鸽子咕咕地唤她，
“亲爱的夜莺！你在干嘛呢？
你这么美丽、这么可爱，
为什么要装得像只呆头鹅？
别埋头郁闷，远离我们的视线，
好像你是一只普通的、可笑的家禽；

你身上满是喜悦与欢乐，
别把自己藏得像只猫头鹰。

4. “想想那些你曾做到的，
思忖那些你有能力做到的。
从你这样的鸟儿嘴里唱出的
错误音符，真是太有趣了。
挺起你骄傲的小头冠，
张开你生来就适合唱歌的小嘴。
其他鸟儿需要尽最大努力才能做到的，
对你来说，就像说话那么简单！”

5. 夜莺羞涩地
从翅膀下抬起头。
她深深地看了鸽子一眼，
然后，开始歌唱。
从来没有一只鸟儿，能唱出这样的歌声。
那个夜晚，神圣般的平静，
人们站在草地上
倾听这美妙的旋律。

6. 夜莺并不在意有谁在听，
她只朝着天空歌唱。
她仰望那高远的天空，
那是她的声音传达到的地方。

站在下面的人们
她知道，但并不在意。
是的，这个故事富含寓意，
只要你愿意寻找，你就能发现。

[1] Sauntering, wandering idly, strolling.

[2] Snicker, to laugh in a half-suppressed manner.

[3] Crest, a tuft growing on an animal's head.

[4] Divinely, in a supreme degree.

[5] Moral, the practical lesson which anything is fitted to teach.

LESSON 7 DO NOT MEDDLE



请别多管闲事

1. About twenty years ago there lived a singular gentleman in the Old Hall among the elm trees. He was about three-score years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits, but for generosity and benevolence he had no equal.

2. No poor cottager stood in need of comforts, which he was not ready to supply; no sick man or woman languished^[1] for want of his assistance; and not even a beggar, unless a known impostor^[2], went empty-handed from the Hall. Like the village pastor described in Goldsmith's poem of "The Deserted Village,"

"His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast."

3. Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But much as he liked the society of the young, he had a great aversion^[3] to that curiosity in which many young people are apt to indulge^[4]. He used to say, "The boy who will peep into a drawer will be tempted to take something out of it; and he who will steal a penny in his youth will steal a pound^[5] in his manhood."

4. No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a boy than twenty applications^[6] were made for the situation; but he determined not to engage anyone until he had in some way ascertained that he did not possess a curious, prying disposition.

5. On Monday morning seven lads, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with bright and happy faces, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desiring to obtain the situation. Now the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way that he might easily know if any of the young people who applied were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers. He took care that the lads who were then at Elm Tree Hall should be shown into this room one after another.

6. And first, Charles Brown was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little. So Charles sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him; but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room that at last he got up to peep at them.

7. On the table was placed a dish cover, and Charles wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt

afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things; and, as Charles was of a curious disposition, he could not withstand the temptation of taking one peep. So he lifted up the cover.

8. This turned out to be a sad affair; for under the dish cover was a heap of very light feathers; part of the feathers, drawn up by a current of air, flew about the room, and Charles, in his fright, putting the cover down hastily, puffed the rest of them off the table.

9. What was to be done? Charles began to pick up the feathers one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in an adjoining room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, entered the room, to the consternation^[7] of Charles Brown, who was very soon dismissed as a boy who had not principle^[8] enough to resist even a slight temptation.

10. When the room was once more arranged, Henry Wilkins was placed there until such time as he should be sent for. No sooner was he left to himself than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine, ripe cherries. Now Henry was uncommonly fond of cherries, and he thought it would be impossible to miss one cherry among so many. He looked and longed, and longed and looked, for some time, and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm.

11. Taking fresh courage, he went cautiously and took a very fine cherry, for he was determined to take but one, and put it into his mouth. It was excellent; and then he persuaded himself that he ran no risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it into his mouth.

12. Now, the old gentleman had placed a few

artificial^[9] cherries at the top of the others, filled with Cayenne pepper; one of these Henry had unfortunately taken, and it made his month smart and burn most intolerably^[10] . The old gentleman heard him coughing, and knew very well what was the matter. The boy that would take what did not belong to him, if no more than a cherry, was not the boy for him. Henry Wilkins was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal into it.

13. Rufus Wilson was next introduced into the room and left to himself; but he had not been there ten minutes before he began to move from one place to another. He was of a bold, resolute temper, but not overburdened with principle; for if he could have opened every cupboard, closet, and drawer in the house, without being found out, he would have done it directly.

14. Having looked around the room, he noticed a drawer to the table, and made up his mind to peep therein. But no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob than he set a large bell ringing, which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons^[11] , and entered the room.

15. Rufus was so startled by the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him. He looked as though any one might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him if he had rung the bell because he wanted anything. Rufus was much confused, and stammered, and tried to excuse himself, but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent him from being ordered off the premises.

16. George Jones was then shown into the room by an old steward; and being of a cautious disposition, he touched nothing, but only looked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open, and, thinking it would be impossible for any one to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch farther, looking down at the bottom of the door, that it might not catch against anything and make a noise.

17. Now had he looked at the top, instead of the bottom, it might have been better for him; for to the top of the door was fastened a plug, which filled up the hole of a small barrel of shot. He ventured to open the door another inch, and then another, till, the plug being pulled out of the barrel, the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange rate. At the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan made such a clatter that George was frightened half out of his senses.

18. The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what was the matter, and there he found George nearly as pale as a sheet. George was soon dismissed.

19. It now came the turn of Albert Jenkins to be put into the room. The other boys had been sent to their homes by different ways, and no one knew what the experience^[12] of the other had been in the room of trial.

20. On the table stood a small round box, with a screw top to it, and Albert, thinking it contained something curious, could not be easy without unscrewing the top; but no sooner did he do this than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and

fell upon his arm. He started back, and uttered a scream which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Albert, with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the floor.

21. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, "one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time; therefore, the sooner you are gone the better." With that he dismissed him, without waiting a moment for his reply.

22. William Smith next entered the room, and being left alone soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him. William was not only curious and prying, but dishonest, too, and observing that the key was left in the drawer of a bookcase, he stepped on tiptoe in that direction. The key had a wire fastened to it, which communicated with an electrical machine, and William received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk, than he was told to leave the house, and let other people lock and unlock their own drawers.

23. The other boy was Harry Gordon, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes, he never during that time stirred from his chair. Harry had eyes in his head as well as the others, but he had more integrity^[13] in his heart; neither the dish cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key tempted him to rise from his feet; and the consequence was that, in half an hour after, he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm Tree Hall. He followed his good old master to his grave, and received a large legacy^[14] for his upright conduct in his service.

【中文阅读】

1. 大约二十年前，在一处榆树簇拥的古老庄园里，住着一位从未结婚的乡间绅士。他六十多岁左右，非常富有，行为举止有点乖张，但他的慷慨和仁慈是无人能及的。

2. 无论是遇见穷困潦倒的佃农雇工，还是羸弱憔悴的乡邻妇孺，甚至衣衫褴褛的乞丐，他都会慷慨解囊，鼎力相助。只有那些臭名昭著的骗子，才会两手空空地离开他的庄园。正如戈德史密斯^[15] 的诗歌《荒村》里描述的那位乡村牧师那样：

他家门前，流浪汉们排成了长队，
他斥责他们无所事事，却倾心缓解他们的苦难；
他的客人中，有一位令人印象深刻的老乞丐，
他的斑白长须，垂到皱纹如黧的胸膛。

3. 现在，这位老先生需要一个男孩来照料他的生活起居，他向来很喜欢年轻人。但是，虽然他喜欢年轻人的朝气蓬勃，对许多年轻人难以自拔的好奇心却深恶痛绝，他总是说：“喜欢偷看他人抽屉的孩子，多半会经不起诱惑拿走些东西。俗话说得好：‘少时偷

针，大时偷金’。”

4. 老先生想招一名伺童的消息刚一传开，二十来位想要为自己孩子谋就职位的乡邻纷纷挤上门来。老人下定决心，除非有办法保证这个男孩不是好奇心过剩，总想窥探隐私，否则他绝不雇佣任何一个人。

5. 一个周一的早晨，七名少年穿上礼拜的衣服，脸上漾着灿烂幸福的笑容，走进了庄园，他们每个人都想得到这个职位。这位性格古怪的老绅士已经准备好一个房间，以便观察这些来应聘的少年是否会翻箱倒柜，或是不必要地弄乱身边的东西。他授意仆人，将这些在榆树庄园里的少年依次领进这个房间。

6. 第一个被带进房间的是查尔斯·布朗，仆人告诉他，要在这房间里稍等片刻。于是，查尔斯在门边椅子上坐下。有那么一会儿，他只是安静地环顾四周，但是这房间里看起来有那么多有趣的东西，最后，他终于忍不住站起身到处窥探。

7. 桌子上，倒扣着一个盘罩。查尔斯真想知道这罩子底下究竟藏着什么，却又不敢将罩子掀开。最后，坏习惯还是占了上风：查尔斯的好奇心太旺盛了，他终于没能抵挡住诱惑，决定只偷看一眼。于是，他掀开了盘罩。

8. 这下糟糕了，原来罩子底下堆着一簇轻飘飘的

羽毛。在上升气流的裹挟下，有些羽毛纷纷扬扬地飘开，散落了一地。查尔斯惊慌失措，赶紧把罩子重新盖好，并张嘴吹走桌上的零散羽毛。

9. 现在该怎么办？查尔斯急忙一根根捡起地上的羽绒。此刻，老绅士走进房间。原来他一直在隔壁房间里，听到了这边的慌乱，猜到了事情的原委。令查尔斯·布朗震惊的是，他当场便被打发回家，因为他缺乏足够的定力，竟然无法抵御这微小的诱惑。

10. 当房间再度被整理妥当后，亨利·威尔金斯被带了进来，被告知要稍等片刻。仆人一离开，他的注意力便被桌上一盘诱人的成熟樱桃吸引住了。要知道，亨利最喜欢的水果就是樱桃。他心想，盘子里这么多樱桃，哪怕少了一个，也不会有人发现。他四下张望着，渴望着，渴望着，又四下张望着。这样过了一會兒，就在他打算离开座位去拿一颗樱桃的时候，他似乎听到门边有脚步声。不，不是，原来只是闹钟嘀嗒声，弄得他虚惊一场。

11. 于是，他再度鼓起勇气，小心翼翼地拿了一颗甜美的樱桃。他已经下定决心，只拿一颗。他将樱桃放进嘴里：那樱桃味道实在是太美味了。于是，他又说服自己，哪怕再拿一颗也不会有人发现的。于是他又拿了一颗，迅速扔进自己嘴里。

12. 可是，老绅士在樱桃盘里摆了几颗假樱桃，里面装满了辣椒粉。亨利不巧吃到其中一颗，那辛辣呛鼻的味道令他实在无法忍受。老先生听到他的咳嗽声，便已洞悉了这边发生的事情。一个拿取不属于自己东西的男孩，哪怕只拿走一颗樱桃，都不是他想要的人。亨利·威尔金斯被毫不延迟地当场辞退了，当时他仍口腔冒火，嘴里辣得像塞了一块燃煤。

13. 下一个被带进房间的是鲁弗斯·威尔逊。不到十分钟，他便开始在房间里四下走动。他的性格勇敢而果断，但并没有什么原则。要是不被发现的话，他就可能打开房间里的每一个橱柜、衣柜、抽屉，无须任何踌躇或犹豫。

14. 鲁弗斯环顾着这个房间，他看到桌子上有个抽屉，就决定打开往里看看。没想到，当他一抓住抽屉把手时，他就触碰到桌子底下隐藏的一个大响铃，旋即铃声大作。老先生很快回应了这声响铃，进入了房间。

15. 铃声响起得太突然，鲁弗斯被吓得惊慌失措，哪怕他脸皮再厚，也无法自圆其说。他看起来那么不堪一击，似乎一根羽毛都能将他击倒。老先生问他是否需要什么才掀动响铃，鲁弗斯结结巴巴地说不出话来，试图为自己找借口，但都没有任何意义，最

终还是没能逃脱被要求离开的结局。

16. 接下来，一个老管家把乔治·琼斯领进这个房间。这是个谨慎的孩子，他什么也不触碰，只用眼光横扫室内一圈。最后，他看到了衣柜的柜门露出了一道缝隙。他想，要是他将这个缝隙稍稍开大些，也不会被人发现，因此，他看了看柜门下方，确信它不会碰到什么东西或发出噪音，然后很谨慎地将柜门拉开了一点点。

17. 要是他当时查看的是柜门顶端，而不是柜门下方，情况可能会更好些。因为柜门顶上固定着一个塞子，而这个塞子正堵着一管铅弹。当乔治一点点将柜门拉开的时候，塞子脱离了管口，铅弹粒顿时四下飞溅。衣柜下方，放着一个锡盘，倾泻而下的铅弹粒落在锡盘里，噼里啪啦地清脆声响个不停，乔治被这一突发事件吓得魂不守舍。

18. 老先生很快走进房间，询问发生了什么事。乔治脸色苍白如纸，很快便被打发回家。

19. 现在，被带到房间里的是阿尔伯特·詹金斯。被淘汰的男孩通过不同的路径被辞退回家，所以，没有人知道其他人在那间试练之屋里经历过什么。

20. 桌上放着一个小圆盒，盒盖上拧着一颗螺丝。阿尔伯特心想，这个盒子里一定装着些什么有趣

的东西；要是不拧松螺丝，便没法打开盒子。但是，他刚刚拧开螺丝，盒子里突然弹出一条假蛇，足足有一码长，落在他的手臂上。他吓得后退了几步，大声尖叫起来。老先生很快被尖叫声引来抓住阿尔伯特的的手，在他眼前，阿尔伯特一只手拿着盒子，另一只手拿着盒盖，那条假蛇掉在地上，一动不动。

21. “得了，得了，”老先生说，“家里有一条蛇就足够了。至于你，离开得越早越好。”一边说着，老先生一边命人将他带走，连解释的机会都不给他。

22. 下一个被带入房间的是威廉·史密斯。仆人将他单独留在那儿，他很快便开始打量着身旁这些有趣的东西。威廉不仅好奇心重，喜欢窥探他人隐私，而且也不太诚实。当他发现书柜抽屉上留下的钥匙，他便蹑手蹑脚地走过去。不幸的是，这把钥匙与金属线固定在一起，而金属线则连接着一台电机。当威廉碰到钥匙，他立即就遭到电击，这样的疼痛大概会令他终生难忘。等他终于缓过神来，有力气抬腿走路的时候，他便被告知离开这座庄园。至于抽屉是开是关，那就是抽屉主人的事了。

23. 最后一个被带进房间的男孩是哈利·戈登。虽然他被留在房间里整整二十分钟，他只是安静坐在椅子上，从未离开。虽然与其他男孩一样，哈利也能看

见身旁有趣的东西，但是，他比其他男孩更诚实正直。桌上的盘罩、樱桃、抽屉把手、衣柜门、小圆盒或是书柜抽屉上的钥匙，都没能诱惑他，让他从椅子上站起来。最后，当他在椅子上坐了足足半小时后，老先生决定雇佣他，留在榆树山庄。哈利一直跟随着这位好心的老先生，为他养老送终。老先生死后，哈利因他正直的行为举止而获得了大笔遗产。

[1] Languished, suffered, sank away.

[2] Impostor, a deceiver.

[3] Aversion, dislike.

[4] Indulge, to give way to.

[5] Pound, a British denomination of money equal in value to about \$4.86.

[6] Application, the act of making a request.

[7] Consternation, excessive terror, dismay.

[8] Principle, a right rule of conduct.

[9] Artificial, made by art, not real.

[10] Intolerably, in a manner not to be borne.

[11] Summons, a call to appear.

[12] Experience, knowledge gained by actual trial.

[13] Integrity, honesty.

[14] Legacy, a gift, by will, of personal property.

[15] 译注：对 Oliver Goldsmith 戈德史密斯的介绍，请参见 LESSON 22。

LESSON 8

WORK



劳动

Eliza Cook (b. 1817, d. 1889) was born at London. In 1837 she commenced contributing to periodicals. In 1840 the first collection of her poems was made. In 1849 she became editor of “Eliza Cook’s Journal.”

1. Work, work, my boy, be not afraid;
Look labor boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.
2. There’s glory in the shuttle’s song;
There’s triumph in the anvil’s stroke;
There’s merit in the brave and strong
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.
3. The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
And bids it ripple pure and fresh;
It moves the green boughs till they make
Grand music in their leafy mesh^[1] .
4. And so the active breath of life
Should stir our dull and sluggard wills;

For are we not created rife^[2]
With health, that stagnant^[3] torpor^[4] kills?

5. I doubt if he who lolls^[5] his head
Where idleness and plenty meet,
Enjoys his pillow or his bread
As those who earn the meals they eat.

6. And man is never half so blest
As when the busy day is spent
So as to make his evening rest
A holiday of glad content.

【中文阅读】

伊丽莎·库克（1817—1889）出生于英国伦敦。1837年，开始投身杂志出版事业。1840年，她的第一本诗集问世。1849年，她开始编辑出版《伊丽莎·库克》杂志。

1. 干活，干活，我的孩子，不要害怕，
勇敢地面对劳动。

拿起你的锤子或铁铲，
不要为你卑微的地位而羞愧。

2. 梭子来回欢唱的音乐中带着荣光，
铁砧反复敲击的过程中述说着胜利，
那些挖煤的、砍树的工人啊，
汗水中正蕴藏着勇敢和强健的价值。

3. 微风拂过沉睡的湖面，

撩动一圈圈漾开的涟漪。

它吹醒嫩绿的芽蕾，直到

满地绿意奏出一曲盛大的旋律。

4. 这正是生活。那律动的气息，

打破我们呆板、懒散的意志。

生活，是由我们健康的身体创造的，

而健康，就是呆滞和麻木的大敌。

5. 我不相信，当懒散和富足相遇时，

会有人懒洋洋地垂头犹豫；

我也不相信，当别人都在享受自力更生的乐趣
时，

会有人踌躇于睡懒觉或发奋努力。

6. 当一个人度过了忙碌的一天，

然后心满意足地，如庆祝节日一样，

舒舒服服地在晚上做个好梦——

这世上最幸福的事，莫过于此。

[1] Mesh, network.

[2] Rife, abounding.

[3] Stagnant, inactive.

[4] Torpor, laziness, stupidity.

[5] Lolls, reclines, leans.

LESSON 9 THE MANIAC



疯子

1. A gentleman who had traveled in Europe, relates that he one day visited the hospital of Berlin, where he saw a man whose exterior^[1] was very striking. His figure, tall and commanding, was bending with age, but more with sorrow; the few scattered hairs which remained on his temples were white almost as the driven snow, and the deepest melancholy was depicted^[2] in his countenance.

2. On inquiring who he was and what brought him there, he started, as, if from sleep, and, after looking around him, began with slow and measured steps to stride the hall, repeating in a low but audible voice, “Once one is two; once one is two.”

3. Now and then he would stop, and remain with his arms folded on his breast as if in contemplation^[3], for some minutes; then again resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, “Once one is two; once one is two.” His story, as our traveler understood it, is as follows:

4. Conrad Lange, collector of the revenues^[4] of the city of Berlin, had long been known as a man whom nothing could divert from the paths of honesty.

Scrupulously^[5] exact in all his dealings, and assiduous^[6] in the discharge of all his duties, he had acquired the good will and esteem of all who knew him, and the confidence of the minister of finance^[7] , whose duty it is to inspect the accounts of all officers connected with the revenue.

5. On casting up his accounts at the close of a particular year, he found a deficit^[8] of ten thousand ducats^[9] . Alarmed at this discovery, he went to the minister, presented his accounts, and informed him that he did not know how it had arisen, and that he had been robbed by some person bent on his ruin.

6. The minister received his accounts, but thinking it a duty to secure a person who might probably be a defaulter^[10] , he caused him to be arrested, and put his accounts into the hands of one of his secretaries for inspection, who returned them the day after with the information that the deficiency arose from a miscalculation; that in multiplying, Mr. Lange had said, *once one is two* , instead of *once one is one* .

7. The poor man was immediately released from confinement, his accounts returned, and the mistake pointed out. During his imprisonment, which lasted two days, he had neither eaten, drunk, nor taken any repose; and when he appeared, his countenance was as pale as death. On receiving his accounts, he was a long time silent; then suddenly awaking, as if from a trance, he repeated, "Once one is two."

8. He appeared to be entirely insensible of his situation; would neither eat nor drink, unless solicited; and took notice of nothing that passed around him. While repeating his accustomed phrase, if anyone corrected him by saying, "Once one is *one* ," his

attention was arrested for a moment, and he said, “Ah, right, once one is one;” and then resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, “Once one is two.” He died shortly after the traveler left Berlin.

9. This affecting story, whether true or untrue, obviously^[11] abounds with lessons of instruction. Alas! how easily is the human mind thrown off its balance; especially when it is stayed on this world only, and has no experimental knowledge of the meaning of the injunction^[12] of Scripture, to cast all our cares upon Him who careth for us, and who heareth even the young ravens when they cry.

【中文阅读】

1. 一位游历欧洲的绅士说起，他曾参观了一家柏林的医院。在那里，他遇见一位外表吓人的男人。他身材高大，器宇轩昂，但身体却因衰老而微微弯曲，举手投足间满溢着悲伤。他鬓角的几丝头发已近雪白，忧郁深深地刻在面容上。

2. 这位绅士询问他是谁，为什么在那里。这个男人像是突然从梦中惊醒一般，环顾四周后，开始用缓慢而不失标准的步伐在大厅里来回踱步，一边走，一边用一种勉强能被听见的声音反复嘟囔着：“一一得二，一一得二。”

3. 他偶尔会停下，手臂仍然环抱在胸前，仿佛陷

入沉思。这样过了几分钟，他又开始踱步，嘴里仍然反复嘟囔着：“一一得二，一一得二。”根据我们这位绅士的理解，这个男人的故事是这样的：

4. 他叫康拉德·兰格，曾是柏林市的税收官。多年来，他为人正派，极富声望。他一丝不苟地处理账目，勤勤恳恳地履行职责，并以此获得所有熟人的赞誉和尊敬，以及财政部部长的充分信任，后者的职责是监督所有财政官员的账目。

5. 一个不同寻常的年末，康拉德清理完他手头负责的所有账本后，突然发现账面上出现了一万元的亏空。他大为惊愕，去面见了财政部长，提交了所有账目报告，并告诉部长他丝毫不知道这是怎么发生的，一定是某些蓄意陷害他的人故意栽赃。

6. 部长收下他的账目报告，但认为自己有责任将一名涉嫌侵贪的官员羁押在案。在部长授意下，康拉德被逮捕，而他经手的所有账本由他原先的下属稽查。第二天，下属便查明了亏空的原因：计算错误。正如故事开头康拉德嘴里念叨的那样，在做乘法的时候，他错误地认为“一一得二”，而不是“一一得一”。

7. 这个可怜的人被立即释放，所有账本被归还给他，账面上的错误也被纠正了。被监禁的那两天，他不吃不喝，也不肯休息。从监狱里释放出来的时候，

康拉德面如死灰。当他接过账本后，他沉默了很久，然后，仿佛从梦中突然清醒过来，他开始反复嘟囔着：“一一得二。”

8. 他似乎完全感受不到身边的情况，他还是不吃不喝，除非人家央求他；即使有什么经过他身边，他也茫然无知。他一遍又一遍地嘟囔着同样的话，如果有人纠正他：“一一得一。”他会清醒片刻，然后说，“啊，对啊，一一得一。”接着，他又开始反复踱步，继续嘟囔着：“一一得二。”那位旅行者离开柏林后不久，康拉德便死了。

9. 这个故事让人唏嘘不已。无论它是否真实，都明显蕴藏着深刻的指导意义。唉，人的心智多么容易失衡啊！尤其当我们的心的只着眼于现世，而不去思考《圣经》里的训诫警示，不去全心全意地敬靠那位爱我们、倾听我们痛苦哭泣的上帝的时候。

[1] Exterior, outward appearance.

[2] Depicted, painted, represented.

[3] Contemplation, continued attention of the mind to one subject.

[4] Revenues, the annual income from taxes, public rents, etc.

[5] Scrupulously, carefully.

[6] Assiduous, constant in attention.

[7] Finance, the income of a ruler or a state.

[8] Deficit, lack, want.

[9] Ducat, a gold coin worth about \$2.00.

[10] Defaulter, one who fails to account for public money intrusted to his care.

[11] Obviously, plainly.

[12] Injunction, a command.

LESSON 10 ROBIN REDBREAST



红胸脯的知更鸟

William Allingham (b. 1828, d. 1889) was born at Ballyshannon, Ireland. His father was a banker, and gave him a good education in Irish schools. He showed his literary tastes at an early date, contributing to periodicals, etc. In 1850 he published his first volume of poems; in 1854 his “Day and Night Songs” appeared, and in 1864 a poem in twelve chapters entitled “Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland,” His reputation was established chiefly through his shorter lyrics, or ballad poetry. In 1864 he received a literary pension.

1. Good-by, good-by to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breastknot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

2. Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'T will soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.
3. The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

Note.—The Old World Robin here referred to is quite different in appearance and habits from the American Robin. It is only about half the size of the latter. Its prevailing color above is olive green, while the forehead, cheeks, throat, and breast are a light yellowish red. It does not migrate, but is found at all seasons throughout temperate Europe, Asia Minor, and northern Africa.

【中文阅读】

威廉·亚林汉姆（1828—1889）出生于爱尔兰巴莱山农港。他的父亲是一名银行家，为他提供了良好的教育。他从小就展现出他的文学才华，致力于期刊杂志的出版。1850年，他出版了首部诗集；1854年，他的诗集《昼夜之歌》问世；1864年，他出版了一首题为《爱尔兰的劳伦斯·布卢姆菲尔德》的诗，全诗共十二章。他主要因他的短篇抒情诗以及民谣类诗歌而出名。1864年，他获得文学年金嘉奖。

1. 再见，与夏季挥手作别！

炎热的舞台，即将落幕。
花园里，笑声黯淡下来，
微风，吹过九月艳阳。
画眉，不再引吭高歌，
燕子，也已飞向远方。——
知更鸟，身穿棕色衣裳，
胸前一抹猩红，耀眼炫目。
知更鸟，红胸脯的知更鸟，
哦，可爱的知更鸟！
在秋意袭来的季节，
知更鸟唱得多么动听。

2. 明黄、艳红、亮橙斑斓， 落叶纷飞里，光影迷乱；

庄穆挺立的树，如印度王子，
寒风里，即将形销骨立。
皮厚肉实的梨子、苹果，
黄澄澄地点缀在树枝上。
秋天，秋天，晚秋到了，
转眼便是寒冬来临。
知更鸟，红胸脯的知更鸟，
哦，可爱的知更鸟！
萧瑟的寒冬近了，
可怜的知更鸟该怎么办呢？

3. 蟋蟀，躲在壁炉边过冬，
老鼠，钻进麦堆里取暖，
夜里，颤抖的寒风呼啸，
袭卷着大地和房屋。
结冰的道路冷硬如铁，
雪块压弯了枝桠。——
啊！在这阴冷的冬天，
可怜的知更鸟能去哪儿呢？
知更鸟，红胸脯的知更鸟，
哦，可爱的知更鸟！
在地上为它撒上些面包屑，
它便挺着那红色的小胸膛，快乐跳跃。

LESSON 11 THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH



那条我没钓到的鱼

John Greenleaf Whittier was born near Haverhill, Mass., in 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, N.H., in 1892. His boyhood was passed on a farm, and he never received a classical education. In 1829 he edited a newspaper in Boston. In the following year he removed to Hartford, Conn., to assume a similar position. In 1836 he edited an antislavery paper in Philadelphia. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Mass. Mr. Whittier's parents were Friends, and he always held to the same faith. He wrote extensively both in prose and verse. As a poet, he ranked among those most highly esteemed and honored by his countrymen. "Snow Bound" is one of the longest and best of his poems.

1. Our bachelor uncle who lived with us was a quiet, genial^[1] man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions to Great Hill, Brandy-brow Woods, the Pond, and, best of all, to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the cornfield or the haying lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside.

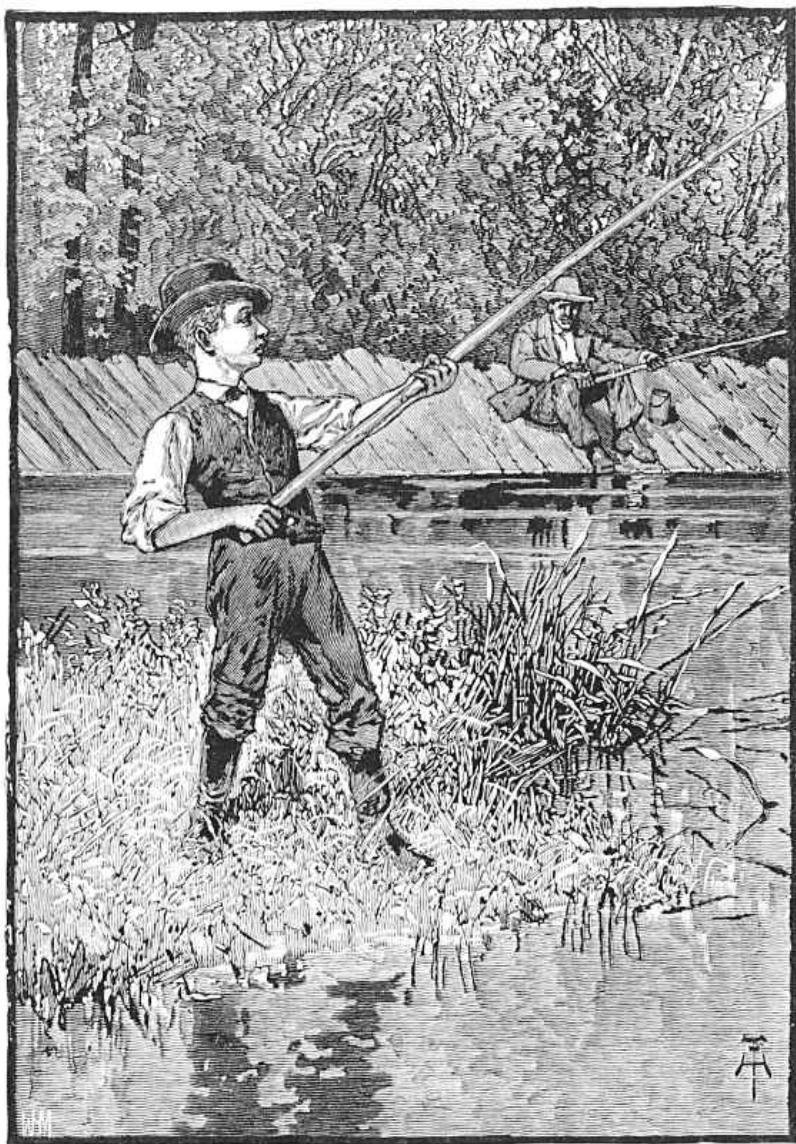
2. I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were

but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still, sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before.

3. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts^[2] of pickerel, considerately^[3] placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last."

4. I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly^[4]. "Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

5. Suddenly something tugged at my line, and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a plash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream, my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.



6. We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people; but we may depend upon it the young folks don't agree with us. Our griefs, modified^[5] and restrained by reason, experience, and self-respect, keep the

proprieties^[6] , and, if possible, avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing^[7] , is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

7. So, overcome with my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock^[8] , and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

8. "But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then, either, for it speaks for itself."

9. How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did not catch. When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate^[9] the credit which belongs only to actual achievement^[10] , I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

【中文阅读】

1807年，约翰·格林利夫·惠蒂尔出生于美国马萨诸塞州黑弗利尔市附近，1892年他在新罕布什尔州汉普顿大瀑布镇去世。他的少年时期在农场度过，从未接受过任何传统教育。

1829年，他在波士顿担任一份报纸的编辑，翌年，他搬到康涅狄格州哈特福德市，仍旧从事编辑工作。1836年，他在费城参与一份反奴隶制报纸的编辑工作。1840年，他又迁回马萨诸塞州埃姆斯伯里市。惠蒂尔的父母是基督教公教会信徒，他也秉持同样信念。他写了大量的散文和诗歌，是美国最负声望及受人爱戴的诗人之一，《大雪封门》是他篇幅最长、最受喜爱的一篇诗歌作品。

1. 与我们全家共同生活的鳏夫叔叔沉默寡言，性情温和，狩猎或垂钓占据他生活中大多时光。跟随他一起到处郊游远足，是我们年少时最大的乐趣之一，我们的足迹遍及格瑞特山、布兰迪山坡树林、大湖以及最让我们雀跃欢呼的康瑞河。我们总是乐意在玉米田或干草垛边努力干活，忙完这个季节里必要的当天活计，就为了换来一个和他一起漫步树林间或溪流旁的下午。

2. 我清晰地记得我第一次钓鱼远足的情形，恍若昨日发生的事情。在我一生中，曾有过许多幸福时光，但从没有过比我第一次从叔叔手里接过钓鱼竿时更强烈的喜悦。我将钓竿扛在背上，随他穿过簇簇丛林，涉过翻飞草场，一路跋涉步履艰难。那时正值初夏，空气中充满了静谧和芬芳，我们走在夏日午后漫长的树荫里，一路阴凉，叶子看起来比以往任何时候都更绿，野花更鲜艳，鸟儿也鸣啾得更为动听。

3. 叔叔经验丰富，深知梭鱼出没之地，他体贴地帮我选好上佳的垂钓地方。平日经常观看他人钓鱼，我也学着别人模样，甩出钓竿上的鱼线，然后焦急地等待着鱼儿咬钩，还不时模仿着青蛙蹦跳的姿势，在水面上猛拽鱼饵。许久，也没见一条鱼儿上钩。“再试试。”叔叔对我叫道。突然，鱼饵沉入水下。“有了，”我心头一喜，“终于有鱼儿咬钩了！”

4. 我猛然拉动鱼竿，拽出的却是缠成一团的水草。我一次又一次将钓线甩入河中，手臂开始酸痛，却仍然一无所获。我用求救的眼神看了看叔叔。“再试一次，”他说，“钓鱼的人需要格外有耐心。”

5. 忽然，有东西拽住我的鱼线，并扯着它往水里潜去。我猛地拉起鱼竿，看见一条肥硕的梭鱼在阳光下扭动着身子。“叔叔！”我高声叫道，抑制不住满心激动地扭头看他。“我钓到了一条大鱼！”“还没这么早。”叔叔的话音未落，刹那间，水面溅起水花，我转过头，只见一道箭矢般的银光划过，这条惊慌的大鱼笔直跃入水中。我手上的那柄钓竿上，只留下空空的饵钩，我失去了我的战利品。

6. 成年以后，我们极易谈及孩提时代的懊恼，与成年后的悲伤相比，尽管鸡毛蒜皮，根本不值一提，但总会令人耿耿于怀。当然，年轻人看来每每不以为

然。成年后的悲痛，受到理性、经验、自尊的修正和限制，要尊重社会的习俗传统，如果可能的话，还要避免在别人面前出丑。然而，孩提时代缺乏理性，沉湎痛苦难以自拔，任由性情恣意崩溃和放纵。洋娃娃的鼻子破了，整个世界随之破碎；石弹珠不知道滚到哪儿去了，整个天地也接着塌陷。

7. 于是，我被强烈的苦涩失望所攫取，一屁股颓然瘫坐在最近的草丛里。有那么一会儿，我根本不想听到安慰，哪怕是我叔叔再三向我保证，河里还有很多鱼。他重新装好我的鱼饵，把钓竿再次放在我的手里，嘱咐我再试试手气。

8. “但是，请记住，孩子，”他说着，脸上露出狡黠笑意，“直到鱼儿躺在干燥的地面之前，都别吹嘘你钓到了鱼。我曾见过许多年纪比你大的人用各种方式吹嘘自己还没做到的事，结果只是当众出丑。记住，八字还没有一撇的时候，吹嘘是没有意义的；哪怕事情成功以后，也没必要吹嘘，因为到那时，你所获得的成就不言而喻。”

9. 从那以后，我曾无数次想起这条我没钓到的鱼。当我听到人们吐沫四溅地夸口自己遥遥无期的奋斗目标，幻想着成功唾手可得的时侯，河边钓鱼的场景再度浮现。那时，叔叔曾用一句谚语，睿智地指点

了我的人生：“在鱼到手之前，绝不要吹嘘自己钓到了鱼。”

[1] Genial, cheerful.

[2] Haunts, places frequently visited.

[3] Considerately, with due regard to others, kindly thoughtful.

[4] Appealingly, as though asking for aid.

[5] Modified, qualified, lessened.

[6] Proprieties, fixed customs or rules of conduct.

[7] Absorbing, engaging the attention entirely.

[8] Hassock, a raised mound of turf.

[9] Anticipate, to take before the proper time.

[10] Achievement, performance, deed.

LESSON 12 IT SNOWS



Sarah Josepha Hale (b. 1788?, d.1879) was born in Newport, N.H. Her maiden name was Buell. In 1814 she married David Hale, an eminent lawyer, who died in 1822. Left with five children to support, she turned her attention to literature. In 1828 she became editor of the “Ladies’ Magazine.” In 1837 this periodical was united with “Godey’s Lady’s Book,” of which Mrs. Hale was literary editor for more than forty years.

1. “It snows!” cries the Schoolboy, “Hurrah!” and his shout

Is ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he’s out,
And his playmates have answered his call;
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow^[1] ,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the
boy

As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings^[2] of gold on thine
heirs,

While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

2. “It snows!” sighs the Imbecile^[3] , “Ah!” and his breath

Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame;
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die only proves that we
live!

3. “It snows!” cries the Traveler, “Ho!” and the word

Has quickened his steed’s lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home
appeared,

Ay, though leagues intervened^[4] , he can see:
There’s the clear, glowing hearth, and the table
prepared,

And his wife with her babes at her knee;
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden
hour,

That those we love dearest are safe from its
power!

4. “It snows!” cries the Belle, “Dear, how lucky!”
and turns

From her mirror to watch the flakes fall,
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek
burns!

While musing^[5] on sleigh ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests^[6] , of splendor,
and mirth,

Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings^[7] of Hope, on this storm-beaten
earth,

Will melt like the snowflakes away.
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

5. "It snows!" cries the Widow, "O God!" and her
sighs

Have stifled^[8] the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'T is night, and her fatherless ask her for bread,
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to
dread,

And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
'T is a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

【中文阅读】

莎拉·约瑟法·黑尔（1788—1879）出生在美国新罕布什尔州纽波特，她娘家的姓氏是布伊尔。1814年，她嫁给了大卫·黑尔，一位杰出的律师。1822年，她丈夫去世，留给她五个嗷嗷待哺的孩子，她随后把注意力转向文学。1828年，

她成为《女士杂志》的编辑。 1837年，该期刊与《戈蒂女士手册》合并，黑尔夫人担任该杂志的文学编辑，长达四十多年。

1. “下雪了！”学校里的男孩高声叫起来，“太好啦！”

他的欢呼声划过走廊，穿过大厅，
像一只迅疾的燕子般的，他奔到门外。
他的伙伴们响应着他的呼喊，快乐地冲进雪中。

只是看着他们的喜悦，便让我心情欢畅。
令人骄傲的财富，不会带来这样的快乐，我想，

像这男孩欢快堆积起雪球时，
他的脉搏中跳动着的狂喜。
所以，别给你的孩子留下财富的陷阱，
因为他们已经拥有健康和大自然的馈赠。

2. “下雪了！”孱弱的人在叹息，“唉！”

他的呼吸沉重，仿佛便要窒息。
从窗前死亡般的白茫茫大地，
他转向壁炉中温暖的火光。
推动带着柔软垫子的轮椅，
他一点点靠近那赋予生命的火焰。

他害怕，那带着雪花的冷风，
会将他微弱的生命之火吹熄。
噢！生存给予的乐趣是那么微不足道，
对死亡的恐惧仅仅证明，我们仍然活着！

3. “下雪了！”旅行者感慨道，“驾！”

他策马扬鞭，加快速度。
寒风肆虐的尖厉呼啸，他充耳不闻，
冰冷的雪片刮过脸庞，他也毫不在意。
暴风雪中，前方家里的灯光已隐约在线，
啊，透过这漫天大雪，他能看见：
家里，壁炉明净温暖，桌台已摆好，
孩子们趴在妻子的膝上。
这幸福的一幕！它照亮了满怀悲伤的心，
当我们知道，我们最爱的那些人不受暴风雪的
侵袭！

4. “下雪了！”妙龄少女娇声惊呼，“天哪，多美呀！”

她从镜子前扭过头，看着窗外的雪片纷飞。
像夏日盛开的第一朵玫瑰，她绽开带着酒窝的
笑脸，
想象着雪橇飞奔，雪球翻滚。
在每一个凄凉的冬日，

都有着对征服、盛宴和欢乐的幻想。

但那淡淡的希望，在这片暴风雪肆虐的土地上，

会像雪花般融化。

将你纯洁的心信奉给上帝吧，美丽的少女！

天堂里，有着这世界上所没有的纯净。

5. “下雪了！”寡妇低低地哭泣，“上帝啊！”

她的沉沉叹息，掩盖了祷告的声音。

从她被泪水泡肿的眼里，你能看到，

她饥饿消瘦的颧骨，以及对孩子的牵挂。

夜已深了，她失去父亲的孩子向她乞求食物，

但是，“他赐食给啼叫的小乌鸦”，

她低低祈祷着，直到熄灭的壁炉增添了恐惧，

她将最后一片细柴投进炉中。

可怜的母亲！只有上帝知道你的悲伤，

大雪纷飞，那是穷人难以迈过的道道鬼门关。

[1] Trow, to think, to believe.

[2] Trappings, ornaments.

[3] Imbecile, one who is feeble either in body or mind.

[4] Intervened, were situated between.

[5] Musing, thinking in an absent-minded way.

[6] Conquests, triumphs, successes.

[7] Tintings, slight colorings.

[8] Stifled, choked, suppressed.

LESSON 13 RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH REWARDED



尊重安息日

1. In the city of Bath, not many years since, lived a barber who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's day. As he was on the way to his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship just as the minister was giving out his text—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task.

2. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to his minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath work, and worship God. He replied that beggary would be the consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent^[1] .

3. He discontinued his Sabbath work, went constantly and early to the public services of religion, and soon enjoyed that satisfaction of mind which is one

of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw actually followed. His genteel^[2] customers left him, and he was nicknamed “Puritan” or “Methodist.” He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and, in the course of years, became so reduced^[3] as to take a cellar under the old market house and shave the poorer people.

4. One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, as he did not like to violate^[4] the Sabbath. This was touching the barber on a tender chord. He burst into tears; asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced.

5. When shaved, he said, “There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate^[5] your case. What is your name?” “William Reed,” said the astonished barber. “William Reed?” echoed the stranger: “William Reed? by your dialect^[6] you are from the West.” “Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton.” “William Reed from Kingston, near Taunton? What was your father’s name?” “Thomas.” “Had he any brother?” “Yes, sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him to be dead.”

6. “Come along, follow me,” said the stranger, “I am

going to see a person who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront^[7] him. If you prove to be indeed he who you say you are, I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed.”

7. They went by the coach; saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney^[8], was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity^[9], and told him that he had advertised him in vain. Providence had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in transferring^[10] a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property. Thus was man's extremity^[11] God's opportunity^[12]. Had the poor barber possessed one half-penny, or even had credit for a candle, he might have remained unknown for years; but he trusted God, who never said, “Seek ye my face,” in vain.

【中文阅读】

1. 在巴斯城里，住着一位理发师。几年前，他始终保持着星期日不休息、照常工作的习惯。某个周日早晨，在去理发店的路上，他偶然看见一处教会敬拜的场所，牧师正在分发布道经文——“纪念安息日，请维护它的神圣。”他听了很久，终于相信自己所作所为确实违背了上帝与人类的律法，安息日里，他竟然还在为顾客打理胡须、修剪头发，想到这里，他开始变

得不安，心情沉重地前去工作。

2. 终于，他鼓起勇气，向牧师袒露了他的忧虑。牧师建议他在安息日停止工作，敬拜上帝。他回答道，如果不在安息日工作的话，他大概就得四处乞讨了。他那曾经蒸蒸日上的事业，很快便会失去。他在哭泣和祈祷中度过了一个个不眠之夜，他最终决定，全身心地信奉上帝，越是反省深思，他越觉得上帝赋予他的职责至关重要。

3. 从此以后，每逢安息日，他不再工作，总是早起去参加教会礼拜。很快，他便感受到内心的平安喜乐，这种安宁的心态是对履行我们职责的回报，既不能由别人给予，也无法被他人夺走。当然，他曾预见到的后果也随之而来。上流社会的顾客们纷纷离他而去，他甚至还被封了“清教徒”、“卫道士”的绰号。他被迫卖掉自己那间时尚理发店，随后的日子里，生活日渐窘迫，他不得不租了一间破旧市场的地下室，为穷人理发剃须。

4. 一个星期六的晚上，夜幕刚刚降临，有个陌生人从马车上走下来，想找一位理发师，住在理发店对面的马夫将他带到这里。客人匆忙地走进小店，要求理发师趁着马夫换马的工夫，迅速帮他打理一下，因为他不想违背安息日的规矩。这话触动了理发师心里

柔软的地方，顿时让他泪流满面。屋里太黑，他唯恐做起活来不稳当，只好开口向客人先支借半便士来买根蜡烛。客人拿出半便士给他，理发师这么穷困潦倒，客人不禁陷入沉思。

5. 理完发后，客人说：“你的经历一定很特别，我很感兴趣，但现在没有时间倾听，先付你两个半便士。等我回来的时候，我再找你好好聊聊。你叫什么名字？”“威廉·瑞德。”理发师回答道，心里有点吃惊。“威廉·瑞德？”陌生人难以置信地重复了一遍，“威廉·瑞德？你的方言听起来，好像是从西边来的？”“是的，先生，我出生在陶顿附近的金士顿。”“从陶顿附近的金士顿来的威廉·瑞德？你父亲叫什么名字？”“托马斯。”“他有兄弟吗？”“是的，先生，他有一个兄弟，我的名字便是用来纪念他的。但他去了西印度群岛，此后就再无音讯了。我们猜想，他大概已经不在人世了。”

6. “来吧，跟我来，”陌生人说，“我正要去见一个自称从陶顿附近的金士顿来的名叫威廉·瑞德的人。你跟着我，来和他当面对质。如果你能证明你才是这个人，我可有个天大的好消息要告诉你。你的叔叔去世了，留下了一笔巨额财富。如果你所言不虚，通过所有相关的法律认证，你便可以继承这笔财产。”

7. 于是，他们乘着马车去见了那个冒牌的威廉·瑞德，证实了他是一个骗子。不久以后，这名陌生人——事实证明他是一名尽职的律师，很快获得理发师的合法身份证明。他告诉理发师自己曾登出广告寻找，却一无所获。如今天如人意，竟用最不寻常的方式将真正的威廉·瑞德带到他的眼前，他很高兴能将这笔巨额财富移交给一个值得拥有的人，这笔遗产的合法继承者。逆境是上帝考验人的良机，如果当时那个可怜的理发师拥有半便士，哪怕是拥有欠钱买蜡烛的信用，律师可能都还要花很长时间才能找到他。但是，他相信上帝。上帝说，“你们当寻求我的面”，这话绝非虚言。

[1] Apparent, clear, plain.

[2] Genteel, fashionable, elegant.

[3] Reduced, brought to poverty.

[4] Violate, to break, to profane.

[5] Investigate, to inquire into with care.

[6] Dialect, a local form of speech.

[7] Confront, to face, to stand before.

[8] Attorney, a lawyer.

[9] Identity, the condition of being the same as something claimed.

[10] Transferring, making over the possession of.

[11] Extremity, greatest need.

[12] Opportunity, favorable time.

LESSON 14
THE SANDS O'DEE^[1]

迪河沙滩

Charles Kingsley (b.1819, d.1875) was born at Holne, Devonshire, England. He took his bachelor's degree at Cambridge in 1842, and soon after entered the Church. His writings are quite voluminous, including sermons, lectures, novels, fairy tales, and poems, published in book form, besides numerous miscellaneous sermons and magazine articles. He was an earnest worker for bettering the condition of the working classes, and this object was the basis of most of his writings. As a lyric poet he has gained a high place. The "Saint's Tragedy" and "Andromeda" are the most pretentious of his poems, and "Alton Locke" and "Hypatia" are his best known novels.

1. "O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with
foam,
And all alone went she.
2. The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,

And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land

—

And never home came she.

3. Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?—

A tress o' golden hair,

O' drowned maiden's hair,

Above the nets at sea.

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair

Among the stakes on Dee.

4. They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

The cruel, crawling foam,

The cruel, hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea;

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
home,

Across the sands O' Dee.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯·金斯利（1819—1875）出生于英国德文郡霍恩镇。1842年，他在剑桥大学获学士学位，不久进入教会。他涉猎广泛，著述丰富，除了各种布道文和杂志文章以外，还包括书籍形式的布道、演讲、小说、童话以及诗歌。他为提高工人阶级的劳动条件而奔走疾呼，并为此写出他的大部分作品。作为一名抒情诗人，查尔斯享有崇高的声誉。在他的作品中，诗歌《圣徒的悲剧》和《仙女座》不愧为他倾心创作的诗歌，而小说《奥尔顿·洛克》和《希帕蒂亚》是他最为

著名的小说。

1. “哦，玛丽，去把牛儿唤回家，
穿过迪河沙滩，
把牛儿唤回家来，
把牛儿唤回家来！”
西风呼啸狂野，浪花翻卷，
她独自一人离开家。

2. 放眼望去，只能模糊看见：
浪潮蠕动着，漫过沙滩，
一次次拍打着，
一次次席卷着。
大雾开始弥漫，遮蔽了沙滩——
她再也没有回过家。

3. 天哪，渔网上缠绕着的
是海草，是鱼儿，还是头发？——
那是一绺金黄色的头发，
一个溺死的少女的头发。
在这条长长的迪河里
还从没有一条鲑鱼鳞上能闪烁着这么漂亮的光

芒。

4. 在翻卷的浪花中，他们划着船带她回来，
那残忍的，嗜血的海浪，
那残忍的，饥渴的海浪。
她的墓碑立在海边。
直到今天，渔民们仍能听见，
她穿过迪河沙滩，唤她的牛儿回家。

[1] The Sands O' Dee. The Dee is a river of Scotland, noted for its salmon fisheries. O' is a contraction for of, commonly used by the Scotch.

LESSON 15 SELECT PARAGRAPHS



《圣经》节选

1. O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him; sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Remember his marvelous^[1] works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth.

2. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained^[2]; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion^[3] over the work of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

3. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in him will I trust. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He

shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

4. O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him. For he cometh, for he cometh, to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

5. Oh that men would praise the Lord' for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven^①. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

6. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he

leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

(Bible)

【中文阅读】

1. 你们要称谢耶和华，求告他的名，在万民中传扬他的作为。要向他唱诗歌颂，谈论他一切奇妙的作为。要以他的圣名夸耀。寻求耶和华的人，心中应当欢喜。他仆人亚伯拉罕的后裔，他所拣选雅各的子孙哪，你们要记念他奇妙的作为和他的奇事，并他口中的判语。

2. 耶和华，我们的主啊，你的名在全地何其美。你将你的荣耀彰显于天。我观看你指头所造的天，并你所陈设的月亮星宿，便说，人算什么，你竟顾念他？世人算什么，你竟眷顾他？你叫他比天使微小一点，并赐他荣耀尊贵为冠冕。你派他管理你手所造的，使万物，就是一切的牛羊，田野的兽，空中的鸟，海里的鱼，凡经行海道的，都服在他的脚下。耶

和华，我们的主，你的名在全地何其美。

3. 我要论到耶和华说，他是我的避难所，是我的山寨，是我的神，是我所倚靠的。神说，因为他专心爱我，我就要搭救他。因为他知道我的名，我要把他安置在高处。他若求告我，我就应允他。他在急难中，我要与他同在。我要搭救他，使他尊贵。我要使他足享长寿，将我的救恩显明给他。

4. 来吧，我们要向耶和华歌唱，因被救赎而满心欢欣，我们要来感谢他，用诗歌表达我们的欢喜，因耶和华为大神，为大王，超乎万神之上。当以圣洁的妆饰或作为，敬拜耶和华；让这世界敬靠在他脚下。因为他来了。他来要审判全地。他要按公义审判世界，按他的信实审判万民。

5. 但愿人因耶和华的慈爱，和他向人所行的奇事都称赞他。在海上坐船，在大水中经理事务的。他们看见耶和华的作为，并他在深水中的奇事。因他一吩咐，狂风就起来，海中的波浪也扬起。他们上到天空，下到海底，他们的心因患难便消化。他们摇摇晃晃，东倒西歪，好像醉酒的人，他们的智慧无法可施。于是，他们在苦难中哀求耶和华，他从他们的祸患中领出他们来。他使狂风止息，波浪就平静。他就领他们到所愿去的港口。但愿人们因耶和华的慈爱，

和他向人所行的奇事都称赞他。

① Haven, a harbor, a place where ships can lie in safety.

6. 耶和华是我的牧者，我必不至缺乏。他使我躺卧在青草地上，领我在可安歇的水边。他使我的灵魂苏醒，为自己的名引导我走义路。我虽然行过死荫的幽谷，也不怕遭害。因为你与我同在。你的杖，你的竿，都安慰我。在我敌人面前，你为我摆设筵席。你用油脂了我的头，使我的福杯满溢。我一生一世必有恩惠慈爱随着我，我且要住在耶和华的殿中，直到永远。

（《圣经》节选）

[1] Marvelous, wonderful.

[2] Ordained, appointed, established.

[3] Dominion, supreme power.

LESSON 16
THE CORN SONG



1. Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard^[1] !
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has Autumn poured
 From out her lavish^[2] horn!
2. Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine;
3. We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us, when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest fields with snow.
4. Through vales of grass and meads^[3] of
flowers
 Our plows their furrows made,
 While on the hills the sun and showers
 Of changeful April played.

5. We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
 Beneath the sun of May,
 And frightened from our sprouting grain
 The robber crows away.
6. All through the long, bright days of June,
 Its leaves grew green and fair,
 And waved in hot midsummer's noon
 Its soft and yellow hair.
7. And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
 Its harvest time has come;
 We pluck away the frosted leaves
 And bear the treasure home.
8. There, richer than the fabled gift
 Apollo^[4] showered of old,
 Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
 And knead its meal of gold.
9. Let vapid^[5] idlers loll in silk,
 Around their costly board;
 Give us the bowl of samp^[6] and milk,
 By homespun beauty poured!
10. Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
 Sends up its smoky curls,
 Who will not thank the kindly earth
 And bless our farmer girls!
11. Then shame on all the proud and vain,
 Whose folly laughs to scorn
 The blessing of our hardy grain,

Our wealth of golden corn!

12. Let earth withhold her goodly root;
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly:

13. But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

(From Whittier's "Songs of Labor")

【中文阅读】

1. 将冬天的农家囤垛堆高！
将金黄的玉米垛堆高！
再没有什么礼物，
比秋之女神倾泻出的粮食更丰饶！

2. 无数双手，欢欣翻飞，
从果园里摘下苹果，
从光泽的绿叶中采下橙子，
从葡萄藤上撷下串串葡萄。

3. 我们更爱这崎岖的山谷
馈赠给我们的厚实礼物。
当大雪覆盖住稻田里的庄稼，

这秋收的玉米却让我们欢欣鼓舞。

4. 在铺满鲜花的青翠溪谷间，
我们深犁出整齐的玉米田。
温暖的阳光和细密的春雨，
带给我们善变的四月天。
5. 在五月和煦的阳光下，
我们在山谷平原间撒下种子；
还为发芽长叶的谷物，
赶走田野间的乌鸦。
6. 六月的烈日，炙热漫长，
玉米田里一片绿意盎然；
在盛夏热浪袭来的午后，
玉米们摇曳着柔软的金色苞须。
7. 现在，在秋夜的月光下，
收获的季节已经到来。
我们摘掉霜打的粟叶，
将丰收的果实搬运回家。
8. 快看！我们的收获，
比传说中阿波罗撒下的礼物更丰盛。
辛勤的双手从粟谷上剥开
无数香甜可口的金色宝石。



9. 就让那些慵懒之徒裹着绫罗绸缎，
无所事事地躺在他们华贵的大床上吧。
我们只要一碗香浓的牛奶玉米羹，
便能享受到亲手造出的天堂！
10. 每家每户的古老烟囱上，
处处升起袅袅炊烟；
为这食物，我们感谢富饶的大地，
还有辛劳的农家女孩！
11. 那些骄傲、虚荣之辈该感到可耻，
他们愚蠢地嘲笑着，
我们手上这晶莹的粮食，
我们的财富，这金黄的玉米！
12. 大地啊，请留下这片良种；
让霉病去折磨黑麦，
让害虫去闹腾果实，
让蝗虫去侵扰麦田。
13. 但是，请留下这古老金黄的玉米，

装点我们父辈曾踩踏过的土地；
让我们，为他赐下的这玉米，
感谢全能的上帝！

（摘自惠蒂尔的《劳动之歌》）

[1] Hoard, a large quantify of anything laid up.

[2] Lavish, profuse.

[3] Meads, meadows.

[4] According to the ancient fable, Apollo, the god of music, sowed the isle of Delos, his birthplace, with golden flowers, by the music of his lyre.

[5] Vapid, spiritless, dull.

[6] Samp, bruised corn cooked by boiling.

LESSON 17 THE VENOMOUS WORM



John Russell (b. 1793, d. 1863) graduated at Middlebury College, Vt., in 1818. He was at one time editor of the “Backwoodsman,” published at Grafton, Ill., and later of the “Louisville Advocate.” He was the author of many tales of western adventure and of numerous essays, sketches, etc. His language is clear, chaste, and classical; his style concise, vigorous, and sometimes highly ornate.

1. Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles^[1] will make even the lords of creation recoil^[2] ; but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of this country, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly that, compared with it, even the venom of the rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind is the object of this lesson.

2. This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch in diameter, but, as it is rarely seen except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull lead color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute

creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of India to shun the deadly cobra^[3] .

3. Several of these reptiles have long infested^[4] our settlements, to the misery and destruction of many of our fellow citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle^[5] poison which this worm infuses^[6] .

4. The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs^[7] his utterance; and delirium^[8] of the most horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

5. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle^[9] in the bosom of a savage; and such is the spell in which his senses are locked, that no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm^[10] of insanity occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the destroyer for the sole purpose of being bitten again.

6. I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope that his son would be the “staff of his declining years,” had supported him through many a sorrow.

7. Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the WORM^[11] OF THE STILL^[12] .^[13]

【中文阅读】

约翰·罗素（1793—1863）于1818年毕业于美国佛蒙特州米德尔伯里学院。他曾担任在伊利诺伊州格拉夫顿市出版的《蛮荒者》杂志的编辑，随后成为《路易斯维尔之声》的编辑。他曾写过许多西部冒险小说，以及大量的杂文和随笔。他的语言清晰干净，遣词造句传统古典，文风简洁热情，但有时辞藻过于华丽。

1. 可有人不曾听说过响尾蛇或铜斑蛇？要是在不经意间看到这两种虫豸，哪怕是造物主都会在他们面前惊恐畏缩。但是，这世上还有另一种蠕虫，这种蠕虫在美国各地已相继被发现，它身上能分泌出致命的毒素，与这种剧毒相比，响尾蛇的毒液都算得上温和无害。本文旨在指导读者如何防备这个危害人类生命的致命敌人。

2. 这种蠕虫的体型差异很大。它的直径常常能达到一英寸，但是，由于这种蠕虫常常盘绕成团，很少有人见过它完全舒展开来的样子，因此很难估测它的实际长度。这种蠕虫呈暗铅色，通常盘踞在泉水或细小溪流附近，并在不经意间叮咬那些前去饮水的不幸的人。它从不骚扰那些凶猛的野兽，因为那些猛兽本能地避开它，正如印度动物本能地避开致命的眼镜蛇那样。

3. 这种致命的爬行动物当中，有许多蠕虫已经长期侵扰人类的住处，给人们带来痛苦与灾难。这种蠕虫只需刺入人体极少或微量毒液，便足以给人带来不可避免的悲剧。不幸的是，这类受害者对我来说，实在是司空见惯。

4. 被这种毒虫咬伤后的症状极其可怕。受害者的眼睛变得红肿而炙热，舌头过度肿胀，连发音都变得含糊，紧接着会产生可怕的幻觉。处于癫狂状态下的受害者，甚至会攻击身边最亲密的朋友。

5. 如果受害者有家小，他哭泣的妻子和无助的婴儿便不可避免地成为他狂暴时攻击的对象。换句话说，他会无法遏制地表现出野蛮内心的疯狂情绪，在这种时候，他感觉不到外界的反应。哪怕受害者间歇性地从被虫豸啮噬后的癫狂状态中苏醒，他仍会疯狂地寻找这种毒虫，就为了再度被它啮噬。

6. 我曾经见过一位慈祥的年迈父亲，他的鬓发近乎雪白，步履颤抖蹒跚，却仍然徒劳地苦苦央求他唯一的儿子离开那毒虫盘踞的场所。当他艰难地转身离开时，我的心在滴血。我知道，他仍然幻想着儿子是他“垂暮之年的唯一依靠”，而这种幻想，曾伴随他度过许多悲痛的时刻。

7. 美国的年轻人们，你们可知道这种毒虫叫什么

名字？它就是鸦片。

- [1] Reptiles, animals that crawl, as snakes, lizards, etc.
- [2] Recoil, to start back, to shrink from.
- [3] Cobra, a highly venomous reptile inhabiting the East Indies.
- [4] Infested, troubled, annoyed.
- [5] Subtile, acute, piercing.
- [6] Infuses, introduces.
- [7] Obstructs, hinders.
- [8] Delirium, a wandering of the mind.
- [9] Rankle, to rage.
- [10] Paroxysm, a fit, a convulsion.
- [11] Worm, a spiral metallic pipe used in distilling liquors.
- [12] Still, a vessel used in distilling or making liquors.
- [13] 译注：WORM OF THE STILL，原本指液体浓缩后的产物像虫一样呈长条形，人们将这种固态物卷成团，以节约空间，后来，有人开始从罂粟花汁液中提炼出鸦片以便吸食，因此便用WORM OF THE STILL指代鸦片。

LESSON 18 THE FESTAL BOARD



节日聚会

1. Come to the festal^[1] board tonight,
For bright-eyed beauty will be there,
Her coral lips in nectar steeped,
And garlanded^[2] her hair.
2. Come to the festal board tonight,
For there the joyous laugh of youth
Will ring those silvery peals, which speak
Of bosom pure and stainless truth.
3. Come to the festal board tonight,
For friendship, there, with stronger chain,
Devoted^[3] hearts already bound
For good or ill, will bind again.
I went .
4. Nature and art their stores outpoured;
Joy beamed in every kindling glance;
Love, friendship, youth, and beauty smiled;
What could that evening's bliss enhance^[4] ?
We parted .

5. And years have flown; but where are now
The guests who round that table met?
Rises their sun as gloriously
As on the banquet's eve it set?
6. How holds the chain which friendship wove?
It broke; and soon the hearts it bound
Were widely sundered^[5] ; and for peace,
Envy and strife and blood were found.
7. The merriest laugh which then was heard
Has changed its tones to maniac screams,
As half-quenched memory kindles up
Glimmerings^[6] of guilt in feverish dreams.
8. And where is she whose diamond eyes
Golconda's^[7] purest gems outshone?
Whose roseate^[8] lips of Eden breathed?
Say, where is she, the beauteous one?
9. Beneath yon willow's drooping shade,
With eyes now dim, and lips all pale,
She sleeps in peace. Read on her urn,
“ *A broken heart* .” This tells her tale.
10. And where is he, that tower of strength,
Whose fate with hers for life was joined?
How beats his heart, once honor's throne?
How high has soared his daring mind?
11. Go to the dungeon's gloom tonight;
His wasted form, his aching head,
And all that now remains of him,

Lies, shuddering, on a felon's^[9] bed.

12. Ask you of all these woes the cause?

The festal board, the enticing^[10] bowl,
More often came, and reason fled,
And maddened passions spurned^[11]
control.

13. Learn wisdom, then. The frequent feast

Avoid; for there, with stealthy tread
Temptation walks, to lure^[12] you on,
Till death, at last, the banquet spread.

14. And shun, oh shun, the enchanted^[13] cup!

Though now its draught like joy appears,
Ere long it will be fanned by sighs,
And sadly mixed with blood and tears.

【中文阅读】

1. 快来，快来参加今晚欢乐的聚会！

那个明眸善睐的美丽姑娘要来，
她珊瑚色的嘴唇像浸泡过花蜜一样甘甜，
秀发上装点着娇嫩的花环。

2. 快来，快来参加今晚欢乐的聚会！

在那里，年轻人欢快的笑声，
应和着银铃般的乐曲，诉说着
他们纯净无邪的内心。

3. 快来，快来参加今晚欢乐的聚会！
舞会让友谊变得更加牢固，
无论未来怎样，心意相连的朋友们，
相约以后同甘苦，共患难。
于是，我去了。
4. 到处都弥漫着美与自然，
欢乐写在每个人热情洋溢的笑脸上。
爱情、友谊、年轻与美貌竞相绽放，
还有什么，能让这个夜晚更幸福美满？
舞会结束，我离开了。
5. 岁月如梭，那些在舞会上
觥筹交错的人儿啊，身在何方？
他们生命中的阳光，
可曾像宴会那天一样灿烂？
6. 该如何握紧曾经的友谊纽带？
它断开了。曾经相连的心，
也渐行渐远。渐渐地，
嫉妒、纷争和冲突接踵而来。
7. 曾经甜美的欢笑声，
变成无可遏止的疯狂尖叫。
渐渐模糊的回忆，重新燃起
对往日狂热梦想的自责感。

8. 那个目若秋水的少女，身在何方？
她的眼眸，曾胜过宝山最纯净的钻石；
她的芳唇，曾比伊甸园里的玫瑰更鲜嫩。
她在哪儿，这个美丽的姑娘？
9. 她在远处那株低垂的柳树荫下，
眼神黯淡，嘴唇无光，
静静地安息着。她的碑文上写着，
“这里，埋藏着一颗破碎的心。”
10. 他又去了哪里，那个像铁塔般壮实的男子，
那个曾与她命运相连的男人？
他的心，曾在荣耀的宝座上栖息，
他能爬得多高，带着他的勃勃野心？
11. 去吧，去地牢里看看。
看他枯瘦的身形，低垂的头，
看他簌簌发抖地，
躺在属于囚犯的床上。
12. 你问，他们为什么陷入这悲哀境况？
哦，正是那些欢乐的聚会，杯盏尽欢，
放纵的欲望，失控的理智，
无法遏制的激情让一切变得疯狂。
13. 倾听智慧吧，朋友。用坚定的步伐，

避开那些频繁的盛宴。

诱惑会向你走来，引诱你，

夜夜笙歌，直到你的死亡。

14. 放下，放下那些带着魔法的酒杯！

尽管现在，喝干它令你无比欢畅，

但是，叹息很快便会随它而来，

夹杂着悲哀的鲜血和泪水。

[1] Festal, mirthful, joyous.

[2] Garlanded, adorned with wreaths of flowers.

[3] Devoted, solemnly set apart.

[4] Enhance, increase.

[5] Sundered, separated.

[6] Glimmerings, faint views, glimpses.

[7] Golconda, is an ancient city and fortress of India, formerly renowned for its diamonds. They were merely cut and polished there, however, being generally brought from Parteall, a city farther south.

[8] Roseate, blooming, rosy.

[9] Felon, a public criminal.

[10] Enticing, attracting to evil.

[11] Spurned, rejected with disdain.

[12] Lure, to attract, to entice.

[13] Enchanted, affected with enchantment, bewitched.

LESSON 19 HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS



如何传达噩耗

Mr. H. and the Steward.

Mr . H . Ha! Steward, how are you, my old boy?
How do things go on at home?

Steward . Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.

H . Poor Mag! So he's gone. How came he to die?

S . Overeat himself, sir.

H . Did he? A greedy dog; why, what did he get he liked so well?

S . Horseflesh, sir; he died of eating horseflesh.

H . How came he to get so much horseflesh?

S . All your father's horses, sir.

H . What! are they dead, too?

S . Ay, sir; they died of overwork.

H . And why were they overworked, pray?

S . To carry water, sir.

H . To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

S . Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

H . Fire! what fire?

S . O, sir, your father's house is burned to the ground.

H . My father's house burned down! and how came it set on fire?

S . I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

H . Torches! what torches?

S . At your mother's funeral.

H . My mother dead!

S . Ah, poor lady! she never looked up, after it.

H . After what?

S . The loss of your father.

H . My father gone, too?

S . Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

H . Heard of what?

S . The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

H . What! more miseries! more bad news!

S . Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

【中文阅读】

(H先生与管家)

H先生： 哈！我的管家，老伙计，最近好吗？家里一切都还好吗？

管家： 太糟糕了，我尊贵的主人，家里那只叫麦格的狗死了。

H先生： 可怜的麦格，它死了！它怎么死的？

管家： 它吃撑了，先生。

H先生： 吃撑了？这条贪吃的狗。究竟怎么回事，它到底吃了什么？

管家： 马肉，先生。它吃了太多的马肉。

H先生： 马肉？哪来这么多马肉？

管家： 全是您父亲的马，先生。

H先生： 什么！我父亲的马全死了？

管家： 是的，先生，那些马是干活累死的。

H先生： 它们为什么干那么多活儿？快说呀！

管家： 它们要运水，先生。

H先生： 运水？它们为什么要运水？

管家： 先生，因为失火了。

H先生： 失火！哪儿失火了？

管家： 唉，先生，您父亲的房子被烧毁了。

H先生： 我父亲的房子烧毁了！可它怎么会着火呢？

管家： 先生，我想一定是那些火把引起了火灾。

H先生： 火把！什么火把？

管家： 您母亲葬礼上的火把。

H先生： 我的母亲去世了！

管家： 唉，可怜的夫人，自从那件事发生以后，

她就悲伤得抬不起头来。

H先生：从哪件事发生后？

管家：您父亲去世后。

H先生：天哪，我的父亲也去世了？

管家：是的，可怜的先生。自从他听说那个消息以后，他再没能从他的床上起来。

H先生：究竟听到了什么消息？

管家：噩耗，先生，请您节哀。

H先生：我的天哪！还有更多的坏消息？比这更严重的噩耗？

管家：是的，先生。您的银行破产了，您的信用被清空了，您现在已经身无分文了。先生，我冒昧等您回来，就是为了告诉您这些，我想您需要有人告诉您这些坏消息的。

LESSON 20 THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM



布伦海姆战役

Robert Southey (b. 1774, d. 1843) was born in Bristol, England. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1793. In 1804 he established himself permanently at Greta Hall, near Keswick, Cumberland, in the “Lake Country,” where he enjoyed the friendship and society of Wordsworth and Coleridge, other poets of the “Lake School.” He was appointed poet laureate in 1813, and received a pension of £300 a year from the government in 1835. Mr. Southey was a voluminous writer in both prose and verse. As a poet, he can not be placed in the first rank, although some of his minor poems are very happy in thought and expression. Among his most noted poetical works are “Joan of Arc,” “Thalaba the Destroyer,” “Madoc,” “Roderick,” and the “Curse of Kehama.”

1. It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
 Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.
3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And, with a natural sigh,
 “ ’T is some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
 “Who fell in the great victory.
4. “I find them in the garden,
 For there’s many hereabout;
 And often when I go to plow,
 The plowshare turns them out;
 For many thousand men,” said he,
 “Were slain in that great victory.”
5. “Now tell us what ’t was all about,”
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 While little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 “Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for.”
6. “It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
 “Who put the French to rout,
 But what they killed each other for,
 I could not well make out;
 But everybody said,” quoth he,

“That ’t was a famous victory:

7. “My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
8. “With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted, far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And newborn baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.
9. “They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.
10. “Great praise the Duke of Marlboro’ won,
And our young prince, Eugene.”
“Why, ’t was a very wicked thing!”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay, nay, my little girl!” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory.
11. “And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”

Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I can not tell,” said he,
“But ’t was a glorious victory.”

NOTES.—The Battle of Blenheim, in the “War of the Spanish Succession,” was fought August 13, 1704, near Blenheim, in Bavaria, between the French and Bavarians, on one side, and an allied army under the great English general, the Duke of Marlborough, and Eugene, Prince of Savoy, on the other. The latter won a decisive victory: 10,000 of the defeated army were killed and wounded, and 13,000 were taken prisoners.

【中文阅读】

罗伯特· 骚塞 (1774—1843) 出生于英国布里斯托尔市。 1793年，他进入牛津大学贝利奥尔学院。 1804年，他在靠近坎伯兰郡凯斯维克，也就是“湖泊区”附近的葛雷塔会馆定居下来，并终生住在这里。在这里，他与华兹华斯和柯勒律治以及其他一些“湖畔派”诗人结下了深厚的友谊，骚塞、华兹华斯和柯勒律治被称为“湖畔派”诗人。 1813年，他被封为“桂冠诗人”， 1835年，他开始接受英国政府授予的每年三百英镑的文学年金。骚塞一生著述颇丰，写有大量散文和诗歌。作为一名诗人，他或许不能荣忝一流，尽管他的某些短小篇幅诗歌在思想和艺术表达上相当成功。他最著名的诗作包括《圣女贞德》、《毁灭者撒拉巴》、《麦道克王子》、《罗德里克》和《克哈玛的诅咒》。

1. 这是个夏日的傍晚，
老卡斯帕做完了农活。

他坐在茅屋门口，
沐浴着夕阳。
身旁，他的小孙女威荷敏
正在绿茵草地上嬉闹。

2. 她看见哥哥彼得金

滚动着一个又大又圆的东西，
那是他在小溪旁
玩耍时，发现的。

他把它带回家，问这是什么，
这么大，这么圆，这么光滑。

3. 老卡斯帕从男孩手上接过它，

男孩站在身旁，好奇地等待。

老人摇了摇头，

发出一声长叹，

“一个可怜家伙的头骨，”他说，

“他在那次伟大战役中丧生。”

4. “我在花园里看过，

它们到处都是。

我下田犁地时，

犁铧总会勾起几个。

成千上万的人，”他说，

“在这场伟大的胜利中阵亡。”

5. “快告诉我们，这场伟大战役的事情。”

年幼的彼得金叫起来。

小威荷敏也抬起头，

眼神急切期盼。

“快说说这场战争，

为什么他们互相残杀。”

6. “那是一场英国人，”老卡斯帕说，

“击溃法国人的战役。

至于他们为什么互相残杀，

我还真说不上来。

但是，人人都说，”他说，

“这是一场伟大的胜利。”

7. “当时，我父亲住在布伦海姆，

那里有条小河，水流湍急。

他们把他的房子烧为平地，

他被迫逃亡。

带着妻子和孩子，他逃走了，

天下之大，他却无处容身。

8. “战火蔓延了整个国家，

衣不蔽体，民不聊生。

许多仍在喂奶的母亲，

怀抱嗷嗷待哺的婴儿，死去了。

可你们知道，战争就是那样，
哪次辉煌胜利的背后，不是血流成河？

9. “人人都说，当这场战役最终胜利时，
战场上是令人震惊的景象。

成千上万具尸体，七横八躺，
阳光暴晒下，很快腐烂。

可你们知道，战争就是那样，
哪次辉煌胜利的背后，不是尸骨堆山？

10. “人们称颂着，马尔波罗公爵的胜利，
还有，我们年轻的尤金王子的战功。”

“为什么呢？杀人是邪恶的！”

小威荷敏开口说道。

“唉，不，我的孩子！”老人说，

“那可是，一次了不起的胜利。

11. “每个人都称颂公爵，
他确实，赢得了胜利。”

“但，最终又有什么好处？”

小彼得金问道。

“唉，这我就知道了，”老人嘟囔，

“那可是，一场辉煌的胜利。”

LESSON 21 “I PITY THEM.”



“我同情他们”

1. A poor man once undertook to emigrate^[1] from Castine, Me., to Illinois. When he was attempting to cross a river in New York, his horse broke through the rotten timbers of the bridge, and was drowned. He had but this one animal to convey all his property and his family to his new home.

2. His wife and children were almost miraculously^[2] saved from sharing the fate of the horse; but the loss of this poor animal was enough. By its aid the family, it may be said, had lived and moved; now they were left helpless in a land of strangers, without the ability^[3] to go on or return, without money or a single friend to whom to appeal. The case was a hard one.

3. There were a great many who “passed by on the other side.” Some even laughed at the predicament^[4] in which the man was placed; but by degrees a group of people began to collect, all of whom pitied him.



4. Some pitied him a great deal, and some did not pity him very much, because, they said, he might have known better than to try to cross an unsafe bridge, and should have made his horse swim the river. Pity, however, seemed rather to predominate^[5]. Some pitied the man, and some the horse; all pitied the poor, sick mother and her six helpless children.

5. Among this pitying party was a rough son of the West, who knew what it was to migrate some hundreds of miles over new roads to locate^[6] a destitute^[7] family on a prairie. Seeing the man's forlorn situation, and looking around on the bystanders, he said, "All of you seem to pity these poor people very much, but I would

beg leave to ask each of you how much.”

6. “There, stranger,” continued he, holding up a ten-dollar bill, “there is the amount of my pity; and if others will do as I do, you may soon get another pony. God bless you.” It is needless to state the effect that this active charity produced. In a short time the happy emigrant arrived at his destination^[8], and he is now a thriving^[9] farmer, and a neighbor to him who was his “friend in need, and a friend indeed.”

【中文阅读】

1. 从前，一个穷人带着全家老小从美国缅因州卡斯廷镇迁往伊利诺伊州。当他们途经纽约州，正打算从桥上穿过一条河流时，他家里的马撞断桥上腐朽的栏杆，不幸掉进河里淹死了——这匹马是他用来承载所有家产和家人的唯一运输工具。

2. 这个穷人的妻小近乎奇迹般地从失去马匹的绝望深渊中恢复过来了，但这匹可怜动物的死给他们造成了巨大损失。或许可以这么说，无论居住或者搬迁，马对这个处于迁徙状态中的家庭来说，毕竟举足轻重。如今，他们身处一片举目无亲、孤立无援的土地上求告无门，进退两难，缺少盘缠但无人可以求助，他们的处境的确非常糟糕。

3. 那时，还有大批移民逆向涌来。有些人对这个

家庭所处的困境幸灾乐祸，但渐渐的，另一些人，那些同情他们处境的人，开始聚集起来。

4. 在这些人当中，有些人对他们的困境感同身受，也有些人虽然同情他们，却觉得男主人应该事先考虑到这些，不该试图从这座摇摇欲坠的桥上穿过，而应该让那匹马从河上游过去。然而，同情的情绪在人群中蔓延开来。有些人同情这个穷人，有些人为那匹马叹息，而那位穷苦病弱的母亲和她六个无助的孩子让所有人都心生怜悯。

5. 人群中有一个从西部来的男人，性格相当直率。他清楚从数百英里以外的地方迁徙而来，并试图在大草原上找到栖身地，对一个贫困家庭而言，有多困难。目睹这个穷人的窘迫，他环视着周围的旁观者，说道：“大家看起来都很同情这个可怜的家庭。请原谅我冒昧地问一句：你们有多同情他们？”

6. “请看这里，我们原本素昧平生，”他拿出一张十美元的钞票，“这是我对他们的同情。如果有人愿意像我一样，我马上送你一匹小马驹，愿上帝保佑你！”不用说，当时募捐场面相当火爆。因为不久以后，这个新迁来的家庭迅速定居下来，男主人很快成为一个家业蒸蒸日上的农民，而他也收获了一个“患难中见真情”的邻居，那个在他艰难时帮他伸手募捐的朋

友。

[1] Emigrate, to remove from one country or state to another for the purpose of residence, to migrate.

[2] Miraculously, as if by miracle, wonderfully.

[3] Ability, power, capability.

[4] Predicament, condition, plight.

[5] Predominate, to prevail, to rule.

[6] Locate, to place.

[7] Destitute, needy, poor.

[8] Destination, end of a journey.

[9] Thriving, prosperous through industry, economy, and good management.

LESSON 22 AN ELEGY ON MADAM BLAIZE



布莱兹夫人的挽歌

Oliver Goldsmith (b. 1728, d. 1774) was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the parish of Forney, Ireland. He received his education at several schools, at Trinity College, Dublin, at Edinburgh, and at Leyden. He spent some time in wandering over continental Europe, often in poverty and want. In 1756 he became a resident of London, where he made the acquaintance of several celebrated men, among whom were Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. His writings are noted for their purity, grace, and fluency. His fame as a poet is secured by “The Traveler,” and “The Deserted Village;” as a dramatist, by “She Stoops to Conquer;” and as a novelist, by “The Vicar of Wakefield.” His reckless extravagance always kept him in financial difficulty, and he died heavily in debt. His monument is in Westminster Abbey.

1. Good people all, with one accord^[1] ,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.
2. The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;

She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge^[2] behind.

3. She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manner wondrous winning:
She never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

4. At church, in silks and satin new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

5. Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

6. But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on^[3] cut short all,
Her doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal^[4] .

7. Let us lament, in sorrow sore;
For Kent Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died today.

【中文阅读】

奥利弗·戈德史密斯（1728—1774）出生于爱尔兰福尼教区的帕拉斯村，又称帕拉斯莫村。他曾在都柏林的三一学

院、爱丁堡大学和莱顿大学等处接受教育。尽管经常窘困不堪，他仍游历了整个欧洲大陆。1756年，他定居伦敦，并在那里结识了不少有名望的人，包括约翰逊博士和约舒亚·雷诺兹爵士。他的作品语言纯净优雅，行文流畅。戈德史密斯兼诗人、剧作家和小说家于一身，《旅行者》和《荒村》两首诗奠定了他作为诗人的声望，《屈身求爱》使他以剧作家的身份成名，而《威克菲尔德牧师传》则是他最著名的小说。他花钱挥霍无度，常使自己捉襟见肘，以至于死后仍负债累累。英国威斯敏斯特大教堂矗有他的纪念碑。

1. 善良的人们，异口同声地
为布莱兹夫人哀悼。
生前，她从未期待过赞誉——
尽管，人们总是发自内心地称道。
2. 需要帮助的人很少从她门前走过，
但总能得到她善意的救助；
她施舍众生，为人慷慨——
借贷者，甚至只留下极少许诺。
3. 她竭尽所能，造福乡邻，
心有谋略，变通灵活；
她为人坦荡，心底无私——
除非，偶尔难以顾及。
4. 她总是穿着崭新衣裳，
漂亮裙子，去教堂敬拜；
她从未在长椅上打盹走神——

直到她悄然去世。

5. 我敢说，许多男人都曾追求过，
她的芳心青睐；
就连国王也曾为她倾心，
当她从他面前娉婷走过。
6. 如今，她财富散尽美貌不再，
那些追随者也日渐稀疏，
待最后离世，医生才发现——
她的体内早已重疾难愈。
7. 悲哀深深，让我们为她哀悼，
她曾住过的肯特大街，也许见证，
要是她多活一年，该有多好——
她走得实在太早。

[1] Accord, agreement of opinion, consent.

[2] Pledge, personal property delivered to another as a security for a debt.

[3] Hangers-on, followers.

[4] Mortal, destructive to life.

LESSON 23 KING CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN



英王查尔斯二世与威廉·佩恩先生

King Charles . Well, friend William! I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself?

Penn . Yes, I have, I assure thee, friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

K .C . What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

P . The best security in the world.

K .C . I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals^[1] but in a regiment^[2] of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

P . I want none of thy soldiers, Charles: I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

K .C . Ah! what may that be?

P . Why, I depend upon themselves; on the working of their own hearts; on their notions of justice; on their moral sense.

K .C . A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

P . And why not among them as well as others?

K .C . Because if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

P . That is no proof of the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors^[3] . When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison^[4] , and corn, which were all they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds for farms for themselves. Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses^[5] ?

K .C . Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

P . I am not afraid of it.

K .C . Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds, too, I suppose?

P . Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

K .C . No, indeed? How then will you get their lands?

P . I mean to buy their lands of them.

K .C . Buy their lands of them? Why, man, you have already bought them of me!

P . Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

K .C . How, man? no right to their lands?

P . No, friend Charles, no right; no right at all: what right hast thou to their lands?

K .C . Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

P . The right of discovery? A strange kind of right, indeed. Now suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe load of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering this island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?

K .C . Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.

P . Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest^[6] in these people whom thou callest savages? And suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away—wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

K .C . I must say, friend William, that I should; how can I say otherwise?

P . Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in the heathen?

No. I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

(Mason L. Weems)

NOTES.—Charles II. was king of England from A.D. 1660 to 1685. William Penn (b. 1644, d. 1718) was a noted Englishman who belonged to the sect of Friends. He came to America in 1682, and founded the province which is now the state of Pennsylvania. He purchased the lands from the Indians, who were so impressed with the justice and good will of Penn and his associates, that the Quaker dress often served as a sure protection when other settlers were trembling for their lives.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯二世：好了，我的老朋友威廉！我已经将北美大陆一大片不错的土地售给你，但看起来，你似乎根本不想到那儿去？

佩恩：不，我亲爱的查尔斯陛下，我是要去的。事实上，我就是来向您道别的。

查尔斯二世：天哪！你真要到北美那群野蛮人堆里冒险？我敢保证，一旦你踏上北美海滩，不出两小时，那群野蛮人就会刀斧鸣鼓地向你发动进攻，你如何保住自家性命？

佩恩：用世界上最安全的保护措施。

查尔斯二世： 威廉，我的朋友，我很怀疑这点。面对那些食人族，除了带上一批全副武装的英勇士兵，我想象不出还有其他更好的防卫手段。听着，我可事先奉告你：我绝对不会派一兵一卒跟着你的，虽然我对你和你的家庭负有责任，也诚恳地愿你们一切平安。

佩恩： 我不需要您任何兵卒，查尔斯陛下。我将依靠比您的士兵更好的东西。

查尔斯二世： 啊！是什么？

佩恩：我将依靠那些印第安人，依靠他们的良知，依靠他们的正义感，依靠他们的道德观。

查尔斯二世： 道德观，这听起来无疑很美妙，可担心在北美印第安人部落里，你或许难以找到什么道德观。

佩恩： 如果我能在其他人身上找到，为什么在他们身上找不到呢？

查尔斯二世： 如果他们拥有哪怕一丝道德，他们就不会那么野蛮地对待我的臣民，像他们此前所做的那样。

佩恩：查尔斯陛下，我的朋友，对此我们并没有证据，您的臣民是侵略者。当您的臣民们第一次踏上北美大陆，他们发现，世界上没有人能比那些可怜的

土著更温顺平和，待人友好了。每天，那些印第安人毫无例外地赶到海滩探望白人，给他们送上最好的鱼肉、鹿肉、玉米，倾其所有，供其充饥。为回报土著人的热情好客，您的臣民，虔诚的基督徒们，将他们称为“野蛮人”，强占掠夺印第安人大片家园以及丰美的狩猎场，建起自己的农场。现在，这些饱受蹂躏的人民被逼到绝境，愤怒报复，并因此做出许多过激的事。对他们的行为，难道我们真的需要惊诧吗？

查尔斯二世：好了，当他们用同样的方式来对待你的时候，但愿你不要抱怨。

佩恩：对此我并不害怕。

查尔斯二世：嘿！可你怎么避免他们报复呢？你也想得到他们的狩猎场，不是吗？

佩恩：是的，我需要土地，但我并不想将这些可怜的人从他们的土地上驱逐出去。

查尔斯二世：不驱逐他们？那你想如何得到他们的土地？

佩恩：我打算从他们手中购买土地。

查尔斯二世：从他们手中购买土地？你疯了吗，你已经从我手上买下了这片土地！

佩恩：是的，我确实这么做了，而且价格还不便宜。但我之所以这样做，只是为了得到您的许可和祝

福，当然，我并不认为，您对印第安人的土地享有任何权力。

查尔斯二世：伙计，你说什么？难道我没有支配印第安人土地的权力？

佩恩： 没有，查尔斯陛下，没有权力，一点权力都没有，您觉得您对他们的土地享有什么权力呢？

查尔斯二世： 这不是很明显的事嘛，土地的最先发现权，这是教皇与所有基督教国王无一不赞同相互之间给予的权力。

佩恩： 土地的最先发现权？真是莫名其妙。查尔斯陛下，我的朋友，不妨推想一下，如果这些印第安人乘着他们的独木舟漂洋过海，最终发现了大不列颠群岛，然后声称这岛屿属于他们，并在您眼皮底下将其标价出售，您会怎么想？

查尔斯二世： 这，这，这——我得承认，这实在太厚颜无耻了！

佩恩： 是的。那么，您，一位虔诚的基督徒，一位尊贵的基督徒国王，又怎么能做出与您所谴责的这群野蛮人同样的事情？请再假设一下，倘若这些印第安人拒绝放弃您的大不列颠岛，甚至对您进行宣战，他们手中的武器更具破坏力，大规模屠戮您的臣民，并驱逐剩下的人——您是否觉得这残酷得令人无法想

象？

查尔斯二世： 我必须同意，威廉，我的朋友，我竟说不出反对的话来。

佩恩： 那么，我，一个自称是基督徒的人，又怎么能去做那些我最憎恶的事，哪怕是针对那些异教徒？不，我不会那么做。我会从合法的拥有者手上购买权利，即使这些拥有者就是印第安人。我这样做，是为了效仿上帝的公义和仁慈，从而确保上帝佑福降临我管辖的领地，如果我真想在北美拥有领地的话。

（梅森·L·威姆斯）

[1] Cannibals, human beings that eat human flesh.

[2] Regiment, a body of troops, consisting usually of ten companies.

[3] Aggressors, those who first commence hostilities.

[4] Venison, the flesh of deer.

[5] Excesses, misdeeds, evil acts.

[6] Condemnest, censure, blame.

LESSON 24 WHAT I LIVE FOR



我为什么而活

1. I live for those who love me,
 Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned^[1] me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

2. I live to learn their story,
 Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate^[2] their glory,
 And follow in their wake^[3] ;
Bards, patriots, martyrs^[4] , sages^[5] ,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
 And Time's great volume make.

3. I live to hail^[6] that season,
 By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
 And not alone by gold;

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

4. I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

【中文阅读】

1. 我活着，为那些爱我的人，
那些心底善良、真诚的人。
我活着，为那在天上的国，
它静候着我的灵魂。
我活着，为所有与我相连的人，
为上帝赋予我的使命，
为我死后能留下光明的希望，
和所有我能做的善。
2. 我活着，为了解他们的故事，
那些因我而遭受苦难的人们；

为模仿他们的荣耀，
跟随他们的足迹。
吟游诗人、爱国者、烈士和先贤，
那些历史上高贵的灵魂，
他们的事迹荣耀了史册
汇成波涛壮阔的历史长河。

3. 我活着，为那些时刻而欢呼，
那些睿者所铸就的时刻：
人，需要理性活着，
绝不能沦为金钱之奴；
人与人应该和睦相处，
正义终将战胜邪恶；
世界将阳光普照，
如同最初的伊甸园。

4. 我活着，为那些爱我的人，
为那些真正了解我的人。
我活着，为那在天上的国，
它静候着我的灵魂。
为那些需要声张的正义，
为那些需要抵制的罪恶，
为那光明的未来，
和所有我能做的善。

[1] Assigned, allotted, marked out.

[2] Emulate, to strive to equal or excel, to rival.

[3] Wake, the track left by a vessel in the water, hence, figuratively, in the train of. Bard, a poet.

[4] Martyr, one who sacrifices what is of great value to him for the sake of principle.

[5] Sage, a wise man.

[6] Hail, to salute.

LESSON 25 THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN



公正不会缺席

1. It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots^[1], with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their prattle^[2] to dissipate^[3] the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hand had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter: she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

2. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amid the neighboring pines, and rocked her puny^[4] mansion.

3. The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children: and no wonder, forlorn as

she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He, whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, can not forget his word.

4. Providence had many years before taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she had heard no tidings of him; and in her latter time had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage^[5], in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

5. The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain sustenance^[6] remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude^[7] the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart is not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery.

6. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

“Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.

But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.”

7. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments and in apparently indifferent^[8] health; entered, and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. Said he: “It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread.” The widow’s heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication^[9] of distresses; for her sympathies^[10] lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest, and a share of all she had, she proffered^[11] to the stranger. “We shall not be forsaken,” said she, “or suffer deeper for an act of charity.”

8. The traveler drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment: “And is this all your store?” said he; “and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I charity before! But, madam,” said he, continuing, “do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?”

9. “Ah,” said the poor widow—and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes as she said it—“I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna^[12] from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute

as you, and he should have provided for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away!”

10. The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. “God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress: my mother! oh, my mother!” It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

【中文阅读】

1. 一个周六的夜晚，松木小屋里的寡妇坐在燃烧着的柴薪旁边，五个衣衫褴褛的孩子在她身边叽叽喳喳地吵呀嬉闹着。她听着他们不谙人世的纯真话语，心中那沉重的阴霾似乎消散了一些。这一年来，她用羸弱的双手独自支撑起这个贫苦无靠的家庭，求告无门。在这个偌大寒冷的世界上，她举目无亲，无所可依。

2. 但是，世事难料，上帝的智慧不是人类所能理解的：她染上了慢性疾病，微薄的家产也逐渐消耗殆尽。现在正值隆冬，四周森林莽野，积雪深厚，暴风雪仍在天空中不断聚集，随时可能袭来，料峭的寒风在松树林间呼啸而过，不断摇撼着她弱小的棚屋。

3. 最后一条熏鲱鱼在她面前的炭火上燎起轻烟，这是她仅剩的最后一点食物。面对着这点食物，看着身旁天真烂漫的孩子们，她孤独的心里充满了焦虑，那是身为母亲的无助。毋庸多说，她倍感孤独，尽管她知道，上帝曾向贫困中的孤儿寡母许下允诺，绝不会违背他的诺言，她还是感到最后的绝望仍在心中蔓延开来。

4. 很多年前，上帝曾将她的长子从她身边带走。他走出这个林间小屋，去大海上闯荡。从那以后，她再也没听到他的音讯。后来，死神最终夺去了他的丈夫——她生命旅程中的伴侣以及家庭支柱。即便那时，她仍怀有支撑下去的信念。她不但独自养活家里嗷嗷待哺的孩子们，对于那些处境更穷困潦倒的人们，她也总是伸出援手。

5. 懒惰者即使拥有维持生计的能力，仍然会一直保持贫穷。那些自身匮乏却始终给予奉献的人，虽然也要饱经尘世苦难，但他始终拥有爱人的能力，他的心从不曾被扭曲。在人口稠密的喧嚣城市，那里的穷人也许心怀希望，因为慈善的人会向他们敞开心灵，伸出援手，那些善良的人不会对悲惨境况视若无睹。

6. 然而，这个勤劳无助而依赖孩子的母亲，远离人间行善，亦未曾接受任何仁慈，以慰藉她那颗饱经

沧桑的心。但是，这位松木小屋里的寡母，当她弯腰从火堆上拿起这条最后仅存的熏鲱鱼，分给身旁的孩子们，她的心情似乎开朗了些许，仿佛受到某种突如其来的神秘感召，考珀优美的诗句蓦然在她心头想起：

别用你的无知来论断神。

相信他会为你带来恩典。

在每个困窘的处境背后，

都隐藏着上帝的笑脸。

7. 烤好的熏鲱鱼被一点一点地分到盘子里，放在桌上。这时，门上响起轻轻的叩门声，狗吠也随之响起，吸引了全家人的目光。孩子们飞奔过去打开门，一个疲惫的旅行者走进来。他衣衫褴褛，看起来倒还健康。他请求在这里住上一晚，并给他点吃的东西。他说：“我已经一天一夜没吃过东西了。”寡母的心又再度揪痛起来，新的困厄到来更是雪上加霜；毕竟，她的同情心绝不会让她无动于衷地坐在火堆旁。她毫不犹豫地请他住下，并向陌生人递上了自己的那份熏鲱鱼。“我们不会因为做了善事，”她说，“而被上帝抛弃，或承受更深的痛苦。”

8. 旅行者走近桌子，看见桌上那一丁点儿食物，他惊讶地抬眼问道：“这就是您所有的食物？”他不可

置信地说，“而您竟愿意将它分给一个陌生人？我从未见过这样的善行！但是，夫人，”他说，“您将最后这点食物分给一个陌生人，难道不委屈您的孩子们吗？”

9. “啊，”这个可怜的寡妇说着，泪如泉涌，“我有一个儿子，他是我心爱的孩子，他活在这广阔世界上的某个地方，除非天父将他带走。我为你做这些事，就是指望别人也能这样善待他。我的上帝，会从天上为我们降下救恩，正如他曾为以色列人所做的那样。如果我的儿子也正在流浪，像你一样穷困潦倒，我多么希望上帝也为他提供一个落脚处，哪怕像我们这间小屋一样简陋。如果我拒绝落难中的你，我又怎能指望别人为他做点什么！”

10. 寡妇刚说完，那个陌生人“腾”地从椅子上跳起来，将她紧紧抱住，“上帝确实为你的儿子提供了住处，并赐予他财富，来回报收留他的这位善良女主人：妈妈！噢，我的妈妈！”原来，这便是她失散多年的儿子，从印度群岛回到她的怀抱。他装扮成过路人，为的是给全家人一个惊喜。再没有比这更大的惊喜了，随后，这个小木屋顿时变成一片欢乐的海洋。

[1] Fagots, bundles of sticks used for fuel.

[2] Prattle, trifling talk.

[3] Dissipate, to scatter.

[4] Puny, small and weak.

[5] Pilgrimage, a journey.

- [6] Sustenance, that which supports life.
- [7] Fortitude, resolute endurance.
- [8] Indifferent, neither very good nor very bad.
- [9] Complication, entanglement.
- [10] Sympathies, compassion.
- [11] Proffered, offered to give.
- [12] Manna, food miraculously provided by God for the Israelites.

LESSON 26 ABOU BEN ADHEM



阿博·本·艾德汉

James Henry Leigh Hunt (b. 1784, d. 1859) was the son of a West Indian, who married an American lady, and practiced law in Philadelphia until the Revolution; being a Tory, he then returned to England, where Leigh Hunt was born. The latter wrote many verses while yet a boy, and in 1801 his father published a collection of them, entitled “Juvenilia.” For many years he was connected with various newspapers, and, while editor of the “Examiner,” was imprisoned for two years for writing disrespectfully of the prince regent. While in prison he was visited frequently by the poets Byron, Moore, Lamb, Shelley, and Keats; and there wrote “The Feast of the Poets,” “The Descent of Liberty, a Mask,” and “The Story of Rimini,” which immediately gave him a reputation as a poet. His writings include various translations, dramas, novels, collections of essays, and poems.

1. ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

2. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the
Lord.”

3. “And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

4. The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

NOTE.—The above selection is written in imitation of an oriental fable.

【中文阅读】

詹姆斯·亨利·李·亨特 (1784—1859) 是一个西部印第安人的儿子。他的父亲娶了一名美国女子，并在费城以律师身份执业，直到美国独立战争爆发。由于父亲是一名保皇派，因此他返回英国，不久，儿子李·亨特便呱呱坠地。孩童时期，李·亨特就已经写有大量散文。1801，他父亲出版了一本题为《少年读物》的父子合集。多年来，李·亨特与许多报

纸的编辑交往密切。在担任《检查者》编辑期间，亨特曾因发表了对摄政王不敬的文章而入狱两年。关押期间，诗人拜伦、摩尔、兰姆、雪莱和济慈经常到监狱里拜访他。在监狱里，他完成了《诗人的盛宴》、《自由的堕落——面具》和《利米尼的故事》，这些作品迅速奠定了他的诗坛地位。李·亨特写作题材广泛，包括各种翻译、戏剧、小说、散文集以及诗歌。

1. 阿博·本·艾德汉（祝愿他的部落壮大！）

深夜，从深沉香甜的梦中醒来。

屋里，月光如水，

皎洁如银，宛若百合盛开，

有位天使，在金灿灿的书上撰写。

2. 祥云环绕，四周静寂无声，

他不免打消怯意，上前问道，

“你在写什么？”幻影抬头，

声音柔和，巧笑嫣然：

“我在抄写，信奉上帝者的名字。”

3. “这里面有我吗？”阿博问。“不，没有。”

天使回答道。阿博语调有些凄然，

但仍旧欣然说道：“那，请求你，

把我记成，热爱同胞的人吧。”

4. 天使写毕隐去。翌日夜晚，

再次降临，带来恢弘光明，
照亮那些上帝赐予爱意的名字：
瞧，本·艾德汉的名字熠熠生辉！

LESSON 27 LUCY FORESTER^[1]



露西·弗斯特

John Wilson (b. 1785, d. 1854), better known as “Christopher North,” was a celebrated author, poet, and critic, born at Paisley, Scotland, and educated at the University of Glasgow and at Oxford. In 1808 he moved to Westmoreland, England, where he formed one of the “Lake School” of poets. While at Oxford he gained a prize for a poem on “Painting, Poetry, and Architecture.” In 1820 he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which position he retained until 1851. He gained his greatest reputation as the chief author of “Noctes Ambrosianae,” essays contributed to Blackwood’s Magazine between 1822 and 1835. Among his poems may be mentioned “The Isle of Palms” and the “City of the Plague,” This selection is adapted from “The Foresters,” a tale of Scottish life.

1. Lucy was only six years old, but bold as a fairy; she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes^[2], and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The footpaths were all firm, and led to no places of danger, nor are infants themselves incautious when alone in

then pastimes^[3] . Lucy went singing into the low woods, and singing she reappeared on the open hillside. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden bridge, or tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet.

2. The creature would be away for hours, and no fear be felt on her account by anyone at home; whether she had gone, with her basket on her arm, to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbor, or, merely for her own solitary delight, had wandered off to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands.

3. The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside (a farmhouse about two miles off) with her playmates the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise.

4. During her absence, the house was silent but happy, and, the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isabel, her father, mother, and aunt, went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed till they reached Ladyside, and heard the cheerful din of the children within, still rioting^[4] at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door, but, on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

5. Within two hours, a hundred persons were traversing the hills in all directions, even at a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs, all the night through, searched every nook, every stony and

rocky place, every piece of taller heather^[5] , every crevice that could conceal anything alive or dead: but no Lucy was there.

6. Her mother, who for a while seemed inspired^[6] with supernatural^[7] strength, had joined in the search, and with a quaking heart looked into every brake^[8] , or stopped and listened to every shout and halloo reverberating^[9] among the hills, intent^[10] to seize upon some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank; and then the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away; and then came the gray dawn of the morning, and then the clear brightness of the day,—and still Michael and Agnes were childless.

7. “She has sunk into some mossy or miry place,” said Michael, to a man near him, into whose face he could not look, “a cruel, cruel death to one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!”

8. At last, a man who had left the search, and gone in a direction toward the highroad, came running with something in his arms toward the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay, apparently exhausted almost to dying, on the sward. He approached hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy’s bonnet, clothes, and plaid^[11] .

9. It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn around her neck. “Murdered! murdered!” was the one word whispered or ejaculated^[12] all around; but Agnes heard it not; for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was, perhaps, seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

10. Isabel took the clothes, and, narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said, with a fervent voice that was heard even in Michael's despair, "No, Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent; no murderer's hand has been here. These blood spots have been put there to deceive. Besides, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But, oh! foolish despair! What speak I of? For, wicked as the world is—ay! desperately wicked—there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in the heaven, that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gypsy beggar?"

11. The crowd quietly dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour^[13] the country. Some took the highroads, others all the bypaths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for hope brought her back to their arms.

12. Agnes had been able to walk home to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isabel sat by her bedside. All her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf, or a shadow across the window. Thus hour after hour passed, till it was again twilight. "I hear footsteps coming up the brae," said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and in a few moments the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door.

13. Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance, and he seemed, from his looks, to bring no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and

looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. "If he has heard nothing of my child," thought Michael, "this man must care little for his own fireside." "Oh, speak, speak," said Agnes; "yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven."

14. "Something like a trace of her has been discovered; a woman, with a child that did not look like a child of hers, was last night at Clovenford, and left it at the dawning." "Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?" said Isabel; "she will have tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick or Yarrow; but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her; for these are quiet but not solitary glens; and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days. What say you, Mr. Mayne? There is the light of hope in your face." "There is no reason to doubt, ma'am, that it was Lucy. Everybody is sure of it. If it was my own Rachel, I should have no fear as to seeing her this blessed night."

15. Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. "I may tell you now, that Watty Oliver knows it was your child, for he saw her limping along after the gypsy at Galla-Brigg; but, having no suspicion, he did not take a second look at her,—but one look is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forester."

16. Aunt Isabel, by this time, had bread and cheese and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine on the table. "You have been a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr. Mayne; take some refreshment;" and Michael asked a blessing.

17. Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal

the whole truth. “No, no, Mrs. Irving, I am over happy to eat or to drink. You are all prepared for the blessing that awaits you. Your child is not far off; and I myself, for it is I myself that found her, will bring her by the hand, and restore her to her parents.”

18. Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sank gently back on her pillow; aunt Isabel was rooted to her chair; and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet. There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many voices, which again by degrees subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look, toward the door.

19. Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but dressed again in her own bonnet and gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their own child, by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother's bosom.

【中文阅读】

约翰·威尔逊（1785—1854），著名作家、诗人兼评论家，他的笔名克里斯托夫·诺斯更为人所熟知。威尔逊出生于苏格兰佩斯里镇，曾在格拉斯洛大学和牛津大学接受教育。1808年，他移居到英国威斯特摩兰，并在那里建立“英国湖畔诗”流派分系。在牛津大学求学期间，他的诗歌《绘画，诗歌和建筑》荣膺奖项。1820年，他在爱丁堡大学担任伦理学教授，并一直任职到1851年。作为《安部罗斯那对话》的首席作者，1822年和1835年间，该书在《黑檀木》杂志上连载，他因此声名鹊起。在他的诗歌中，《棕榈岛》和《瘟疫之

城》尤为值得一提。以下这篇文章改编自他的《弗斯特一家》，一篇描写苏格兰生活的故事。

1. 露西只有六岁，但大胆得像童话里的仙女。她已经独自一人攀爬过不计其数的陡坡，还经常被差遣到离家两三英里远的地方帮忙办事。她的父母有什么可担心的呢？附近的小路都很坚实，并不通往什么危险的地方，这些孩子们一个人的时候也都很谨慎小心。露西总是唱着歌，钻进低矮的树林里，她重复吟唱的稚嫩歌声也常在开阔的山坡上飘荡回响。她用白嫩的小手扶着栏杆，时而飞快地跑过木桥，时而踩着石头，跳过清浅的小溪。

2. 这个小家伙总会一连好几个钟头不沾家，家里从没人曾为她担心过——不管她是在胳膊上挎只小花篮，去邻居那儿借点儿家什物件；还是仅为了让自己玩得开心，而跑到附近斜坡的花丛间昏天黑地地玩，然后将一堆花环拎回家。

3. 这个快乐的小姑娘总会被邀请去淑女坡（大约两英里外的一处农庄），和她的小玩伴梅恩一家的孩子们度过一整天。通常，日出一小时后，她便从家里出发。

4. 她不在家的时候，家里显得寂寞安宁。现在，

天早就黑了，家里人惦记着她早点回家。于是，露西的父亲迈克尔、母亲艾格尼丝和婶婶伊莎贝尔都去路上接她。他们走着，走着，好奇为什么没遇上她，但心里没有一点惊慌，直到他们不知不觉间走到淑女坡。节日已经快结束了，但屋里孩子们仍在尽情嬉闹着。雅各·梅恩开了门，来客礼貌地询问他，为什么露西没在天黑以前被送回家。听到这话，雅各神色惊愕地告诉他们，露西今天根本就没来淑女坡。

5. 接下来的两小时里，一百多人搜索了山里的各个角落，甚至连可怜的小露西根本不可能走到的地方也都去了。整整一夜，那些牧羊人带着他们的牧羊犬，找遍了山间野外的旮旯角落，甚至每处石缝沟壑、灌木树林，那些可以藏身匿尸的所有地方，但是，哪儿都找不到小露西。

6. 似乎被某种超自然的力量支撑着，露西的母亲也加入了夜间搜索。她心惊胆战地查看途经的茂密丛林，时而停下脚步，倾听着从山谷那边回荡过来的大家的呼喊声，试图从里面聆听到是否有好消息。月亮沉落了，星星看起来更亮了些，多少照亮了她的路；但是很快，星星也随之黯淡了。清晨煦光乍露，接着，一轮艳阳腾空而起，清晰地照亮了大地——可是，迈克尔和艾格尼丝仍然没有孩子的消息。

7. “露西大概是陷进长满青苔或泥泞的地方了，”迈克尔对身边的一个男人说，他没法直视那男人的脸，“对她这样的孩子来说，这是个多么、多么残忍的死法！我的孩子曾走过的这片土地吞噬了她，我们再也见不到她了！”

8. 搜索队早有人离开，独自朝公路方向走去寻找，后来，有人向他们跑来，手里拿着些什么东西。迈克尔和其他人站在艾格尼丝身边，艾格尼丝躺在草地上，明显已经精疲力竭，一副濒死的模样。来人踌躇不决地靠近了，迈克尔一眼看到，他手里拿的正是露西的帽子、衣服和外套。

9. 所有人都看到，孩子的衣服脖颈处，有几点明显的血迹。“孩子被谋杀了！被谋杀了！”有些人窃窃私语着，有些人高声惊呼着，但说的都是同样的一句话。但是，母亲艾格尼丝听不见了，整整一夜希望与绝望的反复折腾后，她早已疲惫不堪地睡着了，或许正在梦里寻找她丢失的可爱露西。

10. 婶婶伊莎贝尔接过衣服，仔仔细细地检查了一番，急切地说：“不，露西还活着。”她的声音给绝望的迈克尔带来希望，“孩子的衣服上没有丝毫施暴的痕迹，凶手的手从未碰到过这些衣服。这些血迹是后来沾上去的，大概是为了隐藏些什么。更何况，如果

真的有人谋杀了露西，为什么他不把这些衣服带走？他又为什么要谋杀她呢？哦，没有必要这么绝望！我想说些什么？我想说的是，这世道虽然邪恶——是啊，令人绝望的邪恶！但是，这世上并没有人杀死了我们的孩子！事实再清楚不过了，露西是被某个卑鄙无耻的吉普赛乞丐给偷走了！”

11. 人群安静地散开，马蹄或脚印很快将布满周边地区。有些人沿着大路搜索，有些人去岔道追踪，还有些人到那些偏僻的山岭里寻找。现在，他们多少从那个孩子已不在世上的可怕念头中解脱出来，更坏的灾祸看来绝不可能，生的希望已将露西重新带回众人怀里。

12. 艾格尼丝已经从布雷垦山坡走回家里，迈克尔和伊莎贝尔坐在她的床边。她看来完全筋疲力尽了，静静躺在那里，窗外，树叶沙沙作响，荫影越过窗棂，周围仿佛沉浸在一片悲戚之中。时间一点点流逝，直到满天星斗再现。“我听到斜坡上有脚步声。”艾格尼丝突然说，她原本看上去已经睡着了。不一会儿，雅各·梅恩的声音在门外响起。

13. 雅各·梅恩脸色凝重，从他表情看来，他带来的大概不是什么好消息。迈克尔在来客与妻子间站起来，深深地看着雅各，似乎要洞察他的灵魂。雅各脸

上的表情看起来并不是那么糟糕。“如果他没有露西的消息，”迈克尔心想，“这男人这会儿多半会在自家的壁炉边。”“哦，你快说呀，说呀，”艾格尼丝焦急地说，“但你还需要说什么呢？所有这一切不过是虚妄之想，露西已经去了天国了。”

14. “有人发现了关于露西的线索：昨天夜里在克娄文福德，有个女人带着一个孩子，那孩子看起来并不像她亲生的，她们今早刚离开。”“亲爱的艾格尼丝，你听到了吗？”伊莎贝尔说。“那女人多半会带着露西向北逃往埃特里克或亚罗，但是，好几百双眼睛都会盯着她的。这些山谷虽然人烟稀少，但总会有人蹲守，甚至没等到她赶到霍维克，我们就会抓到她。我打小就对这片地区相当熟悉，你怎么看，梅恩先生？你脸上露出希望的光彩。”“毫无疑问，夫人，那孩子就是露西，没有人不相信。倘若那是我的女儿瑞切尔，我一定立马就想见到她，就在这个上帝赐福的夜晚。”

15. 雅各·梅恩拉过一把椅子坐下来，脸上甚至浮出一丝笑容。“现在，我可以告诉你们，沃迪·奥利弗知道那是你们的孩子，当时在加拉-布里格，他曾看见露西一瘸一拐地跟在那吉普赛女人身后。但由于压根没怀疑，他只不过看了那孩子一眼——但是，一眼就足

够了。他发誓，那孩子就是可爱的露西·弗斯特。”

16. 这时，伊莎贝尔婶婶将面包、奶酪和一瓶她自酿的接骨木花酒端到餐桌上。“不管你曾到了哪些地方，你一定走了很远的山路，路上那么难走，辛苦你了，梅恩先生，请吃点东西吧。”迈克尔也随声附和。

17. 雅各心里清楚，说出真相的时候到了。“不，不，欧文夫人，我实在太开心了，什么都吃不下。对于等待已久的圣灵赐福，你们大概都已经做好准备了吧？你们的孩子就在附近，是我亲自找到她的，我要亲手将她带回家，将她重新交回她父母的手中。”

18. 听到这些话，艾格尼丝飞快地从床上支起身，但又无力地躺到了枕头上；婶婶伊莎贝尔呆坐在椅子上，半晌没回过神来；至于迈克尔，他站起身，觉得天塌地陷。有那么短短几分钟，屋里死一般的寂静，随即爆发出一片欢乐嘈杂，好一会儿才平息下来。所有目光都注视门外，但又惴惴不安，不敢睹视。

19. 雅各·梅恩并没有兑现他的承诺：他并未亲手将露西送到她父母的手中。露西还是往常一身装扮，戴着帽子，穿着裙子，套着那件带格子图案的外套，一下子冲到家人面前。她的父亲哽咽着，迸出欢喜的泪水，一把抱起她，将她放到母亲的怀里。

[1] The scene of this story is laid in Scotland, and many of the words employed, such as brae, brake, heather, and plaid, are but little used except in that country.

[2] Brae, shelving ground, a declivity or slope of a hill.

[3] Pastimes, sports, plays.

[4] Rioting, romping.

[5] Heather, an evergreen shrub bearing beautiful flowers, used in Great Britain for making brooms, etc.

[6] Inspired, animated, enlivened.

[7] Supernatural, more than human.

[8] Brake, a place overgrown with shrubs and brambles.

[9] Reverberating, resounding, echoing.

[10] Intent, having the mind closely fixed.

[11] Plaid, a striped or checked overgarment worn by the Scotch.

[12] Ejaculated, exclaimed.

[13] Scour, to pass over swiftly and thoroughly.

LESSON 28 THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS



死神与花朵

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (b. 1807, d. 1882), the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer, was born in Portland, Maine. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. After spending four years in Europe, he was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Bowdoin till 1835, when he was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard University. He resigned his professorship in 1854, after which time he resided in Cambridge, Mass. Longfellow wrote many original works both in verse and prose, and made several translations, the most famous of which is that of the works of Dante. His poetry is always chaste and elegant, showing traces of careful scholarship in every line. The numerous and varied editions of his poems are evidences of their popularity.

1. There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
2. “Shall I have naught that is fair?” saith he;
“Have naught but the bearded grain?”

Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to
me,

I will give them all back again.”

3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves^[1] .

4. “My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled;
“Dear tokens^[2] of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

5. “They shall all bloom in the fields of light,
Transplanted^[3] by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

6. And the mother gave in tears and pain
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

7. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day,
’T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

【中文阅读】

亨利·沃兹华斯·朗费罗（1807—1882），斯蒂芬·朗费罗

阁下的儿子，他父亲是一名杰出的律师。朗费罗出生于美国缅因州波特兰，1825年，他毕业于鲍登学院。在欧洲度过四年后，他在鲍登学院担任现代语言与文学教授，直到1835年。随即，他被任命为哈佛大学现代语言和纯文学学院院长。1854年，在马萨诸塞州的剑桥定居后，他辞去了教授职位。朗费罗不仅创作了大量英文诗歌和散文，并且出版了数部译著，其中最有名的是但丁作品译作。他的诗歌始终纯净而优雅，字里行间露出缜密的学术气息，纷杂多样的诗集版本，表明朗氏作品的风靡盛行。

1. 收割者，姑且称为死神，
手中的镰刀寒光凛冽。
一刀挥过，谷物顷刻遍地，
夹在谷物丛中的鲜花也一扫而尽。
2. “我一无所获，是否公平？”死神说，
“我想收割的，只是长满根须的稻谷。
虽然这些花朵的馨香如此甜美，
我仍会将它们送归大地。”
3. 他泪眼朦胧地凝视着这些花朵，
他亲吻了它们颓败的枝叶。
将它们绑扎成束，
送给伊甸园中的上帝。
4. “上帝想看到这些花朵娇艳盛开，”
说话间，死神露出笑意，

“当他还是个孩子时，
这些花朵，便是大地的象征。

5. “我会将它们小心翼翼地带到那里，
光的国度里，它们将蓦然绽放。
这些圣洁素雅的花瓣，
将宛若圣徒们的雪白长袍。”

6. 深爱着这些花朵的母亲，
泪水摩挲，心痛神伤。
但她知道，她会重新见到它们，
在那沐浴光芒的天堂里。

7. 哦，那天，死神降临，
他并不残忍，也不狂暴。
他是翩然天使，来到葱绿大地，
倏然带走那些花朵。

[1] Sheaves, bundles of grain.

[2] Token, a souvenir, that which is to recall some person, thing, or event.

[3] Transplanted, removed and planted in another place.

LESSON 29 THE TOWN PUMP



Nathaniel Hawthorne (b.1804, d.1864) was born in Salem, Mass. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. His earliest literary productions, written for periodicals, were published in two volumes—the first in 1837, the second in 1842—under the title of “Twice-Told Tales,” “Mosses from an Old Manse,” another series of tales and sketches, was published in 1845. From 1846 to 1850 he was surveyor of the port of Salem. In 1852 he was appointed United States consul for Liverpool. After holding this office four years, he traveled for some time on the continent. His most popular works are “The Scarlet Letter,” a work showing a deep knowledge of human nature, “The House of the Seven Gables,” “The Blithedale Romance,” and “The Marble Faun,” an Italian romance, which is regarded by many as the best of his works. Being of a modest and retiring disposition, Mr. Hawthorne avoided publicity. Most of his works are highly imaginative. As a prose writer he has no superior among American authors. He died at Plymouth, N. H., while on a visit to the White Mountains for his health.

[SCENE.— *The corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.*]

1. Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity^[1] , upon the Town Pump?

2. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating^[2] public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

3. To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality^[3] , and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

4. At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist Like a dramseller on the public

square, on a muster^[4] day, I cry aloud to all and sundry^[5] , in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. “Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated^[6] ale of father Adam! better than Cognac^[7] , Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay. Walk up, gentlemen, walk up and help yourselves!”

5. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles today, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all—in the fashion of a jellyfish.

6. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night’s potations^[8] , which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund^[9] sir! You and I have been strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

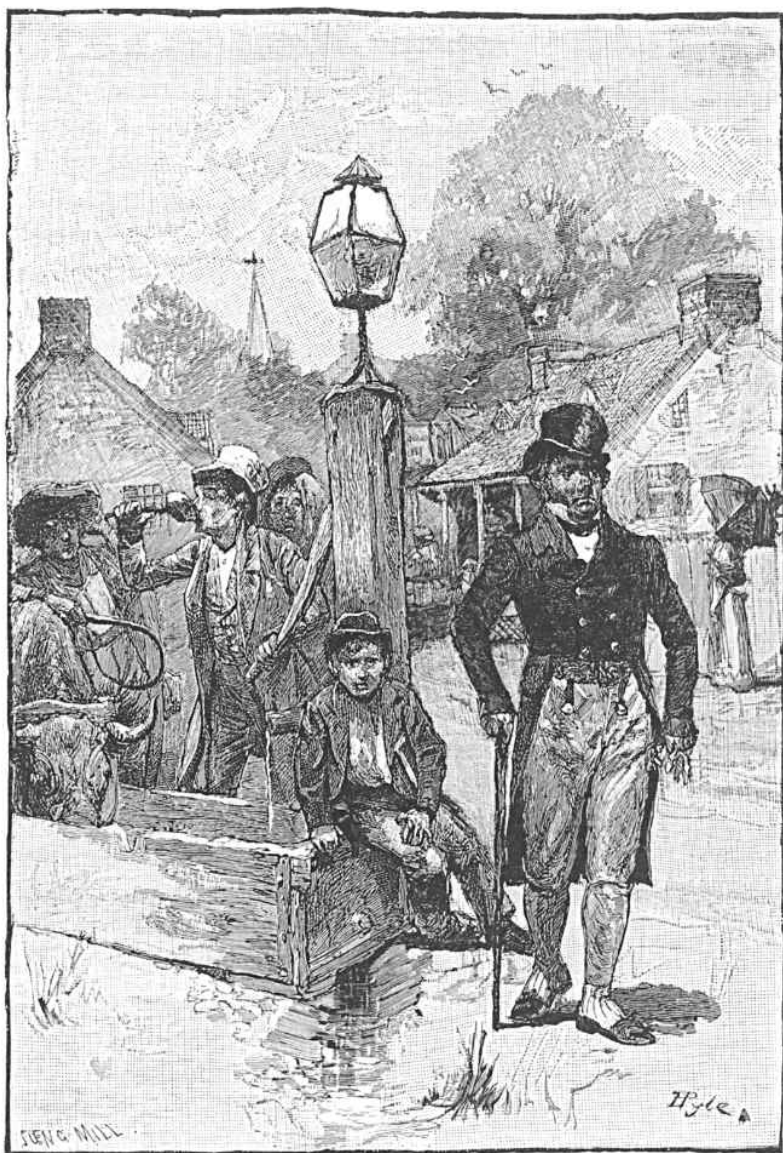
7. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite into steam in the miniature Tophet^[10] , which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of

an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dramshop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Goodby; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

8. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are just let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life; take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

9. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars.

10. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation^[11] of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?



11. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water to replenish^[12] the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come all the way from Staunton, or somewhere along that way. No part of my

business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe, with sighs of calm enjoyment! Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

12. I hold myself the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which have gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

13. Ahem! Dry work this speechifying, especially to all unpracticed orators. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. But to proceed.

14. The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership that shall finally monopolize^[13] the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation^[14] ! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid^[15] form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die. Then Sin if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

15. Then there will be no war of households. The husband and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted^[16] close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such

moments as follow the delirium of a drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

16. Drink, then, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as when it slaked^[17] the thirst of the red hunter, and flowed beneath the aged bough, though now this gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. But, still is this fountain the source of health, peace, and happiness, and I behold, with certainty and joy, the approach of the period when the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our father's days, will be fully appreciated and recognized by all.

【中文阅读】

纳撒尼尔·霍桑（1804—1864）出生于美国马萨诸塞州塞勒姆。1825年，他毕业于鲍登学院。他早期为期刊所写的文学作品分两卷结集出版，分别于1837年和1842年问世，题名为《老生常谈的故事》和《老迈牧师的古宅青苔》。1845年，他又出版了一系列故事和短篇作品集。从1846年到1850年，他担任塞利姆港口的勘测师。1852年，他被任命为美国政府驻英国利物浦领事，并任职四年。随后，他一度在欧洲大陆游历考察。霍桑最受追捧的《红字》为一部深刻揭示人性的上乘之作，以及《七座尖阁的房屋》、《布里斯戴尔的罗曼史》和《大理石的农神雕像》，后者是一本关于意大利人的爱情小说。大多数人公认《大理石的农神雕像》为他的巅峰之作。由于生性谦虚，不善社交，霍桑先生向来避免抛头露面。他的大部分作品都极富想象力。就散文写作而言，他在美国作家群中并非出类拔萃。霍桑在新罕布什尔州的普

利茅斯与世长辞，当时他正因健康问题去怀特山观光游览。

（ 场景：镇上的两条主干道的交叉口，小镇水泵正通过它的鼻子说话。 ）

1. 北方时钟报时：正午！东方时钟报时：正午！这炙热的阳光近乎垂直地射在我头上，几乎快让我身体里的水沸腾起来，从鼻子里冒出蒸汽。坦率地说，我们这些公众人物的日子可不好过！所有这些每年选举出的小镇官员们，在他们任职的一年中，有谁身上负担的职责能有我小镇水泵承担的这么重呢？我的工作可是永久性的。

2. 我是当之无愧的小镇财政主管，守护着镇上最珍贵的财产。工会真该提名我做他们的主席，因为我为穷人们慷慨地提供我所守护的财产，分文不取。我是小镇消防部门当仁不让的主管，同时行驶镇上卫生理事会医生的崇高职责。我是安宁生活的守护者，所有饮水居民无不承认我的作用好比治安巡警。有些时候，我还担任小镇书记官的职责，在我身上张贴公告，昭告居民。

3. 从某种程度上说，我就是这个小镇上最重要的人物，鉴于我的冷静稳定、正直无误以及公正地胜任工作，坚持履行职责，在我的小镇官员同行们面前展

示出一个令人钦佩的光辉形象。无论寒冬酷暑，无论什么人求助于我，我一概有求必应。从早到晚，我成天站在这镇上最繁华的角落，就在市场旁边，向人们伸出双手，无论贫富都一视同仁。到了夜晚，我会在头顶高举一盏灯笼，表明我的方位，提醒镇上居民小心沟坎。

4. 在这个闷热难当的正午，我为这些干渴的人们倒上凉水，腰上别挂个铁质酒杯，尽心为他们服务。就像一个在广场上卖酒的小贩，对那些南来北往的人，我用最大的声音朝他们叫卖：“过来看看吧，先生们！清爽甘甜的饮料！过来吧，过来吧，先生们，都过来看看！这可是上等的饮料，货真价实的天父所赐的最纯正的麦芽饮料！比所有的白兰地、杜松子酒、牙买加甜酒、黄酒或任何葡萄酒都更美味。过来看看吧，不管你是就着水泵管子直接喝，还是用杯子装着喝，统统无须付一个子儿。过来吧，先生们，都过来看看，放手畅饮吧！”

5. 如果这样的叫卖声都招揽不到顾客，那可就太遗憾了。瞧，他们来了。这可真是炎热的一天啊，先生们。大口痛饮吧，然后再离开，好让你身上痛快地流出凉爽的汗水。这位朋友，再来一杯吧，好好漱漱你喉咙口的灰尘，它们厚得像是你皮鞋上沾满的尘土

一样。能看得出，你今天已经跋涉了二十多里路。你可真是个聪明人，路上经过许多小酒馆，却只在小溪和井边停下来喝水。要不然，面对外面的炙热天气和体内的烈酒烧腹的里外夹攻，你早就被烧成灰烬了，或是像只水母那样，被热浪融化得一点不剩。

6. 喝吧，再给那家伙腾出点儿地方，他来找我清醒一下昨晚的醉酒，那可不是从我的水管中倒给他的。欢迎，这位满面红光的先生！别急别急，我们在此之前素不相识，老实说，你满口的酒气太浓烈了，我的鼻子可不着急和你做这种亲密的近距离接触。

7. 愿主怜悯你，先生！清水顺着你炽热的食道嘶嘶地流下，很快便转换成蒸汽，进入一个小小的灼热地狱，瞧你把自己的胃折腾成什么样了。再喝一口，然后像一名诚实的酒鬼那样告诉我，你可曾在任何一家小酒吧、酒馆或酒贩子那里，挥霍花尽你家孩子的伙食费，买到过这么好喝的饮料？现在，这十年来第一次，你尝到了清凉冷水的滋味。再见了，无论什么时候，当你渴了，别忘了我永远站在这个老地方，为你供应清水。

8. 接下来是谁？哦，我的小朋友，你刚放了学，便跑来小镇水泵这里来喝口水，擦洗你年轻的小脸，遗忘掉被戒尺责打的记忆，和其他男孩带给你的麻

烦。拿去吧，这水纯净得像是你年轻的生命，愿你的身心永远不会像现在这样受尽饥渴的折磨。

9. 往旁边让让，我亲爱的孩子，放下杯子，给走过来的这位老先生让条路来。他踩在石板路上，脚步如此温柔迟缓，我几乎怀疑他是怕踏破这些石子。天哪！他竟然一瘸一拐就这么走过，压根没想到对我心存感激，难道我热情的款待好客就只是提供给那些没有酒窖的穷人吗？

10. 算了，算了，先生，这也没什么！去吧，去拔出酒瓶上的软木塞，去往玻璃酒杯里倒上酒。但是，到时候你要是醉得跌了个狗啃泥，那可不关我的事。如果你们这些先生们喜好杯中之物，那我也管不着。瞧，这里有条饥渴的狗，正伸着它鲜红的舌头，它可不轻视我的殷勤好客。它用后腿直立着，热切趴在水槽旁边。瞧它离开的时候，脚步多欢快啊，你们就不羡慕这么畅快的痛饮吗？

11. 请原谅我，善良的人们！我得打断一下我的连珠妙语，为这位从斯丹顿或沿着这条路的其他地方远道而来的赶车人和他的两头牛灌满水槽了。在我的工作中，再没有什么比为畜群提供饮水更快乐的事了。瞧！水槽上的水位降得多快啊，这两头牛咕咚咕咚地将水吞进它们庞大的胃里，很快就喝得肚鼓腰

圆，不时地打上几声响嚏，发出快乐的喘息。现在，它们只是安静地环视着面前这庞大的饮水槽。牛才是真正的豪饮者。

12. 我一向把自己看成时代的伟大改革家。从我的泵嘴里，以及成千上万像我这样的泵嘴里所吐出的涓流，能净化这世界上许多从炙热暴躁的心里所喷涌出的犯罪与痛苦。在这项伟大的事业中，奶牛是我的坚实同盟：我喷出的是水，它喷出的是奶！

13. 咳，咳！发表演说还真是一件口干舌燥的事情，尤其是对我们这种初出茅庐的演说家而言。在此之前，我还从来不知道这些演讲者们所经历的辛劳。这位善良的基督徒，请帮忙压一两下泵好吗，好让我清凉一下喉咙。谢谢你，先生，我们继续吧。

14. 小镇水泵和奶牛！这对光荣的合作伙伴，最终将垄断整个解渴行业。这一上帝佑福的完美组合！贫困终将从这片土地上消失，再也找不到一个悲惨的棚屋可以供她肮脏的躯体容身。没有人会再患病，因此疾病也将啃噬着自己，然后消亡。至于罪恶，哪怕不能完全泯灭，亦会苟存不多。

15. 就这样，将不会有家庭战争。夫妻一起静静享受岁月姝好，携手走过温馨一生，面对死亡安详躺下，无怨无悔。在他们眼里，过去的生活并不是疯狂

的暴风骤雨，未来也并不是一场醉酒后的谵热狂乱。他们死去的面容将反映出他们心灵的模样，那种回忆与希冀的微笑难以消逝。

16. 喝吧，先生们，接下来你们会焕然一新！这水纯净而清凉，正如山间为饥渴的猎人解渴、在老树下潺潺流过的溪流一样。现在，这山林间的宝石被贮藏在这火热的石槽中，小镇上砖墙林立，看不到树荫。但是，这水仍然是健康、和平与幸福的源泉。尽管在我们父辈那一代，人们忽视了这捧清水的价值，但我仍坚定而喜悦地相信，总有一天，所有人会充分认同并赞赏它。

[1] Perpetuity, endless duration.

[2] Promulgating, announcing.

[3] Municipality, a division of a country or of a city.

[4] Muster day, parade day.

[5] Sundry, several.

[6] Unadulterated, pure, unmixed.

[7] Cognac, a French brandy.

[8] Potations, drinkings.

[9] Rubicund, inclining to redness.

[10] Tophet, the infernal regions.

[11] Titillation, tickling.

[12] Replenish, to fill again.

[13] Monopolize, to obtain the whole.

[14] Consummation, completion, termination.

[15] Squalid, filthy.

[16] Protracted, delayed.

[17] Slaked, quenched.

LESSON 30 GOOD NIGHT



晚安

Samuel Griswold Goodrich (b. 1793, d. 1860) was born in Ridgefield, Conn. Mr. Goodrich is best known as “Peter Parley,” under which assumed name he commenced the publication of a series of Juvenile works about 1827. He edited “Parley’s Magazine” from 1841 to 1854. He was appointed United States consul for Paris in 1848, and held that office four years. He was a voluminous writer, and his works are interesting and popular. His “Recollections of a Lifetime” was published in 1857, and “Peter Parley’s Own Story” the year after his death.

1. The sun has sunk behind the hills,
The shadows o’er the landscape creep;
A drowsy sound the woodland fills,
As nature folds her arms to sleep:
Good night—good night.
2. The chattering jay has ceased his din,
The noisy robin sings no more;
The crow, his mountain haunt within,
Dreams ’mid the forest’s surly roar:
Good night—good night.

3. The sunlit cloud floats dim and pale;
The dew is falling soft and still,
The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,
And silence broods o'er yonder mill:
Good night—good night.

4. The rose, so ruddy in the light,
Bends on its stem all rayless now;
And by its side a lily white,
A sister shadow, seems to bow:
Good night—good night.

5. The bat may wheel on silent wing,
The fox his guilty vigils keep,
The boding owl his dirges sing;
But love and innocence will sleep:
Good night—good night.



【中文阅读】

塞缪尔·格里斯沃德·古德里奇（1793—1860）出生于美国康涅狄格州里奇菲尔德市，其笔名彼得·帕利更为世人熟

知。大约从1827年起，他就开始用这个笔名发表了一系列青少年作品。从1841年至1854年，他编辑了《帕利杂志》。1848年，他被任命为美国驻巴黎领事，任职四年。他是一位多产作家，作品有趣而广受欢迎。他的《一生的回忆录》于1857年出版，《彼得·帕利自己的故事》则在他去世一年后面世。

1. 太阳已经沉没在山后，
万物的阴影在蔓延；
森林里，响起长短不一的哈欠声，
大地拢起手臂，开始沉沉睡去：
——晚安，晚安。
2. 叽叽喳喳的松鸡已经停止饶舌，
啁啾啾啾的知更鸟也不再歌唱；
栖息在山间的乌鸦，
梦见森林的沉沉低吼：
——晚安，晚安。
3. 镶着金边的云朵黯淡了，苍白了，
露珠温柔地、安静地凝固，
溪谷里，雾帘慢慢升起，
连远处的磨坊也被静默吞噬：
——晚安，晚安。
4. 阳光中艳丽无伦的玫瑰，
收敛起枝叶上所有光华；

在它身边，一朵雪白的百合，
也在阴影中温柔地低下头。
——晚安，晚安。

5. 蝙蝠在空中无声地盘旋，
狐狸狡猾地保持警醒，
猫头鹰唱着预言式的挽歌，
爱与纯洁都温柔地进入梦乡：
——晚安，晚安。

LESSON 31 AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL



传统守旧的女儿

Louisa May Alcott (b. 1833, d. 1888) was born at Germantown, Pa., of New England parentage. Her parents afterwards returned to New England, and most of her life was spent in Concord, Mass. During the Civil War she went to Washington and nursed the wounded and sick until her own health gave way. As a child she used to write stories for the amusement of her playmates, and in 1857 published her first book, "Flower Fables." Her first novel, "Moods," appeared in 1865. "Little Women," published in 1868, is a picture of her own home life. "An Old-Fashioned Girl," from which this extract is adapted, was published in 1870, and is one of her most popular books.

1. Polly hoped the "dreadful boy" (Tom) would not be present; but he was, and stared at her all dinner time in a most trying manner.

2. Mr. Shaw, a busy-looking gentleman, said, "How do you do, my dear? Hope you'll enjoy yourself;" and then appeared to forget her entirely. Mrs. Shaw, a pale, nervous woman, greeted her little guest kindly, and took care that she wanted for nothing.

3. Madam Shaw, a quiet old lady, with an

imposing^[1] cap, exclaimed, on seeing Polly, “Bless my heart! the image of her mother—a sweet woman—how is she, dear?” and kept peering at the newcomer over her glasses till, between Madam and Tom, poor Polly lost her appetite.

4. Her cousin Fanny chatted like a magpie^[2] , and little Maud fidgeted, till Tom proposed to put her under the big dish cover, which produced such an explosion that the young lady was borne screaming away by the much-enduring nurse.

5. It was, altogether, an uncomfortable dinner, and Polly was very glad when it was over. They all went about their own affairs; and, after doing the honors of the house, Fan was called to the dressmaker, leaving Polly to amuse herself in the great drawing-room.

6. Polly was glad to be alone for a few minutes; and, having examined all the pretty things about her, began to walk up and down over the soft, flowery carpet, humming to herself, as the daylight faded, and only the ruddy glow of the fire filled the room.

7. Presently Madam came slowly in, and sat down in her armchair, saying, “That’s a fine old tune; sing it to me, my dear. I have n’t heard it this many a day.”

8. Polly did n’t like to sing before strangers, for she had no teaching but such as her busy mother could give her; but she had been taught the utmost respect for old people, and, having no reason for refusing, she directly went to the piano and did as she was bid.

9. “That’s the sort of music it’s a pleasure to hear. Sing some more, dear,” said Madam, in her gentle way, when she had done.

10. Pleased with this praise, Polly sang away in a fresh little voice that went straight to the listener’s

heart and nestled there. The sweet old tunes that one is never tired of were all Polly's store. The more she sung, the better she did it; and when she wound up with "A Health to King Charlie," the room quite rung with the stirring music made by the big piano and the little maid.

11. "That's a jolly tune! Sing it again, please," cried Tom's voice; and there was Tom's red head bobbing up over the high back of the chair where he had hidden himself.

12. It gave Polly quite a turn, for she thought no one was hearing her but the old lady dozing by the fire. "I can't sing any more; I'm tired," she said, and walked away to Madam in the other room. The red head vanished^[3] like a meteor^[4], for Polly's tone had been decidedly cool.

13. The old lady put out her hand, and, drawing Polly to her knee, looked into her face with such kind eyes that Polly forgot the impressive cap, and smiled at her confidently^[5]; for she saw that her simple music had pleased her listener, and she felt glad to know it.

14. "You mus'n't mind my staring, dear," said Madam, softly pinching her rosy cheek, "I haven't seen a little girl for so long, it does my old eyes good to look at you." Polly thought that a very odd speech, and could n't help saying, "Are n't Fan and Maud little girls, too?"

15. "Oh, dear, no! not what I call little girls. Fan has been a young lady this two years, and Maud is a spoiled baby. Your mother's a very sensible woman, my child."

16. "What a queer old lady!" thought Polly; but she said "Yes'm," respectfully, and looked at the fire. "You

don't understand what I mean, do you?" asked Madam, still holding her by the chin. "No'm; not quite."

17. "Well, dear, I'll tell you. In my day, children of fourteen and fifteen did n't dress in the height of the fashion; go to parties as nearly like those of grown people as it's possible to make them; lead idle, giddy, unhealthy lives, and get blase'^[6] at twenty. We were little folks till eighteen or so; worked and studied, dressed and played, like children; honored our parents; and our days were much longer in the land than now, it seems to me."

18. The old lady appeared to forget Polly, at the end of her speech; for she sat patting the plump little hand that lay in her own, and looking up at a faded picture of an old gentleman with a ruffled shirt and a queue. "Was he your father, Madam?"

19. "Yes, my dear; my honored father. I did up his frills to the day of his death; and the first money I ever earned, was five dollars which he offered as a prize to whichever of his six girls would lay the handsomest darn in his silk stockings."

20. "How proud you must have been!" cried Polly, leaning on the old lady's knee with an interested face.

21. "Yes; and we all learned to make bread, and cook, and wore little chintz gowns, and were as gay and hearty as kittens. All lived to be grandmothers; and I'm the last—seventy next birthday, my dear, and not worn out yet; though daughter Shaw is an invalid^[7] at forty."

22. "That's the way I was brought up, and that's why Fan calls me old-fashioned, I suppose. Tell more about your papa, please; I like it," said Polly.

23. "Say, 'father.' We never called him papa; and if

one of my brothers had addressed him as ‘governor,’ as boys now do, I really think he’d have him cut off with a shilling.”

【中文阅读】

路易莎·梅·奥尔科特（1833—1888）出生于美国宾夕法尼亚州杰曼镇的一个具有新英格兰血统的家庭。她的父母后来回到新英格兰地区，而她一生中的大部分时间都在马萨诸塞州康科德市度过。内战期间，路易莎去了华盛顿，并在那里护理伤病员，直到她自己的健康情况恶化。当她还是个孩子的时候，她就经常为小伙伴们写故事逗趣。1857年，路易莎出版了她的第一本书《花的寓言》，她的第一部小说《情绪》于1865年问世，1868年出版的《小妇人》则是她自身家庭生活的写照。1870年出版的《传统的女儿》是她最受欢迎的作品之一，下面这篇文章就节选自这本书。

1. 波莉希望那个“讨厌的男孩”汤姆不会在场，但他偏偏在，而且还用一种最令人坐立不安的目光盯着她吃完晚餐。

2. 萧先生，一位看起来总是很忙碌的绅士，对她说：“你还好吗，我亲爱的？希望你玩得开心。”接着就似乎将她置之脑后了。萧夫人看起来面色苍白而紧张，她和颜悦色地招呼了她的小客人，并再三询问她是否还需要些什么。

3. 萧老夫人，一位安静的老太太，戴着一顶颇为夸张的大帽子，一见到波莉便惊叫起来：“上帝呀！简直和她母亲长得一模一样——哦，你母亲可真是个大美人，亲爱的，她还好吗？”老太太坐在萧夫人和汤姆中间，一再从她的老花镜上端盯着这个新来的小客人，可怜的波莉只觉得食物难以下咽。

4. 她的表姐范妮像一只喜鹊，叽叽喳喳地说个不停，而旁边的小茉德总是在座位上待不住，于是汤姆建议把她放到那个大号的菜盘罩子下面，没想到，居然让过来掀锅盖的一位年轻女士尖叫着跑开了，那种把戏实在超出了她的心理承受能力。

5. 总之，这实在是顿令人不舒服的晚餐。当它终于结束时，波莉如释重负，顿时开心起来。大家都各自散去了，简单招待过波莉后，范妮被叫到裁缝那里去了，只留下波莉一个人在偌大的客厅里独自玩耍。

6. 波莉很高兴，终于可以自己一个人待着。她四处看了看身边各种有趣的东西，在那块柔软的绣花地毯上走来走去，不断地哼着歌。夜晚降临了，壁炉里红润的火光照亮了整个客厅。

7. 这时，萧老夫人步履迟缓地走进屋子，在她的扶手椅子上坐下，说：“这是一只很老的曲子，真好听。唱给我听吧，亲爱的，我很久没听过这首曲子

了。”

8. 在生人面前开口唱歌让波莉感到很是别扭。她从未接受过正规的声乐训练，只是从忙碌的母亲那儿学了一些。但是，长辈最应该获得尊重，这个道理她是清楚的。既然没有理由拒绝，她便走到钢琴边，开始弹唱起这首曲子。

9. “这种音乐，听着真让人心情舒畅。亲爱的，请多唱几首。”波莉唱完时，萧老夫人轻声说道。

10. 听到老夫人的赞赏，波莉很开心。她清新童稚的声音悠扬婉转，穿透人心，悠悠然荡漾开来。这些甜美的经典老歌原本就是波莉的拿手好戏，她越唱越投入，一曲《祝查理王身体健康》达到高潮，整个房间都回荡着优美的钢琴声与小女孩美妙的嗓音。

11. “这个调子真欢乐！再唱一遍，好吗？”汤姆的声音冷不丁地冒出来。他的红头发突然从高背椅后边露出来，原来他一直藏在那里。

12. 波莉吃了一惊。她原本以为，除了壁炉边那位开始犯困的老夫人以外，没有人在听她唱歌。“我不能再唱了，我累了。”她说着，一边向房间那头的老太太走去。波莉的语气里带着一种不容置疑的冷淡，于是，汤姆的红头发像流星般消失了。

13. 老太太伸出手，将波莉拉到她的膝盖旁边，

慈祥地看着小姑娘的脸。波莉早已忘记了老夫人头上那顶令人讨厌的大帽子，对她展开笑脸。波莉知道她的歌声使老太太感到快乐，想到这里，她觉得很开心。

14. “千万别介意我这样看着你，亲爱的。”老夫人说着，温柔地捏了捏小姑娘粉嫩的脸颊，“我已经很久没见到这样的小姑娘了。这样看着你，我也觉得神清气爽了。”波莉心想，这话可真奇怪。于是她忍不住问：“范妮和茉德不也是小姑娘吗？”

15. “哦，不，亲爱的！她们不是我所说的小姑娘。范妮这两年长大了，已经是一个年轻淑女了，而小茉德还是个被宠坏的孩子。你的母亲真是明晓事理，我的孩子。”

16. “老夫人说的话可真奇怪！”波莉心想，但她仍然尊敬地回答，“是的，夫人。”眼睛却盯着壁炉中的火光。“你不明白我的意思，是吗？”老夫人问道，仍然轻抚着波莉的下巴。“是的，夫人，我不太理解。”

17. “亲爱的，我来告诉你吧。在我们那个年代，十四五岁的女孩们不会穿着时尚的服饰，不会穿得像成人一样去参加聚会，不会过着一种游手好闲、轻浮而不健康的生活，然后在二十岁左右便腻烦这种安逸的日子。十八岁之前，我们都是些小姑娘，像个正常

孩子一样每天干活、学习、玩耍、穿衣打扮，尊敬我们的父母长辈。我总觉得，与现在相比，那时的快乐时光舒坦实在得多。”

18. 说到后面，老太太似乎已经忘记了波莉的存在。她坐在那里，忘神地轻轻拍着她手里那只丰润的小手，抬头看着一张泛黄的照片。照片中，一位老绅士穿着一件发皱的衬衫，头发系成辫状。“夫人，这是您的父亲吗？”

19. “是的，亲爱的，这就是我始终尊重的父亲。我一直为他整理衣物，直到他离开人世。我第一次挣到的钱，就是他奖励给我的。他说，如果六个女儿中哪个能将他的袜子补得最好，他便奖励她五美元。”

20. “您一定很骄傲！”波莉叫起来。她倚在老太太的膝盖上，饶有兴趣地扬起脸。

21. “那当然。我们所有姐妹都学会了烤面包、做饭，从小就穿着印着图案的棉布长裙，像群小猫咪似的健康活泼。我们每个人都当了祖母，我是最小的一个——明年就七十岁了，孩子，可我的身子骨还结实着呢。我的女儿萧才四十岁，却体弱多病。”

22. “这就是我接受的教育方式。我想，这大概也是为什么范妮总是叫我老古董。多说些您爸爸的事吧，求您了，我喜欢听。”波莉说。

23. “我们从来不叫他‘爸爸’，只称呼他‘父亲’，要是我的兄弟中有人叫他‘老爸’，就像现在男孩们习惯的那样，我想，父亲大概真的会甩给他一先令，然后剥夺他的继承权。”

[1] Imposing, having the power of exciting attention and feeling, impressive.

[2] Magpie, a noisy, mischievous bird, common in Europe and America.

[3] Vanished, disappeared.

[4] Meteor, a shooting star.

[5] Confidently, with trust.

[6] Blase, a French word meaning surfeited, rendered incapable of further enjoyment.

[7] Invalid, a person who is sickly.

LESSON 32
MY MOTHER'S HANDS

母亲的双手

1. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

2. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I always weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

3. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,

For time and pain have left their mark
On hands and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

4. But oh! beyond this shadow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

【中文阅读】

1. 如此美丽的双手！
既不白嫩，也不娇小；
我知道，你多半不会觉得
这样的双手是美丽的。
我看过那些优雅的手，那些姿态和光泽
都能激发起一个雕塑家灵感的手；
但这双干枯羸弱、布满皱纹的手
在我眼里，却是最美的。
2. 如此美丽的双手！

虽然主人心里，已盛满疲惫哀伤，
但这双手却仍然日夜辛劳，
为了孩子们的幸福。

当我回首童年，
我总会无声恸哭。

那时，我尽情嬉笑打闹，
母亲的这双手，却从未休息。

3. 如此美丽的双手！

它们现在越来越虚弱，
岁月和痛苦刻下它们的痕迹
在手上，在脸上，在心上。
啊！啊！越来越近的最后撒手，
一想到，便让我伤痛欲绝。
这双手将被轻轻合起，
雏菊花下，被一抔黄土掩埋。

4. 但是，越过这死亡阴影，

她将抵达那片光明彼岸。
我清楚地知道，慈爱的上帝
将温柔握住这双我最亲爱的母亲的手。
在那片神的乐土上，水晶般的溪流
永不停歇地流过金色的沙滩，
在那里，年老的将会变得年轻，

在那里，我会再度紧握母亲的手。

LESSON 33 THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM



不满的钟摆

Jane Taylor (b. 1783, d. 1824) was born in London. Her mother was a writer of some note. In connection with her sister Ann, Jane Taylor wrote several juvenile works of more than ordinary excellence. Among them were “Hymns for Infant Minds” and “Original Poems.” Besides these, she wrote “Display, a Tale,” “Essays in Rhyme,” and “Contributions of QQ.” Her writings are graceful, and often contain a useful moral.

1. An old dock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer’s kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer’s morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted^[1] a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested^[2] their innocence.

2. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who spoke thus: “I confess myself to be the

sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was upon the very point of striking. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

3. "Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! you who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward year after year, as I do."

4. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened, this morning, to be calculating^[3] how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some one of you above there can give me the exact sum."

5. The minute hand, being quick at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue anyone; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and

years, really it was no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect^[4] . So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

6. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue^[5] ; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been seized by this sudden weariness. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate^[6] my argument?"

7. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion^[7] is at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

8. "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may think of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to execute^[8] but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." "That consideration^[9] staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial plate, "that we shall all return to our duty immediately; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

9. Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as if with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the

pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

10. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

【中文阅读】

简· 泰勒 (1783—1824) 出生于英国伦敦, 她的母亲是一位游记作家。当她还只是个孩子时, 就和姐姐安一起写了一些相当优秀的作品, 其中包括《为童真心灵写的赞美诗》和《原创诗歌》。除此之外, 她还写了《展示: 一个故事》、《韵律散文》和《QQ的贡献》。她的作品大多文笔优美, 且蕴涵深刻教育意义。

1. 在农夫的厨房里, 有一座已经立了半世纪之久的老钟。老钟从未发生过故障, 使主人有抱怨的机会。某个夏日清晨, 在所有人起床之前, 毫无缘由地, 老钟突然停了。对此, 表盘 (我们不妨认为这不过是个寓言) 惊诧地变了脸; 指针们试图循着原有路程迈步, 却徒然无力; 齿轮们也惊讶地动弹不得; 刻度们悬挂在那里, 说不出一句话。老钟身上的每个成员都在琢磨着把过错归咎于他人。最后, 表盘实施正规盘问, 以查明老钟停止的原因。对此, 指针、齿

轮、刻度都异口同声地咬定自己是无辜的。

2. 就在这时，一个微弱的嘀嗒声从老钟下方的钟摆处传来，它说：“我承认，我是本次停工的唯一原因。为了使在座各位满意，我愿意陈述我的理由。事实是，我实在厌倦了这样的反复嘀嗒。”听到这番话，整座老钟都愤怒起来，它几乎要再度敲响了。“你这个懒惰的家伙！”表盘叫起来，生气地扬着它的嵌条。

3. “你说得倒轻巧！”钟摆反唇相讥，“表盘夫人，大家都清楚你那高高在上的态度。对你来说，指责别人懒惰再容易不过了。你这一辈子做了些什么？无非就是瞪眼盯着别人看，不管厨房里发生了些什么，你都在一旁围观取乐。请你设身处地地为我想想，要是你终生被困在这个暗无天日的黑箱子里，像我这样年复一年地前后摇摆，你还会说得这么好听吗？”

4. “说到这一点，”表盘说，“难道不是特地为你安了个窗口，好让你能看到外面的世界？”“话是这么说，”钟摆继续抱怨道，“但这里太黑了。就算有一个窗口，我也不能停下哪怕一秒钟时间向外张望。再说，我实在厌倦了这种生活方式。如果你不介意的话，我倒很想告诉你这份工作有多么令人厌恶。今早，我碰巧计算了一下在接下来的二十四小时内，我需要来回嘀嗒多少次。你们上面诸位中也许有人能给

我个准确数字？”

5. 擅长于数字的分针很快回答：“86400次。”“一点儿也不错，”钟摆答道，“请你们大家都想想这个数字吧。如果它还不足以让你们感到疲惫，请再将这个数字按每天每月每年翻倍累计。一想到这些数字，我便觉得前途一片黯淡，生活毫无希望。因此，考虑再三后，我对自己说，我不愿再继续这种生活了。”

6. 在钟摆发表这篇演说的时候，表盘几乎无法维持它的沉稳表情。但是，它很快便镇定下来，回答道：“亲爱的钟摆先生，我很震惊，一个像你这样勤勉能干的人竟然会被突如其来的倦意所压垮。确实，你做了大量的工作，但是，难道我们不也在努力干活，并且将继续这样做？尽管一想到这点，我们或许都疲惫不堪，但问题是：这份工作真的使我们厌倦吗？现在，为了解释我的观点，能否请你帮个忙，再嘀嗒几下？”

7. 按照平常的节奏，钟摆顺从地嘀嗒了六下。“好了，”表盘接着说，“请问，像这样摆动六下，是否让你厌倦心烦？”“一点也不，”钟摆回答道，“但是，我抱怨的不是六下，也不是六十下，而是数以百万计的无数个六下。”

8. “很好，”表盘说道，“但是，你想一下，尽管你

在顷刻间便想到要嘀嗒数百万次，但实际上，你只需要嘀嗒一次。不管以后你还需要嘀嗒摇摆多少次，每一秒钟你都只需要嘀嗒一次。”“我承认，这么想的确令我好受些。”“那么，我希望，”表盘说，“我们大家能立即重新开始工作。如果我们继续站在这里闲聊，女主人就会一直赖在床上。”

9. 听到这话，从未被指责过工作轻巧的刻度们，也纷纷向钟摆施加影响，建议它继续工作。最后，大家终于达成一致意见，齿轮们开始转动，指针们开始迈步，钟摆也开始摆动。值得称道的是，它的嘀嗒声与以前一样铿锵有力。当朝阳的红色光芒从厨房的一个洞口处流泻进来，映在表盘上，表盘熠熠生辉，仿佛什么事都不曾发生过。

10. 那天早晨，那位农夫走进厨房吃早餐，他看着老钟对了对表，说，他的表昨晚快了半个小时。

[1] Instituted, commenced, began.

[2] Protested, solemnly declared.

[3] Calculating, reckoning, computing.

[4] Prospect, anticipation, that to which one looks forward.

[5] Harangue, speech.

[6] Illustrate, to make clear, to exemplify.

[7] Exertion, effort.

[8] Execute, to complete, to finish.

[9] Consideration, reason.

LESSON 34 THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS



花朵的死亡

William Cullen Bryant (b. 1794, d. 1878) was born in Cummington, Mass. He entered Williams College at the age of sixteen, but was honorably dismissed at the end of two years. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession successfully for nine years. In 1826 he removed to New York, and became connected with the “Evening Post”—a connection which continued to the time of his death. His residence for more than thirty of the last years of his life was at Roslyn, Long Island. He visited Europe several times; and in 1849 he continued his travels into Egypt and Syria. In all his poems, Mr. Bryant exhibits a remarkable love for, and a careful study of, nature. His language, both in prose and verse, is always chaste, correct, and elegant. “Thanatopsis,” perhaps the best known of all his poems, was written when he was but nineteen. His excellent translations of the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey” of Homer and some of his best poems, were written after he had passed the age of seventy. He retained his powers and his activity till the close of his life.

1. The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,

Of wailing^[1] winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear^[2] .
Heaped in the hollows of the grove
The autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

2. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
The lovely ones again.

3. The windflower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill, the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,

As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade^[3] , and glen^[4] ,

4. And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

5. And then I think of one, who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet^[5] it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

【中文阅读】

威廉·卡伦·布莱恩特（1794—1878）出生于美国马萨诸塞州卡明顿。十六岁时，他进入威廉姆斯学院，但两年后便主动退学。二十一岁时，他获得律师资格，并成功地执业了九年。1826年，布莱恩特迁到纽约，并为《晚间邮报》担任编辑并撰稿，直到他去世。在后半生的三十多年里，他一直居住在纽约长岛的罗斯林。他曾数次访问欧洲，并于1849年前往埃及和叙利亚旅行。在他的诗歌中，布莱恩特先生展示出对大自然非凡的爱恋和细致的研究。无论是诗歌还是散文，他的文字始终纯净、准确而优美。在他所有的诗歌当中，最广为人知的大概是《死亡观》，创作于他十九岁那年。布莱恩特先生的出色译作，荷马史诗《伊利亚特》和《奥德赛》，以及他最好的几首诗，都创作于他七十岁以后。在他晚年，他仍保持着旺盛的精力，坚持文学创作直至最后离世。

1. 寒冷阴郁的日子来了，

这是一年中最悲伤的时刻。

呼号的寒风，掠过光秃裸露的丛林，

炙热尽舔，干枯泛黄的草地。

秋日的落叶片片凋零，

堆积在林间的土地上。

它们在秋风卷起的漩涡中起舞，

又在野兔的脚下被践踏。

知更鸟和鹌鹑都飞走了，

松鸡也逃离了灌木丛，

寒鸦在树梢上枭叫着，

在这阴霾黯淡的季节。

2. 那些花儿们怎样了，
那些美丽的、年轻的花儿？
它们才刚刚绽开，挺立在
暖阳和风的夏日。
啊！它们已零落成泥碾作尘。
这些娇嫩的花朵，
正躺在大地的胸膛里，
如同我们美丽善良的同伴。
雨声淅沥，滴落在埋葬它们的泥土上，
但这十一月的寒雨，
已不能从那个阴森的世界
唤回这些美丽的灵魂。
3. 银莲花和紫罗兰，
早已凋零许久了；
野蔷薇和红门兰，
在夏日的骄阳中枯萎；
但山顶上的一枝黄，
树林间的紫菀花，
还有小溪旁金黄色的向日葵，
仍在秋日的寒风中婀娜生姿。
直到那清澈冷冽的天空中降下寒霜，

犹如困苦降临在人间，
裹走了它们的欢声笑语，
从山顶，从溪谷，从林间。

4. 现在，宁静温和的日子来临，
春姑娘脚步，轻声呼唤。
它来唤醒松鼠和蜜蜂，
从温暖的冬眠中苏醒。
当树木静止不动，
却能听到林间松果掉落的声音；
当朝雾弥漫，
却能看到溪流在闪烁中流淌；
南风寻觅着花朵，
它曾散播开它们的芬芳。
树林间，小溪旁，
它叹息着，花朵的踪迹早已杳然。
5. 我想起，那位清纯少女，
青春靓丽，却香消玉殒。
她那美丽、温柔容颜，
曾在我身旁盛开，又消逝在我身旁。
在落叶纷飞的季节，
我们将她埋葬在寒冷潮湿的泥土里，
我们哭泣着，叹息这个生命

如此可爱，却又如此短暂。
她红颜易逝的生命，
正如这些娇美的花朵。
如此柔美，如此艳丽，
却在寒冷的季节里，随风消散。

[1] Wailing, lamenting, mourning.

[2] Sear, dry, withered.

[3] Glade, an open place in the forest.

[4] Glen, a valley, a dale.

[5] Unmeet, improper, unfitting.

LESSON 35 THE THUNDERSTORM



Washington Irving (b. 1783, d. 1859). This distinguished author, whose works have enriched American literature, was born in the city of New York. He had an ordinary school education, and began his literary career at the age of nineteen, by writing for a paper published by his brother. His first book, “Salmagundi,” was published in 1807. Two years later he published “Knickerbocker’s History of New York.” In 1815 he sailed for Europe, and remained abroad seventeen years, during which time he wrote several of his works. From 1842 to 1846 he was minister to Spain. The last years of his life were passed at “Sunnyside^[1],” near Tarrytown, N.Y. He was never married. “The Life of Washington,” his last work, was completed in the same year in which he died. Mr. Irving’s works are characterized by humor, chaste sentiment, and elegance and correctness of expression. The following selection is from “Dolph” in “Bracebridge Hall.”

1. In the second day of the voyage, they came to the Highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor^[2] of summer heat.

The turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar, on deck, was echoed from the mountain side and reverberated along the shores; and, if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it from every cliff.

2. Dolph gazed about him, in mute delight and wonder, at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left, the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right, strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together and confine this mighty river in their embraces.

3. In the midst of this admiration, Dolph remarked^[3] a pile of bright, snowy clouds peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another, and another, each seemingly pushing onward its predecessor^[4], and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere; and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the wind came creeping up it. The fishhawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high, dry trees; the crows flew clamorously^[5] to the crevices of the rocks; and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder gust.

4. The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops; the

wind freshened, and curled up the waves; at length, it seemed as if the bellying^[6] clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and then rolled up the long defile^[7] of the Highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

5. For a time the scudding rack^[8] and mist and the sheeted rain almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still more fearfully by the streams of lightning which glittered among the raindrops. Never had Dolph beheld such an absolute warring of the elements^[9]; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through the mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

【中文阅读】

华盛顿·欧文（1783—1859），著名作家，其作品极大地丰富了美国文学宝库。他出生于美国纽约，接受了普通的学校教育。十九岁时，欧文为他哥哥出版的报纸写稿，并由此开始了自己的文学生涯。他的第一本书《大杂烩》出版于1807年，两年后，他出版了《荷兰裔移民的纽约开拓史》。1815年，欧文乘船去了欧洲，滞留海外长达十七年之久，期间完成了数部作品。从1842年至1846年，他出任美国驻西班牙公使。在纽约州塔里顿附近的“阳光畔”，欧文度过生命中的

最后时光。他终生未婚。他最后一部著作，《乔治·华盛顿传》在他生命的最后一年完成。欧文的作品特点是蕴涵幽默，情感质朴，文辞表达精确优雅。下文节选自《布雷斯布里奇田庄》一书中的《道尔夫》章节。

1. 旅途的第二天，船只抵达哈德逊高地。当时天近傍晚，无风、闷热，在崇山峻岭之间，他们的船儿顺流轻轻漂流。在夏日午后慵懒的空气中，天地间一片静谧安宁。船舷时而偏转，船桨偶然跌落在甲板上，哪怕一点细微声音，都会撞击山体旋即沿着山涧两岸依次荡开。要是船长碰巧扯着嗓子吆喝了一句，四周峭壁也会随声附和，回声悠扬。

2. 道尔夫出神地凝望着四周大自然中的壮观美景，心里充满了无言的快乐与惊奇。从左舷看，此刻，“邓德伯格号”船向他展露青翠的峭崖，一层层山崖，一层层绿意，直插入夏日深邃的天空中去。从右舷看，那块硕大突起的险峰便是“安东尼的鼻子”，一只孤独的苍鹰在它上方盘旋着。放眼望去，山峦叠嶂，仿佛它们已经联手将这片区域锁住，将这条伟大的哈德逊河禁锢在它们的怀抱中。

3. 道尔夫正沉浸在观幽探奇，突然，他看到一簇明晃晃的厚实云团，在西边天际若隐若现，随后，又

飘过来一簇云团，又涌来一团……不断迭现翻滚，在深邃湛蓝的天空中，展示出令人神晕目眩的壮观气势。现在，已能隐隐听见低沉轰鸣的雷声从山岭背后滚来。一秒钟前仍澄明如镜，映射着风景如画的天空和山岭的哈德逊河，随着风在水面上呼啸而过，也开始从远处漾起一圈暗色的涟漪。鱼鹰急速盘旋着，尖叫着，寻找着它们筑在高处树梢上的巢窝；乌鸦呱噪着，飞往岩石间的裂缝。自然万物无不惊悚，似乎已经觉察到一场暴风雨将顷刻来临。

4. 厚密的云层翻卷着滚过道道山峦。云层上方，仍然明亮得像雪一样；但下层的云团，已是一片墨黑。雨滴开始噼里啪啦地疏散落下，风带着雨水的清新，卷起河面上的浪花。终于，不断囤积的云层像是被山峰一把撕开，狂暴的骤雨滂沱而下。闪电在云层间跳跃着，颤抖着撞击岩石，猛烈撕扯着劈开那些高大结实的树木。震耳欲聋的雷声一阵阵炸响，轰鸣声在山谷间回荡，撞击着“邓德伯格号”船舷，然后越过哈德逊高地的绵长峡谷，每逢凸崖，势必炸开一声新的回响。回音一直传递下去，直到远处的公牛山也哞哞吼叫，将暴风骤雨发狂地撵开。

5. 一时间，碎云飞驰，浓密的雨雾笼罩大地，雨帘倾泻而下，天地间一片阴暗朦胧。在这令人恐惧的

晦暗中，接二连三的闪电穿过雨滴，迸出一道道刺目光亮，那么惨人惨白，狰狞可怖。道尔夫从未见过这样壮烈的景象，仿佛水、火、土、气这些元素在天地间激烈地交战。暴风雨撕裂着山岭峡谷，似乎将天上的箭矢枪炮一应辄重悉数投入了战场。

[1] 译注：Sunnyside，阳光畔，这是欧文与建筑师一同设计的一栋房子，带有十九世纪浪漫派建筑风格，已被列为华盛顿·欧文故居。

[2] Languor, exhaustion of strength, dullness.

[3] Remarked, noticed, observed.

[4] Predecessor, the one going immediately before.

[5] Clamorously, with a loud noise.

[6] Bellying, swelling out.

[7] Defile, a long, narrow pass.

[8] Rack, thin, flying, broken clouds.

[9] Elements, a term usually including fire, water, earth, and air.

LESSON 36 APRIL DAY



Caroline Anne Southey (b. 1786, d.1854), the second wife of Southey the poet, and better known as Caroline Bowles, was born near Lymington, Hampshire, England. Her first work, “Ellen Fitzarthur,” a poem, was published in 1820; and for more than twenty years her writings were published anonymously. In 1839 she was married to Mr. Southey, and survived him over ten years. Her poetry is graceful in expression, and full of tenderness, though somewhat melancholy. The following extract first appeared in 1822 in a collection entitled, “The Widow’s Tale, and other Poems.”

1. All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
 Their garnered^[1] fullness down;
 All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapped
 Hill, valley, grove, and town.
2. There has not been a sound today
 To break the calm of nature;
 Nor motion, I might almost say,
 Of life or living creature;
3. Of waving bough, or warbling bird,

Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

4. I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

5. For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

6. Sure, since I looked, at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs^[2] .

7. That lilac's cleaving^[3] cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

8. The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife!
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

9. Down, down they come, those fruitful stores,
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.

10. And ere the dimples^[4] on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth of amber^[5] light.

11. But yet behold—abrupt and loud,
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of its train.

【中文阅读】

卡罗琳·安妮·骚塞（1786—1854），诗人骚塞的第二任妻子，其笔名卡罗琳·鲍尔斯更为人熟知。她出生于英国汉普郡利明顿附近。她的首部诗作《艾伦·费扎特》发表于1820年。长达二十多年来，她一直匿名发表作品。1839年，她与诗人骚塞结婚，使他得以延长十多年生命。她的诗歌文笔优美，充满柔情，尽管不乏些许悲哀忧郁。以下节选最早收录于她1822年出版的作品集《寡妇故事及其诗歌》。

1. 低垂的乌云，将它们聚集的全部雨水，
淅淅沥沥地下了一整天。
灰色雾霭温柔地包裹住
山岭，溪谷，树林和城镇。
2. 天地间，只有雨水的喃喃细语，
再无其他声音，打破这样的寂静。

我敢说，几乎也没有，
任何生命的律动，惊扰这样的安宁。

3. 没有树枝的挥舞，没有鸟儿的婉啼，
也没有牛羊低声哞叫。

雨声中，我几乎能听见，
树叶与花蕾生长的声音。

4. 默默站着聆听——我爱极了这声音，
这细雨连绵不停。

雨滴细碎，却落下得密集急促，
径直跌进春天的大地里。

5. 大地赤裸着胸膛，
还没有厚实的层层绿叶为它遮挡；
但是，每枝滴雨的枝桠上，
都有嫩绿的新芽吐蕾待放。

6. 曙光初露，美丽的金银花蕾，
星光点缀，骨朵又见丰满，
含苞待放；亭亭玉立的枝桠，
转眼冒出，深浅不一的嫩芽。

7. 紫丁香，风中绽放挺立，
露出里面奶白色的花瓣。
一想起那甜美的芬芳，
我的心便忍不住悸动。

8. 湿润大地，烟雨笼罩，
空气中暗香浮动！
优雅与美丽无处不在，
盛开出婀娜律动的生命。
9. 雨滴欢快地落下，落下，
大地欢欣鼓舞！
四月的春雨倾盆而下，
渐渐稀薄，减少，停止。
10. 小溪上一圈圈的涟漪，
已经消失不见。
瞧！从西边的天空中，
破开一道琥珀色的霞光。
11. 但是，别急——急促而响亮地，
春雨又开始下了。
这是最后一朵乌云经过时，
留下对大地的告别。

[1] Garnered, laid up, treasured.

[2] Studs, knobs, buds.

[3] Cleaving, dividing.

[4] Dimples, small depressions.

[5] Amber, the color of amber, yellow.

LESSON 37 THE TEA ROSE



1. There it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious, creamy tint peculiar to its kind: its cup so full, so perfect, its head bending, as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness.—Oh! when did ever man make anything to equal the living, perfect flower!

2. But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose—a young lady reclining on an ottoman^[1], who was thus addressed by her livelier cousin: “I say, cousin, I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York; as, to our consternation, you are determined to do. You know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers, indeed,—that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut

off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line.”

3. “Make yourself easy as to that, Kate,” said Florence, with a smile; “I have no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum^[2] in view for my favorite.”

4. “Oh, then you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic^[3] upon the subject; telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her greenhouse; it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her; you are so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know.”

5. “Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged.”

“Whom can it be to? you have so few intimates here.”

“Oh, it is only one of my odd fancies.”

“But do tell me, Florence.”

“Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?”

6. “What! little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly, old-maidish ways; dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighborhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys behind our house than ever you have in Chestnut Street, though you know everybody is half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou^[4] to

a seamstress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances^[5] want with flowers?"



7. "Just the same as I do," replied Florence, calmly.

“Have you not noticed that the little girl never comes without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don’t you remember, the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?”

8. “But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in that close little room, where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, and cook.”

9. “Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and a dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me.”

10. “Pshaw, Florence; all sentiment^[6] ! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don’t believe it will grow with them; it is a greenhouse flower, and used to delicate living.”

11. “Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and poor Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gifts to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens’s room as in ours.”

12. “Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things.”

13. “Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be supplied; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures

or gratifications we may have it in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye light up as she looked upon these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command^[7] . From necessity, her room, her clothing,—all she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture^[8] she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose.”

14. “Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any ideas of taste^[9] !”

15. “Then why do you see the geranium or rose so carefully nursed in the old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns^[10] for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard day’s work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be baptized in.” “Yes, and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it.”

16. “True, Kate, but I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor woman regarded her baby in its new dress and cap was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have felt more grateful if I had sent her a barrel of flour.”

17. “Well, I never thought before of giving anything to the poor but what they really needed, and I have

always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way.”

18. “Ah! cousin, if our heavenly Father gave to us after this mode, we should have only coarse, shapeless piles of provisions lying about the world, instead of all this beautiful variety of trees, and fruits, and flowers,”

19. “Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once, so go on your own way;” and the little lady began practicing a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

【中文阅读】

1. 它立在那儿。在起居室窗台旁边的浅乌檀色架子上，那株香水月季插在一个小小的绿色花瓶里。那奢华的绸缎窗帘，配着昂贵的窗饰挂幔流苏，垂落在小花瓶的两旁。房间里，到处摆满了亮闪闪的稀罕物件，满目珠光宝气，满屋奢贵豪华，但是，这株简单的香水月季当属鹤立鸡群，素朴中透着清纯可爱，奶白色叶瓣诱人丰润，带着奶油般的独特色泽，它的花瓣精致饱满，花朵低垂着头，仿佛连它自己都沉浸于自身丰盈之美里——啊！这精美生物，岂是人类所能创造出来的？

2. 阳光流泻过窗户，香水月季旁边更为亮眼——一位年轻女子斜倚在软垫上，身边活泼好动的表妹正

在与她聊天：“我说，表姐，我一直在想，等你去纽约的时候，你这株宝贝月季打算怎么办？我们都很诧异，你怎么坚持要走。你知道，要是把它留给一个像我这种粗心大意的人，那可就太可惜了。我喜欢花儿，这是当然的——我喜欢那些修剪包扎好的花束，可以捧着去参加晚会的那种，但是要让我去悉心照顾、打理它们，等它们开花，我可就做不到了。”

3. “别那么紧张，凯蒂，”佛罗伦萨微笑着说，“我没打算劳烦你帮忙，我心里已经想好这株花的去处了。”

4. “哦，那你一定清楚我打算对你说什么了。我猜，马歇尔夫人已经跟你聊过了吧。她昨天来这儿，一跟她谈起你要离开，我就很难过。我跟她说起，你最心爱的花很快就没人照顾了，诸如此类。她说，如果你愿意将这株香水月季送给她，挪到她家的温室里，她会很高兴的。眼看花就要开了，这么多含苞待放的花蕾。我对她说，我知道你一定愿意送给她。你一向都很喜欢马歇尔夫人，我没说错吧？”

5. “哦，凯蒂，我很抱歉，可我已经决定将它送给别人了。”

“还会是谁？在这儿，你身边根本就没几个亲密的人。”

“没什么，只是我的一个古怪想法罢了。”

“你一定得告诉我，佛罗伦萨。”

“好吧，表妹，你还记得上次帮我们做缝纫活的那个面色苍白的小女孩吗？”

6. “什么！你说的是小玛丽·史蒂芬斯？太可笑了，佛罗伦萨！你又开始做这些婆婆妈妈、怪异迂腐的事情了，为穷孩子们缝娃娃啦，缝小帽子啦，为附近那些脏兮兮的婴儿们钩织袜子什么的。我真觉得，你在我屋后这两条臭气熏天的低贱小巷里花的时间，比在前面这条名流如云的栗树大道上花的时间更多。你明明知道，这些上流社会的先生夫人们都很喜欢看见你。你做了这些还不够，现在，竟然还打算将这株珍贵的宝石送给一个做缝活的小女孩？要知道，有一位和你一样出生高贵的夫人也喜欢这株花，何况她还是你的闺密好友。我真想不通，那些下贱的人拿了花能有什么用？”

7. “和我一样。”佛罗伦萨平心静气地说，“你难道没注意到，那个小女孩每次来我们这儿，总是期盼地看着那些快要盛开的花苞？你难道不记得，那天早上，她面带羞涩地问我，能不能带她妈妈来看看这株花，因为她也很喜欢花？”

8. “可是，佛罗伦萨，你倒是想想：将这朵名贵的

花和那些火腿呀、鸡蛋、奶酪和面粉什么的放在一起，摆在他们那间狭窄小屋的桌上，史蒂芬斯夫人和她的女儿还要在这张桌上洗涮、熨烫、做饭——多不搭调呀！”

9. “可是，凯蒂，如果我被迫居住在一间简陋的破屋里，还要像你说的这样，忙着洗涮、熨烫、做饭；如果我忙着辛勤劳作，没有片刻空闲，窗外满眼只有颓败坍塌的砖墙，肮脏不堪的街巷，这朵花能带给我的，难道不是莫大的享受吗？”

10. “算了吧，佛罗伦萨，你太多愁善感了！穷人哪有时间像你这么感情用事。再说了，我可不相信这株香水月季会在那种地方开放。这株娇嫩名贵的花只适合种在温室里，它习惯了精致的生活。”

11. “哦，对于这一点，花朵从不在意它的主人是富有还是贫穷。可怜的斯蒂芬斯夫人也许没有其他东西，但她所拥有的阳光，和透过窗户流泻在我们屋里的阳光一样灿烂。上帝创造出来的这些美好事物，是他给予所有人的馈赠。你会看到，这株可爱的月季在斯蒂芬斯夫人的房间里，会长得像在我们房间里一样美丽而快乐的。”

12. “好了好了，不管怎么说，你的想法都太奇怪了！如果一个人想施舍点什么给穷人，通常都会给他

们些实用的东西，比如一袋土豆，或一条火腿什么的。”

13. “当然，土豆和火腿都是必不可少的。但是，在满足他们最重要也最渴望得到的东西以后，为什么不为他们提供一些我们有能力提供的精神上的快乐与满足呢？我知道，许多穷人都情感丰富，对美丽的事物也相当敏锐，但是，因为他们生活太过艰难，所以往往钝化了内心对美的敏感。就拿可怜的史蒂芬斯夫人为例吧，她对啁啾的鸟儿、鲜艳的花朵和悦耳的音乐的喜爱之情，并不在我之下。当她来到我们的客厅时，看着房间里的装饰品，我看到她欣喜的眼神闪闪发亮，但她却无力买下任何一件美丽的艺术品。她所有的东西——从生活必需品，到她的房间、她的衣服，都只能是粗糙简朴的。当我告诉她和小玛丽，我想把这株香水月季送给她们的时候，你真该看看她们脸上欣喜若狂的表情。”

14. “天哪！这些或许不假，可我从来就没想过这些。我从来就不知道，这些只知道苦力劳作的穷人竟然也有欣赏品位！”

15. “那你怎么不想想，为什么在那些穷家陋户中，总能看到用破陋茶壶种着精心调养的天竺葵或玫瑰，或是窗户上缠绕着种植在盒子里的牵牛花藤？这

些难道不是表明，无论生命的等级高贵或低贱，人们的内心都同样渴望着美丽的事物？你还记得吗，凯蒂，我们的洗衣女工辛劳工作了一整天后回到家，又熬了一个晚上，为她第一个孩子的受洗仪式缝制了漂亮的小裙子？”“是啊，我还记得那时我嘲笑过你，费心劳神地做了一顶那么雅致的婴儿帽。”

16. “是的，凯蒂，我觉得，当那个可怜的女人看见自己的宝宝穿上新衣，戴上新帽时，她脸上那完美的喜悦，值得我为她那么做。我相信，哪怕我送她一整桶面粉，也无法换来她那时的感激之情。”

17. “好吧，我可从来没想过，除了给那些穷人一些生活必需品以外，还能给他们一些别的东西。只要不太麻烦，我还是很愿意接济他们那些必需品的。”

18. “啊！表妹，如果我们在天上的父也按这样的想法来赐予我们，那么在这世上，我们除了能拥有那些粗鄙难看的東西以外，大概就不会有现在这些各种各样美丽的树木、水果和鲜花了。”

19. “行了，行了，表姐，就算你是对的吧。但是，饶了我这不开窍的可怜脑瓜吧，它太小了，怎能转眼装下这么多新奇的念头。你爱怎么做就怎么做吧。”于是，对着镜子，这名小淑女又开始顾影自怜地练习起她的华尔兹舞步来了。

- [1] Ottoman, a stuffed seat without a back.
- [2] Asylum, a place of refuge and protection.
- [3] Pathetic, moving to pity or grief.
- [4] Bijou, a jewel.
- [5] Circumstances, condition in regard to worldly property.
- [6] Sentimental, showing an excess of sentiment or feeling.
- [7] Command, to claim.
- [8] Rapture, extreme joy or pleasure, ecstasy.
- [9] Taste, the faculty of discerning beauty or whatever forms excellence.
- [10] Yearns, longs, is eager.

LESSON 38
THE CATARACT OF LODORE

洛多大瀑布

1. “How does the water
Come down at Lodore?”
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And, moreover, he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
2. Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
3. So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store,
And ’t was in my vocation
For their recreation

That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

4. From its sources which well
In the tarn^[1] on the fell^[2] ;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills^[3] ;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

5. And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

6. Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

7. The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;

8. Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound

9. Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,

And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

10. Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling^[4] and sprawling,
And driving and riving^[5] and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling;

11. And thumping and plumping and bumping
and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and
clashing;

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are
blending,

All at once and all o'er, with a mighty
uproar,

And this way the water comes down at
Lodore.

(Abridged from Southey)

【中文阅读】

1. “洛多大瀑布的水
是怎样落下的？”
曾有一次，
年幼的儿子这样问我。
甚至特别要求，
用韵律节奏告诉他。
2. 此后不久，
一个女儿也有如此疑问，
然后是第二个，
接着是第三个，她们都问了
和哥哥同样的问题。
她们都想听听，洛多大瀑布的水
究竟如何落下。
虽然，它的倾泻，它的咆哮，
无数次地，
他们都早已见过。
3. 因此，我用诗歌节奏描述，
因为韵律正是我所擅长的。
哄他们开心，
是我作为父亲的天职。

我愿为他们放开歌喉，
因为我是那桂冠诗人，
在他们眼里，在上帝面前。

4. 洛多大瀑布的源流，
在怪石嶙峋的山间湖里。
从那山间
喷涌出的泉水，
汇入小溪，汇入涧流，
流过青苔，穿过灌木丛，
它奔流着，它爬行着，
不久，它落脚到
这个小小的湖里。
5. 苏醒后，它从那里离开，
重新积蓄力量，再度启程。
奔流过芦苇丛，
一路川流不息，
流经草地，灌丛空旷，
沐浴着阳光或树荫。
它穿过林木丛生的森林，
在峭壁的碎石中前行，
激流湍急，
奔腾不息。

6. 有时，它快乐高昂地奔流而来，
有时，它静默着蜿蜒而行。

雾气漫天，浪花飞溅，
它愤怒着，喧闹着，
积聚最后，爆发出千钧力量，
直到，在这转角处，
它终于到达这片陡峭的悬崖，
腾空跃起，飞流直下。

7. 湍急的洪流磅礴而来，
然后骤然跌落，
碰撞着，呼啸着，
犹如在山洞石缝中，
发起一场激烈的战争。

8. 它在攀升，跨跃，
沉落，潜行，
它在膨胀，席卷，
飞泻，遽起，
它在飞翔，猛冲，
翻扭，盘旋，
它在旋转，掠动，
喷泄，激溅，
它在回转，缠绕，

一圈一圈，百转千折，
无数次地旋荡着；
它在撞击，战斗，
铺开汹涌澎湃的浩荡；
令人困惑，令人惊骇，
令人耳聋目眩，震耳心惊。

9. 它汇集着，然后喷涌，
迟缓着，然后加速，
撞击着，摇撼着，
冲刺着，然后离开，
滚动着，然后散落，
飕飕地磅礴着，嘶嘶地低缓着，
滴落着，弹跳着，
冲击着，然后裂开，
闪耀着，缠绕着，
汹涌不息，剑拔弩张，
踉跄着，颤抖着，
倾泻着，怒吼着，
波浪起伏着，咆哮着，
翻腾着，川流着，
潺潺着，挣扎着，
升举着，然后劈开，

呻吟着，哀鸣着，
波光粼粼，水花细碎，
聚集着，然后洒落，
一片白沫，闪闪发亮，
震颤着，发抖着，
匆忙地，仓皇逃窜，
轰鸣着，负隅顽抗。

10. 分岔，滑行，不断变异，
坠落，喧嚣，到处蔓生，
前行，撕裂，抗争不息，
雾漫，影动，波光潋滟。
11. 锤击，坠落，颠簸，凌空展翅，
急奔，迸闪，飞溅，铿锵有力。
它一泻千里，永不止息，
那韵律和运动交融汇聚，
伴随壮烈的喧嚣，戛然而止。
这就是洛多大瀑布的再生之路。

（节选自骚塞诗集）

[1] Tarn, a small lake among the mountains.

[2] Fell, a stony hill.

[3] Gills, brooks.

[4] Brawling, roaring.

[5] Riving, splitting.

LESSON 39 THE BOBOLINK



北美食米鸟

1. The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblincoln, or bobolink as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: “the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

2. The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed with the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled^[1] with clover blossoms; while the young apple, peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the

cherry to glow among the green leaves.

3. This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility^[2] and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

4. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed^[3] up, during the livelong day, in a schoolroom.

5. It seemed as if the little varlet^[4] mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed^[5] in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan^[6] to

the cuckoo:

“Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I’d fly with thee!
We’d make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o’er the globe,
Companions of the spring.”

6. Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this feathered voluptuary^[7] , which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my young readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he, in a manner, devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain.

7. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyment of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall

weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a bon vivant^[8] , a gourmand^[9] : with him now there is nothing like the “joys of the table.” In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic^[10] tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

8. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent^[11] with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Boblincoln no more, he is the reedbird now, the much-sought-for tidbit of Pennsylvanian epicures^[12] , the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan^[13] ! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous ricebird of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career: behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted^[14] dish, on some southern table.

9. Such is the story of the bobolink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates^[15] his sensuality in the larder^[16] . His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career, but to eschew^[17] all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken

little bird to an untimely end.

(From Irving's "Birds of Spring")

【中文阅读】

1. 在我看来，在北美，能与欧洲云雀媲美的、春天最快乐的鸟，大概便是食米鸟了。食米鸟，boblincoln，但人们通常叫它bobolink。它一年中选择飞到这片土地的季节，是诗人笔下描述的五月。它每年通常五月中旬到来，盘桓此地将近一月。早前，寒冷的冬天仍时不时地留下踪迹，让盛开的花朵霜冻枯萎；再晚些日子，炙热难熬、令人汗流浹背的夏天便开始了。只有气候和煦的五月，大自然散发出她所有的清新和芬芳：“雨季已经过去，大地上花朵绽放，鸟儿鸣啾，海龟也爬上岸来。”

2. 树木枝繁叶茂，正是绿意盎然的时候，树林间洋溢着一簇簇月桂花的馨香；空气中，弥漫着一片蔷薇和野玫瑰甜美浓郁的芳香；草地上铺满苜蓿花朵；新长出来的苹果、桃子和李子正渐渐长大，鲜红的樱桃在绿叶间容光焕发。

3. 这正是食米鸟选择的狂欢季节。它趁着这飘香的盛大庆典飞来，它的生活充满了感性和享受，满是悦耳的歌声和灿烂的阳光。在那最新鲜、最柔软的草

地上，在苜蓿花细碎盛开的地方，你总能看到它在鸣啾歌唱。它栖息在树顶的枝桠上，或是站在长长的随风摇摆的野草上；它随着春风飞上天空，又俯冲到地面。它歌唱出一连串银铃般的美妙音符，清脆的鸣啾此起彼伏，宛如云雀天籁般的歌喉，充满同样快乐和热烈的质感。

4. 有时，它从树梢向地面坠下，一张开翅膀便放声高歌，然后在歌声中颤抖着降落到地面，仿佛在自己的音乐中陶醉忘形；有时，它用一整首歌来求偶，似乎雌鸟也会因它的歌喉而倾心；无论何时，它看起来总是那么快乐、沉醉。在林间和草地上所有这些鸟类当中，食米鸟是我童年时代最羡慕的鸟儿。在一年中最美妙的季节里，气候适宜，当万物都呼唤着田野、当每枝嫩芽都蓬勃跳动着田园情愫的时候，食米鸟便会在我上学的小路上穿梭飞行。而我，这个倒霉蛋！却只能乖乖闭嘴，在这样漫长美好的一天中被囚禁在教室里。

5. 当它从我身边飞过，快乐啾啾着的时候，这个小恶棍看起来就像是在嘲笑我，用它的幸福日子来奚落我。哦，我羡慕死它了！没有功课，没有作业，也没有学校，它的全部生活就是假期、嬉闹、绿色的田野和晴朗的天气。如果我有诗歌天赋的话，我大概会

用洛根写给杜鹃的诗来形容它：

甜美的鸟儿，
你的窝巢四季常青，
你的天空始终清澈，
你的歌声中没有悲伤，
你的岁月里没有寒冬。

哦，如果我能飞，
我愿与你一起飞翔！
张开幸福的翅膀，
我们飞越环球，
始终与春天同行。

6. 但是，进一步的观察和体验，让我对这只身披羽裳的酒肉之徒产生了全新的认识。鉴于年轻读者的需要，我乐于勇敢地传教。因为，你们可能也曾像我一样，过高地羡慕和钦佩食米鸟。当第一眼看到它，我便为之心颤，称它具有生命的诗意。从某种意义上来说，它致力于优雅的追求和享受，迷恋音乐、歌声，关注品位、感性和优雅。因此，这种神圣的鸟儿不容丝毫伤害，甚至连学校那些淘气鬼们也不会冲它

投掷石块，哪怕最粗鄙的乡下人都会驻足聆听它的歌声。

7. 但是，看看它接下来的变化吧。随着光阴流逝，苜蓿草花儿凋谢了，春天渐渐远去，夏天到来。这时，食米鸟不再执着于自己的高雅品位，逐渐褪去诗意的黑色装束，换上了一件黄褐色的粗鄙外套，沉溺于安逸享乐，渐渐沦为普通的恶俗鸟儿。它不再放声歌唱，胃囊里也填满草籽；虽然它不久以前，还在那些随风飘扬的高高野草上摇曳着优美身躯，吟唱出悦耳的歌声。如今它过得很好，已然成为一个饕餮之徒。对它来说，没有任何东西能比过享用美食大餐那样受用。很快，它便厌倦了这些普通的家常菜肴，开始飞向食物更丰富的地方，追求异国风味的美食。

8. 接下来我们再听到它的时候，它与它的无数同类，正在特拉华州的芦苇丛里举行盛宴，并因为这些美食而日见臃肿。旅途中，它更换了名字，不再是食米鸟，改称芦苇鸟了，并且成为宾夕法尼亚州最受欢迎的小报上的美食家，与其竞争对手蒿雀享有同等恶名！不管它到哪儿，砰！砰！砰！总有生锈的枪筒对准它开火，成千上万只食米鸟不停地倒毙身亡。对此，它是否接受警告，并有所改变？哈，它才不会呢！再一次，它张开翅膀，继续旅行。南方丰美的稻

田正等待着它。它狼吞虎咽险乎撑死，体态变得臃肿不堪，甚至无法飞起。它不得不再次更名，变成卡罗莱纳州闻名遐迩的稻米鸟。这里，是它一生中的最后舞台：瞧！它和几十只肥胖的同伴们一起，被穿在烤肉叉上，串成一串，摆上桌，变成南方餐桌上一道为人称道的烘烤大餐。

9. 这便是食米鸟的故事。它曾经是一只灵魂纯净的、富有音乐气质、令人钦佩的鸟儿，是草地上的快乐精灵，是春天最受喜爱的鸟儿，后来却沦为一个恶俗拥趸，最终在食物柜里为自己曾经的感官享受而得到报应。它的一生，无论是对所有的小鸟还是小男孩们来说，都具有典型的道德意义，警告他们要恪守对高贵品格和聪明才智的追求，远远避开那些恶俗习气和沉迷酒色的倾向。正是对这些美好事物的追求，曾在这只鸟儿年轻时带给它那么高的名气与关注；也正是后来对物欲的沉溺，令这只迷途的鸟儿过早走向毁灭。

（节选自欧文《春天的鸟儿》）

[1] Enameled, coated with a smooth, glossy surface.

[2] Sensibility, feeling.

[3] Mewed, shut up.

[4] Varlet, a rascal.

[5] Versed, familiar, practiced.

[6] John Logan (b. 1748, d.1788). A Scotch writer of note. His writings

include dramas, poetry, history, and essays.

[7] Voluptuary, one who makes his bodily enjoyment his chief object.

[8] Bon vivant, one who lives well.

[9] Gourmand, a glutton.

[10] Gastronomic, relating to the science of good eating.

[11] Corpulent, fleshy, fat.

[12] Epicure, one who indulges in the luxuries of the table.

[13] The ortolan is a small bird, abundant in southern Europe, Cyprus, and Japan. It is fattened for the table, and is considered a great delicacy.

[14] Vaunted, boasted.

[15] Expiates, atones for.

[16] Larder, a pantry.

[17] Eschew, to shun.

LESSON 40 ROBERT OF LINCOLN



罗伯特·林肯^[1]

1. Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
“Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink.
Snug and safe is that nest of ours.
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.”
2. Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat:
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
“Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.”
3. Robert of Lincoln’s Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,

Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband
sings:

“Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.”

4. Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
“Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.”

5. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
“Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.”

6. Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood..

“Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.”

7. Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
“Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.”

8. Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
“Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.”

(William Cullen Bryant)

【中文阅读】

1. 荆棘野草上，欢乐地跳来荡去，

在他娇小妻子筑的巢边；
飞过山岭或草地，
罗伯特·林肯炫耀着自己的名字：
“食米鸟，食米鸟，
跳来跳去，跳来跳去。
我们的窝巢舒适而安全，
藏在夏季的花丛间。
唧，唧，唧。”

2. 罗伯特·林肯盛装打扮，
黑色燕尾服闪亮夺目：
雪白的肩饰和顶冠，
他欢快的嗓音在歌唱：
“食米鸟，食米鸟，
跳来跳去，跳来跳去。
瞧！我这漂亮的新外套，
其他的鸟儿怎能比得上。
唧，唧，唧。”

3. 罗伯特·林肯可爱宁静的妻子，
扑闪着朴素的灰褐色翅膀，
安心静卧于温暖鸟巢，
听她的丈夫快乐歌唱：
“食米鸟，食米鸟，

跳来跳去，跳来跳去。

安心孵蛋吧，亲爱的，只要我在这儿，
你就无须担心，小偷和强盗。

唧，唧，唧。”

4. 她羞涩谦逊得像名修女，

偶尔低声地啁啾一声。

他却自豪得像个王子，
得意洋洋地自夸自擂：

“食米鸟，食米鸟，
跳来跳去，跳来跳去。

我可从不怕人类，
来抓我呀，你这无赖！流氓！

唧，唧，唧。”

5. 干草床上，六只白色的蛋，

带着紫色斑点，温润美丽！

母亲整天地孵坐窝里，

父亲快乐地吐露心声：

“食米鸟，食米鸟，
跳来跳去，跳来跳去。

尽职的母亲从不挪窝，
在家照顾孩子，我却在外面嘻耍玩闹。

唧，唧，唧。”

6. 雏鸟们很快破壳而出，
六张小嘴嗷嗷待哺。
罗伯特·林肯抖擞精神，
为饥饿的孩子衔来草籽：
“食米鸟，食米鸟，
跳来跳去，跳来跳去。
这样的生活对年轻快乐的我来说，
真的很难，很难。
唧，唧，唧。”

7. 罗伯特·林肯终于变了模样，
精心照料孩子，不再歌唱；
黑色燕尾服慢慢褪了色，
往昔的快乐时光也被遗忘。
“食米鸟，食米鸟，
跳来跳去，跳来跳去。
除了我们夫妻俩以外，
没有人知道孵蛋的小窝搭在哪儿。
唧，唧，唧。”

8. 夏季渐远，孩子们都已长大；
不再知道玩乐和嬉闹
罗伯特·林肯变成一只干瘪的老鸟，
他飞走了，我们唱着他的歌谣：

“食米鸟，食米鸟，
跳来跳去，跳来跳去。
风笛吹响那古老迷人的曲调，
请回来吧，罗伯特·林肯。
唧，唧，唧。”

（威廉·卡伦·布莱恩特）

[1] 译注：Robert of Lincoln，罗伯特·林肯，是食米鸟的俗称，关于食米鸟的各种名字，参见LESSON 39。

LESSON 41 REBELLION IN MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON



马萨诸塞州州立监狱的叛乱

1. A more impressive exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest ferocity under the most appalling circumstances, was never seen than that which was witnessed by the officers of our state prison; in the rebellion which occurred some years since.

2. Three convicts had been sentenced, under the rules of the prison, to be whipped in the yard, and, by some effort of one of the other prisoners, a door had been opened at midday communicating with the great dining hall and, through the warden's^[1] lodge, with the street.

3. The dining hall was long, dark, and damp, from its situation near the surface of the ground; and in this all the prisoners assembled, with clubs and such other tools as they could seize in passing through the workshops.

4. Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of the ferocious spirits, who are drawn away from their encroachments^[2] on society, forming a congregation of strength, vileness, and talent that can hardly be

equaled on earth, even among the famed brigands^[3] of Italy.

5. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of infamous crime, dressed in the motley^[4] and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac^[5] appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment which was to be inflicted on the morrow upon their comrades.

6. The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the prison were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences likely to ensue from the conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together, and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news rapidly spread through the town, and a subordinate^[6] officer, of the most mild and kind disposition, hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers. The most equable-tempered and the mildest man in the government was in this hour of peril the firmest.

7. He instantly dispatched a request to Major Wainright, commander of the marines^[7] stationed at the Navy Yard, for assistance, and declared his purpose to enter into the hall and try the force of firm demeanor^[8] and persuasion upon the enraged multitude.

8. All his brethren exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard, but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said that he had no fear, and, in case of danger, arms would do him no service; and alone, with only a little rattan, which was his usual walking stick, he advanced into

the hall to hold parley^[9] with the selected, congregated, and enraged villains of the whole commonwealth.

9. He demanded their purpose in thus coming together with arms, in violation of the prison laws. They replied that they were determined to obtain the remission^[10] of the punishment of their three comrades. He said it was impossible; the rules of the prison must be obeyed, and they must submit.

10. At the hint of submission they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and, as they were dimly seen in the further end of the hall by those who observed from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight can not be conceived, nor one of more moral grandeur, than that of the single man standing within their grasp, and exposed to be torn limb from limb instantly if a word or look should add to the already intense excitement.

11. That excitement, too, was of a most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations^[11], but was seen only in the dark looks and the strained nerves that showed a deep determination. The officer expostulated^[12]. He reminded them of the hopelessness of escape; that the town was alarmed, and that the government of the prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said that all those who would go quietly away should be forgiven for this offense; but that if every prisoner were killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the prison.

12. They replied that they expected that some would be killed,—that death would be better than such imprisonment; and, with that look and tone which

bespeak an indomitable^[13] purpose, they declared that not a man should leave the hall alive till the flogging was remitted. At this period of the discussion their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to destroy the officer, who still stood firmer and with a more temperate pulse than did his friends, who saw from above, but could not avert, the danger that threatened him.

13. Just at this moment, and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines, on whose presence alone he relied for succor, filing by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety, he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach; and now he knew that it was his only time to escape, before the conflict became, as was expected, one of the most dark and dreadful in the world.

14. He stepped slowly backward, still urging them to depart before the officers were driven to use the last resort of firearms. When within three or four feet of the door, it was opened, and closed instantly again as he sprang through, and was thus unexpectedly restored to his friends.

15. Major Wainright was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little windows, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a wiser as well as a bolder course, relying upon the effect which firm determination would have upon men so critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage, and formed at the end of the hall opposite to the crowd of criminals huddled

together at the other.

16. He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he would not quit that hall alive till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed balancing the strength of the two parties, and replied that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see which was the more powerful; swearing that they would fight to the last, unless the punishment was remitted, for they would not submit to any such punishment in the prison. Major Wainright ordered his marines to load their pieces, and, that they might not be suspected of trifling, each man was made to hold up to view the bullet which he afterward put in his gun.

17. This only caused a growl of determination, and no one blenched^[14] or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost exposure. They knew that their number would enable them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines after the first discharge, and before their pieces could be reloaded. Again they were ordered to retire; but they answered with more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure and kill as many as possible. Their guns were presented, but not a prisoner stirred, except to grasp more firmly his weapon.

18. Still desirous to avoid such a tremendous slaughter as must have followed the discharge of a single gun, Major Wainright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly into the muzzles of the guns which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention "to fight it out." This intrepid^[15] officer then took out his watch, and told his

men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not to fire till they had orders; then, turning to the prisoners, he said: "You must leave this hall; I give you three minutes to decide; if at the end of that time a man remains, he shall be shot dead."

19. No situation of greater interest than this can be conceived. At one end of the hall, a fearful multitude of the most desperate and powerful men in existence, waiting for the assault; at the other, a little band of disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign, to begin the carnage; and their tall and imposing commander, holding up his watch to count the lapse of three minutes, given as the reprieve^[16] to the lives of hundreds. No poet or painter can conceive a spectacle of more dark and terrible sublimity; no human heart can conceive a situation of more appalling suspense.

20. For two minutes not a person nor a muscle moved; not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the labored breathings of the infuriated wretches, as they began to pant between fear and revenge: at the expiration of two minutes, during which they had faced the ministers of death with unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear, and nearest the further entrance, went slowly out; a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and deliberately: and before half of the last minute was gone, every man was struck by the panic, and crowded for an exit, and the hall was cleared, as if by magic.

21. Thus the steady firmness of moral force and the strong effect of determination, acting deliberately, awed the most savage men, and suppressed a scene of carnage, which would have instantly followed the least

precipitancy^[17] or exertion of physical force.

(J. T. Buckingham)

“It may be that more lofty courage dwells

In one weak heart which braves all adverse fate

Than does in his whose soul indignant swells,

Warmed by the fight, or cheered through high debate.”

【中文阅读】

1. 几年前，马萨诸塞州州立监狱发生叛乱，当监狱狱警目睹这场惨无人寰的暴乱，奋起反抗这一闻所未闻的恐怖行为时，他们临危不惧而表现出的崇高正义感与罕见勇气令人钦佩、震撼。

2. 三名罪犯已被依法判刑。依照监狱律令，他们将在监狱院子里接受鞭刑。有一扇门连接着囚犯餐厅和监狱墙外的街道，虽然中途要经过看守警卫的小屋，通过另外一名罪犯的精心策划，中午，这扇门被打开了。

3. 囚犯餐厅狭长，光线阴暗，空气潮湿，位于监狱地面以下。现在，所有的囚犯都聚集在这里，手里拿着棍棒，以及其他路过工作车间时他们随手抓起的各种工具。

4. 现在，各种刀锤凿钻，所有能被作为武器的工

具，都被这些凶残的暴徒抓在手里，这些罪犯因非法侵犯他人权利而被驱赶到这里；现在，他们组成了一个暴力、邪恶和才智的集合体，这世上几乎不存在可以与之抗衡的势力，甚至包括意大利最为凶残的黑帮。

5. 这些年龄不同、性格迥异的男囚们，犯下了各种不同的恶劣罪行，穿着监狱里独特的杂色囚服，露出被监禁的囚徒脸上特有狂暴的、魔鬼般的表情。他们聚集在一起，唯一目的是为了阻止明天他们的同伴身上将受到的惩戒。

6. 典狱长、狱医以及其他部分狱警当时都在场，也都深知如果用暴力手段来恢复秩序将带来什么后果。他们围在一起，很难说是在讨论对策，因为在这种极度恐惧的状态下，即使是他们当中最勇敢的人也都失去了正常的思考能力。监狱暴乱的消息很快传遍了整个小镇，一名性格温和、宅心仁厚而级别较低的警官闻讯后匆忙赶到现场。他冷静自若地走到狱警中间，面对一触即发的危险境地，脾气最温和、平静的人，往往就是最坚定的人。

7. 他立即派人向韦恩莱特海军少将求助，少将是驻扎在海军基地陆战队的指挥官。随后，他将自己的意图告诉身旁的狱警们：他想走进囚犯餐厅，试着用

坚定的态度来劝服这些愤怒的囚犯们。

8. 他的同僚们无不惊呼起来，对这冒险举动纷纷反对，但都无济于事。他们让他随身带上一柄剑和一支手枪，但他拒绝携带任何武器进去。他对同僚们说，他毫不畏惧；倘若真有危险，这些刀枪根本帮不上忙。于是，他只带着那根平时走路时用的藤杖，孤身一人走进囚犯餐厅，与整个马萨诸塞州恶贯满盈、最为暴虐的这群愤怒的囚徒们进行谈判。

9. 他要求囚犯们声明自己的目的，为什么他们违反监狱法规，带着武器聚集到一起。囚犯们回答道，他们已下定决心，促使狱方赦免三位同伴。他说，这是不可能的，监狱的法规必须遵守，而囚犯们必须退让。

10. 当他说到“退让”的时候，囚犯们开始聚拢过来，拿着手里的武器随时准备动手。在餐厅另一头透过天花板上透光的栅栏监视的警官们眼里，没有什么比昏暗中这些囚犯们影影绰绰的脸更令人惊恐的景象了。同样，他们也从没见过比这个单枪匹马站在囚犯们当中的这个人更英勇的形象。似乎只要一言不合，或者眼神不对，囚犯们就会一拥而上将他撕成碎片。

11. 现在，危机已经一触即发，并没有什么喧闹叫嚷的咒骂声，但是，你能从囚犯们阴沉的表情和爆

起的青筋上，看出他们毫不退让的残忍。那名坚定的军官仍在劝诫着囚徒们，他提醒他们逃生无望，整个小镇已经知道了这里的情况；除了无条件投降以外，监狱管理方绝不会屈从囚犯提出的任何条件。他还说，所有安静退出暴乱的囚犯将不会被追究责任；但是，如果有任何一名囚犯在这场冲突中死亡，监狱将获得更多警力支持，以强化监狱中规章制度的执行。

12. 囚犯们回应说，他们已经预料到冲突中势必会有人员伤亡——但与监禁相比，死亡也许是更好的结局。带着不达目的誓不罢休的眼神和语气，囚犯们扬言，如果狱方不免除对三位囚犯的笞刑，没有人能活着离开餐厅。在谈判期间，囚犯们的邪恶情绪似乎正加剧膨胀爆发，甚至有一两名囚犯提出先解决那位警官。那位警官，只是更坚定地站在那里，比他的同僚们更为冷静温和。他的同僚们只能从天花板栅栏上方看着这一幕，对于他所面临的危险，却束手无策。

13. 就在那时，距暴乱发生大约十五分钟后，透过天花板上的微弱光线，这名警官看到了海军陆战队员的身影。他知道，自己可以依赖的救援近在眼前。他不动声色，脸上看不出丝毫焦虑，不过密切注意着士兵们愈发逼近的脚步。此刻，他内心明白，这是冲突发生前可以逃脱的唯一良机，也是世上所曾经历过

的最为可怕紧张的时刻之一。

14. 他慢慢地、不动声色地向后挪动，表面上仍强烈要求囚犯们在狱警被迫采用最后武力之前疏散。当离餐厅门还有三四英尺时，他突然飞快地打开门，冲了出去，并迅速关上门。出于所有人意料的，他就这样回到了同僚们当中。

15. 韦恩莱特少将接到请求，要求责令他的手下士兵通过餐厅的那些窄小窗户迅速向囚犯们开火；先用火药，然后实弹射击，直到囚犯们愿意退却为止。但是，少将却采取了一个更为明智大胆的方案，他决定用坚不可摧的攻心战来击垮这些困兽般的囚犯们。于是，他下令再次打开餐厅大门，领着二三十名士兵列队通过走廊，冲进餐厅，然后在餐厅的另一头列阵排开。士兵们手持武器，对准餐厅这头挤成一堆的罪犯们。

16. 少将开始向囚徒们喊话，说他奉命前来平息叛乱；他希望能够避免流血伤亡，但是，除非所有囚犯都返回自己的牢房，否则他绝不会让一个人活着离开这个餐厅。囚犯们似乎在衡量双方的力量对比，然后回应道，他们中已有人决心赴死，只有等到士兵们发动攻击，才能看出哪一方力量更强大。他们发誓要血战到最后一个人，直到监狱方愿意解除对那三个囚

犯的鞭笞，因为他们绝不愿屈服于鉴于内部的任何此类刑罚。韦恩莱特少将命令手下的海军陆战队员们子弹上膛，同时，为了避免被人怀疑是虚张声势，所有队员都必须将子弹举起来查看，然后再推入枪膛。

17. 但事与愿违，这样的举动反而激起了囚徒们更激烈的咆哮声。黑压压的囚犯们没有任何人退缩，站在枪口前面，没有人流露出丝毫颤抖的迹象。囚犯们内心清楚，他们的人数足够多；等第一次开枪射击后，士兵们的子弹未及再度上膛，他们就有时间一拥而上，消灭为数不多的士兵。这时，韦恩莱特少将再度命令他们放弃抵抗，但他们的回答却愈见嚣张。少将责令士兵们瞄准敌人，以确保尽可能地射杀对方。士兵们枪支各就各位，但没有一名囚犯心悸惊慌，他们只是将手中的武器握得更牢了。

18. 少将知道，只要一声枪响，接下来就会是一场大规模的血腥屠杀，他仍然希望避免这种惨剧。因此，韦恩莱特少将又往前跨了一两步，用比以往更加坚定的语气要求囚犯们退却。但囚犯们的回答仍然不变，他们直直地看着装满子弹的枪口，宣称要“杀开一条血路”。这时，这位勇敢的少将拿出自己的手表，吩咐士兵们举枪瞄准，但是在听到命令之前绝不能开枪；接着，他转向那些囚徒说：“你们必须离开这个餐

厅，我给你们三分钟时间来决定；三分钟后，凡是还留在这里的人，一律就地枪决。”

19. 已到了千钧一发的危急关头。大厅两端，囚徒们和士兵们正僵持对峙：一边，是一大群恐怖至极的困兽犹斗等待进攻；另一边，是一小群训练有素的军人，端着枪严阵以待，等待着最后的行动指令或手势迅即展开屠杀。而他们高大勇猛、威风凛凛的指挥官手里拿着他的手表，正在做最后的倒计时，从而决定数百人的生杀予夺。没有笔墨可以描绘出比这幕场景更为黑暗恐怖的生死凝重，没有一个人的心脏能承受比这更骇人听闻的惊险悬念。

20. 整整两分钟时间，所有人都纹丝不动，监狱里一片少有的寂静，只能听见这些愤怒的囚徒们沉重的呼吸声。在恐惧与复仇纠结中，暴徒们的呼吸越发急促起来。两分钟过去了，刚才这些面对死神毫不退缩的眼神开始动摇，人群队伍后面，临近门口地方，三两人偷偷地退到门外；接着，又有些人效仿他们，悄悄地、格外谨慎地退出门外。最后一分钟的前三十秒结束前，每个囚犯都彻底被恐惧击垮，潮水般地涌向出口，整个大厅刹那间变得空空荡荡，仿佛被施了魔法。

21. 因此，囿于道德力量的稳健，心理强势的坚

韧，谨慎运作的指挥，才最终镇住了那些穷凶极恶的囚犯，从而避免了一场血腥杀戮，哪怕丁点儿轻率鲁莽或武力冲突都会让所有努力前功尽弃。

与一个因战斗而温暖，或因争辩而欢呼雀跃的灵魂相比，也许，
更崇高的勇气积聚在
一颗勇敢面对所有困境的软弱心灵里。

(J. T·白金汉姆)

[1] Warden, a keeper, one who guards.

[2] Encroachment, unlawful intrusion on the rights of others.

[3] Brigands, robbers, those who live by plunder.

[4] Motley, composed of various colors.

[5] Demoniac, devil-like.

[6] Subordinate, inferior in power.

[7] Marines, soldiers that serve on board of ships.

[8] Demeanor, be-havior, deportment.

[9] Parley, conversation or conference with an enemy.

[10] Remission, pardon of transgression.

[11] Imprecations, curses, prayers for evil.

[12] Expostulated, rea-soned earnestly.

[13] Indomitable, that can not be subdued or tamed.

[14] Blenched. gave way, shrunk.

[15] Intrepid, fearless.

[16] Reprieve, a delay of punishment.

[17] Precipitancy, headlong hurry.

LESSON 42 FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY



无情寡义的娜莉·格蕾

Thomas Hood (b. 1798, d. 1845) was the son of a London bookseller. After leaving school he undertook to learn the art of an engraver, but soon turned his attention to literature. In 1821 he became sub-editor of the “London Magazine.” Hood is best known as a humorist; but some of his poems are full of the tenderest pathos; and a gentle, humane spirit pervades even his lighter productions. He was poor, and during the last years of his life suffered much from ill health. Some of his most humorous pieces were written on a sick bed.

1. Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!
2. Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, “Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second^[1] Foot!”
3. The army surgeons made him limbs;
Said he, “They're only pegs:

But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!"

4. Now Ben, he loved a pretty maid,
Her Name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devoirs^[2] ,
When he'd devoured his pay.

5. But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff^[3] ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

6. "O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform^[4] !"

7. Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe^[5] and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

8. "Before you had these timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

9. "O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

10. "I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my NELL!"
11. Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot!
12. So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And for the second time in life.
Enlisted in the Line!
13. One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.
14. And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town:
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

【中文阅读】

托马斯·胡德（1798—1845）是一位伦敦书商的儿子。学校毕业后，他最初学习雕刻，但很快就将转向了文学。1821年，他成为《伦敦杂志》的助理编辑。作为幽默家的托马斯·胡德广为人知，然而，他的诗作充满了一种柔软的悲怆

苦楚，这种温柔的人性情怀贯穿于他的短篇作品中。胡德一生窘迫，尤其在生命的最后几年里饱经疾病折腾，他最为著名的一些幽默作品完成于病榻上。

1. 本·巴特尔曾是个勇敢的士兵，
习惯于战场上的号角；
但炮弹夺走了他的双腿，
他只能被迫用双手支撑！
2. 当战友们将他扛下战场，
他说：“让别人为我报仇吧，
在这个战场上，我失去了双腿，
却印下了第四十二步兵团的脚印！”
3. 随军医生为他做了假肢，
他说：“这些可都是木头桩子；
唉！看来这有这些玩意儿，
才能代表，我这对假腿！”
4. 本曾爱上一位漂亮姑娘，
她的名字是娜莉·格蕾。
他曾向她倾述，对她的仰慕，
而她挥霍着他的微薄财产。
5. 但是，当他前去探望娜莉·格蕾，
她却对他嗤之以鼻。
当看到他的木制假腿，

她竟然动手将它们脱下！

6. “哦，娜莉·格蕾！哦，娜莉·格蕾！

难道，这就是你对我温暖的爱？

你对我的爱情，

竟比不上对一件猩红色大衣的爱慕！”

7. 她说：“我曾爱过一个士兵，

因为他快乐而勇敢；

但是你，两条腿都已经进了坟墓，

你这种男人，我永远都看不上！

8. “在你还没装上这些木头脚趾前，

我愿意接受你的示爱。

但现在，你看，你只能站在

木头上面！”

9. “哦，虚情假意的娜莉·格蕾！

我知道，你为什么拒绝我：

虽然我失去了双腿，却仍然看得清——

另一个男人，已取代了我的位置！

10. “但愿，我从未遇上过你。

再见吧，永别吧！

你是我的死神。——啊！

你绝不是，那名我深爱的女子！”

11. 本·巴特尔离开娜莉·格蕾，

他心情沉重，阴暗绝望。
生活，变得如此不堪重负，
令他决定结束生命！

12. 他用那根粗硕的绳子，
绕住自己的脖颈，
将他的名字，
写在死神的花名册上！

13. 他将绳子的一端，甩过横梁，
然后，脱下他的假肢，
当假肢掉落的同时，
他很快开始窒息。

14. 他悬挂在那里，直到停止呼吸，
一动不动地，就像小镇墙上的一枚钉子：
苦难也许会将他击倒，
却永远不会将他击垮！

[1] Forty-second Foot, Infantry in the army is spoken of as “the foot,” and the “Forty-second Foot” means the Forty-second Regiment of Infantry.

[2] Devoirs, respects, compliments.

[3] Scoff, an object of ridicule.

[4] Uniform (adj.), consistent, (noun) military dress.

[5] Blithe, merry, gay.

LESSON 43 THE GENEROUS RUSSIAN PEASANT



慷慨的俄罗斯农民

1. Let Vergil^[1] sing the praises of Augustus^[2], genius celebrate merit, and flattery extol^[3] the talents of the great. “The short and simple annals^[4] of the poor” engross^[5] my pen; and while I record the history of Flor Silin’s virtues, though I speak of a poor peasant, I shall describe a noble man. I ask no eloquence^[6] to assist me in the task; modest worth rejects the aid of ornament to set it off.

2. It is impossible, even at this distant period, to reflect without horror on the miseries of that year known in Lower Volga^[7] by the name of the “Famine Year.” I remember the summer, whose scorching heats had dried up all the fields, and the drought^[8] had no relief but from the tears of the ruined farmer.

3. I remember the cold, comfortless autumn, and the despairing rustics, crowding round their empty barns, with folded arms and sorrowful countenances, pondering on their misery, instead of rejoicing, as usual, at the golden harvest. I remember the winter which succeeded, and I reflect with agony on the miseries it brought with it. Whole families left their homes to become beggars on the highway.

4. At night the canopy of heaven served them as their only shelter from the piercing winds and bitter frost. To describe these scenes would be to harm the feelings of my readers; therefore, to my tale. In those days I lived on an estate^[9] not far from Simbirsk^[10] ; and, though but a child, I have not forgotten the impression made on my mind by the general calamity.

5. In a village adjoining lived Flor Silin, a poor, laboring peasant,—a man remarkable for his assiduity and the skill and judgment with which he cultivated his lands. He was blessed with abundant crops; and his means being larger than his wants, his granaries^[11] , even at this time, were full of corn. The dry year coming on had beggared all the village except himself. Here was an opportunity to grow rich. Mark how Flor Silin acted. Having called the poorest of his neighbors about him, he addressed them in the following manner:

6. “My friends, you want corn for your subsistence^[12] . God has blessed me with abundance. Assist in thrashing out a quantity, and each of you take what he wants for his family.” The peasants were amazed at this unexampled generosity; for sordid propensities^[13] exist in the village as well as in the populous city.

7. The fame of Flor Silin’s benevolence having reached other villages, the famished inhabitants presented themselves before him, and begged for corn. This good creature received them as brothers; and, while his store remained, afforded all relief. At length, his wife, seeing no end to the generosity of his noble spirit, reminded him how necessary it would be to think of their own wants, and hold his lavish hand before it was too late. “It is written in the Scripture,”

said he, "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

8. The following year Providence listened to the prayers of the poor, and the harvest was abundant. The peasants who had been saved from starving by Flor Silin now gathered around him.

9. "Behold," said they, "the corn you lent us. You saved our wives and children. We should have been famished but for you; may God reward you; he only can; all we have to give is our corn and grateful thanks." "I want no corn at present, my good neighbors," said he; "my harvest has exceeded all my expectations; for the rest, thank heaven: I have been but an humble instrument."

10. They urged him in vain. "No," said he, "I shall not accept your corn. If you have superfluities^[14], share them among your poor neighbors, who, being unable to sow their fields last autumn, are still in want; let us assist them, my dear friends; the Almighty will bless us for it." "Yes," replied the grateful peasants, "our poor neighbors shall have this corn. They shall know it is to you that they owe this timely succor^[15], and join to teach their children the debt of gratitude due to your benevolent heart." Silin raised his tearful eyes to heaven. An angel might have envied him his feelings.

(Nikolai Karamzin)

【中文阅读】

1. 就让维吉尔去赞美奥古斯都，让天才去赞颂美德，恭维颂扬罗马大帝的圣明与伟绩吧。《贫民简略

编年史》一书，耗费我大量的写作时间。当我记录下慷慨好施的菲洛·斯林的一生时，尽管他只是俄罗斯一位穷苦农民，我却是在描述一个品格高尚的人。我无须用花哨雄辩的语言来维系自己的写作，因为谦逊的行为与华美的辞藻并不相容，后者只会抵消前者的价值。

2. 即使年代相隔久远，回忆起在那个名为“饥荒之年”的年代里，伏尔加河下游民不聊生的悲惨生活，我内心的恐惧依然挥之不去。我还记得灾难发生的那个夏天，烈日烤焦了所有的农田，万物都是干枯的，绝望无助的农民们眼里只有泪水。

3. 那年秋天，天气寒冷难捱，饥饿的乡民聚集在自家空荡荡的谷仓旁边，抱着手臂，脸上满是悲哀迷惘。他们不再像往年那样，对着金色满仓的粮食庆贺欢歌。我还清楚记得那个接踵而来的寒冬，还能痛苦地想起它给村民们带来的苦难，无数家庭背井离乡，沿街乞讨求生。

4. 夜晚，饥民们只能在野外露天安歇栖身，没有任何东西可以遮蔽刺骨的寒风和冰冷的霜冻。就我书中记录来看，描述这些悲哀场景只会伤害到读者们的感情。在那些日子里，我住的地方离辛比尔斯克不远；即使我那时还只是个孩子，那些饿殍遍野的悲惨

景象仍让我记忆犹新。

5. 菲洛·斯林，一个住在邻村的贫苦而勤劳的农民，他因自己的勤勉、熟练的技能以及耕种土地的丰富经验而为人所熟知。幸运的是，即使那年灾年，他种下的庄稼也收成良好。因居家耗费有限，因此，即使在那段艰难岁月里，他的粮仓里仍堆满了粮食。饥荒之年迫使全村老少都不得不乞讨度日，唯独他家例外。此时不失为发财暴富的最佳时机。但是，看看菲洛·斯林是怎么做的吧，他召集了最为贫苦的街坊邻居，对他们说出了自己的想法。

6. “乡亲们，你们眼下需要粮食才能活下去。上帝保佑，我今年的收成不错。请大家到我家粮仓来，每人都是可以领取全家生活必需的口粮。”在场农民们都惊讶于这份史无前例的慷慨。毕竟，就像在人口稠密的城市里一样，农村里也同样存在利欲熏心的现象。

7. 菲洛·斯林仁慈好施的赈灾善行传到了其他村庄，饥饿的灾民们纷纷来到他门前，乞求周济口粮。这位善良的人像对待兄弟般地接待了他们，倾其所有，将粮仓里囤积的粮食毫不吝啬地分给大家。后来，他的妻子眼见丈夫的慷慨举动毫无尽头，只好提醒他，有必要为自己家人留下口粮，别等到倾家荡产，那时一切都太迟了。然而，菲洛·斯林却坦然说

道：“放心吧。《圣经》上说，‘你们要给人，就必有给你们的。’”

8. 第二年，上帝终于听到了穷人们的祈祷，田里庄稼收成丰足。现在，那些曾被菲洛·斯林救助幸免于难的农民们，再次聚集到他家门口。

9. “斯林先生，看哪，”他们说，“这是你曾借给我们的粮食。你拯救了我们的妻儿，要不是你，我们早就成为路边饿殍。愿上帝奖赏你的善行，也只有上帝才能做到。而我们，只能用这些玉米和满心的感谢来报答你。”“善良的乡亲们，我现在不需要粮食，”菲洛·斯林说，“我的收成也远超出我的期望。至于我所做的，感谢天上圣父，我不过是个卑微的践行者。”

10. 他们再三劝说他接受，终究还是徒劳。“不，”他说，“我不能接受你们的粮食。如果你们手中粮食富余，不如与你们身边的穷苦邻居们分享吧。去年秋天，不少人无法播下种子，现在仍在忍饥挨饿。我们应该去帮助他们，乡亲们，全能的主会因此保佑我们的。”“你说得对，”心怀感激的村民们回答道，“是应该把这些粮食送给那些贫困的乡亲。他们会知道，因为你，他们才能及时获救；在你仁行善举的影响下，他们也会教育孩子学会如何感恩与报答。”听到这样的话，斯林抬起泪眼，望着天堂的方向。他此

刻心中满溢的幸福感，就连天使都会为之羡慕。

（尼古拉·卡拉姆津）

[1] Vergil was the greatest of Roman poets. He was born in the year 70 B.C., and died 19 B.C.

[2] Augustus Caesar was emperor of Rome in the latter portion of Vergil's life, and received many compliments in the verses of his friend the poet.

[3] Extol, to elevate by praise.

[4] Annals, history of events.

[5] Engross, to occupy wholly.

[6] Eloquence, the power of speaking well.

[7] Lower Volga is a district in eastern Russia, bordering on the Caspian Sea, and takes its name from the river Volga.

[8] Drought, want of rain or water.

[9] Estate, property in land.

[10] Simbirsk is a town of eastern Russia, on the Volga.

[11] Granary, a storehouse for grain.

[12] Subsistence, means of support.

[13] Propensities, bent of mind, inclination.

[14] Superfluities, greater quantities than are wanted.

[15] Succor, aid, help.

LESSON 44
FORTY YEARS AGO

四十年前

1. I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse playground,
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
Who played with me upon the green,
Just forty years ago.
2. The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place,
Some forty years ago.



3. The old schoolhouse is altered some;
The benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same
Our jackknives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro;
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'T was forty years ago.
4. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 't was once so high
That we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,

To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

5. Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know, I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom;
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark;
'T was dying sure, but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut
Died forty years ago.

6. My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes:
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties.
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.

7. Some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea;
And none are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

【中文阅读】

1. 汤姆，我漫步在村里，
在那棵树底下坐下，
它立在校园的操场旁边，
曾为你我遮阴。
汤姆，没有故人前来问候，
很少还有人记得，
四十年前，那些
曾与我在这片草地上嬉戏过的朋友。
2. 汤姆，草地翠绿一如往昔，
男孩们赤脚玩耍游戏，
奔跑追逐，与我们那时同样神气，
活泼快乐，兴高采烈。
但儿时的老师，已长眠山上，
坡上，覆满了雪，
孩子们坐着雪橇滑下，
就像四十年前那样。
3. 老校舍曾被整修过，
学校里的长凳已被置换，
新的长凳，仍和当年
我们用小刀刻划过的那些一样。
墙壁上的老砖仍斑驳如昨，
校园老钟，仍在来回摇晃。

它的叮当铃声，亲爱的汤姆，
仍和四十年前一样。

4. 山脚下有处泉水，汩汩冒泡，
在它旁边，有片山毛榉林。
泉眼低低冒泡，它曾经往外喷涌泉水，
我们无须弯腰，便可喝到。
我跪在泉边，啜饮山泉，
水中映出我的倒影，亲爱的汤姆，
这四十年来，
岁月沧桑了我的容颜。

5. 泉眼旁边，有棵榆树，
你瞧，我刻下你的名字，
还将你心爱姑娘的名字，镌刻下面，
你也刻上了我和我心上人的名字。
不知道哪个坏蛋，剥去树皮，
老榆树奄奄一息，慢慢枯萎，
正如你当年刻下的，我的爱人，
四十年前，香消玉殒。

6. 汤姆，我的眼皮早已干枯了，
但泪水仍然溢满眼眶：
我想起，我曾深爱过的她，
那段，太早结束的爱情。

我走进古老的教堂墓地，
将手中的鲜花，轻轻撒下，
撒在四十年前，
我们心上人的坟冢上。

7. 有些人，长眠在教堂墓地里，
有些人，已沉到深深的海底；
班上同学，除了你我，
如今都已与我们阴阳两隔。
汤姆，当我们的生命走向终结，
当我们被上帝承召，
我希望，能与四十年前
我们爱恋的人重逢相依。

LESSON 45 MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE



考德尔夫人的演讲

Douglas Jerrold (b. 1803, d. 1857) was born in London. A midshipman's appointment was obtained for him, but he quit the naval service in a few years. He was then apprenticed to a printer. By improving his leisure hours he made himself master of several languages, and formed the habit of expressing his thoughts in writing. An essay on the opera of *Der Freischutz* was his first published literary production. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he wrote "Black-eyed Susan," one of the most popular dramas of modern times. Several other popular plays followed this. He was a regular contributor to the London "Punch," from the second number, and edited, at different times, several papers and magazines. As a humorist, he occupies the first rank. The most noted of his works are his plays, and "Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "Saint Giles and Saint James," "Bubbles of a Day," and "Chronicles of Clovernook."

1. Well, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you need n't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you; I can't speak that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best

creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. Do let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; besides, it is n't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

2. Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You did n't swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

3. It's a pity you hav'n't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd some wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry “oh” at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

4. Yes, it is worth talking of ! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor

women only knew what they had to go through!—what with buttons, and one thing and another,—they'd never tie themselves up,—no, not to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

5. And it's my belief, after all, that the button was n't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating^[1] enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

6. However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha! you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking^[2] every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

7. No, I'm not a vindictive^[3] woman, Mr. Caudle: nobody ever called me that but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I would n't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are, or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that would have talked to you! Then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

8. And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! and of a Sunday morning, too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up! And all about a paltry^[4] button off one of your wristbands! A decent man would n't have mentioned it. Why don't I hold my tongue? Because I won't hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I 'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you men!

9. But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then! Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to his wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too: such a slave to your buttons, as I may say. Somebody else to sew 'em'! No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and, with what I have to bear, there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I 'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

10. You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I should n't wonder. Oh, no! I should be surprised at nothing now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to; and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Caudle, you've a heart like a hearthstone, you have!

【中文阅读】

道格拉斯·杰罗尔德（1803—1857）出生于英国伦敦，曾被任命为海军见习军官。但几年后，他便从海军退役，然后改行从事印刷。他利用闲暇时间，熟练掌握了数门语言，并形成用文字表达思想的习惯。杰罗尔德出版的第一部文学作品，是关于歌剧《神射手》的评论。在他二十一岁之前，他创作出《黑眼睛的苏珊》，该剧为现代最为流行的戏剧之一。此后，他又接连写出其他几部畅销剧作。从第二期开始，他就是《伦敦喧声》杂志的长期撰稿人，后来又陆续编辑了一些报纸和杂志。作为公认一流的幽默剧作家，他的戏剧作品堪称一流，包括《考德尔夫夫人枕边训话》、《圣徒贾尔斯和圣徒詹姆斯》、《一天的泡沫》和《克罗夫努克编年史》。

1. 好了，考德尔先生，但愿你这会儿的脾气比早上要好些。嘿，你不用开始吹口哨嘘我，没有人上了床还吹口哨，不过这倒像是你的作风。你这么做，存心想气我是吧？以前，我总夸你是这世上最好的男人，可现在的你，简直是个恶魔。让你睡觉？你想得倒美，我是不会让你去睡的。我这次非把事情说清楚不可，你给我好好听着。我为你忙碌了一整天，要是连晚上都不能说话，这日子还怎么过得下去！再说了，老天在上，平时我根本就没怎么说过话！

2. 你这辈子就这么一次衬衫上的纽扣掉了，我没补上，你就非把屋顶都咒骂地翻了天不可。你说什

么，没咒骂？哈，考德尔先生！你可不知道当你火冒三丈的时候，你自己都做了些什么。什么，你说你没火冒三丈？啧啧，那我就不知道什么才叫火冒三丈了，可我早就知道了。我跟你一起生活了这么久，考德尔先生，我太明白什么叫火冒三丈。

3. 除了衬衫上缺了一颗纽扣以外，你连其他可抱怨的事情都没有，真够遗憾的，不是吗？要是你有几个老婆，你能抱怨的事情就多了，我说得对吧？要知道，我手上从来不缺针少线，为你或孩子们缝缝补补。我像个奴隶一样努力干活，可你感谢过我吗？你不但没有，甚至当你的衬衫偶尔缺了一颗纽扣的时候，你竟然还叫了一声“唉呀”！考德尔先生，我说过一次，或两次，最多三次：考德尔先生，我敢保证，这世上没有一个男人的衬衫纽扣比你的受到更多的悉心照料。要是我把当年我们结婚时你的衬衫都留着就好了！我倒很想知道，那时你衬衫上的纽扣在哪里？

4. 对，这事太值得念叨念叨了！可你就是这么习惯打击我。你总是暴跳如雷，一旦我试着开口说话，你就什么都不肯听。你们男人总是自顾自地说个不停，一个可怜的女人根本无从插嘴。在你眼里，一个妻子什么都不用想，只要全心全意地顾着她丈夫的纽扣就行了。这种想法可真不赖！你就是这样看待婚姻

的，是不是？哈，要是女人结婚前都知道自己以后要经历些什么就好了！——又是纽扣，又是七扯八拉的琐事。要是女人们知道这些，她们绝不会愿意结婚——绝不会，哪怕是跟这世界上最完美的男人！我敢保证。哦，考德尔先生，你说她们会去做什么？呸，不管做什么，都比跟你在一起强！

5. 再说了，我觉得，纽扣根本不是自己从衬衫上掉下来的。我相信，一定是你自己把纽扣扯下来，好让你有个由头向我抱怨。天哪，你太令人恼怒了！我只知道，纽扣竟然会自己从衬衫上掉下来，这未免也太奇怪了。就我所知，再没有哪个女人能比我对丈夫的纽扣更尽心尽力，这太离谱了！

6. 不过，倒有一个好处：这种事不会再发生了。我受够了你的坏脾气，以后真不想再和你过下去了。哈，你竟然在笑！我敢说，你一定笑不拢嘴！对此，我毫不怀疑！这就是你对我的爱，这就是你的心思！这样的生活，我每天都在饱受折磨，可我从来不说什么。等我走了，我倒想看看你的第二任妻子会怎么打理你身上的纽扣！到时候，你就会清楚前后差异了。是的，考德尔，到那时你才会想到我的好处，但愿那时候，你身上没有一粒缝好的纽扣。

7. 不，考德尔先生，我绝不是个心怀怨恨的女

人。除了你，从来没有人这么说我。你说什么？没人像你这么了解我？这跟这一点关系都没有。哈！考德尔，就是给我数座金矿为代价，我也不愿意染上你那种坏脾气。幸亏我不像你那样让人发愁，要不然咱俩早就过不下去了。我只指望你到时候有个总是向你抱怨的老婆！到时候，你就会明白我的好了。你像对待一个可怜的傻子似的对待我，可我什么都没说。我真该为自己感到羞耻，考德尔。

8. 作为一个父亲，你可真是为孩子们立了个好榜样！儿子们长大后肯定会像你一样举止粗俗。整整一顿早餐时间，你都在喋喋不休大谈你的纽扣，甚至周日早晨也不例外！亏你还自称是基督徒！我真想知道，儿子们长大后怎么会说起你！你絮絮叨叨的都只是你袖口上掉了的一颗微不足道的纽扣！一个斯文的男人根本不会提到它！为什么我不住嘴？因为我不想住嘴！我就是要毁掉自己的平和心态——你指望我为了你一颗衬衫纽扣愁得爬进坟墓，你还想让我住嘴！上帝啊！不过，这还真是你会做的事！

9. 可是，我知道得为自己将来打算。你身上的每一粒纽扣都有可能掉落，我可没法穿针弄线随时伺候它们。我倒想知道，到时候你该怎么办！哦，我不帮你缝，你就想找其他女人帮你缝，是不是？这还真是

丈夫甩给妻子的杀手锏！我一直就是这样的妻子：是你身上纽扣的奴隶！让别人去缝纽扣？不，考德尔，绝不；只要我还活着，你就别指望让别人缝你的纽扣！等我死了——等我死了，那我大概也只能忍受。我这样受你的气，天知道我什么时候会被气死——等我死了，我要说——天哪！你简直是个畜生，你竟然打呼噜打得这么响！

10. 你没打呼噜？哈！你总是这么说，但所有这些都无所谓了。你一定会找其他女人过日子，对不？哈！我丝毫不感到诧异。不！我现在对任何事情都不会感到诧异了！任何事情！如同别人总是告诉我的那样，该来的，一定会来。直到现在，纽扣才让我看清这些！我应该让全世界都知道你这么残忍地对待我，考德尔先生。作为妻子，我对你这么尽心尽力，考德尔，可你简直就是铁石心肠！

[1] Aggravating, provoking, irritating.

[2] Sinking, failing in strength.

[3] Vindictive, revengeful.

[4] Paltry, mean, contemptible.

LESSON 46
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

乡村铁匠

1. Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.
4. And children coming home from school

Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

【中文阅读】

1. 在树冠繁茂的栗树下，
坐落着一间铁匠铺。
身材健壮的铁匠，
有着宽厚有力的双手，
他的胳膊肌肉发达，
硬实得像是铁箍。
2. 他头发卷曲又黑又长，
有着一副棕褐色的健康脸庞。
他的眉头上滴落辛勤的汗水，
凭自己的双手养家糊口，
无须仰人鼻息，欠下人情，
他俯仰天地，心胸坦荡。
3. 他每天工作，从早到晚，
你总能听到铁匠铺的风箱鼓动，
你总能看到他挥动沉重的大锤，
那声声敲打，缓慢沉重。
就像每天傍晚，夕阳西下，
教堂司事照例敲响的暮钟。

4. 孩子们放学回家路上，
从铁匠铺的门前向里张望。
他们喜欢看到烧红的锻铁，
喜欢听到嘶吼的风箱，
然后追逐四下飞溅的火星，
像打谷场上飞扬的麸糠。
5. 每周日，他去教堂参加礼拜，
坐在自己孩子们中央。
聆听牧师的祈祷和传教，
捕捉女儿的欢欣歌唱，
在乡村合唱班弥撒声中，
这歌声令他心怀喜悦。
6. 女儿的声音，像是她母亲
从天堂唱出的歌声！
他想起那死去的妻子，
正静静躺在坟墓里。
轻轻地，他用硬实粗糙的手，
抹去眼角流淌的泪水。
7. 辛劳，欢喜，悲伤，
他的生活就这样延续着。
晨曦中，开始一天的艰苦劳作，
夜幕里，他以锤声夯落收场。

有所开始，有所收获，
然后进入夜晚的甜美梦乡。

8. 衷心感谢，我尊敬的朋友，
为你曾教会我的这生动一课！
在生命燃烧的熔炉中，
冶炼出我们的命运。
铁砧一声声塑造出，
每种光辉的行为和思想！

（朗费罗）

LESSON 47 THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW



勒克瑙救援

[From a letter to the “London Times,” by a lady, the wife of an officer at Lucknow.]

1. On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert^[1] it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineer^[2] had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

2. I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege^[3], and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant

fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, her “father should return from the plowing.”

3. She fell at length into a profound^[4] slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

4. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed: “Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay. I’m no dreaming: it’s the slogan^[5] o’ the Highlanders! We’re saved! we’re saved!” Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor^[6]. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, “Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a’! Here’s help at last!”

5. To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women, who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the

colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard only the battle of the musketry. A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, "Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D' ye hear? d' ye hear?"

6. At that moment all seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch^[7] of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers^[8]. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need.

7. Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency^[9] of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous^[10] impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch.

8. To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot." After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented

to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table playing once more the familiar air of "Auld Lang Syne."

【中文阅读】

（节选自勒克瑙一名军官妻子写给《伦敦时报》的来信）

1. 死神潜伏在四周，紧紧盯着我们的脸。再没有什么办法可以逃脱它的魔掌。我们每个人都知道，与这个世界做最后告别的时刻近了，所幸的是，坎恩坡那些不幸的罹难者所遭遇到的无法言说的恐怖，我们并没有感受到。我们已经下定决心，宁可受难赴死，也不愿投降，甚至完全相信，不过区区二十四小时之内，一切都将尘埃落定。那位随军工程师也是这么说的，当然，我们也都清楚眼下这最糟糕的情况。妇女们彼此拼命鼓劲，完成分配给我们的那些较轻的活儿，譬如向前方街垒炮手传达命令，为大家分发生活补给品，咖啡尤其必不可少，为此，我们从早到晚忙碌不停。

2. 我走出家门，和杰西·布朗一起，四处看看我们能否帮上什么忙，她是我丈夫同一军团里一位下士的

妻子。在被围攻的这段时间里，可怜的杰西一直焦躁不安。才几天时间，她已经明显消瘦了，一直在发烧，精神恍惚。尤其是那天，思乡的情绪强烈攫取了她，在过度疲劳中，她坚持不住了，躺在地上，裹着她的格子呢毛毯。我坐在她身旁，答应在“她父亲从地里回来的时候”唤醒她。

3. 她慢慢陷入沉睡，一动不动，似乎连呼吸也已经停止了，她的头还枕在我的大腿上。尽管身边炮火轰鸣，我自己也感到难以克制地昏昏欲睡。猛然，一声疯狂怪异的尖叫声刺入我的耳膜，杰西竟笔直地站起，立在我身边，高举着双臂，侧着头，像是在聆听着些什么。

4. 她的脸上突然露出难以克制的狂喜。她紧紧抓住我的手，用力将我拉向她，一边尖声高叫：“迪娜，你听到了吗？你听到了吗？天哪，我不是在做梦：这是苏格兰士兵们的呐喊！我们得救了！我们得救了！”她突然扑通跪倒在地，感谢上帝的仁慈，情绪那么亢奋激昂。我被她的举动弄迷糊了，我的耳朵里只听见炮声的滚滚轰鸣，我想，可怜的杰西大概是烧糊涂了，但她飞一般地冲到街垒边，冲着那些荷枪实弹的士兵们不停地高喊道：“挺住！挺住！你们快听这呐喊声，这是麦格雷戈将军的军队！最骁勇善战的军

队！我们的救兵终于来了！”

5. 实在难以形容这些话对士兵们的影响。有那么一会儿工夫，他们停止了射击，每一个人都焦虑万分地侧耳倾听。然而，渐渐地，人群中响起苦涩失望的窃窃私语。上校摇了摇头，那些哀声哭泣的妇女们，刚才因杰西的喊声而聚拢，又爆发出一阵号啕大哭。我们只听见持续的枪炮声。在这死一般的寂静中，在这折磨人的希望中，杰西又颓然倒地，双脚挺直，突然又跳起来，大声尖叫着：“难道没有人相信我吗？呐喊声是停止了，但号角声吹响了！你们听到了吗？听到了吗？”她的声音如此清晰尖锐，在整条街道上回响。

6. 苏格兰风笛号角声从远处传来拯救的信息，那一瞬间，所有人仿佛都听到了上帝的声音。现在，这个事实已经毋庸置疑。那高昂的充满穿透力的声音延绵不断地传来，盖过了所有其他声音，那声音绝不是来自进攻的敌人，或我军前方的战壕。不，这确实是响亮的苏格兰风笛号角声，声音高亢而粗犷，似乎宣泄着对敌人复仇的呐喊；接着，号角声又略微柔和，宛若表达拯救患难战友传达胜利的允诺。

7. 眼前未曾出现过的一幕就这样发生了。勒克瑙战区无人不被上帝的奇迹所折服。所有人心里怀着同

样的强烈情绪，扑通跪倒在地，哭泣着，哽咽着，喃喃祷告着。然后，大家站起身来，上千人同时爆发出震耳欲聋的欢呼声，回荡着响彻远方，为那福音般的风笛声注入了崭新活力。

8. 我们高唱起《上帝保佑女王》。为回应我们的欢乐，援军奏响了那首极富盛名的让每个苏格兰人掉泪的乐曲——《友谊地久天长》。接下来的事情似乎淡忘了，我实在记不清后面发生了什么。杰西被隆重地介绍给走进要塞的将军，在官方举办的宴会上，在场的所有军官都为她的健康干杯。与此同时，风笛手们围绕着餐桌行进奏乐，《友谊地久天长》再一次在风中嘹亮奏响。

[1] Avert, to turn aside.

[2] Engineer, an officer in the army, who designs and constructs defensive and offensive works.

[3] Siege, the setting of an army around a fortified place to compel its surrender.

[4] Profound, deep.

[5] Slogan, the war cry or gathering word of a Highland clan in Scotland.

[6] Fervor, intensity of feeling.

[7] Pibroch, a wild, irregular species of music belonging to the Highlands of Scotland; it is performed on a bagpipe.

[8] Sappers, men employed in making an approach to a fortified place by digging.

[9] Residency, the official dwelling of a government officer in India.

[10] Simultaneous, happening at the same time.

LESSON 48 THE SNOWSTORM



James Thomson (b. 1700, d.1748) was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, Scotland. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards studied for the ministry, but in a short time changed his plans and devoted himself to literature. His early poems are quite insignificant, but “The Seasons,” from which the following selection is taken and the “Castle of Indolence,” are masterpieces of English poetry.

1. Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,

At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.

'T is brightness all: save where the new snow melts

Along the mazy^[1] current.

2. Low the woods

Bow their hoar^[2] head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits^[3] its evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,

Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man.

3. Drooping, the laborer ox

Stands covered o'er with snow, and then
demands

The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing^[4] store, and claim the little
boon^[5]

Which Providence assigns them.

4. One alone,

The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling^[6] sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit.

5. Half-afraid, he first

Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the
floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance^[7] ,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet.

6. The foodless wilds^[8]

Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset^[9]
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,

Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind.
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening
earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow

7. Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be
kind,

Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing
east,

In this dire^[10] season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
In one wide waft^[11], and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
The billowy tempest 'whelms^[12]; till, upward
urged,

The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipped with a wreath high-curling in the sky

【中文阅读】

詹姆斯· 汤姆森 (1700—1748) 出生于苏格兰罗克斯堡郡埃德纳。他曾就读于爱丁堡大学，后来学习神学，但很快投身文学。汤姆森早期诗歌影响不大，但他的《四季》和《懒惰城堡》皆为英文诗歌中的名篇。下文节选自《四季》。

1. 万籁俱寂，漫天白雪从空中降下，
先是轻薄漫舞的白絮，接着是鹅毛般的雪片，

覆盖着广袤的大地，天地间一片阴霾，
大雪纷纷扬扬。这片深爱的土地，
穿上它纯净无瑕的冬日盛装。
到处是明晃晃的雪光，
初落的新雪融化，汇成蜿蜒的溪流。

2. 树木被风雪压弯了腰，
低下它们花白的脑袋；慵懒的落日，
从西边散射出朦胧的暮光。
大地被深埋在雪下，冰寒料峭，
一片萧瑟苍凉，大雪深埋了
所有人工的痕迹。

3. 耕牛低垂着头，
背上落满了雪，轻声哞叫着，
巴望
主人带来它的草料。本属于天空的飞鸟，
被这寒冷的季节驯服，哆嗦围在
粮垛前面，四下寻找
上帝赐给它们的零星麦糠。

4. 一只落单的知更鸟，
这只被家神宠爱的鸟儿，
早已明智地从恶劣的天空，
荒芜的大地，肃杀的灌木丛，

以及它颤抖的同伴们当中，看到危险。

每到冬天，它便在信任的人们家中过冬。

5. 带着些惊恐，它用嘴喙

轻叩着窗户；接着，便轻快敏捷地
栖息在温暖的壁炉边；它在地板上踱步，
斜眼看着这些对它微笑的家人，
轻啄着身边的东西，思索着自己身在何方。
等慢慢熟悉了环境，桌脚下的面包残屑
便吸引了它的注意力。

6. 树林里已经找不到粮食，

林间的棕色住户们纷纷逃窜。野兔，
虽然天性胆小，总被各种各样的
死亡威胁包围，譬如陷阱、猎犬，
还有残忍的猎人，但饥饿令它忘记恐惧，
它壮胆翻捣着花园。咩咩的羊群，
看着荒凉的天空，白雪苍茫的大地，
神色呆滞惊恐；接着，悲伤褪去，
它们在雪堆中刨着枯萎的野草。

7. 牧羊人啊，照顾好你无助的羊群，

为它们阻挡这狂暴的大雪，
在它们的围栏里装满食物；
将它们藏在雪堆下，并看紧它们。

这可怕的季节里，从东方嘶吼而来的狂风，
席卷了整片寒冷的平原。
羊群躲在两个山岭的峡谷间，
狂风在它们头上呼啸而过。
暴风雪倾覆而下，直到，
山谷间的积雪高高拱起，
反射出天边美丽的彩虹。

[1] Mazy, winding.

[2] Hoar, white or grayish white.

[3] Emits, sends forth, throws out.

[4] Winnowing, separating chaff from grain by means of wind.

[5] Boon, a gift.

[6] Embroiling, throwing into disorder or contention.

[7] Askance, sideways.

[8] Wilds, woods, forests.

[9] Beset, hemmed in on all sides so that escape is difficult.

[10] Dire, dreadful, terrible.

[11] Waft, a current of wind.

[12] Whelms', covers completely.

LESSON 49 BEHIND TIME



1. A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station where two trains usually met. The conductor was late,—so late that the period during which the up train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision^[1]. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been behind time.

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated^[2] for eight hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking in the west; reenforcements^[3] for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

3. A powerful corps^[4] had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve^[5] into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole

world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; and Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy^[6]. As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances^[7] by a certain day, and if they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing^[8] to large amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been behind time.

5. A condemned man was led, out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation^[9], and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger.

6. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved

frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve; but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious^[10] death because a watch had been five minutes too late, making its bearer arrive behind time.

7. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal^[11] of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed, because somebody is “behind time.” There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are “behind time.” There are others who put off reformation year after year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever “behind time.”

【中文阅读】

1. 一辆列车以近乎闪电般的速度飞驰而来。前方是一道拐弯，拐过弯后就是两列火车通常交会的站点。由于列车长的缘故，这趟火车晚点了，与之交会的上行车很快就要出发，但列车长仍然希望安全穿过前方拐弯处。突然，一列机车闯进他的前方视野，刹那间两车相撞了！在尖叫震惊中，五十条生命瞬间丧失。所有这些，只因为一名司乘人员的晚点。

2. 一场激烈的战役正在进行。长达八个小时，一列列纵队被指挥着向山脊上的敌人发起进攻。夏日骄阳已经渐渐西沉，远方顽固敌军增援部队的身影已经

进入视野。发动最后一次进攻事不宜迟，否则，一切都将前功尽弃。

3. 已经从全国各地召集起一支精锐部队。如果这支部队能及时抵达，战事局面将大为改观。这位伟大的征服者相信它能及时到达，因此，他把自己身边最后的近卫队悉数投入战场，指挥他们向敌人发动攻击。全世界对最终结果一目了然：格鲁希元帅没有出现，拿破仑的近卫军被彻底击败，滑铁卢丢失。就因为他手下那位元帅的迟到，拿破仑最终死于圣·赫勒拿监狱。

4. 某家业内的龙头企业长期挣扎在破产线上。当时，它在加利福尼亚州有大笔的资金储备，并预期能在某天收到汇款。如果这笔汇款能及时到达，这家公司的信用名誉以及它未来发展机遇无疑将得以保障。但是，一周又一周过去了，这笔款项仍然杳无音信。最后，至为关键的日子到来了，这家公司的几笔大额账单都已经到期待付。清晨一大早，这家公司就给当天运输邮轮发了电报，但是，查询结果表明，这艘邮轮上并没有携带任何资金，公司倒闭了。下一趟邮轮为他们带来了近五十万美元，但一切都已经太迟。这家公司破产了，就因为他们加州的代理商迟于汇款。

5. 一名死刑犯即将被执行死刑。他虽然杀了人，却是因为受到被害者的挑衅而冲动犯的罪，因此，公众对他都给予了相当同情。数千人签署了请愿书，请求对他判处缓刑。同意缓刑的答复大概在前一天晚上就已经被批下了，虽然批复未到，但就连死刑执行官也相信，它一定会在死刑执行前及时送达。然而，第二天早上，仍看不到信使的身影。

6. 执行死刑的最后时刻终于来临。死刑犯被带上眼罩，脖子套上绳索，站到预定位置。他脚下的木板突然打开，尸体就这样在风中摇摆旋转。就在那一刻，一位骑马者进入人们的视线，马匹飞奔下山，马嘴边吐着 泡沫。骑士的右手上拿着一个小包裹，发狂地朝人群挥舞着。他正是携带缓刑命令的传令者，但是，他来得太迟了。就因为传令者的表慢了五分钟，他迟到了，一个不应该被判处死刑的人就这样被可耻地夺去了生命。

7. 生活中，有太多这样的例子。那些最佳设定计划、重大或关键事件、个人命运、国家前途、荣誉、幸福乃至生活本身，都因为某个人的“迟到”而被耽误。有些人，不管他们做什么，失败总是与之形影不离，就因为他们总是“走在时间后面”。还有些人，年复一年地推迟改变，直到死神将他们带入坟墓。因

为“走在时间后面”，他们冥顽不化地死去，再也没有机会做出改变。

[1] Collision, the act of striking together violently.

[2] Precipitated, urged on violently.

[3] Reenforcements, additional troops.

[4] Corps, a body of troops.

[5] Reserve, a select body of troops held back in case of special need for their services.

[6] Bankruptcy, inability to pay all debts, insolvency.

[7] Remittances, money, drafts, etc., sent from a distance.

[8] Maturing, approaching the time fixed for payment.

[9] Provocation, that which causes anger.

[10] Ignominious, infamous.

[11] Weal, prosperity, happiness.

LESSON 50
THE OLD SAMPLER



昔日的绣花图样

1. Out of the way, in a corner
Of our dear old attic room,
Where bunches of herbs from the hillside
Shake ever a faint perfume,
An oaken chest is standing,
With hasp and padlock and key,
Strong as the hands that made it
On the other side of the sea.
2. When the winter days are dreary,
And we're out of heart with life,
Of its crowding cares aweary,
And sick of its restless strife,
We take a lesson in patience
From the attic corner dim,
Where the chest still holds its treasures,
A warder^[1] faithful and grim.
3. Robes of an antique^[2] fashion,
Linen and lace and silk,
That time has tinted with saffron^[3] ,
Though once they were white as milk;

Wonderful baby garments,
 'Boidered with loving care
By fingers that felt the pleasure,
 As they wrought the ruffles fair;

4. A sword, with the red rust on it,
 That flashed in the battle tide,
When from Lexington to Yorktown
 Sorely men's souls were tried;
A plumed chapeau^[4] and a buckle,
 And many a relic fine,
And, an by itself, the sampler,
 Framed in with berry and vine.

5. Faded the square of canvas,
 And dim is the silken thread,
But I think of white hands dimpled,
 And a childish, sunny head;
For here in cross and in tent stitch,
 In a wreath of berry and vine,
She worked it a hundred years ago,
 "Elizabeth, Aged Nine."



6. In and out in the sunshine,
 The little needle flashed,
And in and out on the rainy day,
 When the merry drops down plashed,
As close she sat by her mother,
 The little Puritan^[5] maid,
And did her piece in the sampler^[6] ,
 While the other children played.

7. You are safe in the beautiful heaven,
 “Elizabeth, aged nine;”
But before you went you had troubles

Sharper than any of mine.
Oh, the gold hair turned with sorrow
White as the drifted snow.
And your tears dropped here where I'm
standing,
On this very plumed chapeau.

8. When you put it away, its wearer
Would need it nevermore,
By a sword thrust learning the secrets
God keeps on yonder shore;
And you wore your grief like glory,
You would not yield supine^[7] ,
Who wrought in your patient childhood,
“Elizabeth, Aged Nine.”



9. Out of the way, in a corner,
 With hasp and padlock and key,
Stands the oaken chest of my fathers
 That came from over the sea;
And the hillside herbs above it
 Shake odors fragrant and fine,
And here on its lid is a garland
 To "Elizabeth, aged nine."

10. For love is of the immortal^[8] ,
 And patience is sublime,
And trouble a thing of every day,
 And touching every time;

And childhood sweet and sunny,
And womanly truth and grace,
Ever call light life's darkness
And bless earth's lowliest place.
(Mrs. M. E. Sangster)

【中文阅读】

1. 我家亲切古老的阁楼上，
在房间的角落里，
一束从山坡上摘来的鲜花，
摇曳着淡淡的芬芳，
橡木衣柜，静静地矗立，
铁扣挂锁钥匙，一应俱全。
衣柜结实，宛若大海对岸
亲手造出它的老木匠一样。
2. 冬日光阴，如此枯燥沉闷，
当我们的生活变得毫无乐趣，
当厌恶了毫无止境的焦虑，
以及永不停息的冲突较量，
我们便来到这昏暗的老阁楼上，
学习如何获得坚忍、勇敢。
橡木衣柜仍装着它的宝藏，
像个忠实而严峻的守护者。

3. 衣柜里的衣裳早已过时，
亚麻、蕾丝和绸缎。
它们曾像牛奶般雪白，
岁月在它们身上留下泛黄斑点。
那些可爱的童装，
针线间缝满温柔爱意，
母亲绣花的手，欢欣地穿针走线，
将喜悦美好，细细缝进蓬松褶边。
4. 带着锈迹斑斑的佩剑，
让人回忆起硝烟弥漫的战场，
从列克星敦，再到约克镇上，
人们的灵魂接受着惨痛的审判。
羽毛装饰的帽子，还有皮带扣，
珍藏着往昔鲜明的回忆。
啊，这儿还有一块绣花图样，
装裱在黑莓藤蔓做的图框里。
5. 藤框里的帆布早已褪色，
缕缕丝线也已黯淡。
但我仍能想起那白皙娇嫩的双手，
那张阳光明媚的稚气笑脸，
她戴着黑莓藤蔓做的花环，
用双面十字针法，绣下了这块图样。

一百多年前，她在这里缝活，
“九岁，九岁的伊丽莎白。”

6. 昼夜在经久轮回，
纤细的银针手中飞闪；
雨季在走马穿梭，
快乐的水花雨里四溅。
这个小小的清教徒女孩，
紧挨着坐在母亲身旁，
当其他孩子都在攀爬玩耍，
她低头绣着绣花图样。

7. 如今，你在美丽天国安息，
“九岁，九岁的伊丽莎白。”
可是在临死前，你经历着
我从未感受过的痛苦。
啊，金发长发也似悲伤难抑，
苍白惨淡，如寒冬飞雪。
就在我站立之处，你的簌簌眼泪，
止不住流淌，落在这羽毛帽檐上。

8. 当你撒手放开帽子，它的主人
从此不再需要它。
跟随着佩剑夺走的生命，
你去到上帝守护着的彼岸。

你所承受的苦难，是你的荣耀华冠，
你生性倔强，从不曾倦怠屈服。
墓碑上，刻着你耐心坚忍的短暂一生：
“九岁，九岁的伊丽莎白。”

9. 走过去，老阁楼的角落里，
带着铁扣、挂锁和钥匙，
矗立着来自大海对岸，
父辈们祖传的橡木衣柜。
衣柜上，从山坡上摘来的鲜花，
摇曳出淡淡的芬芳；
柜盖上，还套着一簇花环，
献给“九岁，九岁的伊丽莎白”。

10. 仁爱是永恒不朽的，
坚韧忍耐是崇高的。
每日克服一些困难，
经历一些磨难。
孩提时代的甜蜜与乐观，
会成长为女人的真实与优雅。
它们会穿透人生的茫茫黑暗，
温暖沐浴着世上每个孤独的地方。

（M. E·桑斯特夫人）

[1] Warder, a keeper, a guard.

[2] Antique, old, ancient.

[3] Saffron, a deep yellow.

[4] Chapeau, a hat.

[5] Puritan. The Puritans were a religious sect who fled from persecution in England, and afterwards settled the most of New England.

[6] Sampler, A sampler is a needlework pattern; a species of fancywork formerly much in vogue.

[7] Supine, listless.

[8] Immortal, undying.

LESSON 51 THE GOODNESS OF GOD



上帝的仁爱

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty: who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

2. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded^[1] for them. Thou hast set a bound which they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

3. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation^[2], which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from

his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

4. He caused the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

5. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted, where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge^[3] for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies^[4] .

6. He appointed^[5] the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening.

7. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

8. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.

9. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

10. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

11. O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength; seek his face evermore.

12. Remember his marvelous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth. He is the Lord our God; his judgments are in all the earth. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

(Extracts from the Bible)

【中文阅读】

1. 我的心哪，你要称颂耶和华！耶和华，我的神啊，你为至大。你以尊荣威严为衣服，披上亮光，如披外袍，铺张苍穹，如铺幔子，在水中立楼阁的栋梁，用云彩为车辇，借着风的翅膀而行。以风为使者，以火焰为仆役，将地立在根基上，使地永不动摇。

2. 你用深水遮盖地面，犹如衣裳，诸水高过山岭。你的斥责一发，水便奔逃；你的雷声一发，水便奔流。诸山升上，诸谷沉下（或作“随山上翻，随谷下流”），归你为它所安定之地。你定了界限，使水不能过去，不再转回遮盖地面。

3. 耶和华使泉源涌入山谷，流在山间。使野地的走兽有水喝，野驴得解其渴。天上的飞鸟在水旁住宿，在树枝上啼叫。他从楼阁中浇灌山岭，因他作为的功效，地就丰足。

4. 他使草生长，给六畜吃，使菜蔬发长，供给人用，使人从地里能得食物。又得酒能悦人心，得油能润人面，得粮能养人心。

5. 佳美的树木，就是黎巴嫩的香柏树，是耶和华所栽种的，都满了汁浆。雀鸟在其上搭窝。至于鹤，松树是它的房屋。高山为野山羊的住所，岩石为沙番的藏处。

6. 你安置月亮为定节令；日头自知沉落。你造黑暗为夜，林中的百兽就都爬出来。少壮狮子吼叫，要抓食，向神寻求食物。日头一出，兽便躲避，卧在洞里。人出去做工，劳碌直到晚上。

7. 耶和华啊，你所造的何其多，都是你用智慧造成的：遍地满了你的丰富。那里有海，又大又广。其

中有无数的动物，大小活物都有。那里有船行走，有你所造的鳄鱼游泳在其中。这都仰望你按时给它们食物。

8. 你给它们，它们便拾起来；你张手，它们饱得美食。你掩面，它们便惊惶。你收回它们的气，它们就死亡，归于尘土。你发出你的灵，它们便受造。你使地面更换为新。

9. 愿耶和华的荣耀存到永远；愿耶和华喜悦自己所造的。他看地，地便震动。他摸山，山就冒烟。

10. 但愿人因耶和华的慈爱，和他向人所行的奇事都称赞他！愿他们以感谢为祭献给他，欢呼述说他的作为。

11. 你们要称谢耶和华，求告他的名，在万民中传扬他的作为。要向他唱诗歌颂，谈论他一切奇妙的作为。要以他的圣名夸耀，寻求耶和华的人，心中应当欢喜。要寻求耶和华与他的能力，时常寻求他的面。

12. 他仆人亚伯拉罕的后裔，他所拣选雅各的子孙哪，你们要记念他奇妙的作为和他的奇事，并他口中的判语。他是耶和华我们的神，全地都有他的判断。我要一生向耶和华唱诗，我还活着的时候，要向我神歌颂。

(《圣经》诗篇节选)

[1] Founded, built, established.

[2] Habitation, place of abode.

[3] Refuge, shelter, protection.

[4] Cony, a kind of rabbit.

[5] Appointed, ordained.

LESSON 52 MY MOTHER



1. Often into folly straying,
 O, my mother! how I've grieved her!
Oft I've heard her for me praying,
 Till the gushing tears relieved her;
And she gently rose and smiled,
Whispering, "God will keep my child."
2. She was youthful then, and sprightly,
 Fondly on my father leaning,
Sweet she spoke, her eyes shone brightly,
 And her words were full of meaning;
Now, an autumn leaf decayed;
I, perhaps, have made it fade.
3. But, whatever ills betide thee,
 Mother, in them all I share;
In thy sickness watch beside thee,
 And beside thee kneel in prayer.
Best of mothers! on my breast
Lean thy head, and sink to rest.

【中文阅读】

1. 我时常愚蠢地漂泊在外，
啊，我的妈妈！我让你心生哀愁，
我时常听到她为我祈祷，
直到泪如泉涌，宽慰稍许；
她轻轻起身，微笑着，
喃喃自语：“上帝会保佑我的孩子。”
2. 她曾是那么年轻、明快，
爱怜地依偎着我的父亲，
她声音甜美，顾盼神飞，
言语中，充满柔情。
如今，她的神采似秋叶凋零，
也许是我，令它褪色。
3. 但是，无论什么疾病落到您身上，
妈妈，我都会不离不弃。
我会在您的病榻前照看，
在您身边跪下祈祷。
您是这世上最伟大的母亲！
请将头枕在我的胸膛上，沉沉入梦。

LESSON 53 THE HOUR OF PRAYER



祈祷时刻

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (b. 1794, d. 1835) was born in Liverpool, England. Her maiden name was Browne. Her childhood was spent in Wales. Her first volume of poems was published in 1808; her second in 1812. In 1812 she was married to Captain Hemans, but he left her about six years after their marriage, and they never again lived together. She went, with her five sons, to reside with her mother, then living near St. Asaph, in North Wales. Mrs. Hemans then resumed her literary pursuits, and wrote much and well. Her poetry is smooth and graceful, and she excels in description. Many of her poems are exceedingly beautiful.

1. Child, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze at eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;
Pray! Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

2. Traveler, in the stranger's land,

Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea;
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

3. Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

【中文阅读】

费利西亚·多罗特娅·赫曼斯（1794—1835）出生于英国利物浦。她娘家的姓氏是布朗，在威尔士度过童年时光。她的第一部诗集出版于1808年，1982年，她的第二部诗集问世。同年，她嫁给赫曼斯上校，但六年后，他离开了她，此后，夫妇再未共同生活。她带着她的五个儿子搬到北威尔士圣亚萨附近，和她的母亲同住。在那里，赫曼斯夫人重新开始了她的文学追求，创造出大量佳作。她的诗歌流畅优雅，擅长描述，言辞极具优美。

1. 孩子，在花丛间玩耍，

夕阳西下，暮色黯淡；
母亲，殷切的目光，
默默跟随着孩子的身影；
父亲，在傍晚的微风中，
收拾起辛劳工作，准备归家。
祈祷吧！在夜幕完全降临前，
虔诚跪下，心怀敬畏地祈祷吧。

2. 漂泊的旅人，在陌生的土地，
远离你温暖的家乡；
悲伤的送葬者，耳边萦绕着
来自另一个世界的声音；
囚徒，在狭仄的监狱，
阳光无法降临的地方；
水手，在黢黑的大海上；
虔诚跪下，心怀敬畏地祈祷吧。

3. 战士，从胜利的战场上凯旋，
在夕阳下呼吸着新生的气息；
女人，伏在卑微被杀的尸体上，
在他简单埋葬的坟前哭泣。
但是，那些胜利，那些哭泣，

都沐浴着上帝的神圣大爱。

你看，天空中总会升起那颗星，
虔诚跪下，心怀敬畏地祈祷吧。

LESSON 54 THE WILL



遗 嘱

Characters.—SWIPES, a brewer; CURRIE, a saddler; FRANK MILLINGTON; and SQUIRE DRAWL.

Swipes . A sober occasion, this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie . Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes; and those who live the longest outlive the most.

Swipes . True, true; but, since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur . Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes . Had you any hint from the Squire what disposition^[1] she made of her property?

Cur . Not a whisper; the Squire is as close as an underground tomb; but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she had cut off her graceless^[2] nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

Swipes . Has she, good soul, has she? You know I

come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur . And I in my own right; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer barrels. But here comes the young reprobate^[3] . He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. [Enter FRANK MILLINGTON.] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last.

Swipes . It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank . It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur . It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes . Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur . Ay, or a saddler's lackey^[4] , if held with a tight rein.

Frank . Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. [Going: He meets SQUIRE DRAWL.]

Squire . Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Cur . I hope the Squire is well today.

Squire . Pretty comfortable, for an invalid.

Swipes . I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

Squire . No, I believe not. But, since the heirs at law are all convened^[5] , I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased^[6] relative, according to law.

Swipes . [While the SQUIRE is breaking the seal,] It is a trying thing to leave all one's possessions, Squire; in this manner.

Cur . It really makes me feel melancholy when I look around and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the Preacher say, "All is vanity."

Squire . Please to be seated, gentlemen. [He puts on his spectacles and begins to read slowly.] "Imprimis^[7] ; whereas, my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler." [The SQUIRE here takes off his spectacles, and begins to wipe them very leisurely.]

Swipes . Generous creature! kind soul! I always loved her!

Cur . She was good, she was kind;—and, brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion house.

Swipes . Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

Cur . There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise^[8] every time she

wished to ride? And who knows what influence—

Swipes . Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? And who knows—

Frank . Gentlemen, I must leave you. [Going.]

Squire . [Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.] Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats, I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Ay, “All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer,”—

Swipes . Yes!

Squire . “And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler,”

Cur . Yes!

Squire . “To have and to hold, IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed^[9] his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him.”

Swipes . What is all this? You don’t mean that we are humbugged? In trust!

How does that appear? Where is it?

Squire . There; in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur . Pretty well, too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughingstock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes . And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate^[10] . But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie;

we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

Cur . That we will.

Squire . Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument^[11] is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank . It is, your worship.

Squire . Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

【中文阅读】

（ 人物： 史怀博，酿酒商；库里，马具商；弗兰克·米林顿，以及德洛尔^[12] 法官。 ）

史怀博： 这可真是个严肃的场合，是吧，库里兄弟。谁能想到老太太这么快就走了？

库里： 哈！人人免不了一死，兄弟。谁能活得比别人时间更长，就是最大的成就了。

史怀博： 这倒是。既然人都是要死的，也都要留下世俗财产，法律还能这么眷顾我们，这可真不错。那老太太临走的时候，意识清醒吗？

库里： 相当清醒。德洛尔法官告诉我，当时她一字一句地大声读出自己的遗嘱，签名时，她从未把自己名字写得那么顺溜。

史怀博： 她是怎么处置遗产的，你从法官那里听到什么风声了吗？

库里： 一点风声都没有。那法官口风紧得像埋在地底的坟墓。但当时在场的见证人对我透露，老太太剥夺了弗兰克的遗产继承权，就是她那个粗俗的侄子，愣是一个子儿都没给他留下。

史怀博： 真的？太好了，她真的这么做了？你知道，我是代表我妻子的权利而来的。

库里： 我可是代表自己。毫无疑问，这一定就是我们被叫来听法官宣读遗嘱的原因。尽管德洛尔法官嘴紧得像是你酒窖里的酒桶，密不透风，但是对于该怎么办，他可再清楚不过了。瞧，那小无赖也来了。从道理上说，他必须在场，你懂的。（弗兰克·米林顿上）年轻的先生，向您致敬，您的监护人最终还是离您而去了。

史怀博： 与故交知己分别，实在是件让人难受的事，米林顿先生。

弗兰克： 正是如此，先生。如果我那时不是一而再、再而三地对她的好意不屑一顾的话，也许我现在会更好受些。她是我唯一的亲人，我却没认清她对我的价值。

库里： 想悔改已经太晚了，米林顿少爷。从今儿

起，你得自己赚钱养活自己了。

史怀博： 就是，就是，就像那些比您更体面的绅士们那样，您也该学着花力气工作了。您要是比现在再年轻几岁，没准还能学学酿酒。

库里： 是啊，或是做个马具店的学徒也不错，如果曾被严加管教过的话。

弗兰克： 先生们，你们在暗示我婶婶在遗嘱中对我的态度，真是我咎由自取。 你们还不够资格来羞辱我，只希望，你们能谦恭地对待你们的财富，正如我对待自己的那样。抱歉，我得告辞了。（弗兰克正欲离开，德洛尔法官走进。）

法官： 等等，年轻人，我们需要你在场。早上好，先生们，你们来得可真够早的。

库里： 但愿法官大人今天身体不错。

法官： 作为一位病弱老人，我今天确实感觉不错。

史怀博： 我相信这潮湿的空气不会再度影响到您的肺部吧？

法官： 不会，我感觉很好。既然法律上的所有继承人都已经到场，依据法律，我现在要打开你们死去亲属生前最后一份遗嘱。

史怀博： （法官正在打开文件上的封蜡）用这种

方式留下一个人的所有遗产，真令人难受，是吧，法官大人。

库里： 当我环顾四周，看到所有东西都保持原状，只是不见曾经的主人，真令我感到心酸。牧师说得好，“凡事皆虚空。”

法官： 请入座，先生们。（他带上眼镜，开始慢慢朗读起来。）“首先，鉴于我的侄子，弗朗西斯·米林顿忤逆不孝和忘恩负义的行为，已充分表明他不配获得我的恩惠，也没有能力管理我的大宗房产，因此，我愿将我所有的房产、农场、股票、债券、现金以及其他财产，包括动产和不动产，遗留给我亲爱的表兄弟们：麦芽街酿酒商塞缪尔·史怀博以及粉煤灰场马具商克里斯托夫·库里。”（法官读到这里，摘下他的眼镜，开始从容不迫地擦拭眼镜。）

史怀博： 多么慷慨大度的人啊！善良的灵魂！我一直那么敬重她！

库里： 她真是个好人，心地多么善良——对了，史怀博兄弟，待会儿我们平分财产的时候，我可要拿走这栋大房子。

史怀博： 别这么快做决定，库里先生。我妻子早就眼巴巴地盯着这栋房子了，她可一定得把它要到手。

库里： 史怀博先生，那我们可就有得争了。不过，我可得有优先选择权。老太太生前想坐的马车，哪次我不是腾出一辆新的？有谁知道——

史怀博： 在她遗嘱里，难道不是把我的名字放在前面吗？难道不是我为她提供自家最好的淡啤酒，而且一送就是半年多？有谁知道——

弗兰克： 先生们，我该走了。（正欲离开。）

法官：（非常刻意地重新戴上眼镜。）安静点，先生们，请坐下。我还没念完呢。让我看看，刚才我念到哪里？哦，在这儿。“我所有的财产，包括动产和不动产，都遗留给我亲爱的表兄弟们：麦芽街塞缪尔·史怀博……”

史怀博： 是我！

法官： “以及粉煤灰场马具商克里斯托夫·库里……”

库里： 是我！

法官： “出于为我侄子弗朗西斯·米林顿单独且排他性继承我的财产的目的，令上述两人持有这些财产的托管义务，直到他年满二十一岁。我希望，届时他已能改掉自己身上的恶习，并能妥善管理好我在此遗赠给他的所有财产。”

史怀博： 这是什么意思？您该不会是说，我们都

被骗了吧？托管！“托管”这个词是怎么出现的？这个词在哪儿？

法官： 在这儿。这两个漂亮的古英语单词，是我亲笔写下的。

库里： 好吧，法官先生，如果我们必须被当成笑柄的话，我告诉你，那她就只得为每次乘坐我的马车支付费用。

史怀博： 还有我的每一滴啤酒！要是两个清醒的勤劳工作的好市民反倒被叫到这里，被一个忘恩负义的浪荡子耻笑，那我们就得好好算算这笔账！但是，我们会好好帮他管理这笔财产的。我们会让他知道，受托人可不是好惹的。对吧，库里先生。

库里： 说的对，我们一定会的。

法官： 别着急，先生们。这份遗嘱的签字日期是三年前，上面写明这位年轻的绅士必须满二十一岁，而且必须有能力照顾好自己。你现在是否满足这两个条件，弗朗西斯？

弗兰克： 是的，法官大人。

法官： 那么，先生们，鉴于你们已经目睹了遗嘱解封，依据法律，你们与这笔遗产的相关权利义务已被解除。

^[1] Disposition, disposal.

- [2] Graceless, depraved, corrupt.
- [3] Reprobate, one morally lost.
- [4] Lackey, an attending servant, a footman.
- [5] Convened, met together, assembled.
- [6] Deceased, dead.
- [7] Imprimis, in the first place.
- [8] Chaise, a kind of two-wheeled carriage.
- [9] Reformed, returned to a good state.
- [10] Profligate, a person openly and shamelessly vicious.
- [11] Instrument (a term in law), a writing expressive of some act, contract, etc.
- [12] 译注：Drawl，英文姓氏德洛尔，双关语，意为慢吞吞。

LESSON 55 THE NOSE AND THE EYES



鼻子与眼睛

William Cowper (b. 1731, d. 1800) was the son of an English clergyman, and was born in Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England. He was sent to Westminster School when he was ten years of age, and he remained there, a diligent student, eight years. He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but he never practiced his profession. He was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Lords when he was about thirty years old, but he never entered upon the discharge of his duties. He became insane, and was sent to a private asylum. After his recovery, he found a home in the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin. On the death of this gentleman, he resided with the widow till her death—most of the time at Olney. His first writings were published in 1782. “The Task,” some hymns, a number of minor poems, and his translations of Homer, composed his published works. His insanity returned at times, and darkened a pure and gentle life at its close.

1. Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world
knows,

To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

2. So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued^[1] the cause,

With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning,

While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,

So famed for his talent in nicely discerning^[2]

.

3. “In behalf^[3] of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship,” he said, “will undoubtedly find,

That the Nose has the spectacles always to wear,

Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.”

4. Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
“Your lordship observes, they are made with a straddle

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

5. “Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
(’T is a case that has happened, and may happen again)

That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray, who would or who could wear spectacles then?

6. “On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,

With a reasoning the court will never
condemn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for the
Nose,

And the Nose was as plainly intended for
them.”

7. Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),

He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:

But what were his arguments, few people know,

For the court did not think them equally
wise.

8. So his lordship decreed^[4], with a grave, solemn
tone,

Decisive and clear, without one if or but,

That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,

By daylight or candlelight,—Eyes should be
shut.

【中文阅读】

威廉·考伯（1731—1800）是一名英国牧师的儿子，出生于英国赫特福德郡的大伯克汉姆斯戴德。十岁时，他便被送到威斯敏斯特学校学习，在校八年学习刻苦。随后，考伯攻读法律，获得律师资格，但他从未以律师身份执业。大约三十岁时，考伯被任命为上议院书记，但也从未履行过这一职责。他精神失常后，被送往一个私人收容所。精神状态恢复后，他开始栖身于厄文牧师家。厄文牧师去世后，他与牧师的遗孀一起居住在奥尔尼，直到她去世。1782年，考伯出版了第一部作品《任务》，里面包括一些赞美诗、一些短小诗

歌以及他翻译的荷马诗歌。考伯是个纯净、温柔的人，但是，精神失常仍时常困扰他，给他的晚年生活蒙上了阴影。

1. 鼻子与眼睛之间发生了一场奇怪的争执，
夹在中间的眼镜，是引发争论的祸首。
争执焦点，现在已经世人皆知：
眼镜，究竟应该属于哪一方？
2. 舌头是鼻子的律师，满腹经纶，口舌如簧，
洋洋洒洒地给出理由。
受人尊敬的耳朵不遑多让，担任法官，
大家都钦佩它体察入微的判断。
3. “在此，我谨代表鼻子，”舌头说，
“向阁下陈述理由。您将毫无疑问地发现，
眼镜一直佩戴在鼻子上，
时间久远，已构成事实上的占有。”
4. 它将眼镜作为证物，呈上法庭，
“阁下请看，眼镜中间有一道横梁，
宽度与鼻子一样。换句话说，这个设计
正是为了能让眼镜安在鼻子上，像个马鞍。
5. “其次，请阁下花点时间，想象一下：
（这样的情况曾发生过，以后也还可能发
生。）

如果一个人脸上没有鼻子，会是怎样？

没有鼻子的人，还可能戴上眼镜吗？

6. “鉴于庭上不曾反驳我的推论，
简而言之，我的结论是：
眼镜正是为了鼻子而设计，
因此，鼻子才是眼镜毋庸置疑的主人。”
7. 接着，舌头转换立场，为眼睛辩护。
（律师总是深知个中奥妙。）
至于它的理由是什么，却很少有人知道，
很明显，法庭并不认为这些理由同样绝妙。
8. 最终，耳朵法官做出裁决，声音庄严肃穆，
它的判断清晰明确，丝毫没有“如果”、“但是”。
- 它判令：以后无论何时，无论是白天或夜晚，
当鼻子戴上它的眼镜——眼睛就必须闭上！

[1] Argued, discussed, treated by reasoning.

[2] Discerning, marking as different, distinguishing,

[3] Behalf, support, defense.

[4] Decreed, determined judicially by authority, ordered.

LESSON 56 AN ICEBERG



Louis Legrand Noble (b. 1813, d. 1882) was born in Otsego County, New York. When twelve years of age, he removed with his family to the wilds of Michigan, but after the death of his father he returned to New York to study for the ministry, which he entered in 1840. About this time he published his first productions, two Indian romances in the form of poems, entitled “Pewatem” and “Nimahmin.” Mr. Noble lived for a time in North Carolina, and later at Catskill on the Hudson, where he became a warm friend of the artist Cole. After the latter’s death he wrote a memorial of him. Other works of this author are “The Hours, and other Poems,” and “After Icebergs with a Painter,” from which this selection is taken.

1. We have just passed a fragment of some one of the surrounding icebergs that had amused us. It bore the resemblance of a huge polar bear, reposing upon the base of an inverted cone^[1], with a twist of a seashell, and whirling slowly round and round. The ever-attending green water, with its aerial clearness, enabled us to see its spiral folds and horns as they hung suspended in the deep.

2. The bear, a ten-foot mass in tolerable proportion,

seemed to be regularly beset by a pack of hungry little swells^[2] . First, one would take him on the haunch, then whip back into the sea over his tail and between his legs. Presently a bolder swell would rise and pitch into his back with a ferocity that threatened instant destruction. It only washed his satin fleece the whiter.

3. While Bruin was turning to look the daring assailant in the face, the rogue had pitched himself back into his cave. No sooner that, than a very bulldog of a billow would attack him in the face. The serenity^[3] with which the impertinent assault was borne was complete. It was but a puff of silvery dust, powdering his mane with fresher brightness. Nothing would be left of bull but a little froth of all the foam displayed in the fierce onset. He too would turn and scud into his hiding place.

4. Persistent little waves! After a dash, singly, all around, upon the common enemy, as if by some silent agreement underwater, they would all rush on at once, with their loudest roar and shaggiest foam, and overwhelm poor bear so completely that nothing less might be expected than to behold him broken in four quarters, and floating helplessly asunder. Mistaken spectators! Although, by his momentary rolling and plunging, he was evidently aroused, yet neither Bruin nor his burrow was at all the worse for all the wear and washing.

5. The deep fluting, the wrinkled folds, and cavities, over and through which the green and silvery water rushed back into the sea, rivaled the most exquisite^[4] sculpture^[5] . And nature not only gives her marbles, with the finest lines, the most perfect lights and shades, she colors them also. She is no monochromist^[6] , but

polychroic^[7] , imparting such touches of dove tints, emerald, and azure as she bestows upon her gems and skies.

6. We are bearing up under the big berg as closely as we dare. To our delight, what we have been wishing and watching for is actually taking place: loud explosions, with heavy falls of ice, followed by the cataract-like roar, and the high, thin seas, wheeling away beautifully crested with sparkling foam. If it is possible, imagine the effect upon the beholder: this precipice of ice, with tremendous cracking, is falling toward us with a majestic and awful motion.

7. Down sinks the long water line into the black deep; down go the porcelain crags and galleries of glassy sculpture—a speechless and awful baptism. Now it pauses, and returns: up rise sculptures and crags streaming with the shining white brine; up comes the great encircling line, followed by things new and strange—crags, niches, balconies, and caves; up, up, it rises, higher and higher still, crossing the very breast of the grand ice, and all bathed with rivulets of gleaming foam. Over goes the summit, ridge, pinnacles^[8] , and all, standing off obliquely^[9] in the opposite air. Now it pauses in its upward roll: back it comes again, cracking, cracking, cracking, “groaning out harsh thunder” as it comes, and threatening to burst, like a mighty bomb, into millions of glittering fragments. The spectacle is terrific and magnificent. Emotion is irrepressible^[10] , and peals of wild hurrah burst forth from all.

【中文阅读】

路易斯·罗格朗·诺伯（1813—1882）出生于美国纽约州奥齐戈县。十二岁时，他随家迁居到密歇根州的荒野地区。父亲去世后，他又回到了纽约研习宗教，并于1840年成为一名神职人员。几乎与此同时，诺伯出版了他的第一部诗作，两篇以诗歌形式叙述的印度罗曼史，题名为《珀瓦蒂姆》和《尼玛敏》。诺伯一度在北卡罗莱纳州居住，后来搬到纽约哈德逊河畔的卡兹奇尔，并在那里成为了艺术家科尔的密友。好友去世后，诺伯为他写了一篇悼文。他的其他作品包括《时间与其他诗歌》和《与一位画家探寻冰山》，本文便节选自后者。

1. 围绕在四周的冰山群令我们惊异。我们刚刚经过其中一块冰山碎块，它看起来像一头巨大的北极熊，静静地趴在一个倒立的圆锥体底部休息，贝壳般不停地扭动躯体慢慢旋转。清澈透绿的海水映照出天空的澄净透明，我们能看见冰山螺旋状的褶皱和棱角悬浮于深海当中。

2. 这块北极熊状的冰山，是一座高达十英尺的庞然大物，它似乎已经习惯于被身边这些饥渴的小浪潮们所包围。瞧，一个浪潮扑咬着它的腰臀，然后扫过它的尾巴和腿间，又回到海里；转眼间，另一个更大的浪潮升起，凶残地撕咬着它的后背，似乎很快就要将它完全破坏，却只是令它柔滑如白色绸缎的毛皮被洗刷得更加亮丽。

3. 当北极熊转过身想当面看看这个大胆的攻击者

时，这个小混蛋已经回到海里，躲进它的洞穴里。还没等大熊回过神来，一阵像牛头犬一般的浪潮迎面扑在它的脸上。很快，发出这粗鲁攻击的海面又恢复宁静，只留下一堆银色粉尘，将大熊的鬃毛装点得更为鲜亮。在这场激烈的攻击中，大熊毫发无损，只是身上多了些泡沫。接着，它又旋转过身子，潜进它的藏身之处。

4. 这些顽固的小浪潮们！随着一道撞击，这些小浪潮们似乎在海水深处达成了某种秘不可宣的协议，从四面八方同时冲击着这个共同的敌人。它们一拥而上，咆哮着，带着无数细碎的泡沫，将这只可怜的大熊彻底压在水下。我们几乎敢肯定，这次大熊一定会被裂成数块，它的冰块肢体将无助地漂浮在海面上。哈，我们这些旁观者都错了！尽管它被冲击得天旋地转，暂时被淹没海里，并被击打得彻底清醒，但是，不管是大熊还是它的巢穴，都毫无损伤，只是被洗涤得更加干净。

5. 绿色银亮的海水，沿着冰山上深深的沟槽、细微的褶皱和腔洞冲回海里。这座奇异的冰山块，几乎能与世上最精美的雕塑竞相媲美。然而，大自然绝不仅仅在她的大理石上刻下最优美的线条，幻化出最完美的光影，她还为它上了色。是的，大自然绝不是位

单色画家，而是一位彩色画家。她在冰山上勾抹出浅灰、翡翠绿、湛蓝的色调，正如她赋予她的宝石与天空一般。

6. 我们尽可能大胆地从下风处靠近这座高大的冰山。让我们欣喜的是，我们一直期望看到的一幕终于发生了：伴随着巨大的爆炸声，这块冰山崩裂成无数碎块，沉重地坠落下来，发出一阵瀑布般的轰鸣声。从高空拍击下来的海水，带着一层稀薄的水雾，在海面上卷出一顶泡沫的冠冕。如果可能的话，不妨想想旁观者的内心震撼：这座冰山悬崖，随着巨大的裂纹，眼看着气势恢弘地向我们迎面倒下。

7. 这些优美的冰的线条就这样倒进黧黑的大海里，瓷玉般的峭壁和琉璃冰雕的碎片纷纷坠落——这是一场无言的、可怕的洗礼。终于，它停了下来；但是，很快它又回来了：在粼粼炫目的海水中，庞大无比的冰川轮廓再度升起，随即喷涌而出一些新奇有趣的雕塑，有峭壁、壁龛、阳台和洞穴。它上升着，上升着，越来越高，与四周壮阔的冰山群纵横相交，通体沐浴在闪亮的泡沫溪流里。山峰升上来了，接着是山脊、山肩，最后是整座冰山，出现在我们的斜下方处。现在，它已经不再旋转着上升；原先的那一幕又出现了：它开始发出开裂的声音，开裂，开裂，“像刺

耳的雷声一般吱嘎作响”。它似乎又快崩裂了，像一枚威力无比的炸弹，将炸成不计其数的闪亮碎片。多么宏伟壮观的景象啊！我们无法抑制情感，忍不住迸发出一阵响亮的欢呼声。

[1] Cone, a solid body having a circular base, from which it tapers gradually to a point.

[2] Swells, waves.

[3] Serenity, quietness, calmness.

[4] Exquisite, exceedingly nice, giving rare satisfaction.

[5] Sculpture, carved work.

[6] Monochromist, one who paints in a single color.

[7] Polychroic, given to the use of many colors.

[8] Pinnacles, high, spirelike points.

[9] Obliquely, slantingly.

[10] Irrepressible, not to be restrained.

LESSON 57 ABOUT QUAIL



鹌 鹑

William Post Hawes (b. 1803, d.1842) was born in New York City. and was a graduate of Columbia College. He was a lawyer by profession. His writings consist mainly of essays, contributed to various newspapers and magazines, and show great descriptive power. He was a frequent contributor to the “Spirit of the Times,” under the title of “Cypress, Jr.,” on various sporting topics. After his death a collection of his writings was published in two volumes, entitled, “Sporting Scenes” and “Sundry Sketches.”

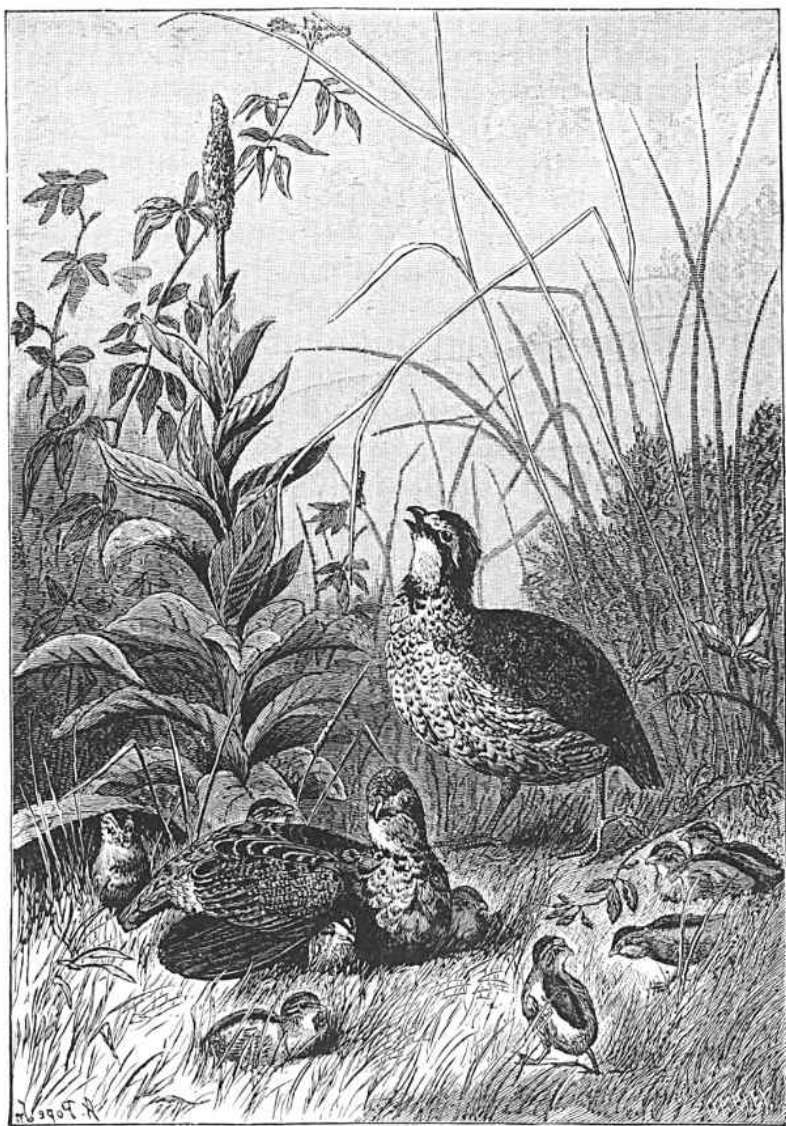
1. The quail is peculiarly a domestic bird, and is attached to his birthplace and the home of his forefathers. The various members of the aquatic^[1] families educate their children in the cool summer of the far north, and bathe their warm bosoms in July in the iced waters of Hudson Bay; but when Boreas^[2] scatters the rushes where they had builded their bedchambers, they desert their fatherland, and fly to disport in the sunny waters of the south.

2. The songsters of the woodland, when their customary crops of insects and berries are cut off in the fall, gather themselves to renew their loves and get married in more genial climes. Presently, the groves so

vocal^[3] , and the sky so full, shall be silent and barren. The “melancholy days” will soon be here; only thou, dear Bob White^[4] , wilt remain.

3. The quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home, and is identified^[5] with the soil. Where the farmer works, he lives, and loves, and whistles. In budding springtime, and in scorching summer—in bounteous autumn, and in barren winter, his voice is heard from the same bushy hedge fence, and from his customary cedars. Cupidity^[6] and cruelty may drive him to the woods, and to seek more quiet seats; but be merciful and kind to him, and he will visit your barnyard, and sing for you upon the boughs of the apple tree by your gateway.

4. When warm May first wooes the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock^[7] , where, safe from the eye of the hawk and the nose of the fox, they may rear their expectant brood in peace.



5. Oats harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now be wary, O kind-hearted cradler^[8] , and tread not into those pure white eggs ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard, and lo! a proud mother walketh magnificently in the midst of her children, scratching and picking, and

teaching them how to swallow. Happy she, if she may be permitted to bring them up to maturity, and uncompelled to renew her joys in another nest.

6. The assiduities of a mother have a beauty and a sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman—what a lie does that word carry—except, perhaps, in monsters, insects, and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor of the filial gratitude of a spider, nipping the life out of his gray-headed father, and usurping^[9] his web.

7. But if you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting^[10] piety of a parent's love, startle a young family of quails, and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make, and she will run, and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and affect to be wing-broken and wounded, and yet have just strength to tumble along, until she has drawn you, fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children and the young hopes of her heart; and then will she mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close-shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants,

8. Listen now. Do you hear those three half-plaintive notes, quickly and clearly poured out? She is calling the boys and girls together. She sings not now “Bob White!” nor “Ah! Bob White!” That is her husband's love call, or his trumpet blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children. Hear them “Peep! peep! peep!” at the welcome voice of their

mother's love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again.

9. It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retread your devious^[11] way, and let her hear your coming footsteps, breaking down the briers, as you renew the danger. She is quiet. Not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and imitate the call of the hen quail. O mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones raise up their trembling heads, and catch comfort and imagined safety from the sound. "Peep! peep!" They come to you, straining their little eyes, and, clustering together and answering, seem to say, "Where is she? Mother! mother! we are here!"

【中文阅读】

威廉·波斯特·霍伊斯（1803—1842）出生于美国纽约市，毕业于哥伦比亚大学，职业为专业律师。霍伊斯的著作主要是在各类报纸和杂志上发表的散文，并从中表现出优异的描述能力。他以“小塞柏勒斯”的笔名，频繁为《时代精神》撰写各类体育题材的稿件。霍伊斯去世后，他的作品被结集分两卷出版，题为《运动场景》和《杂项速写》。

1. 鹤鹑是一种独特的居家型鸟类，总是依恋它的出生地以及它祖先的出生地。各种栖水而生的鸟类总是在遥远北方的凉爽夏季里养育幼鸟，到了七月炎夏，便飞到哈德逊湾的冰水里消暑；但是，当北风之神卷走了它们用来筑巢的枝叶，它们便离开自己的故

乡，飞到南方温暖的水湄地带过冬。

2. 那些树林间的音乐家，通常以昆虫和莓果为生。秋天，当它们的食物供应不足，它们便飞到气候更温暖适宜的地方，展开新的爱恋，重新求偶交配。于是，那曾经啁啾不停的树林，曾经飞满了鸟儿的天空，变得沉默而贫瘠。阴郁的日子即将来临，只有你，亲爱的鲍勃·怀特，依然留在这里。

3. 鹌鹑正是我喜欢的那种鸟。它并不流浪，也不迁徙，它只是留在家，与同一片土地相伴相依。它在这块农民劳作的地方成长，恋爱，玩耍。无论是在万物萌芽的春天，还是在骄阳似火的夏季，在丰收富饶的秋天，还是寒冷贫瘠的冬日，你总能在那块灌木丛生的篱笆栅栏里，或是它常待的杉木下，听到它的鸣叫声。它们也许会被贪婪残忍的人类驱赶到树林里，只能寻求更为偏僻的地方；但是，如果你善良友好地对待它，它便会来探访你的谷仓，栖息在你家院子里苹果树的树枝上，为你尽情歌唱。

4. 当五月明媚的阳光惹得许多鲜花竞相开放，空气中一片芬芳，鹌鹑们新婚生活的操劳与责任便随之而来。这对幸福的小两口会飞到一处茂密的草丛中，远离苍鹰锐利的眼睛，避开狐狸灵敏的鼻子，在那里安心地孕育雏鸟。

5. 燕麦收获的季节到了，田野里翻腾着金色的麦浪。现在，要小心了！善良的喜爱孩子的人们啊，小心别踩到那些纯净洁白的鹌鹑蛋，那些即将破壳而出的生命！很快，你便能听到小鹌鹑们啾啾的声音，瞧！一只骄傲的母亲，正自豪地走在她的孩子们中间，时而为它们抓挠啄理，教它们如何吞咽食物。如果她能将雏雏们养育长大，而不是因雏鸟早死令她被迫重新孵窝的话，她该是多么幸福啊！

6. 母性的勤勉散发着美丽与神圣的光芒，值得被尊重和崇敬。这样的母性，体现在自然界的所有生物中，无论是人类或非人类——“非人类”^[12]，这是个多么可笑的词啊！也许，除了怪物、昆虫和鱼类以外。我从未听说过散发着母性的温柔鳗鱼会吃掉自己的卵，也从未听说过感恩孝顺的蜘蛛会咬死自己垂老的父母，从而篡夺它们的蛛网。

7. 但是，如果你想看到最纯洁、最真诚、最虔诚的母爱，那就去惊吓年轻的鹌鹑一家吧，然后，观察鹌鹑母亲的所作所为。她不会丢下子女逃之夭夭，不，绝不会！但她会假装倒在你的脚下，发出惊人的鸣叫声，这样的声音除了一位痛苦母亲以外，再没有其他生物能发出。她还会跑开，扑动着翅膀，似乎在诱惑着你去抓她；当她骗得你伸出手，她便假装折断

了翅膀，受了伤，却倾尽全力一路滚爬，直到你累得筋疲力尽，你才发现：原来你离她受到危险的孩子们已经这么远了。那些雏鸟们，才是她生命的希望。直到这时，她才呼啦啦飞起，翅膀扇起喜悦的风，就像一颗近距离射出的子弹一样，一头飞进那些你不曾知晓的树林深处，飞向她潜藏雏鸟的地方。

8. 现在，快听！你听到那三声焦急不已、急速清晰的声音吗？那是她在呼唤儿女们聚拢一起。她不是鸣啾“鲍勃·怀特”或“啊！鲍勃·怀特”，这是她丈夫在求偶时或愤怒时发出的声音，她只是温柔甜蜜地呼唤着自己走失的孩子们。你听，雏鸟们“唧！唧！唧”叫个不停，回应着母亲充满爱意的呼唤！全家聚在一起，终于，它们重新团圆了。

9. 去惊扰这些鹌鹑，是一件可怕的罪恶。但是，你现在又踏上这条邪恶之路，让它听到你走近的脚步声，踩断沿路的荆棘，让这个鹌鹑家庭又重新处于危险之中。母鹌鹑只是一声不吭地倾听着。这群心里充满恐惧的逃亡者之间，没有任何言语交流。现在，如果你真如此邪恶，低低蹲下，一动不动，然后模仿母鹌鹑的叫声。天哪！天哪！要是母鹌鹑亲眼目睹这样的欺骗，她的心大概都会碎了！小鹌鹑们会抬起它们颤抖的小脑袋，从这一呼唤声中寻求温暖和想象中的

安全。“唧！唧！唧！”它们会走向你，竭力张开它们的小眼睛，簇拥在一起，叫唤着，似乎在说：“她在哪里？妈妈！妈妈！我们在这里！”

[1] Aquatic, frequenting the water.

[2] Boreas is the name which the ancient Greeks gave to the north wind.

[3] Vocal, having a voice.

[4] 译注：鹤鹑求偶时的叫声发音听起来像“Bob White”，因此，鹤鹑俗称“Bob White”。

[5] Identified, united.

[6] Cupidity, eager desire to possess something.

[7] Tussock, a tuft of grass or twigs.

[8] Cradler, one who uses a cradle, which is an instrument attached to a scythe in cutting grain.

[9] Usurping, seizing and holding in possession by force.

[10] Affect, to pretend.

[11] Devious, winding.

[12] 译注：inhuman，除了“非人类”的意思以外，还有残忍、野蛮、缺乏人性之意。

LESSON 58
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY



1. By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.
2. These, in the robings of glory,
 Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.
3. From the silence of sorrowful hours,
 The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

4. So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

5. So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

6. Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done:
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7. No more shall the war cry sever,

Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.

(*F. M. Finch*)

NOTE.—The above touching little poem first appeared in the “Atlantic Monthly” in September, 1867. It commemorates the noble action on the part of the women at Columbus, Miss., who in decorating the graves strewed flowers impartially on those of the Confederate and of the Federal soldiers.

【中文阅读】

1. 内河的水静静流淌着，
带走昔日的钢铁舰队；
坟墓旁的青草颤抖着，
死者早已安然沉睡。
在沾满露珠的青草地上，
等待着，最后的审判日。
这一边，归于蓝色，
另一边，归于灰色。
2. 有些人，身穿荣耀的长袍，
有些人，披着战败的阴霾；

所有人，都沾满战场的血污，
在末日的黄昏里重逢。
在沾满露珠的青草地下，
等待着，最后的审判日。
桂冠下，归于蓝色，
柳枝下，归于灰色。

3. 在荒凉的沉默中，
悲伤的送葬者渐行渐远；
捧上一把深情怀念的鲜花，
悼念战友，亦祭奠敌人，
等待着，最后的审判日。
玫瑰花下，归于蓝色，
百合花下，归于灰色。

4. 清晨的阳光均匀地洒在，
所有人的墓碑上；
阳光温柔公平地抚摸着，
为所有死者盛开的鲜花。
在沾满露珠的青草地下，
等待着，最后的审判日。
刺绣镶成金色的，归于蓝色，
从心里透出金色的，归于灰色。

5. 当夏日的呼唤，

滚过森林与稻田；
当冰凉的雨滴，
喃喃细语地坠落。
在沾满露珠的青草地下，
等待着，最后的审判日。
雨水打湿的，归于蓝色，
雨水打湿的，归于灰色。

6. 带着悲伤，但没有谴责，
慷慨赴死，生命已经落幕；
在逝去的凋零岁月里，
没有比这更辉煌的战役。
在沾满露珠的青草地下，
等待着，最后的审判日。
花朵簇拥的，归于蓝色，
花环缠绕的，归于灰色。

7. 但愿不再有沉痛的战争，
但愿蜿蜒河水不要再被染红；
当他们在我们士兵的坟前献上花环，
我们心中的仇恨便已消去。
在沾满露珠的青草地下，
等待着，最后的审判日。
带着爱与眼泪，归于蓝色，

带着眼泪与爱，归于灰色。

（ F. M·芬奇 ）

LESSON 59 THE MACHINIST'S RETURN



回家之路

[Adapted from a letter written by a correspondent of the Washington “Capital.”]

1. On our way from Springfield to Boston, a stout, black-whiskered man sat immediately in front of me, in the drawing-room car, whose maneuvers^[1] were a source of constant amusement. He would get up every five minutes, hurry away to the narrow passage leading to the door of the car, and commence laughing in the most violent manner, continuing that healthful exercise until he observed that some one was watching him, when he would return to his seat.

2. As we neared Boston these demonstrations^[2] increased in frequency and violence, but the stranger kept his seat and chuckled to himself. He shifted the position of his two portmanteaus^[3], or placed them on the seat as if he was getting ready to leave. As we were at least twenty-five miles from Boston, such early preparations seemed extremely ridiculous. He became so excited at last that he could not keep his secret.

Some one must be made a confidant^[4] ; and as I happened to be the nearest to him, he selected me.

3. Turning around suddenly, and rocking himself to and fro in his chair, he said, "I have been away from home three years. Have been in Europe. My folks don't expect me for three months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station—they've got the dispatch^[5] by this time." As he said this he rubbed his hands, and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and then the one on the right to the left.

4. "Have you a wife?" said I. "Yes, and three children," was the answer. He then got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat. "You are somewhat nervous just now, are you not?" said I.

5. "Well, I should think so," he replied. "I have n't slept soundly for a week. Do you know," he went on, speaking in a low tone, "I am almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. I have had too much good luck lately for one man. It can't last. It rains so hard, sometimes, that you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show you that you know nothing about it."

6. "Well, according to your philosophy^[6] ," I said, "you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm." "Perhaps so," he replied; "but it is curious that the only thing which makes me think I shall get through safe is, I fear that I shall not."

7. "I am a machinist^[7] ," he continued; "I made a discovery; nobody believed in it; I spent all my money

in trying to bring it out; I mortgaged^[8] my home—everything went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife. She said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. I went to England. At first I met with no encouragement whatever, and came very near jumping off London Bridge. I went into a workshop to earn money enough to come home with: there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought home 50000 Pounds with me, and here I am."

8. "Good!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said he, "and the best of it is, she knows nothing about it. She has been disappointed so often that I concluded I would not write to her about my unexpected good luck. When I got my money, though, I started for home at once."

9. "And now, I suppose, you will make her happy?" "Happy!" he replied; "why, you don't know anything about it! She's worked night and day since I have been in England, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making shirts, and that's the way she has lived half the time. She'll come down to the depot to meet me in a gingham^[9] dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up! Perhaps she won't have any fine dresses in a week or so, eh?"

10. The stranger then strode down the passageway again, and getting in a corner where he seemed to suppose that he was out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime^[10],—laughing putting his mouth into the drollest shapes, and swinging himself back and forth in the limited space.

11. As the train was going into the depot, I placed myself on the platform of the car in front of the one in

which I had been riding, and opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, was standing on the lowest step, ready to jump to the ground. I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried, "There they are!"

12. Then he laughed outright, but in a hysterical^[11] way, as he looked over the crowd in front of him. I followed his eye and saw, some distance back, as if crowded out by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches passed by.

13. She had not seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye. In another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and, pushing his way through the crowd, he rushed towards the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to meet her.

14. She was not pretty,—on the contrary, she was very plain-looking; but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, but, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position to laugh, but it never moved after that, save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while her eyes blinked so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her.

15. As he drew close, and dropped the

portmanteaus, she turned to one side, and covered her face with her hands; and thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she were a child, and held her sobbing to his breast.

16. There were enough staring at them, heaven knows; so I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes on their sleeves, and bursting into tears anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother. When I looked at the stranger again he had his hat drawn over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent-up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

【中文阅读】

（改编自一封给华盛顿《首都报》的读者来信。

）

1. 我们坐在一辆从斯普林菲尔德开往波士顿火车的硬座车厢里，一位结实壮硕、胡须拉碴的男人恰好坐在我前面，他的表情动作不停地引起车厢中旅客的笑声。每过五分钟，他就会站起来，冲到通往列车门的狭窄过道上，然后无法抑制地开怀大笑，直到察觉到有人正看着他，他才会停止这种健康练习，返回座位上。

2. 火车离波士顿越近，他的这些举动也越发频繁而猛烈，就连回到座位上的时候，这个陌生男人也忍不住一个人呵呵傻笑。他不停挪动自己的两个旅行箱，或是干脆将它们放到座位上，似乎他马上就要下车。当时，火车离波士顿至少还有二十五英里，这么早就准备下车，未免太过滑稽。最后，他愈发激动，无法再隐藏心中的秘密。必须有个人倾听他的故事，而我碰巧坐得离他最近，理所当然成了他情感宣泄的知己。

3. 他突然转过身，在自己的座位上前后摇晃着身体，对我说：“我离家已经三年了，一直待在欧洲。我离家前，我的家人都以为我最多会在那儿待三个月，但我坚持下来了。在上一个站台上，我给他们发了电报——现在，他们大概已经收到了。”他一边说，一边搓着手，一会儿动手将左边的皮箱放到右边，又将右边的挪到左边。

4. “你有妻子吗？”我问道。“有，还有三个孩子。”他回答。他站起身来，重新折叠起他的大衣，把它搭在椅背上。“你有点紧张，对吧？”我问道。

5. “是的，我想是的。”他回答说，“这一个星期来我都没怎么睡好觉。你知道吗，”他压低了声音，继续说，“我几乎可以肯定，在我到达波士顿之前，这列火

车一定会脱轨，摔断我的脖子。这段时间，我的运气实在太好了，没有人运气能这么好。这样的好运气不可能长久，你知道，有时候雨下得太大时，你觉得这大雨再也不不会停了；然后，雨停了，阳光灿烂，你也会想天总会这样一如既往地晴下去。就在你坚守着自己信念的时候，事情往往就会发生变化，将你打垮，好让你知道，世事无常，你又是多么渺小。”

6. “既然这样，根据你的推理，”我说，“那你的生活就会继续阳光灿烂，因为你正在期待一场风暴。”“也许是吧，”他说，“这听起来大概很奇怪，但是，唯一让我觉得我有可能安全抵达的心态是：我害怕自己无法安全到达。”

7. “我是一名机械师，”他继续说道，“我曾有过一项重大发现，但没有人相信它。我花光了家里所有的钱，试图将这一发现公布于众，我将自己的房子做了抵押——所有财产都没了。每个人都嘲笑我——每个人，除了我的妻子。她说，她会拼命挣钱养家，不到最后一刻，我都不应该放弃。于是，我去了英国。刚开始，事情没有任何转机，我绝望得几乎要从伦敦桥上跳下去。后来，我去了一家工厂工作，赚足能带回家的钱，就在那里，我遇见了希望见到的人。长话短说，我这次带了五万英镑回家，喏，情况就是这样。”

8. “太好了！”我叫了起来。“是的，”他说，“最好的部分是，我妻子对此一无所知。我曾无数次令她失望，所以，这次我决定不告诉她我撞了好运。尽管这样，我一拿到钱，就决定立马回家。”

9. “我想，现在，你能让她幸福吧？”“幸福！”他说，“天哪，你什么都不知道！自从我去了英国，她昼夜不停地干活，试图养活孩子们和她自己。她每做出一件衬衫只能拿到十三美分的报酬，这就是她上半辈子的生活！她待会儿会到车站来接我，穿一件粗布衣衫，戴条怕有百年光景的破围巾，而她觉得这已经是精心打扮了！或许一周左右，她可能都没有其他的好衣服穿了。懂吗？”

10. 这个陌生人再次大步流星地走到过道上，走到一个他大概以为没人会发现的角落里，又开始表演奇怪的哑剧——他大笑着，嘴巴扭成各种各样可笑的造型，他的身体在狭窄的空间里前后摇晃不停。

11. 当火车进站后，我下了车，站在这节车厢前面的站台上。在我前面，那名陌生人一手拎一个皮箱，站在车门的最下一层台阶上，正打算跳到月台上。我的目光从他的脸庞移到我们前面人群的脸上，一切安然正常。他冷不丁地高喊：“他们在那里！”

12. 逡巡着前方人群，他不禁大声笑了出来，笑

得几乎有点歇斯底里。我顺着他的视线，看到稍远的地方，站着一个穿着褪色裙子，戴着破旧帽子的娇小女人，被衣着体面的人群推搡着挤到外围，那张在紧张与渴望交集中几乎痛苦变形的脸，急切地张望着那一节节驶过的车厢。

13. 她还没看见这个陌生人，但是，很快他们便双目对视。他立马拎着自己的两个皮箱跳下车，拼命挤开拥挤的人群，朝她站立的地方跑去。当那个丈夫冲她跑过去的瞬间，那个小女人脸上闪现出的各种复杂难言的表情，是我这辈子从未见到过的。

14. 她长得并不漂亮——恰恰相反，她的姿色实在庸常；但不知道为什么，当我看着她的时候，我的胸口哽咽异常。她似乎想笑，但是，上帝保佑她，她勉强挤出的笑容彻底失败了！她的嘴角上扬到本该微笑的地方，但竟僵在那里，后来反而垂下来，颤抖着；她的眼睛眨得很厉害，我怀疑人潮汹涌中她只能偶尔看清那个熟悉的身影，那个有着宽阔肩膀的男人正用手肘拼命撞开人群，飞快地向她跑去。

15. 当他跑到跟前，丢下手里的行李箱，她扭过身子，用双手捂住自己的脸，那个强壮的男人一把将她搂在怀里，她就像一个孩子，伏在他的胸膛上失声痛哭。

16. 天知道，我盯着他们看了多久。于是，我将视线离开了片刻，随后看到两个衣衫褴褛的男孩站在附近的环状交叉路口边，用衣袖擦拭着眼睛，每当他们的母亲有什么新的举动，男孩们又会再次泪流满面。当我再次看向这个陌生人，我发现，他已将帽檐拉下遮住眼睛，而他的妻子正仰脸望着他，那些漫长等待的岁月里压抑已久的泪水，正沿着她的脸颊潸然而下。

[1] Maneuvers, movements

[2] Demonstrations, expression of the feelings by outward signs.

[3] Portmanteau, a traveling bag, usually made of leather.

[4] Confidant, one to whom secrets are intrusted.

[5] Dispatch, a message.

[6] Philosophy, reasoning.

[7] Machinist, a constructor of machines and engines.

[8] Mortgaged, given as security for debt.

[9] Gingham, a kind of cotton cloth which is dyed before it is woven.

[10] Pantomime, acting without speaking, dumb show.

[11] Hysterical, convulsive, fitful.

LESSON 60 MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY



为自由开路

James Montgomery (b. 1771, d. 1854) was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland. His father, a Moravian preacher, sent him to a Moravian school at Fulneck, Yorkshire, England, to be educated. In 1794 he started “The Sheffield Iris,” a weekly paper, which he edited, with marked ability, till 1825. He was fined and imprisoned twice for publishing articles decided to be seditious. His principal poetical works are “The World before the Flood,” “Greenland,” “The West Indies,” “The Wanderer in Switzerland,” “The Pelican Island,” and “Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion.” Mr. Montgomery’s style is generally too diffuse; but its smoothness and the evident sincerity of his emotions have made many of his hymns and minor poems very popular. A pension of 300 Pounds a year was granted to him in 1833.

1. “Make way for Liberty!” he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died!
2. In arms the Austrian phalanx^[1] stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious^[2] stone

Seemed to its kindred^[3] thousands grown;
A rampart^[4] all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear
A wood like that enchanted grove,
In which, with fiends, Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life:
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!

3. Impregnable^[5] their front appears,
All horrent^[6] with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

4. Opposed to these, a hovering band,
Contending for their native land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had
broke

From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent^[7] rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell.
Was deemed a dead or living Tell^[8] !

5. And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the home of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?

6. It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates^[9] the oppressor's power
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she can not yield;
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

7. It did depend on one, indeed:
Behold him! Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination^[10] deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form:

Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 't was no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won.

8. "Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.
9. Swift to the breach^[11] his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
10. Thus Switzerland again was free,
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

NOTE.—The incident related in this poem is one of actual occurrence, and took place at the battle of Sempach, fought in 1386 A.D., between only 1,300 Swiss and a large army of Austrians. The latter had obtained possession of a narrow pass in the mountains, from which it seemed impossible to dislodge them until Arnold von Winkelried made a breach in their line, as

narrated.

【中文阅读】

詹姆斯·蒙哥马利（1771—1854）出生于苏格兰艾尔郡的欧文镇。他的父亲，一位摩拉维亚教的传教士，将他送到英格兰约克郡福奈克的一所摩拉维亚教学学校接受教育。1794年，他开始创办《谢菲尔德鸢尾报》周报，表现出卓越的编辑能力，一直到1825退休。他曾两次因发表煽动性文章被罚款监禁。他的主要诗作有《洪水到来前的世界》、《绿地》、《西印度群岛》、《瑞士的流浪者》、《鹈鹕岛》以及《为公众、私人和社团敬拜而写的原创赞美诗》。蒙哥马利的诗歌结构通常过于松散，但是，文字的流畅和情感的真挚令他的许多赞美诗和短诗广受欢迎。1833年，他被授予一份文学年金嘉奖，每年可领取三百英镑。

1. “为自由开路！”他高声叫道；

他为自由杀出一条血路，并英勇牺牲！

2. 面对奥匈帝国荷枪实弹整齐列队的士兵，

站出一道人墙，一片生命的丛林！

人墙上，紧密挽手的每块石头，

绵亘着，成千上万的意志凝聚。

这是一道能抵御攻击的坚实壁垒，

直到时间将他们碾化成灰。

这是一片被施了魔法的丛林，

在这里，里奥纳多奋力抵抗着恶魔。

每一株沉默的树的胸膛里，
都囚禁着一颗跳动的心脏；
每一次奋力的砍击，
都会惊吓到那狰狞的灵魂。
奥匈队列，沉默冷酷密不透风，
站出一道人墙，一片生命的丛林！

3. 奥匈军队坚不可摧，
所有士兵竖起枪矛，
锃亮的枪尖闪烁在他们面前。
枪矛整齐地排列成一条线，
阳光在闪耀着的枪尖上流转，
像一道明亮的波浪。
4. 奥匈军队前是一队杂合之众，
他们将为祖国而战。
农民们，从套在脖颈上的枷锁中，
爆发出胸中蕴藏的力量。
他们将镣铐铸成刀剑，
勇敢地向压迫者宣战。
这场造反风暴所获得的，
由无数起义者的鲜血所换。
在自由的召唤下，他们再度编队，

要么裹尸疆场，要么赢得胜利。
那些奋勇杀敌、倒下牺牲的人，
要么只是具尸体，要么被视为英雄！

5. 现在，生存抑或死亡，
就看他们能否穿过这条羊肠小径。
起义者们内心的怒火在熊熊燃烧，
战役的打响，便在须臾之间。
顽强抵抗，奥匈军固守脚下阵地，
刀剑出鞘，起义军竟无从攻击。
无论起义者焦虑地凝望何处，
都是枪尖连绵，铮铮寒光凛冽。
枪尖之下，任何攻击只是自寻死路，
最终无奈倒下，暴君跟前血泊成河。
墓穴里，死者何以超脱永久安息，
当他们的祖国仍然饱受奴役？
他们难道听不到，在头顶的黄土上，
孩子们脚上丁当作响的沉重铁链？
6. 尽管，最终战胜压迫者的时刻，
不会是今天，不会是现在；
但是，所有的瑞士人都在战斗，
他们不会臣服，也不会逃避。
尽管能夸耀的英雄位数不多，

但所有人都是这片土地的主人，
每个人都为之战斗，
仿佛他们的手里正举着胜利的旌旗。

7. 是的，胜利的确依赖于每一个人：
看！那是阿诺德·温克里德！
这并不是一个家世显赫的名字，
却比那些名字都更为高贵。
他默不起眼地站在人群中，
长时间地深深沉思。
直到，看见他的脸突然舒展开，
你便知道，他已下定决心。
战斗中，他直冲入敌军，
像一场迅疾的风暴；
从他抬起的眉头，你便能知道
他刀剑的闪电将怎样并劈向哪里。
但是，你思维的速度赶不上他的行动，
他早已将那些敌人横扫刀下。
8. “为自由开路！”他高声喊道，
奔跑中，拿着武器的手臂竭力伸长，
仿佛要拥抱他最亲密的朋友。
他横刀劈过，劈断十多根枪矛：
“为自由开路！”他高声喊道，

无数枪尖从四面八方刺来，
他弯身躲过，敏捷地像一棵树，
就这样，他为自由杀开一条血路。

9. 他的同伴们跟着他，冲出缺口，
“为自由开路！”他们高声喊道。
突然，一根奥匈士兵掷来的枪矛，
直插入阿诺德的心脏！
他倒下的那一瞬间，
崩溃毁灭恐慌，在同伴们心里蓦然滋长。
即使天崩地裂，亦无法
让普罗大众，如此黯然神伤。
10. 瑞士，终于重获民族自由，
那是英雄们用生命换来的解放！

[1] Phalanx, a body of troops formed in close array.

[2] Conscious, sensible, knowing.

[3] Kindred, those of like nature, relatives.

[4] Rampart, that which defends from assault, a bulwark.

[5] Impregnable, that can not be moved or shaken.

[6] Horrent, standing out like bristles.

[7] Insurgent, rising in opposition to authority.

[8] 译注：这里的“Tell”指的是 William Tell，瑞士农民起义中的英雄，
详见Lesson67，Lesson68。

[9] Annihilates, destroys.

[10] Rumination, the act of musing, meditation.

[11] Breach, a gap or opening made by breaking.

LESSON 61 THE ENGLISH SKYLARK



Elihu Burritt (b. 1810, d. 1879). “the learned blacksmith,” was born in New Britain, Conn. His father was a shoemaker. Having received only a limited amount of instruction at the district school, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith about 1827. During his apprenticeship he labored hard at self-instruction. He worked at his trade many years, from ten to twelve hours each day, but managed, in the meantime to acquire a knowledge of many ancient and modern languages. He made translations from several of these, which were published in the “American Eclectic Review.” In 1844 he commenced the publication of “The Christian Citizen.” His leading literary works are “Sparks from the Anvil,” “A Voice from the Forge,” “Peace Papers,” and “Walks to John o’ Groat’s House.” From the last of these the following selection is abridged.

1. Take it in all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice, for both unite to make it the sweetest, the happiest, the welcomest singer that was ever winged, like the high angels of God’s love. It is the living ecstasy^[1] of joy when it mounts up into its “glorious privacy of light.”

2. On the earth it is timid, silent, and bashful, as if not at home, and not sure of its right to be there at all. It is rather homely withal, having nothing in feather, feature, or form to attract notice. It is seemingly made to be heard, not seen, reversing the old axiom^[2] addressed to children when getting noisy.

3. Its mission is music, and it floods a thousand acres of the blue sky with it several times a day. Out of that palpitating^[3] speck of living joy there wells^[4] forth a sea of twittering ecstasy upon the morning and evening air. It does not ascend by gyrations^[5], like the eagle and birds of prey. It mounts up like a human aspiration.

4. It seems to spread its wings and to be lifted straight upwards out of sight by the afflatus^[6] of its own happy heart. To pour out this in undulating^[7] rivulets of rhapsody^[8] is apparently the only motive of its ascension. This it is that has made it so loved of all generations^[9].

5. It is the singing angel of man's nearest heaven, whose vital breath is music. Its sweet warbling is only the metrical^[10] palpitation of its life of joy. It goes up over the rooftrees^[11] of the rural hamlet^[12] on the wings of its song, as if to train the human soul to trial flights heavenward.

6. Never did the Creator put a voice of such volume into so small a living thing. It is a marvel—almost a miracle. In a still hour you can hear it at nearly a mile's distance. When its form is lost in the hazy lace work of the sun's rays above, it pours down upon you all the thrilling semitones of its song as distinctly as if it were warbling to you in your window.

【中文阅读】

伊莱休·伯瑞特（1810—1879），这位“学识渊博的铁匠”出生于美国康涅狄格州新不列颠市，父亲是位鞋匠。伯瑞特只在地区学校里受过有限的教育，1827左右，他成为一名铁匠学徒。学徒期间，他努力自学，经营打铁营生多年，每天工作十到十二个小时，却通过自学掌握了数门古代和当代的语言。他翻译了许多作品，并发表在《美国中庸评论》上。1844年，伯瑞特着手出版《基督教公民》，他的文学代表作品有《铁砧的火花》、《从铁匠铺发出的声音》、《和平论文》和《走向约翰·奥格罗茨小镇》，本文便节选自最后这部作品。

1. 就禀性和声音来说，全世界没有任何一种鸟儿能与英国云雀相媲美。英国云雀具有两者相得益彰的优秀禀赋，这使它成为鸟类当中最甜美、最快乐、最受欢迎的歌手，犹如上帝珍爱的高空中的天使一样。当它歌唱着，悦耳的声音传达到那“神圣荣光的栖息地”，你能从中感受到生命中令人心醉神迷的狂喜。

2. 地球上的鸟类中，英国云雀胆怯腼腆、害羞安静。倘若不在巢穴，都会觉得不自在，似乎不知道自己是否有权利待在那个地方。英国云雀隶属家常鸟类，无论在羽毛、容貌或体态上，都没有什么吸引人的地方。它的存在，似乎只是为了宣泄歌声，而非展示容貌。这点其实颠覆了不言而喻的真相，与父母对

吵闹的孩子们所训斥的道理大不相同。

3. 音乐是云雀的使命。它的歌声，能每天数次散播到一千多亩范围的湛蓝天空。从这只胸膛悸动的快乐鸟儿嘴里，能唱出一片幸福呢喃的音乐海洋，弥漫在早晨和夜晚的空气中。云雀不会像苍鹰和其他猛禽那样盘旋着飞上高空。它会笔直地飞上天空，如同人类的呼吸吐纳。

4. 云雀似乎只要张开翅膀，凭借内心愉悦气息，便可径直飞腾向上，飞出人们的视线之外。很显然，在这种像狂想曲一般波浪起伏的飞翔中，唱出自己内心的喜悦，便是它飞上高空的唯一动机——这也是云雀备受历代人们喜爱的缘故。

5. 云雀是人类最接近天堂的吟唱天使。它的呼吸气息谱写出优美音符，它柔美的颤音来自它喜悦的胸膛里带着韵律的心跳。乘着歌声的翅膀，云雀高高地盘旋在乡村农舍的屋顶上，似乎在激励人类的灵魂朝着天堂的方向飞翔。

6. 除了英国云雀之外，造物主从未将如此天籁施以这样娇小的生灵。这是一个奇迹——近乎神迹。当万籁静谧，你甚至可以听见几乎一英里之外云雀的悦耳歌声。在朦胧的雾霭中，云雀的身影隐去不见，你却仍然能听见它那令人心颤的婉鸣，清晰得像是它正

立在你的窗前为你鸣啾歌唱。

[1] Ecstasy, overmastering joy, rapture.

[2] Axiom, a self-evident truth.

[3] Palpitating, throbbing, fluttering.

[4] Wells, pours, flows.

[5] Gyration, circular or spiral motions.

[6] Afflatus, breath, inspiration.

[7] Undulating, rising and falling like waves.

[8] Rhapsody, that which is uttered in a disconnected way under strong excitement.

[9] Generation, the mass of beings living at one period.

[10] Metrical, arranged in measures, as poetry and music.

[11] Roof-tree, the beam in the angle of a roof, hence the roof itself.

[12] Hamlet, a little cluster of houses.

LESSON 62 HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE



勇士如何安眠

William Collins (b. 1721, d. 1759) was born at Chichester, England. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford. About 1745, he went to London as a literary adventurer, and there won the esteem of Dr. Johnson. His “Odes” were published in 1746, but were not popular. He was subsequently relieved from pecuniary embarrassment by a legacy of 2,000 Pounds from a maternal uncle; but he soon became partially insane, and was for some time confined in an asylum for lunatics. He afterwards retired to Chichester, where he was cared for by his sister until his death.

1. How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
2. By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair

To dwell a weeping hermit there!

【中文阅读】

威廉·柯林斯（1721—1759）出生于英国奇彻斯特，他曾在温彻斯特和牛津大学接受过教育。大约在1745年，他赴伦敦试图在文学上找到发展机会，在那里赢得了约翰逊博士的赏识。1746年，他的《诗歌集》出版，但反响不大。随后，他因继承舅父两千英镑的遗产馈赠而摆脱经济拮据的状况，但不久以后又患上间歇性癫狂症，一度因精神错乱在庇护所里滞留。他退休后回到奇彻斯特，起居生活由他妹妹照料，直到他最后离世。

1. 那沉眠地下的勇士，如何安眠？

他们坟前撒满祖国的祝福！

春之女神，带着满是露水的冰凉指尖，
装点着他们神圣的墓碑。

她翻动着坟上嫩绿的草皮，
那是所有人都不曾踩踏过的勃勃生机。

2. 仙女们为他们鸣响丧钟，

魂灵们为他们传唱挽歌。

荣耀，带着一抹朝圣者的灰，
那是裹着他们躯体的泥土颜色。
他们为之而战的自由，终将到来，

抚慰九泉之下哭泣的灵魂！

LESSON 63 THE RAINBOW



John Keble (b. 1792, d. 1866) was born near Fairfax, Gloucestershire, England. He graduated at Oxford with remarkably high honors, and afterwards was appointed to the professorship of poetry in that university. Since his death, Keble College, at Oxford, has been erected to his memory. In 1835, he became vicar of Hursley and rector of Otterbourne, and held these livings until his death. His most famous work is “The Christian Year,” a collection of sacred poems.

1. A fragment of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see,
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All bright and clear to me.
2. An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind;
So will our joys and grief appear,
When earth has ceased to blind.
3. Grief will be joy if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray,
Joy will be grief if no faint pledge

Be there of heavenly day.

【中文阅读】

约翰·基布尔（1792—1866）出生于英国格洛斯特郡费尔法克斯附近。他以优异成绩毕业于牛津大学，随后被任命为牛津大学诗歌学教授。他去世后，牛津大学创建了基布尔学院，以纪念他的突出贡献。1835年，他成为赫斯利教区牧师和奥特伯恩学院院长，他坚持任职直至去世。基布尔最著名的作品是《圣徒之年》，这是一本圣诗集。

1. 透过潮湿的空气，我看到
一道鲜亮的七彩虹在天边露出一角。
那高远的天空，暗沉潮湿，
在我看来，却是明亮而清晰。
2. 一小时前，这里曾狂风暴雨，
太阳的光芒，远远藏在浓云背后。
如果人们心地澄明，
喜乐与哀伤如何出现便会清晰不已。
3. 悲伤将转为喜乐，当悲伤的心
被那道圣洁的光所填满。
喜乐将转为悲伤，如果喜乐的心
对那神圣大爱没有表现出一丝敬靠。

LESSON 64 SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS



约翰·亚当斯的假想演说

Daniel Webster (b. 1782, d. 1852) was born in Salisbury, N.H. He spent a few months of his boyhood at Phillips Academy, Exeter, but fitted for college under Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boscawen, N.H. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1801. He taught school several terms, during and after his college course. In 1805, he was admitted to the bar in Boston, and practiced law in New Hampshire for the succeeding eleven years. In 1812, he was elected to the United States House of Representatives. In 1816, he removed to Boston, and in 1827 was elected to the United States Senate, which position he held for twelve years. In 1841, he was appointed Secretary of State. He returned to the Senate in 1845. In 1850, he was reappointed Secretary of State and continued in office until his death. He died at his residence, in Marshfield, Mass. Mr. Webster's fame rests chiefly on his state papers and speeches. As a speaker he was dignified and stately, using clear, pure English. During all his life he took great interest in agriculture, and was very fond of outdoor sports.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed,

that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends.”

The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation^[1] with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or security to his own life and his own honor! Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague^[2], near you, are you not both already the proscribed^[3] and predestined^[4] objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency^[5], what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

2. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We NEVER shall submit! Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle^[6] of

that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty; may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

3. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy^[7] to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, do we not change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory.

4. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of

these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated^[8] . Sir, the Declaration of Independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress^[9] of grievances, for chartered^[10] immunities^[11] , held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

5. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

6. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see—I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a FREE country.

7. But whatever may be our fate, be assured—be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost

treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate^[12] for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears,—copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

8. Sir, before God I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall by my dying sentiment; independence now, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

Notes.—Mr. Webster, in a speech upon the life and character of John Adams, imagines some one opposed to the Declaration of Independence to have stated his fears and objections before Congress while deliberating on that subject. He then supposes Mr. Adams to have replied in the language above.

【中文阅读】

丹尼尔·韦伯斯特（1782—1852）出生于美国新罕布什尔州索尔茨伯里。年少时，他在埃克塞特的菲利普斯学院学习了数月，但很快被认为资质优异，转到新罕布什尔州博斯科

恩牧师塞缪尔·伍德门下学习。1801年，韦伯斯特毕业于达特茅斯学院。在他就学期间，他便在学院里任教，毕业后又教了几个学期。1805年，他获得波士顿律师资格，并开始在新罕布什尔州执业，长达十一年。1812年，韦伯斯特当选为美国众议院议员。1816年，他迁往波士顿，并于1827年当选为美国参议院议员，任职十二年。1841年，韦伯斯特被任命为美国国务卿。1845年，他重新回到参议院。1850年，他再度被任命为国务卿，继续驰骋美国政坛，直到在马萨诸塞州马什菲尔德的住所里去世。韦伯斯特先生的政府公文与演讲为他博得了崇高声望。作为一个演讲者，他的演讲风格庄重，气势恢弘，语言清晰纯正。韦伯斯特一生对务农有强烈兴趣，酷爱户外运动。

1. 沉沦抑或求生，活着抑或死亡，幸存抑或毁灭？我全身心地支持这一投票表决。诚然，战争刚开始时，我们并不是为谋取独立而战，但是，上帝，已决定了我们的宿命。

英国的不公平对待，驱使我们拿起武器。英国被自身利益蒙蔽了双眼，始终负隅顽抗，直到最终我们将独立掌控在自己手中。我们尽力争取自由，现在，它已属于我们。那么，我们为什么要延迟发表这份独立宣言？难道现在还有人如此软弱，希望与英国和解？难道和解能为这个国家带来安全与自由，抑或给他生活带来保障甚至个人荣耀？这位坐在椅子上的主席先生，还有您身旁那位受人尊重的同僚，我们难道

不都是已被剥夺公权，命中注定沦为惩罚与复仇的对象？摒弃那些高尚以及仁慈宽容的所有希望，一旦英国统治权威得以保留，那我们除了是法外之徒，还能是什么？我们还能成为什么？

2. 如果我们推迟独立，那么我们是打算继续还是放弃这场战争？难道我们打算投降，同意被继续压制，并让我们的国家主权和人民权利被践踏成灰吗？我相信，我们并不打算投降，我们永远不会投降！我们曾在上帝面前宣誓，不管在任何危难中，都要追随华盛顿总统，即使要倾尽家产或为之浴血牺牲。难道我们竟试图违背这个人类有史以来做出的最神圣的誓言，令他蒙受战争危险以及深陷当下的政治时局？我深知，在座的各位宁愿看到战火席卷这片土地，或是突如其来的地震令它坍塌，也不愿抛弃曾经的誓约，哪怕最微小的背信弃义。对我来说，一年前，就在这个地方，我投票通过动议，任命乔治·华盛顿为美国独立战争的最高指挥官。现在，如果我对是否支持他有所动摇或踌躇，愿我的右手受到诅咒，愿我的舌头从此贴着上颚，再也说不出话！

3. 因此，这场战争必须继续，我们必须继续打下去。既然战争要打下去，那么，我们为什么要推迟发表《独立宣言》？昭示天下只会增强我们的力量，并

赋予我们面向外界的能力。只有当我们将自己视为抗击侵犯我们主权的敌人的主体时，其他国家才会这样看待我们。是的，我相信，如果是以独立的名义，而不是以废除英国法案的名义逼他们承认对我们施加的所有行为始终缺乏公平正义且残忍暴虐，那么，英国也会更愿意与我们协商和谈。承认我们独立，比起屈服于反叛者的观点，更能维护大英帝国的颜面。因为，如果是前者，英国会将战败视为运气；但如果是后者，战败则会让英国深感耻辱。既然如此，我们为何不将这场战争从一场内战转变为民族之战？既然这场战争必须打下去，我们为何不转变角度，如果我们取得胜利，为什么不愿完全享受到胜利带来的喜悦？

4. 如果我们失败了，这对我们来说是最糟糕的境况。但是，我们绝不会失败。在“独立”的旗帜下，军队会被兴建起来，海军也会被组建起来。 人民！如果我们真心对待人民，他们便会支持我们，因为这也正是在支持他们自己，通过这场战争光荣地支持他们自己！我不介意有些人总是善变无常。我了解这些殖民地的人民，我清楚，他们对英国侵略者的刻骨仇恨深深扎根于他们的内心，永不消除。先生们，《独立宣言》将鼓舞人民增强战斗的勇气。这场漫长而血腥的战争，并非旨在恢复某些人的特权，并非为平反某些

冤情，并非为获取英国国王赐予的特许豁免权——摆在人民面前的，是一项彻底独立的宏图大业！这必然能为他们注入崭新的生命。

5. 在整个军队面前宣读这份宣言吧！每个人都会拔出长剑，庄严宣誓为之而战，或是带着荣耀而死。在教堂的讲道台上公示出这份宣言吧！教会将认可它，对宗教自由的信仰将与这份宣言密切相连，并与它同荣辱，共存亡。在公众场合发出这份宣言吧！在那里宣示出我们的信念，让那些曾经在邦克山的田野里、列克星敦和康科德的街道上目睹自己的兄弟或儿子倒下的民众看到，他们必将发出支持独立宣言的坚定吼声。

6. 先生们，我深知人类事物的不确定性，但我看到——是的，我清楚地看到眼下的局势。诚然，我们，你和我，也许会为此后悔，我们可能活不到《独立宣言》将为民众带来福音的那一天。我们也许死去，作为殖民地平民而死，作为奴隶而亡。如果上帝决定，我的祖国需要一些牺牲者来献出生命，那么，我愿做好准备，坦然接受那个光荣时刻的降临。然而，如果我能幸存于世，请让我拥有自己的祖国，或至少拥有对祖国的希望！我的祖国，应该是一个独立自由的国家！

7. 但是，无论我们命运如何，请相信——请相信，这份《独立宣言》必将长存。或许为此耗费巨大，或许会有众多流血牺牲，但它会始终长存，并会带来极大的回报。透过眼前的厚重阴霾，我能看见未来的光明，如同天堂的明媚阳光。今天将留存于史，光荣不朽的一天。当我们走进坟墓，子孙后代将以此为荣。他们将用感恩之心、节日欢腾，以篝火和斑斓灯饰来庆贺这一伟大神圣时刻的到来。每逢周年纪念日，孩子们将泪如雨下——那些喷涌而出的泪水，并非为专制或奴隶制伤悲，并非为极端痛苦或窘迫贫穷，而是因为难以抑制的狂喜，难以言谢的感恩，还有难以表述的幸福。

8. 先生们，在上帝面前，我相信，这个神圣的时刻即将到来。我的判断为权衡时事提供依据，我的满腔激情也倾注其中。我所拥有的一切，我所有的存在，以及我在生活中的所有希冀，现在，我已做好准备以此作为赌注，为独立而战。最后，我愿重复这篇演说开始时我曾说过的话：生存抑或死亡，苟存抑或毁灭，我将为《独立宣言》存活于世。它是我生命的宣言，愿上帝保佑我，它也将是我死亡的宣言：现在独立，意味独立永远！

[1] Reconciliation, renewal of friendship.

- [2] Colleague, an associate in some civil office.
- [3] Proscribed, doomed to destruction, put out of the protection of the law.
- [4] Predestined, decreed beforehand.
- [5] Clemency, mercy, indulgence.
- [6] Tittle, a small particle, a jot.
- [7] Controversy, dispute, debate.
- [8] Eradicated, rooted out.
- [9] Redress, deliverance from wrong, injury, or oppression.
- [10] Chartered, secured by an instrument in writing from a king or other proper authority.
- [11] Immunity, freedom from any duty, tax, imposition, etc.
- [12] Compensate, make amends for.

LESSON 65 THE RISING



呐喊震天

Thomas Buchanan Read (b. 1822, d. 1872) was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. In 1839 he entered a sculptor's studio in Cincinnati, where he gained reputation as a portrait painter. He afterwards went to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and, in 1850, to Italy. He divided his time between Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Rome, in the latter years of his life. Some of his poems are marked by vigor and strength, while others are distinguished by smoothness and delicacy. The following selection is abridged from "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies."

1. Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal [light](#) which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
2. And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington.

And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

3. The yeoman^[2] and the yoeman's son,
With knitted brows and sturdy dint^[3] ,
Renewed the polish of each gun,
Recoiled the lock, reset the flint;
And oft the maid and matron there,
While kneeling in the firelight glare,
Long poured, with half-suspended breath,
The lead into the molds of death.

4. The hands by Heaven made silken soft
To soothe the brow of love or pain,
Alas! are dulled and soiled too oft
By some unhallowed earthly stain;
But under the celestial bound
No nobler picture can be found
Than woman, brave in word and deed,
Thus serving in her nation's need:
Her love is with her country now,
Her hand is on its aching brow.

5. Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor^[4] stood:
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle^[5] blood,
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is
naught:
All could not read the lesson taught

In that republic of the dead.

6. The pastor^[6] rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
“The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!”
7. He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's^[7] broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.
8. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise^[8] .
9. A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, “Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!”
The other shouted, “Nay, not so,

When God is with our righteous cause:
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe:
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray!"

10. And now before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar^[9]
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

11. "Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered "I!"

【中文阅读】

托马斯·布坎南·瑞德（1822—1872）出生于美国宾夕法尼亚州切斯特县。1839年，他进入辛辛那提一个雕塑家的工作室里学习，随后作为肖像画家声名鹊起。他后来辗转纽约、波士顿和费城，并于1850年去了意大利。在他的后半生里，瑞德经常在辛辛那提、费城和罗马几处来回奔波。他的诗歌有些以激情有力见长，有些则以优美流畅闻名遐迩。下面段落节选自他的诗歌《阿利根尼斯的瓦格纳》。

1. 疯狂的消息从北方传来，
 遥远天际便见火光翻飞，
 迅捷犹如扑面的灯火，
 掠过惊悚的午夜星空。
2. 风中席卷起暴动喧嚣，
 军笛奏响，战鼓齐鸣，
 四面八方的广阔土地上，
 起义者步履匆匆而凌乱。
 第一声宣誓自由的枪响，
 在列克星敦上空炸鸣。
 康科德被这枪声唤醒，
 不再沉默，无视她和平的镇名，
 她送出爱国者们反抗的力量，
 为自由的呼声推波助澜。
3. 自由民及其子孙后代，

眉头紧蹙而肩臂有力，
他们擦亮每只枪管，
拉动枪栓再放好燧石。
各户妇孺老人默默地，
跪立火堆沉重地注视，
长久赋税的艰难呼吸，
将躯体浇铸成死亡模具。

4. 上帝造出这些娇柔双手，
本是为了拂过痛苦纠结的眉头，
啊！但现在，它们却变得粗笨污秽，
沾染着这世间浑浊的血污。
然而，在这片广袤的苍穹下，
再也找不到比这更高贵的画面：
这些坚毅勇敢的女人们，
在祖国需要的时候为她战斗。
她们将爱献给自己的祖国，
她们柔软的手轻拂过她痛楚的额头。
5. 在桑榆橡树的浓密阴凉下，
伯克利庄园的教堂庄严静穆。
那里的星期天，有不识字的农民，
也有受人尊重的高贵绅士。
在他们的脚下，

坟墓里等级化为乌有，
所有人都无法阅读学习，
在那平等的死亡国度里。

6. 牧师站起身，发出洪亮的祷告声，
唱出的赞美诗，是勇士大卫的诗篇；
圣经上简短有力地说，
“万军之耶和华必捍卫正义！”

7. 牧师诉说着长久忍受的压迫，
诉说着被剥夺的神圣权利；
从他炽热的爱国语言里，
迸发出令人吃惊的自由信息。
他那些振奋人心的话语，
让听众心灵也为之震颤、沸腾。
趁着他升华的主题，
牧师颤抖着握紧拳头，
假想着这场即将发生的战役。
面对死亡他毫无畏惧，
朝着暴戾君主拿起武器。

8. 演说的时候，牧师的形象，
在激情的雄辩中变得高大，
看上去比原先整整高了一个肩膀。
他的视线热切如火，

震惊屏息的合唱班，扫过惊恐的教徒。
突然，他涨红了脸，
大手猛烈地挥到一边，
天哪，看！他迎向台下惊讶目光，
演说结束，他早已全身战士装备。

9. 那一瞬间，空气似乎凝固了——
教堂里有人高叫：“住口！你这个叛徒！
这是上帝的殿堂，和平安宁之地！”
另一个人叫喊：“不，绝非如此，
上帝与我们的正义事业同在。
他最神圣的地方，便是我们的，
他的殿堂，便是我们的堡垒和高塔，
面对这样的暴君，上帝也会皱眉。
在这自由来临的前夕，
我们必须战斗，也必须祈祷！”

10. 现在，在教堂敞开的大门前——
这名战士般的牧师已下令——
吹起响声震天的征兵号角。
号角声响彻教堂，连绵不断，
久久地回荡着，
如此响亮，如此清晰，唤醒
那些被死亡尘土掩蔽的耳朵。

那震耳欲聋的战鼓和军笛，
激励着生者，投入激烈的战斗。
人群中的怒火在蔓延，
在他们头顶上，遗忘了古老的和平，
伟大的钟声敲响出前所未有的声音，
似乎永远不会停息。
它的每一声敲击，
都发出钢铁般的吼声：
“战斗！战斗！战斗！”

11. “谁敢跟我来？”——那爱国者高喊，
他离开桌子，大踏步走向前——
“以自由名义，请与我奔向前线，
为了祖国而活，或为了祖国战死？”
无数只手齐刷刷地举起，
无数个声音高吼：“我去！”

[1] Boreal, northern.

[2] Yeoman, a freeholder, a man freeborn.

[3] Dint, stroke.

[4] Manor, a tract of land occupied by tenants.

[5] Gentle, well born, of good family.

[6] The pastor, This was John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, who was at this time a minister at Woodstock, in Virginia. He was a leading spirit among those opposed to Great Britain, and in 1775 he was elected colonel of a Virginia regiment.

[7] Theme, a subject on which a person speaks or writes.

[8] Guise, external appearance in manner or dress.

[9] Soar, a towering flight.

LESSON 66 CONTROL^[1] YOUR TEMPER



请君制怒

John Todd, D.D. (b. 1800, d. 1873), was born in Rutland, Vt. In 1842 he was settled as a pastor of a Congregational Church, in Pittsfield, Mass. In 1834, he published “Lectures to Children”; in 1835, “The Student’s Manual,” a valuable and popular work, which has been translated into several European languages; in 1836, “The Sabbath-School Teacher”; and in 1841, “The Lost Sister of Wyoming.” He was one of the founders of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

1. No one has a temper naturally so good, that it does not need attention and cultivation^[2], and no one has a temper so bad, but that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant. One of the best disciplined^[3] tempers ever seen, was that of a gentleman who was naturally quick, irritable, rash, and violent; but, by having the care of the sick, and especially of deranged people, he so completely mastered himself that he was never known to be thrown off his guard.

2. The difference in the happiness which is received or bestowed by the man who governs his temper, and that by the man who does not, is immense. There is no misery so constant, so distressing, and so intolerable^[4]

to others, as that of having a disposition which is your master, and which is continually fretting itself. There are corners enough, at every turn in life, against which we may run, and at which we may break out in impatience, if we choose.

3. Look at Roger Sherman, who rose from a humble occupation to a seat in the first Congress of the United States, and whose judgment was received with great deference^[5] by that body of distinguished men. He made himself master of his temper, and cultivated it as a great business in life. There are one or two instances which show this part of his character in a light that is beautiful.

4. One day, after having received his highest honors, he was sitting and reading in his parlor. A roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position as to pour the reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair, and the thing was repeated. A third time the chair was moved, but the looking-glass still reflected the sun in his eyes. He laid aside his book, went to the window, and many witnesses of the impudence expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded^[6]. He raised the window gently, and then—shut the window blind!

5. I can not forbear adducing another instance of the power he had acquired over himself. He was naturally possessed of strong passions; but over these he at length obtained an extraordinary control. He became habitually calm, sedate, and self-possessed. Mr. Sherman was one of those men who are not ashamed to maintain the forms of religion in their families. One morning he called them all together, as usual, to lead

them in prayer to God; the “old family Bible” was brought out, and laid on the table.

6. Mr. Sherman took his seat, and placed beside him one of his children, a child of his old age; the rest of the family were seated around the room; several of these were now grown up. Besides these, some of the tutors of the college were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to. His aged and superannuated^[7] mother occupied a corner of the room, opposite the place where the distinguished judge sat.

7. At length, he opened the Bible, and began to read. The child who was seated beside him made some little disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused and told it to be still. Again he proceeded; but again he paused to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit it to be still. And this time he gently tapped its ear. The blow, if blow it might be called, caught the attention of his aged mother, who now, with some effort, rose from the seat, and tottered across the room. At length she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and, in a moment, most unexpectedly to him, she gave him a blow on the ear with all the force she could summon. “There,” said she, “you strike your child, and I will strike mine.”

8. For a moment, the blood was seen mounting to the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was only for a moment, when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused; he raised his spectacles; he cast his eye upon his mother; again it fell upon the book from which he had been reading. Not a word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after sought in prayer an ability to set an example before his household which would be worthy of their imitation. Such a victory was

worth more than the proudest one ever achieved^[8] on the field of battle.

NOTE.—Roger Sherman (b. 1721, d. 1793) was born at Newton Massachusetts, and until twenty-two years of age was a shoemaker. He then removed to New Milford, Connecticut, and was soon afterward appointed surveyor of lands for the county. In 1754, he was admitted to the bar. At various times he was elected a judge; sent to the Legislature, to the Colonial Assembly, and to the United States Congress; made a member of the governor's council of safety; and, in 1776, a member of the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence, of which he was one of the signers.

【中文阅读】

约翰·托德神学博士（1800—1873）出生于美国佛蒙特州拉特兰。1842年，他成为一名公理会牧师，并在马萨诸塞州皮茨菲尔德市定居。1834年，托德《给孩子们의讲座》一书出版；1835年，他的《学生手册》一书面世，该书极富价值，颇受欢迎，曾被翻译成多种欧洲语言出版；1836年，他出版了《安息日教师》；1841年，出版了《怀俄明丢失的妹妹》。约翰·托德神学博士是曼荷莲女子学院的创始人之一。

1. 没有人天生就有好脾气，好到不需要关注或培养；也没有人天生就是坏脾气，通过合适的教养，坏脾气也能变好。世人曾见过最好脾气的人之一，便是这样一位绅士，他天性反应敏捷、易被激怒、鲁莽暴力；但是，通过照料病人，尤其是那些狂躁的精神病

患者，他最终能够彻底控制自身情绪。至于他的坏脾气，甚至不为人知。

2. 一个能控制自身脾气的人所能感受到或能被赋予的幸福，是一个无法控制脾气的人所无法感受到的。如果一个人任由情绪控制自己，任凭被它反复折磨，再没有什么比这能带给他人更持久、更令人烦恼、更难以忍受的痛苦了。在人的一生中，我们总是会遇到各种各样的挫折；在挫折面前，倘若可以选择，我们或许急于逃避，或许丧失耐性。

3. 看看罗杰·谢尔曼吧。他出生贫寒，从社会底层做起，直到在美国第一届国会拥有一席之地。在国会议员当中，他的判断力颇受国会精英名流的仰慕尊崇。谢尔曼先生对自身性情掌控从容，并在生活中将情绪管理作为至关重要的素养精心培育。在此，我愿举出一两个例子，来展示他光彩照人的性格魅力。

4. 有一天，当荣获最高荣誉后，他坐在客厅里读书。一个淘气的学生，在隔壁房间举起一面镜子，透过窗户，将太阳光径直反射在谢尔曼先生的脸上。他挪动了一下椅子，不过还是未能逃过刺眼的光线。如此再三，光线仍然追逐着他的眼睛。最后，他索性放下书本，走到窗前，周围目睹了这一幕的许多人都以为这下他该严厉斥责这个缺乏教养的学生了。没想

到，他只是将窗户提起少许，然后——拉上百叶窗！

5. 在此，我忍不住要再举一个例子，好让大家看看谢尔曼先生拥有多么强大的自控力。他天性激情洋溢，但凡事却冷静沉稳，自我克制，最终养成了非凡的情绪控制能力。谢尔曼先生向来是个乐于延续家庭宗教传统的男人，一天早上，他像往常一样，把家人聚集到一起，带着他们向上帝祷告。他取出家里世代相传的《圣经》，放置桌上。

6. 谢尔曼先生坐下，将他晚年所生的最小的孩子放在身边座位上，其他家庭成员围坐在房间里，其中几个孩子已经长大成人。除此之外，还有几个在他们家里寄宿的家庭教师，都已按时到场。他耄耋之年的老母亲依偎角落，正坐在这位声名显赫的法官对面。

7. 大家都安顿好以后，谢尔曼先生打开《圣经》开始朗读。坐在他身边的小儿子闹出些许响动，谢尔曼先生停顿了一下，告诉他保持安静。然后，他又继续朗读，但很快又停下来，责备这不懂事的小家伙，这生性好动的孩子几乎没法保持安静。这一次，他轻轻地拍了拍孩子的耳朵。这个“拍打”，如果这也能算是拍打的话，吸引了他老母亲的注意力。于是，老太太费力地从椅子上站起来，步履蹒跚地穿过房间，终于走到谢尔曼先生的椅子跟前，站立了片刻。令他始

料未及的是，老母亲突然用尽全身力气，狠狠地给了他一记响亮的耳光。“就是这样，”她说，“既然你要打你的儿子，我也要打我的儿子。”

8. 片刻工夫，谢尔曼先生涨红了脸。但那只持续了短短的一瞬间，很快，他便像往常一样平静而温和。他停顿了一下，重新戴好眼镜，看了看母亲；然后，他的视线再度落到《圣经》上。他的嘴里没发出一个反驳的声音。他开始祷告，祈求上帝赐予他能力，为家人树立起一个值得效仿的榜样；接着，他平静地继续主持完家庭敬拜。这样的胜利，比一个军人在战场上所能获得的最高荣耀，更令人骄傲。

[1] Control, subdue, restrain, govern.

[2] Cultivation, improvement by effort.

[3] Disciplined, brought under control, trained.

[4] Intolerable, not capable of being borne.

[5] Deference, regard, respect.

[6] Reprimanded, reproved for a fault.

[7] Superannuated, impaired by old age and infirmity.

[8] Achieved, gained.

LESSON 67
WILLIAM TELL

威廉·泰尔（上）

James Sheridan Knowles (b. 1784, d. 1862), a dramatist and actor, was born in Cork, Ireland. In 1792 his father removed to London with his family. At the age of fourteen, Sheridan wrote an opera called “The Chevalier de Grillon.” In 1798 he removed to Dublin, and soon after began his career as an actor and author. In 1835 he visited America. In 1839 an annual pension of 200 Pounds was granted him by the British government. Several years before his death he left the stage and became a Baptist minister. The best known of his plays are “Caius Gracchus,” “Virginius,” “Leo, the Gypsy,” “The Hunchback,” and “William Tell,” from the last of which the following two lessons are abridged.

SCENE 1.—A Chamber in the Castle. Enter Gesler, Officers, and Sarnem,
with Tell in chains and guarded.

Sar . Down, slave! Behold the governor.

Down! down! and beg for mercy.

Ges . (Seated.) Does he hear?

Sar . He does, but braves thy power.

Officer . Why don't you smite him for that look?

Ges . Can I believe

My eyes? He smiles! Nay, grasps
His chains as he would make a weapon of them
To lay the smiter dead. (To Tell.)
Why speakest thou not?

Tell . For wonder.

Ges . Wonder?

Tell . Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.

Ges . What should I seem?

Tell . A monster.

Ges . Ha! Beware! Think on thy chains.

Tell . Though they were doubled, and did weigh me
down

Prostrate to the earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains?
How came they on me?

Ges . Darest thou question me?

Tell . Darest thou not answer?

Ges . Do I hear?

Tell . Thou dost.

Ges . Beware my vengeance!

Tell . Can it more than kill?

Ges . Enough; it can do that.

Tell . No; not enough:

It can not take away the grace of life;
Its comeliness^[1] of look that virtue gives;
Its port^[2] erect with consciousness of truth;
Its rich attire^[3] of honorable deeds;
Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues;
It can not lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck the brightness from the sun,
Or with polluted finger tarnish^[4] it.

Ges . But it can make thee writhe.

Tell . It may.

Ges . And groan.

Tell . It may; and I may cry

Go on, though it should make me groan again.

Ges . Whence comest thou?

Tell . From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn

What news from thence?

Ges . Canst tell me any?

Tell . Ay: they watch no more the avalanche^[5] .

Ges . Why so?

Tell . Because they look for thee. The hurricane

Comes unawares upon them; from its bed

The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.

Ges . What do they then?

Tell . Thank heaven it is not thou!

Thou hast perverted nature in them.

There's not a blessing heaven vouchsafes^[6]

them, but

The thought of thee—doth wither to a curse.

Ges . That's right! I'd have them like their hills,

That never smile, though wanton^[7] summer

tempt

Them e'er so much.

Tell . But they do sometimes smile.

Ges . Ay! when is that?

Tell . When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges . Vengeance? Dare they talk of that?

Tell . Ay, and expect it too.

Ges . From whence?

Tell . From heaven!

Ges . From heaven?

Tell . And their true hands

Are lifted up to it on every hill
For justice on thee.

Ges . Where's thy abode?

Tell . I told thee, on the mountains.

Ges . Art married?

Tell . Yes.

Ges . And hast a family?

Tell . A son.

Ges . A son? Sarnem!

Sar . My lord, the boy—(*Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and,*

whispering, sends him off.)

Tell . The boy? What boy?

Is 't mine? and have they netted^[8] my young fledgeling^[9] ?

Now heaven support me, if they have! He'll own me,

And share his father's ruin! But a look

Would put him on his guard—yet how to give it!

Now heart, thy nerve; forget thou 'rt flesh, be rock.

They come, they come!

That step—that step—that little step, so light

Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall

Upon my heart! I feel my child! (*Enter Sarnem with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on Tell's bow, which Sarnem carries.)*

'T is he! We can but perish.

Alb . (*Aside.*) Yes; I was right. It is my father's bow!
For there's my father! I'll not own him though!

Sar . See!

Alb . What?

Sar . Look there!

Alb . I do, what would you have me see?

Sar . Thy father.

Alb . Who? That—that my father?

Tell . My boy! my boy! my own brave boy!

He's safe! (*Aside*.)

Sar . (*Aside to Gesler*.) They're like each other.

Ges . Yet I see no sign

Of recognition^[10] to betray the link

Unites a father and his child.

Sar . My lord, I am sure it is his father. Look at them.

That boy did spring from him; or never cast

Came from the mold it fitted! It may be

A preconcerted^[11] thing 'gainst such a chance.

That they survey each other coldly thus.

Ges . We shall try. Lead forth the caitiff^[12] .

Sar . To a dungeon?

Ges . No; into the court.

Sar . The court, my lord?

Ges . And send

To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!

The slave shall die! You marked the boy?

Sar . I did. He started; 't is his father.

Ges . We shall see. Away with him!

Tell . Stop! Stop!

Ges . What would you?

Tell . Time,— A little time to call my thoughts together!

Ges . Thou shalt not have a minute.

Tell . Some one, then, to speak with.

Ges . Hence with him!

Tell . A moment! Stop! Let me speak to the boy.

Ges . Is he thy son?

Tell . And if He were, art thou so lost to nature, as
To send me forth to die before his face?

Ges . Well! speak with him.

Now, Sarnem, mark them well.

Tell . Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee
Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son

About thy age. Thou, I see, wast horn, like him,
upon the hills:

If thou shouldst 'scape thy present thraldom^[13]

, he

May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray
thee

Relate to him what has been passing here,
And say I laid my hand upon thy head,
And said to thee, if he were here, as thou art,
Thus would I bless him. Mayst thou live, my

boy,

To see thy country free, or die for her,
As I do! (*Albert weeps.*)

Sar . Mark! he weeps.

Tell . Were he my son,

He would not shed a tear! He would remember
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to

scan^[14]

A thousand fathoms' depth of nether^[15] air;
Where he was trained to hear the thunder talk,
And meet the lightning, eye to eye; where last
We spoke together, when I told him death
Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
Embraced for virtue's sake. He shed a tear!
Now were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek
Should never blanch^[16] , nor moisture dim his

eye—

I'd talk to him—

Sar . He falters!

Tell . 'T is too much!

And yet it must be done! I'd talk to him—

Ges . Of what?

Tell . The mother, tyrant, thou dost make

A widow of! I'd talk to him of her.

I'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,

Her name was the last word my lips
pronounced.

And I would charge him never to forget

To love and cherish her, as he would have

His father's dying blessing rest upon him!

Sar . You see, as he doth prompt, the other acts.

Tell . So well he bears it, he doth vanquish me.

My boy! my boy! Oh, for the hills, the hills,

To see him bound along their tops again,

With liberty.

Sar . Was there not an the father in that look?

Ges . Yet 't is 'gainst nature.

Sar . Not if he believes

To own the son would be to make him share

The father's death.

Ges . I did not think of that! 'T is well

The boy is not thy son. I've destined him

To die along with thee.

Tell . To die? For what?

Ges . For having braved my power, as thou hast.
Lead them forth.

Tell . He's but a child.

Ges . Away with them!

Tell . Perhaps an only child.

Ges . No matter.

Tell . He may have a mother.

Ges . So the viper hath;

And yet, who spares it for the mother's sake?

Tell . I talk to stone! I talk to it as though

'T were flesh; and know 't is none. I'll talk to it

No more. Come, my boy;

I taught thee how to live, I'll show thee how to
die.

Ges . He is thy child?

Tell . He is my child. (Weeps.)

Ges . I've wrung a tear from him! Thy name?

Tell . My name?

It matters not to keep it from thee now;

My name is Tell.

Ges . Tell? William Tell^[17] ?

Tell . The same.

Ges . What! he, so famed 'bove all his countrymen,

For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?

And such a master of his bow, 't is said

His arrows never miss! Indeed! I'll take

Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I'll spare thy life;

Thy boy's too; both of you are free; on one

Condition.

Tell . Name it.

Ges . I would see you make

A trial of your skill with that same bow

You shoot so well with.

Tell . Name the trial you

Would have me make.

Ges . You look upon your boy

As though instinctively you guessed it.

Tell . Look upon my boy? What mean you? Look

upon

trial

My boy as though I guessed it? Guessed the

You'd have me make? Guessed it
Instinctively? You do not mean—no—no,
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

Ges . I would see

Thou hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

Tell . Is my boy to hold it?

Ges . No.

Tell . No? I'll send the arrow through the core!

Ges . It is to rest upon his head.

Tell . Great heaven, you hear him!

Ges . Thou dost hear the choice I give:
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you, not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell . O, monster!

Ges . Wilt thou do it?

Alb . He will! he will!

Tell . Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child!

Ges . Take off his chains if he consent.

Tell . With his own hand!

Ges . Does he consent?

Alb . He does. (*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed
to take off Tell's*

chains; Tell unconscious what they do.)

Tell . With his own hand!

Murder his child with his own hand? This

hand?

The hand I've led him, when an infant, by?

'T is beyond horror! 'T is most horrible!

Amazement! (*His chains fall off.*) What's that
you've done to me?

Villains! put on my chains again. My hands

Are free from blood, and have no gust^[18] for it,

That they should drink my child's! Here! here!

I'll

Not murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb . Father! Father!

You will not hit me, father!

Tell . Hit thee? Send

The arrow through thy brain? Or, missing that,

Shoot out an eye? Or, if thine eye escape,

Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips

Cover with kisses? Hit thee? Hit a hair

Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart?

Ges . Dost thou consent?

Tell . Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges . For what?

Tell . To shoot my boy!

Alb . No, father, no!

To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

Tell . Lead me forth;

I'll make the trial!

Alb . Thank you!

Tell . Thank me? Do

You know for what? I will not make the trial.

To take him to his mother in my arms!

And lay him down a corse before her!

Ges . Then he dies this moment, and you certainly

Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.

Tell . Well, I'll do it; I'll make the trial.

Alb . Father!

Tell . Speak not to me:

Let me not hear thy voice: thou must be dumb,
And so should all things be. Earth should be
dumb;

And heaven—unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop! Give me
My bow and quiver!

Ges . When all's ready.

Tell . Ready!—

I must be calm with such a mark to hit!

Don't touch me, child!—Don't speak to me!—
Lead on!

【中文阅读】

詹姆斯· 谢里登· 诺尔斯（1784—1862），剧作家和演员，出生于爱尔兰科克。 1792年，他的父亲携家迁往伦敦。十四岁那年，谢里登创作了一部歌剧，题为《格里朗骑士》。 1798年，他去了都柏林，不久后就开始从事演员兼剧作者的职业生涯。 1835年，他访问美国。 1839年，英国政府授予他一份文学年金嘉奖，每年可领取两百英镑。后来，诺尔斯离开舞台，成为一个浸信会的牧师，任职数年后去世。诺尔斯最负盛名的戏剧作品包括《凯厄斯· 格拉古斯》、《弗吉尼亚斯》、《吉卜赛人里尔》、《驼背者》以及《威廉· 泰尔》，以下两篇课文节选自《威廉· 泰尔》。

（ 第一幕：城堡内一处房间。盖斯勒、众官吏、

萨勒姆，以及戴着镣铐并由卫兵押解的泰尔上。）

萨勒姆： 跪下，你这奴隶！看着老爷。跪下！快跪下，求老爷饶你性命！

盖斯勒：（坐下）他听见了吗？

萨勒姆： 他听见了，但他无视您的威严。

官吏甲： 瞧他那嘲讽的眼神，真想狠狠揍他一顿。

盖斯勒： 天哪，我真不敢相信自己的眼睛：他竟然在笑！他竟抓着自己身上的铁链想要还击，瞧那架势，似乎要准备置人死地。（对泰尔）你为什么不说话？

泰尔： 真是想不到。

盖斯勒： 想不到什么？

泰尔： 真想不到，你看起来不像个人。

盖斯勒： 那我像什么？

泰尔： 像个残忍的怪物。

盖斯勒： 嘿！说话小心点！想想你身上的锁链。

泰尔： 尽管你在我身上缠绕了双倍的锁链，它拖拽着我，几乎快将我压得趴在地上。但是，我不会趴下，我仍然会笔直地站着，不凭别的，就凭着我的尊严。我告诉你，你这卑劣的篡位者，我要一字一句地告诉你： 你是个十足的怪物！想想我身上的锁链？你

以为，这些锁链对我会有什么作用？

盖斯勒：你竟敢质问我？

泰尔：你为什么不敢回答？

盖斯勒：我没听错，你竟敢质问我？

泰尔：你没听错。

盖斯勒：小心我报复？

泰尔：无非是个死。

盖斯勒：那就够了！难道死亡还不够可怕？

泰尔：不，死亡并不可怕。它不会摧毁生命的尊严，不会夺走美德带来的得体举止，不会压垮真理与良知，不会亵渎高尚的行为，不会剥夺优雅的谈吐。死亡做不到这些，正如它无法攫取，或是你们这些肮脏的手无法玷污太阳的光芒一样。

盖斯勒：但是，我会让你吃苦头的。

泰尔：当然。

盖斯勒：我还能让你痛苦呻吟。

泰尔：是的，我甚至还会大声哭喊，但是，即便这样，我也不会屈服。

盖斯勒：你从哪里来？

泰尔：我从山里来，你听过从那里传来的消息吗？

盖斯勒：说给我听听。

泰尔：啊，那儿的人再也看不到雪崩了。

盖斯勒：什么意思？

泰尔：因为他们想抓你。但暴风雪袭来，他们始料未及，山脚下发生雪崩，将他们掩埋了。

盖斯勒：然后呢？

泰尔：老天有眼无珠，难道不是你的缘故！你心里充满了对他们阴暗的诅咒。赐在他们身上的，固然不是充满恩典的天堂，但你心里的恶毒念头——是能让一切枯萎的地狱。

盖斯勒：不错！我就是要让他们像他们家乡的山坡那样，无论夏天的林间多么繁茂，充满诱惑，他们也永远笑不出来。

泰尔：但他们还是经常说笑。

盖斯勒：哦，什么时候？

泰尔：当他们谈起复仇的时候。

盖斯勒：复仇？他们竟敢说复仇？

泰尔：是啊，不仅谈论，他们还满心期待。

盖斯勒：从哪里？

泰尔：从天堂里！

盖斯勒：从天堂里？

泰尔：那些山岭间的树木，就是他们高举起的双手，呼唤着血债血偿！

盖斯勒：你住在哪儿？

泰尔：我告诉过你，住在山里。

盖斯勒：你结婚了吗？

泰尔：是的。

盖斯勒：家里还有别的人吗？

泰尔：一个儿子。

盖斯勒：一个儿子？萨勒姆，过来！

萨勒姆：老爷，那个男孩——（盖斯勒示意萨勒姆别再说下去，对他耳语了几句，将他打发出去。）

泰尔：那个男孩？哪个男孩？我的儿子？他们竟然设计陷害我年幼无知的儿子！他们这样做，老天会开眼的！要是他在这里与我相认，这群恶徒一定不会放过他！只要一个警告的眼神，就能提醒他这点——但是，该怎么让他知道呢？我的心啊，镇定些，要像石头一样冷酷无情，这样他们才不会发现他是我的儿子！啊，他们来了，他们来了！这脚步声——这脚步声，这轻微的、细碎的脚步声，一步步重重践踏在我的心上！我的孩子！（萨勒姆带着阿尔伯特上，阿尔伯特眼睛紧紧盯着萨勒姆手上拿着的泰尔的弓弩。）天哪，真的是他！这下我们该怎么办？

阿尔伯特：（悄声对自己说）是的，我没看错，这正是我父亲的弓弩！那个男人就是我父亲！但我绝

不能在这里与他相认。

萨勒姆：快看！

阿尔伯特：看什么？

萨勒姆：看那儿！

阿尔伯特：我正在看，可你想让我看什么？

萨勒姆：你的父亲。

阿尔伯特：谁？那个人——你说那个人是我父亲？

泰尔：我的孩子！我的孩子！我勇敢的好孩子！他是安全的。（悄声对自己说）

萨勒姆：（悄声对盖斯勒说）他们俩长得很像。

盖斯勒：但是，我可看不出丝毫破绽，他们俩一点儿都没有父子相认的意思。

萨勒姆：老爷，我敢保证他们俩一定是父子。看看他们，这男孩简直与他是一个模子里刻出来的！虽然他们俩只是冷冷地彼此打量，但这多半是他们事先想好的对策，故意不在这样的场合中相认。

盖斯勒：有道理，我们来查个究竟。去，将这混蛋带出去。

萨勒姆：去地牢？

盖斯勒：不，去法庭。

萨勒姆：老爷，法庭吗？

盖斯勒： 对，让刀斧手做好准备。快去！告诉他们，我们要处死这个奴隶！你注意到那孩子的表情了吗？

萨勒姆： 是的，老爷。他很吃惊，可见这家伙就是他的父亲。

盖斯勒： 我们等着瞧吧。把他带走！

泰尔： 慢着！慢着！

盖斯勒： 你要做什么？

泰尔： 给我点时间——给我点时间，让我想一下！

盖斯勒： 你没有时间了。

泰尔： 我有话要说。

盖斯勒： 把他给我带走！

泰尔： 慢着，住手！让我跟那孩子说句话吧。

盖斯勒： 他是你儿子？

泰尔： 如果他是我儿子，你们难道如此丧心病狂，竟让我在他面前被处死？

盖斯勒： 哼，好吧。你去跟他说话吧。萨勒姆，你可要看好他俩咯。

泰尔： 孩子，你不认识我，这对你来说，是件好事。我有个儿子，和你差不多大。我能看出，你和他一样，都是来自大山的孩子。如果你能逃出这里，以

后也许能见到他。如果你们能见面，我请求你告诉他这里曾发生的事情，请告诉他，我将我的手抚摸着你的脑袋，并对你说：如果他现在像你这样正站在我面前，我愿上帝保佑他。我的孩子，愿你好好活着，为你的祖国而战斗，直到她获得自由，或是为她战死，像我这样！（阿尔伯特哭泣。）

萨勒姆：快看！那孩子在哭。

泰尔：如果他是我儿子，他绝不会流一滴眼泪！他会记得那养育他长大的悬崖峭壁，在那里，他曾学会看清遥远山脚下的东西，学会倾听雷声的轰鸣，曾亲眼见到闪电。当我最后一次与他交谈，我曾对他说，死亡将最珍贵的宝石馈赠给人，令生命绽放出光芒。为了尊严，拥抱死亡吧。那时，他哭了！现在，如果他在这里，我要告诉他，他的面颊不应该苍白，他的眼睛不应该蒙上泪水，我要告诉他——

萨勒姆：那孩子在发抖！

泰尔：我说得太多了！但我必须这么做。我要对他说——

盖斯勒：你还想说什么？

泰尔：说说他的母亲，你这暴君，你让一个女人成为寡妇！我要对他说说他的母亲，我要让他转告她，在我临死时，除了自由之外，她的名字是我的嘴

唇发出的唯一声音。我还要让他发誓，永远爱她、珍惜她，因为他父亲临死时将所有的希望都寄予他身上！

萨勒姆：快看，他颤抖地说着，那孩子颤抖地听着。

泰尔：他竟承受得这么好，他真令我骄傲。哦，我的孩子！我的孩子！啊，那些山岭，那些山岭，真希望能再看到他自由自在地在山间奔跑玩耍。

萨勒姆：快看他的眼神，他看起来难道不像个父亲？

盖斯勒：但他还是没与那孩子相认，这有违天性。

萨勒姆：要是他相信，一旦与孩子相认，就会令孩子与他一起送死，那他这么做就很正常了。

盖斯勒：有道理，我倒忘了这一茬！好吧，哪怕这男孩不是你儿子，但我决定让他和你一起去死。

泰尔：和我一起死？为什么？

盖斯勒：因为他冒犯了我的威严，正如你的所作所为一样，把他们带走！

泰尔：他只不过是个孩子！

盖斯勒：把他们带走！

泰尔：他可能是父母膝下的独子！

盖斯勒：那又怎样？

泰尔：他或许还有个母亲。

盖斯勒：毒蛇也有母亲，但谁又会为此放过它？

泰尔：你们真是铁石心肠！丧尽天良！罢了，罢了，我不用再求你了。过来，我的孩子。我曾教你怎样活着，我也将教你该如何死去。

盖斯勒：他真是你的孩子？

泰尔：他是我的孩子。（哭泣）

盖斯勒：我终于从他那儿榨出眼泪来了！你叫什么名字？

泰尔：我的名字？现在再瞒着你也没用了，我叫泰尔。

盖斯勒：泰尔？威廉·泰尔？

泰尔：没错。

盖斯勒：什么！你，你竟然是那个大名鼎鼎，在暴风雨袭击的大湖上领着人们逃出一死的威廉·泰尔？他们都说你箭无虚发，百发百中！原来竟是你！太好了，我要来次完美的复仇！你听着！我将赦免你，还有你的儿子，饶你们一死。只要你能满足我一个条件。

泰尔：你说吧。

盖斯勒：都说你射出的箭百发百中，我想看你用

这支弓弩露一手。

泰尔：说吧，你想让我做什么？

盖斯勒： 你看了一眼你的孩子，你的直觉还真准。

泰尔： 看了一眼我的孩子？你这是什么意思？看了一眼我的孩子，我就能猜对？我就能猜出你想让我做的事？天哪，你的意思该不会是一——不，不，你不能让我用自己的孩子来证明我的箭术！绝不可能！我猜不出你想让我怎么做。

盖斯勒： 我想看看，你是否能在一百步之外射中一个苹果。

泰尔： 我儿子手里拿着苹果？

盖斯勒： 不。

泰尔： 不是这样？那么，我会射穿苹果的果核。

盖斯勒： 苹果要放在你儿子的头上。

泰尔： 万能的主啊，听听他究竟说了什么！

盖斯勒： 这就是我为你开出的条件：用这个方法向我证明你的箭术，否则，你俩都得死，没有第三种选择。

泰尔： 天哪，你这个畜生！

盖斯勒： 你不愿试一下？

阿尔伯特： 愿意！他会愿意的！

泰尔：你这个残忍的魔鬼！你竟想让一个父亲谋杀自己的独子！

盖斯勒：如果你愿意，我就让人解开你的镣铐。

泰尔：这不是亲手谋杀吗！

盖斯勒：你到底愿不愿意？

阿尔伯特：他愿意。（盖斯勒示意卫兵，卫兵上前解开泰尔的镣铐。泰尔对他们的行为茫然不知。）

泰尔：亲手谋杀！亲手谋杀自己的孩子？用我这两只手？这双从他小时候我就开始抱着他、牵着他的手？这简直难以想象！还有比这更残暴无耻的事情吗？真难以置信！（他的镣铐被解下了。）你们对我做了什么？你们这群混蛋！把我的镣铐戴上！我的这两只手从未沾染过鲜血，也从来不想这么做，而你们现在竟然要我亲手杀死我的儿子！这两只手！这两只手！我绝不会为盖斯勒那畜生杀害我的儿子！

阿尔伯特：爸爸！爸爸！您不会射中我的，爸爸！

泰尔：射中？射出的箭能穿透你的脑袋？偏一点，就可能射中你的眼睛；哪怕侥幸没射到眼睛，也可能擦伤你的脸颊，哦，我曾多少次看到你母亲亲吻你的那张小嘴！射中你？哪怕是擦过你的一根头发，都会令你母亲心碎！

盖斯勒：你到底决定了没有？

泰尔：把我的弓和箭袋给我。

盖斯勒：干嘛？

泰尔：来射向我的儿子！

阿尔伯特：不，爸爸，不是的！是为了救我！您一定会射中苹果的。您难道不想救我吗，爸爸？

泰尔：带我到院子里去，我接受这个挑战！

阿尔伯特：谢谢，爸爸！

泰尔：谢我？你谢我什么？不，我不会这么做。我不会用这双手抱着我的孩子，走向他母亲，然后在她面前，放下她儿子的尸体！

盖斯勒：你要是不肯，他现在就得死。你确实在谋害你的儿子，不过，你还有一次机会救他，试还是不试？

泰尔：好，我接受，我接受这个挑战。

阿尔伯特：爸爸！

泰尔：不要再跟我说话！别让我再听到你的声音：你必须像哑巴一样一声不吭，周围不能有哪怕丁点声音。大地必须装聋作哑，而苍天——除非苍天为这样的暴行而愤怒，送下一道闪电来停止这罪恶！把我的弓和箭袋给我！

盖斯勒：你准备好了？

泰尔： 是的！我必须冷静，才能射中靶心！别碰我，孩子！——也别跟我说话！坚持住！

[1] Comeliness, that which is becoming or graceful.

[2] Port, manner of movement or walk.

[3] Attire, dress, clothes.

[4] Tarnish, to soil, to sully.

[5] Avalanche, a vast body of snow, earth, and ice, sliding down from a mountain.

[6] Vouchsafes, yields, condescends, gives.

[7] Wanton, luxuriant.

[8] Netted, caught in a net.

[9] Fledgeling, a young bird.

[10] Recognition, acknowledgment of acquaintance.

[11] Preconcerted, planned beforehand.

[12] Caitiff, a mean villain.

[13] Thralldom, bondage, slavery.

[14] Scan, to examine closely.

[15] Nether, lower, lying beneath.

[16] Blanch, to turn white.

[17] William Tell is a legendary hero of Switzerland.

[18] Gust, taste, relish.

LESSON 68
WILLIAM TELL (CONCLUDED)

威廉·泰尔 (下)

SCENE 2.—*Enter slowly, people in evident distress—
Officers, Sarnem,
Gesler, Tell, Albert, and soldiers—one bearing
Tell's bow and
quiver—another with a basket of apples.*

Ges . That is your ground. Now shall they measure
thence

A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell . Is the line a true one?

Ges . True or not, what is 't to thee?

Tell . What is 't to me? A little thing.

A very little thing; a yard or two

Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf

I shot at! Never mind.

Ges . Be thankful, slave,

Our grace accords^[1] thee life on any terms.

Tell . I will be thankful, Gesler! Villain, stop!

You measure to the sun.

Ges . And what of that?

What matter whether to or from the sun?

Tell . I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine

Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I can not see to shoot against the sun:
I will not shoot against the sun!

Ges . Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell . I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

Ges . Stay! show me the basket! there!

Tell . You've picked the smallest one.

Ges . I know I have.

Tell . Oh, do you? But you see
The color of it is dark: I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges . Take it as it is;
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

Tell . True! true! I did not think of that; I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy!—
I will not murder him,
If I can help it—for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.
(*Throws away the apple with all his*

force .)

Ges . Well: choose thyself.

Tell . Have I a friend among the lookers-on?

Verner . (*Rushing forward .*) Here, Tell.

Tell . I thank thee, Verner!

He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.
When once the bow is bent, we can not take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue^[2] of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not tomorrow's sun

Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the
courage

To stand it?

Ver . Yes.

Tell . Does he tremble?

Ver . No.

Tell . Art sure?

Ver . I am.

Tell . How looks he?

Ver . Clear and smilingly.

If you doubt it, look yourself.

Tell . No, no, my friend:

To hear it is enough.

Ver . He bears himself so much above his years—

Tell . I know! I know!

Ver . With constancy so modest—

Tell . I was sure he would—

Ver . And looks with such relying love

And reverence upon you—

Tell . Man! Man! Man!

No more! Already I'm too much the father

To act the man! Verner, no more, my friend!

I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me

feel

I'm not—do not mind me! Take the boy

And set him, Verner, with his back to me.

Set him upon his knees, and place this apple

Upon his head, so that the stem may front me.

Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady; tell

him

I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this

More briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver . Come, Albert! (*Leading him out .*)

Alb . May I not speak with him before I go?

Ver . No.

Alb . I would only kiss his hand.

Ver . You must not.

Alb . I must; I can not go from him without.

Ver . It is his will you should.

Alb . His will, is it?

I am content, then; come.

Tell . My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him .*)

Alb . My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms .*)

Tell . If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go now,

My son; and keep in mind that I can shoot;

Go, boy; be thou but steady, I will hit

The apple. Go! God bless thee; go. My bow!

(*The bow is handed to him .*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou

Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,

I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty,

Thou art stanch^[3] , stanch. Let me see my
quiver.

Ges . Give him a single arrow.

Tell . Do you shoot?

Soldier . I do.

Tell . Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see, is bent; the feather,
jagged^[4] .

That's all the use 't is fit for. (*Breaks it .*)

Ges . Let him have another.

Tell . Why, 't is better than the first,

But yet not good enough for such an aim

As I'm to take. 'T is heavy in the shaft^[5] ;

I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away. .*) Let

me see my quiver.

Bring it! 'T is not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.

Ges . It matters not.

Show him the quiver^[6] .

Tell . See if the boy is ready.

(*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest*

.)

Ver . He is.

Tell . I 'm ready too! Keep silent, for

Heaven's sake, and do not stir; and let me have
Your prayers, your prayers, and be my
witnesses

That if his life's in peril from my hand,

'T is only for the chance of saving it. (*To the
people .*)

Ges . Go on.

Tell . I will.

O friends, for mercy's sake keep motionless
and silent. (*Tell shoots. A shout of
exultation*

*bursts from the crowd. Tell's head drops on
his*

*bosom; he with difficulty supports himself on
his bow .*)

Ver . (*Rushing in with Albert .*) The boy is safe, no
hair of him is touched.

Alb . Father, I'm safe. Your Albert's safe, dear father.
Speak to me! Speak to me!

Ver . He can not, boy!

Alb . You grant him life?

Ges . I do.

Alb . And we are free?

Ges . You are. (*Crossing angrily behind .*)

Alb . Open his vest,

And give him air. (*Albert opens his father's vest,
and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eyes
on Albert and clasps him to his breast .*)

Tell . My boy! My boy!

Ges . For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak,
slave!

Tell . To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

【中文阅读】

（ 第二幕：众人看起来情绪都很沮丧，缓慢地走进。众官吏、萨勒姆、盖斯勒、泰尔、阿尔伯特及士兵们上。其中一名士兵手里拿着泰尔的弓弩和箭袋，另一名士兵拿着一篮苹果。 ）

盖斯勒： 那是你站的地方。现在，卫兵们会从这里丈量出一百步，你儿子就站在一百步开外的地方。

泰尔： 这条线可靠吗？

盖斯勒： 可不可靠，对你来说又有什么关系？

泰尔： 对我来说有什么关系？是啊，没什么关系。这只是一件小事，差了一两码，实在算不上什么——要是我射的是一只狼的话！算了，我真是白费唇舌。

盖斯勒： 要心怀感恩，你这奴才。要知道，我们是在对你施以恩典。

泰尔： 哦，我会记住的，盖斯勒！住手，你这混蛋！你在朝着太阳丈量。

盖斯勒： 又怎么啦？朝着太阳或背对太阳有什么区别？

泰尔： 我得背对太阳。太阳应该照在目标上，而不是照射在射箭者的脸上。迎着光线怎么行，我绝不能迎着太阳射箭！

盖斯勒： 按他说的做吧！你该感激我的慈悲。

泰尔： 我会记下的，我还想看看待会儿我要射的苹果。

盖斯勒： 你等着。把果篮拿过来给我看看！就这个吧！

泰尔： 你挑了个最小的。

盖斯勒： 是啊，我知道。

泰尔： 噢，你知道？但是你看，这个苹果颜色太暗了。我想要个颜色鲜艳点的，才能看得更清楚。

盖斯勒： 就这个吧。要是你射中了，岂不是说明你本事更大？

泰尔： 是啊，是啊！我没想过这点，真有趣，我竟然没想过这点。给我些机会，让我救救我的孩子！

——我绝不能杀了他，为此我什么都愿意做。 看在你身上穿的这件华贵衣服的份儿上，哪怕底下已没有心，多给我些机会！（使尽全力将那苹果扔出。）

盖斯勒： 好吧，你自己挑吧。

泰尔： 这里有人能帮我吗？

弗纳：（冲上前。）我可以帮忙，泰尔。

泰尔： 谢谢你，弗纳！你是一位冲进暴风雨里来帮助我们的朋友。这里，我必须简短说些需要注意的事。一旦我拉弯了弓，我还不能随即放箭。弗纳，问题的关键在于，箭靶必须站在原地，一动不动。哦，但愿这暴君的旗帜再也见不到明天的太阳！弗纳，弗纳！我的孩子！我的孩子！你觉得他有勇气一动不动地站在那儿吗？

弗纳： 是的。

泰尔： 他在颤抖吗？

弗纳： 不。

泰尔： 你确定？

弗纳： 我确定。

泰尔： 他看起来怎样？

弗纳： 他的脸色平静，带着微笑。如果你不信，你可以自己看。

泰尔： 不，不，我的朋友，听到这些已经够了。

弗纳：这些年，这孩子吃过很多苦，表现得不像是他这个年龄的孩子——

泰尔：我知道！我知道！

弗纳：他一直都那么谦逊与坚定——

泰尔：我知道他会是这样——

弗纳：他看着你，用全心依赖和景仰的眼神看着你——

泰尔：天哪！天哪！天哪！够了！父爱令我软弱，我要保持冷酷无情！弗纳，别再说了，我的朋友！我要坚定——要坚定，要坚定。别再说这样的话，令我软弱——别管我了！带走那个男孩，帮他在指定位置上站好，弗纳，让他的背朝着我。让他跪下，将这个苹果放在他的头上，这样我只能看到他的背。弗纳，让他稳稳地保持姿势，一动也别动。告诉他：我一定会射中这个苹果！弗纳，去吧，别做什么多余的事。

弗纳：过来，阿尔伯特！（领他走出。）

阿尔伯特：我离开前，能跟他说说话吗？

弗纳：不能。

阿尔伯特：我只想亲亲他的手。

弗纳：你不能这么做。

阿尔伯特：我必须这么做，如果不让我这么做，

我就不走。

弗纳：这是你父亲的意思。

阿尔伯特：这是他的意思？好吧，那我愿意，走吧。

泰尔：我的孩子！（向孩子伸出胳膊。）

阿尔伯特：爸爸！（飞奔过来，扑进泰尔的怀里。）

泰尔：如果你能承受这样的痛苦，我难道就不应该坚持吗？去吧，我的孩子，相信我的箭术。去吧，孩子，稳稳地保持姿势，一动也别动。我一定会射中那苹果。去吧！上帝保佑你，去吧。拿我的弓来！

（卫兵将弓递给他。）弓箭啊，你绝不会让你的主人失望，是吧？你还从未令我失望过，我的老伙计。从未。我相信你，相信你的忠诚。你很结实，很结实。把我的箭袋拿来。

盖斯勒：给他一支箭。

泰尔：你射箭吗？

士兵：是的。

泰尔：既然你射箭，那你为什么挑了这么一支箭给我？你看看，这柄箭的箭头已经弯了，箭羽也参差不齐。它只配被用来这么做。（将箭折断。）

盖斯勒：再给他一支箭。

泰尔：这就对了，这支看起来比第一支好些。但是，要让我射中苹果，这支箭还不够好。它的箭杆太沉，我绝不用这样的箭！（将箭远远扔开。）让我看看我的箭袋。拿过来！一打箭里，往往找不出一支像样的好箭来射中一只鸽子，而苹果又比鸽子小得多！

盖斯勒：好吧，把箭袋给他。

泰尔：去看看孩子准备好了没有。（泰尔悄悄将一支箭藏进外衣。）

弗纳：孩子准备好了。

泰尔：（对周围人说道）我也准备好了！老天在上，所有人都保持安静，千万别弄出一丁点儿声响。为我祈祷吧，为我祈祷，并为我见证，虽然他的安危悬在我的手上，但这是我唯一能够拯救他的机会。

盖斯勒：开始吧。

泰尔：好。哦，朋友们，请发发慈悲，所有人都别动，务必安静。（泰尔开弓射击。人群中发出震耳欲聋的欢呼声。泰尔的头耷拉胸前，他费了好大力气，才扶住弓弩站住。）

弗纳：（带着阿尔伯特冲了过来。）孩子没事，毫发无伤！

阿尔伯特：爸爸，我没事。您的阿尔伯特一点事都没有，我亲爱的爸爸。您听见了吗？快说话呀！

弗纳：孩子，他现在还说不出话。

阿尔伯特：先生，您饶恕他的性命了？

盖斯勒：是的。

阿尔伯特：所以，我和爸爸都自由了？

盖斯勒：是的。（暗中极为气愤。）

阿尔伯特：快解开他的外衣，让他喘喘气。（阿尔伯特解开他父亲的外衣，那支箭掉下来。泰尔回过神来，定睛望着阿尔伯特，一把将他搂在胸前。）

泰尔：我的儿子！我的儿子！

盖斯勒：你在胸口藏那支箭做什么？说，你这奴才！

泰尔：要是我失手射死了我儿子，这支箭就留给你这个暴君！

[1] Accords, grants, concedes.

[2] Issue, event, consequence.

[3] Stanch, sound, strong.

[4] Jagged, notched, uneven.

[5] Shaft, the stem of an arrow upon which the feather and head are inserted.

[6] Quiver, a case for arrows.

LESSON 69 THE CRAZY ENGINEER



疯狂的火车司机

1. My train left Dantzic in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel, and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not perform his work. I went immediately to the engine house to procure another engineer, for I supposed there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed.

2. I heard the puffing of the steamer, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the firemen and asked them if any one of them felt competent^[1] to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

3. The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming

and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing house.

4. It was past nine o'clock. "Come, why don't we start?" growled an old, fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes. And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture^[2] some one touched me on the elbow. I turned, and saw a stranger by my side. I thought that he was going to remonstrate^[3] with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

5. However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant,—so brilliant that I could not gaze steadily into it, though I tried; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

6. "You want an engineer, I understand," he said in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

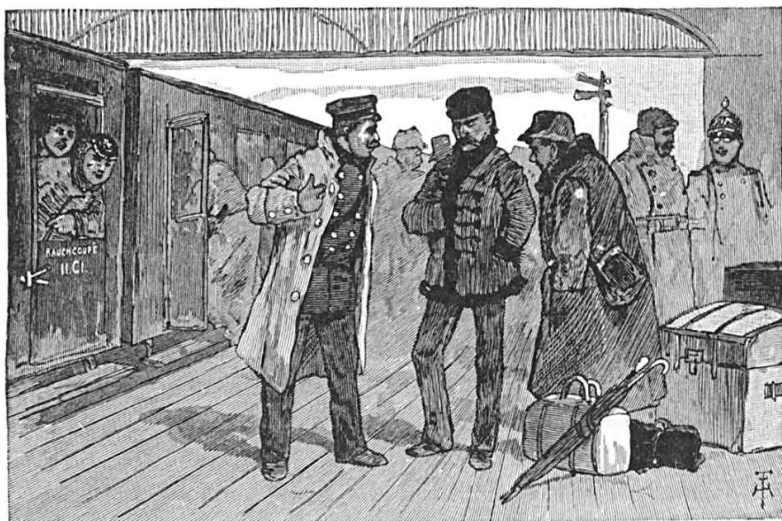
"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg; I must go, and I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country—and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great

improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running.”



7. Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the engine in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such a peculiar aptness^[4] amid machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety.

8. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed^[5] once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterward I waved my hand to the engineer. There

was a puff, a groaning of the heavy axletrees, a trembling of the building, and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few minutes more the station house was far behind us.

9. In less than an hour we reached Dirschau, where we took up the passengers, that had come on the Königsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much. "But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, "wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. Why, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four and twenty hours?"

10. I smiled at what I thought his enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Königsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage carriage attached, we started on again. Soon after, I went into the guard carriage and sat down. An early train from Königsberg had been through two hours before, and was awaiting us at Little Oscue, where we took on board the Western mail.

11. "How we go," uttered one of the guards, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirschau. "The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear. But ere long I began to apprehend^[6] he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passengers. "Good heavens!" cried one of the guards, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going."

12. I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that

road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

13. "Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"What! didn't you know him?"

"Know?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled; "what do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—"

"You took him!" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow."

14. The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the back platform of the tender^[7], and there stood Kroller upon the engine board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the front, his sleeves rolled up,

with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red-hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver to pieces.

15. "Kroller! Kroller!" I cried, at the top of my voice. The crazy engineer started, and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion.

"They said that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done, they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they said it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzic, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're on the way to the moon, I say! We'll be in the moon in four and twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I'll shoot you."

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

16. "Here's Little Oscue just before us," cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke, the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash,—it was another engine,—I closed my eyes; but still we

thundered on! The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we would not be able to stop, in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went forward.

17. But there was sure death ahead, if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwetz, on the Vistula; and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

“Merciful heavens!” gasped the guardsman, “there’s not a moment to lose; Schwetz is close. But hold,” he added; “let’s shoot him.”

18. At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision^[8] that he knocked the pistol from the maniac’s hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell, I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm; but I should have been nothing in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood, which he caught as he came over the tender.

19. Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the free steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes

more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Schwetz.

20. Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform; and, as we carried him to the guard room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

“He came,” said the guard, “and swore that an engine which stood near by was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled.”

“Well,” I replied, with a shudder, “I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Dantzic.”

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail for the next northern mail to carry along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

21. The rest of the trip we ran in safety, though I could see the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of the blow nearly two weeks; and when he recovered from that, he was sound again; his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterward, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine. But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed

upon again by a crazy engineer.

【中文阅读】

1. 我的火车通常在早上八点左右离开丹兹克，每周仅一个班次，火车要等待从斯德哥尔摩出发的渡轮到来后才发车。这天早上，我们照旧要等渡轮到来。我走出酒店，发现原本当班的列车司机严重受伤，显然已不能正常工作。我立刻赶到机房，试图找一位司机顶班。那儿通常都有三四位机动司机，但最后我只有失望而归。

2. 这时，我听到渡轮上发出的巨大汽笛声，下船的乘客们十五分钟内便会抵达车站。我向警卫处跑去，问他们是否知道哪里能找到火车司机，但没有人知道。我又跑去锅炉班，询问他们当中是否有人能充任司机，将火车一路开到布鲁姆伯格。大家面面相觑，无人敢试。从丹兹克到布鲁姆伯格距离将近一百英里，接下来该怎么办？

3. 轮船已经泊靠码头，打算换乘火车的旅客们向火车站蜂拥而来。他们已经在船上吃完早餐，准备好迎接全新的一天。火车停靠在长长的车站前，车头停在远处锅炉班前面，冒着白烟，不耐烦地“噗噗——”吼着。

4. 时间已过九点。“嗨，为什么还不出发？”一个肥胖的瑞典老男人冲我咆哮，他一直盯着我的一举一动，差不多直直盯了一刻钟。随后，周围响起一阵附和般的焦急质疑，很快便成了成群抱怨。这时，有人碰了碰我的手肘。我转过身，看见一位陌生人站在我身旁。我想，他大概也想为列车的晚点而冲我发火。事实上，我真想一把扯掉身上的制服，因为每双焦虑的眼睛都紧紧盯着我制服上那耀眼的列车长徽章。

5. 这个陌生人是一名中年男子，身材高大壮实，看起来精力充沛，富有学识。他的眼眸黝黑深邃——深邃得让我无法长久凝视它，虽然我试图这么做。他的嘴唇很薄，看起来更像是抛光后的大理石。他全身上下一袭黑色，不但服装极为考究，做工细致，而且异常整洁笔挺。

6. “我知道，您需要一名列车司机。”他低低地对我说，语气谨慎，同时冷静地环顾着周围，似乎想确保没有人听见他说什么。

“是的，确实如此。”我回答道。“火车已经准备好了，但是方圆二十英里内我们却找不到一位司机。”

“噢，是这样，先生，我要去布鲁姆伯格。我必须要去，我可以为您开这趟车。”

“哈！”我难以置信地叫了一声，“你是列车司机

吗？”

“当然，先生——我可是这个国家资格最老的司机之一，我正在从事研发一项将蒸汽用于火车头的重大改进。我的名字是马丁·克罗勒。如果你愿意，我可以将火车开到布鲁姆伯格，我会让你看到，什么才是真正的奔驰。”

7. 我未免也太走运了！我决定马上接受这个男人的帮助，因此便一口应允下来。他点点头，微笑着接受了我的允诺。接着，我带他去了机房，在那儿，当班的锅炉工已经将车头准备好了，随时可以出发。克罗勒登上机车驾驶厢，我跟在他身后。我还从未见过其他人曾像他那样具有非凡的机器掌控才能。他检查了蒸汽阀，动作虽然迅捷，但态度却很谨慎，富于判断力。接着，他又到列车后部，仔仔细细地检查了行李车厢。

8. 我看着他的举动，心里如释重负：他确实知道该怎么做。我终于安下心来，感到踏实多了。于是，我便将车头运行大权交予这位新人，然后匆忙离开赶去办公室。广播响起，嘱咐所有乘客回到座位做好；随后，我便向这位新司机招手示意，表示可以开车了。火车头“噗噗——”地喷着白烟，笨重的火车轴轮开始发出刺耳的声音，车厢颤抖起来，火车终于启动

了。我跳上警卫车厢的连接处，不过片刻，车站就已经远远消失在身后。

9.不到一个钟头，火车便到达德肖站。停站后，上来一些旅客，下一站是柯尼斯堡站。我走到驾驶室，询问克罗勒对驾驶这辆列车的感觉如何。他回答说非常满意。

“不过，”他补充道，眼里闪着奇异的光泽，“等我改善了我的发明以后，你才知道什么叫真正的旅行。嘿，那时我就能用自己研发的引擎二十四小时内到达月球！”

10. 我笑了起来，心想，他可真够激情的。随后，我便返回车厢。等柯尼斯堡站的乘客全部上了车，行李车厢也和主车厢挂接完毕以后，火车又开动了。过了一会儿，我走进了警卫车厢，坐了下来。一趟从柯尼斯堡站出发的早班车两小时前刚刚通过，将会在小奥斯库站等着我们，在那里，我们会将从西边来的邮件装上列车。

11. 从德肖站发车大概十五分钟后，一名警卫突然问道：“车速是不是有点太快了？”

“新的列车司机正在测速。”我顺口回答，没有任何异常感觉。但不多久，我的内心便开始隐隐不安，车速确实有点太快了。这时，车厢开始左右晃动，我

甚至能听到旅客们发出恐惧的惊呼声。

“上帝啊！”一名警卫突然冲进来，大声叫着，“那家伙在干什么？快看，先生，火车开得有多快啊！”

12. 我朝窗外望去，发现火车正以前所未有的速度在铁轨上飞驰着。标杆、栅栏、岩石和树木从窗外呼啸闪过，几乎无法看清，车厢摇摆愈发让人恐惧。我离开车厢，在过道里遇上一位乘客，他是这条铁路的大股东之一，正巧坐这趟列车去柏林。他脸色苍白，呼吸急促。

13. “先生，”他气喘吁吁地说，“难道是马丁·克罗勒在开车？”

“不错，正是他。”我对他说。

“什么！你难道不知道他？”

“知道他？”我下意识地重复着他的话，有些丈二和尚摸不着头脑，“这是什么意思？他跟我说，他叫马丁·克罗勒，是一名列车司机。我们当时正发愁找不到司机，所以——”

“所以你就让他来开！”这个男人打断了我的话，“上帝啊，先生，这家伙简直疯狂得不可理喻！他满脑子都是采用蒸汽动力的新计划。我在车站见到他了，但当时我太匆忙，没有完全认出他来。刚才，有一位乘客告诉我，说今天早上这趟车的列车司机们全

都不在，而你找了一个陌生人来替代，我马上意识到，我在车站见到的那个人就是马丁·克罗勒，他从斯德汀的医院逃出来了。不论用什么办法，你必须让他马上离开驾驶室。”

14. 现在，整个可怕的事实真相已经摆在我面前。火车仍在分分秒秒加速，我清楚，每小时再提速不过数英里的列车就足以带着我们所有人下地狱。我叫了警卫，然后尽快赶去车头。我到达煤水车厢的后端连接处，看到克罗勒站在车头仪表盘旁边，他的帽子和外套都脱掉了，长长的黑发在风中狂乱飞舞，衬衫纽扣也松开了，袖口高高卷起，嘴里居然还衔着一把手枪。他瞪视着锅炉工，那位工人正一动不动地躺在燃料上。炉膛已经被塞得满满当当，就连炉门上的门闩都被烧得通红，整个火车头颤抖摇摆着，好像很快就要散架似的。

15. “克罗勒！克罗勒！”我声嘶力竭地叫着他。那名疯狂的司机愣了一下，把手枪拿在手里。天哪，他的眼睛死瞪着我，那张脸看起来那么阴森可怕！

“哈！哈！哈！”他歇斯底里地狂笑着，像一头醒狮瞪着猎物似的怒视着我。

“他们说做不到！但是，看呀！看呀！看我这新的动力！看我这新的引擎！我做到了，他们是在嫉妒

我！我做到了，当我完成的时候，他们从我手里偷走了它。但是现在，我终于把它造出来了！这么多年来，我一直在到处寻找我这台伟大的发动机，他们一直说它不可能被造出来。但我终于造出来了！今早我在丹兹克看到它的时候，我就下定决心要拥有它。我终于成功了！喵喵喵！我宣布，我们现在正在去月球的路上！我们将在二十四小时内到达月球。趴下，趴下，你这个混蛋！要是你敢再动一下，我就开枪。”

最后这句话是对可怜的锅炉工说的，他正试图站起来，受到惊吓后，又再度趴倒在地，不敢动弹。

16. “小奥斯库站就在我们前方！”一名警卫高叫着。说时迟，车站建筑物也已经近在咫尺。我心里涌起一阵令人作呕的恶心感，以为这下我们死定了。房舍闪电般地从我们面前飞过。我知道，要是这个站点的调度员像以往那样扳动道岔，这趟列车势必撞上另一辆列车，我们会在一瞬间内彻底完蛋。我看见了一道闪光——那是另一辆列车的火车头——我不由得闭上双眼，但火车仍然飞速地向前疾驰着！调度员觉察到了我们这列火车的速度，从这段距离来看，很清楚这趟车不可能及时停止。因此，隔着老远，他们就改变了岔道，整辆火车才得以继续冲往前方。

17. 即便这样，如果火车不停速的话，死亡的危

险仍然在前方等待着我们。我们离维斯瓦河畔的施瓦茨镇只有十五英里了，火车目前的速度已经达到每分钟一英里以上，照这样的速度，我们用不了多久就会到达。乘客们的尖叫声现在已经压过铁轨剧烈的撞击声，但比这些声音更高亢的，是这名疯狂的列车司机魔鬼般的咆哮声。

“仁慈的上帝啊！”警卫倒吸了一口冷气，“我们没时间犹豫了，施瓦茨镇近在眼前。抓牢点，”他补充道，“我们枪击他。”

18. 就在那时，一名高大健壮的德国学生来到我们站立的车厢过道，他看到那个疯子正拿着那只沉重的手枪对准我们。他抓起一根长木棍，用一种我不具备的坚定胆量，用力地向那个疯子挥过去，准确地砸掉了他手中的枪。就在手枪掉下来的那一瞬间，我猛然向前扑去，那名德国人紧跟身后。我抓住那个疯子的胳膊，要是我孤身一人，我根本无法制服他的疯狂举动。那一刻，要不是那名学生从煤水车厢过来的时候，顺手抄起旁边的一根木根，狠狠击中克罗勒的脑袋，克罗勒很可能会将我用力摔出过道。

19. 克罗勒像具尸体应声瘫倒在地，我即刻关掉了蒸汽开关，打开阀门。逸出的蒸汽尖锐地嘶叫着，火车开始慢慢地减速，几分钟后，危险排除了。我瘫

倒在地，被刚才那些内心狂乱的情绪彻底击垮。这时，火车已经开过维斯瓦河谷，直到锅炉工将列车停在施瓦茨站的站台前，我都没能彻底回过神来。

20. 马丁·克罗勒仍然不省人事，被抬下列车。当我们将他送到警卫室的时候，一名警卫认出了他，并告诉我们，大约两个星期前，克罗勒曾来过这里。

“他走过来，”警卫说，“指天发誓车站附近的那台火车头是他的。他说这是他造出来准备开往月球的车头，后来却被人从他那儿偷走了。我们动用了相当警力试图逮捕他，但他还是逃走了。”

“原来如此，”我回答道，心中仍然不寒而栗，“要是他当时也用同样的方式接近我，那该多好！但他在丹兹克表现得更加小心谨慎了。”

在施瓦茨车站，我们找到了一名列车司机，负责驾驶去布鲁姆伯格站的剩余路程。至于我们在小奥斯库站错过的那些从西边来的邮件，将会由下一趟从北边发车的列车捎来。我们看到克罗勒被妥善关照后，便重新上路了。

21. 在剩下的路程中，火车开得相当安全平稳。但我能看到，乘客们并没有完全放下心来；不到他们彻底下车以后，他们大概都没法安心。马丁·克罗勒由于头部被重击失去知觉近两个星期，当他醒过来的时

候，他的神智完全恢复了，精神也恢复正常。大约三个星期后，我再次见到他，但他丝毫不记得我，也记不起过去的事情，甚至包括那列火车上发生的所有荒诞行为。然而，我清清楚楚地记得，直到现在也仍然铭记于心。所有人都无须担心，我绝不会再任由一位疯狂的列车司机将这样的恐惧强加到他们身上。

[1] Competent, fit, qualified.

[2] Juncture, point of time, crisis.

[3] Remonstrate, to present strong reasons against any course of proceedings.

[4] Aptness, fitness, suitableness.

[5] Composed, calm.

[6] Apprehend, to entertain suspicion or fear of.

[7] Tender, a car attached to a locomotive to supply it with fuel and water.

[8] Precision, accuracy, exactness.

LESSON 70 THE HERITAGE^[1]



James Russell Lowell (b. 1819, d.1891) was born in Cambridge, Mass., and was graduated from Harvard College^[2]. He entered the profession of law; but, in 1843, turned aside to publish “The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine.” In 1855 he was appointed professor of Belles-lettres in Harvard College. From 1877 to 1885 he was U.S. Minister, first to Spain, afterwards to Great Britain. Lowell’s powers as a writer were very versatile, and his poems range from the most dreamy and imaginative to the most trenchant and witty. Among his most noted poetical works are “The Biglow Papers,” “A Fable for Critics,” “The Vision of Sir Launfal,” “The Cathedral,” and “The Legend of Brittany;” while “Conversations on some of the Old Poets,” “Among my Books,” and “My Study Windows,” place him in the front rank as an essayist.

1. The rich man’s son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,

One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2. The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
3. The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated^[3] heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds^[4] with brown arms bare!
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
4. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.
5. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged^[5] by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.
7. O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.
8. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign^[6] ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.
9. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

【中文阅读】

詹姆斯·罗素·洛威尔（1819—1891）出生于美国马萨诸塞州剑桥，毕业于哈佛学院。他最初从事律师职业，后于1843年转行，致力于出版《先锋者——文艺与批评杂志》。1855年，他被任命为哈佛学院纯文学教授。1877年至1885年，他担任美国大使，先是派驻西班牙，后来派驻英国。作为一名作家，洛威尔相当多才多艺，他的诗歌风格多样，囊括最为梦幻的丰富想象，不乏锐利尖刻的诙谐幽默，其中最负盛名的是《比格罗诗稿》、《写给批评家的寓言》、《郎弗尔爵士的梦》、《大教堂》以及《布雷特尼的传说》。作品《与老诗人的对话》、《在我的书里》和《我书房的窗口》则使他跻身成为世界一流的散文家。

1. 富人子弟继承了土地，
成片房舍，还有大笔财富，
以及那细皮嫩肉的双手，
弱不禁风，难抵严寒，
生性娇嫩，不愿穿粗布旧衫。
这样的遗产，在我看来，
无论是谁，都不愿意继承。
2. 富人子弟继承了忧虑，
银行会破产，工厂会倒闭，
泡沫股票，转瞬分文不值。

双手无力，几乎无力养活自己。
这样的遗产，在我看来，
无论是谁，都不愿意继承。

3. 富人子弟继承了欲望，
娇嫩的味蕾总在渴求山珍美味；
酒足饭饱后，他心满意足地看着
农民们赤裸着上臂，辛勤劳作！
而他却躺在安乐椅上无谓烦心。
这样的遗产，在我看来，
无论是谁，都不愿意继承。

4. 穷人子弟继承了什么？
强健的肌肉，意志坚定，
结实的身板，神情如一。
依靠双手，开创自己天地，
辛劳耕耘土地，创作艺术。
这样的遗产，在我看来，
就连国王都希望继承。

5. 穷人子弟继承了什么？
怀感恩之情，面对卑微万物，
苦难中磨炼，决心改变厄运，
知足常乐，工作中获得快乐，
艰辛劳动中，寻求幸福旋律。

这样的遗产，在我看来，
就连国王都希望继承。

6. 穷人子弟继承了什么？

安于贫困忧患，学会耐心，
应对各种变故，荣辱不惊，
身处逆境，心系他人冷暖，
连流浪者都为他深深祈福。

这样的遗产，在我看来，
就连国王都希望继承。

7. 哦，富人子弟！你要与别人一起
承受生活的磨炼：

慷慨善行，绝不会玷污你的双手，
只会让它更加柔软白皙——
这才是从你的土地上继承到的最宝贵东西。
这样的遗产，在我看来，
才是富裕真正值得继承的财富。

8. 哦，穷人子弟！别抱怨你的处境，
那些有钱或地位显赫的人们，
与你相比，更为纠结忧虑。
苦难会让灵魂闪闪生辉，
劳作后的休息，更加欢畅舒心。
这样的遗产，在我看来，

才是贫困真正值得继承的财富。

9. 不管是富人子弟或穷人子弟，
最终都将皈依一抔黄土。

芸芸众生，同样是上帝儿女，
充实的人生经历，记录真实，
向上帝证明天赋的神圣权利。

这样的遗产，在我看来，
才是值得用一生去继承的财富。

[1] Heritage, that which is inherited, or taken by descent, from an ancestor.

[2] 译注：Harvard College，哈佛学院，是哈佛大学的一个本科生院，建于1636年。

[3] Sated, surfeited, gluttoned.

[4] Hinds, peasants, countrymen.

[5] Adjudged, decided, determined.

[6] Benign, having healthful qualities, wholesome.

LESSON 71 NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR



没有汗水，怎有成功

William Wirt (b. 1772, d. 1834) was born in Bladensburg, Md. He was admitted to the bar in 1799, and afterwards practiced law, with eminent success, at Richmond and Norfolk, Va. He was one of the counsel for the prosecution in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason. From 1817 to 1829 he was attorney-general for the United States. In 1803 he published the “Letters of a British Spy,” a work which attracted much attention, and in 1817 a “Life of Patrick Henry.”

1. The education, moral^[1] and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly his own work. Rely upon it that the ancients were right; both in morals and intellect we give the final shape to our characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects^[2] of our own fortune. How else could it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies^[3] ?

2. Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate^[4] . You will see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the

same family, two young men, of whom one will be admitted to be a genius^[5] of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity^[6] ; yet you will see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you will observe the mediocre^[7] plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

3. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective^[8] fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction; but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction.

4. And of this be assured, I speak from observation a certain truth: THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT GREAT LABOR. It is the fiat^[9] of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve^[10] you.

5. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor^[11] of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that empyreal^[12] region with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

6. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering^[13] and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and these long

reaches of thought, that

“Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;”

this is the prowess^[14] , and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

【中文阅读】

威廉·沃特（1772—1834）出生于美国马里兰州布莱登斯堡。1799年，沃特取得律师执业资格，随后在弗吉尼亚州的里士满和诺福克执业，并颇负盛名，他在审判亚伦·伯尔叛国罪一案中担任控方律师之一。从1817年至1829年，他担任美国首席检察官。1803年，沃特出版了《一名英国间谍的来信》，这部作品引起广泛关注；1817年，他的《帕特里克·亨利的一生》出版。

1. 对于每个人来说，教育程度、道德感以及学识，都应该可是他关注的主要对象。在这一点上，前人是正确的：通过道德与才智，我们为自己品性赋以最后定型，亦更为强调，我们才是自身命运的建筑师。除此之外，还有什么能解释那些拥有相同机遇的年轻人，却往往表现出不同的结果，并最终走向截然相反

的终点？

2. 天资上的差异无法解释这个问题，因为很多时候，禀赋略逊的人却拥有更好的结局。你经常能看到那些师出同门的同窗，或是来自同一个家庭的兄弟，两个年轻人，一个被公认为天赋异禀，另一个却只是平庸之辈。然而，你常常能看到那个天才逐渐沉沦混于众人，贫穷窘困，处境悲惨；反倒是那个平庸的人，往往通过辛勤努力，缓慢而扎实地向前迈步，每一步都步履坚实，最终出类拔萃，成为家族的骄傲，国家的栋梁。

3. 那么，原因究竟何在？很明显，成功在于自身努力。他们是各自不同命运的建筑师，为你开启通往世界的大门的一流学业教育只能给你一个塑造自己的机会，但是，你能否被塑造，或者在多大程度上能被塑造，最终只能依赖于你自身的努力。

4. 而这一点，我可以向你保证。我所观察到的事实是，没有辛勤付出的汗水，就不会有成功。命运铁则旨在于此，没有任何天才可以逃逸或逃离其外。

5. 不愿努力的天才，就像是追逐火光的可怜飞蛾，在蜡烛旁边不停拍动双翼，直到被烤焦焚死。如果这世上有值得称羡的天才，他就该是伟大而高尚的，像南美秃鹰，从钦博拉索山巅俯冲而下，然后高

高地飞在云层之上，在凡人无法企及的高空中享受着恣意翱翔的乐趣，它们与生俱来的激情，被自身努力增强而不是削弱。

6. 正是这种高强度的长期持续的努力，这种深远而不懈探询的充沛精力，这种迅疾的反应速度、开阔的思维方式，以及思考的深远程度，方能让人：

从苍白的月容将光明荣耀摘取；
或是潜入深洋，
从紧锁的宝箱中取出匿藏的桂冠。

正是这样的卓越能力，这样的扎实成就，才能将你的名字与历史上那些英雄伟人并列，彪炳史册。

[1] Moral, relating to duty or obligation.

[2] Architects, builders, makers.

[3] Destiny, ultimate fate, appointed condition.

[4] Candidate, one who seeks after some honor or office.

[5] Genius, a man of superior intellectual powers.

[6] Mediocrity, a middle state or degree of talents.

[7] Mediocre, a man of moderate talents.

[8] Respective, particular, own.

[9] Fiat, a decree.

[10] Absolve, set free, release from.

[11] Condor, a large bird of the vulture family.

[12] Empyrean, relating to the highest and purest region of the heavens.

[13] Careering, moving rapidly.

[14] Prowess, bravery, boldness.

LESSON 72
THE OLD HOUSE CLOCK



1. Oh! the old, old clock of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing, and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chimes rang still the sweetest;
'T was a monitor, too, though its words were
few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and
young,
When the voice of friendship faltered:
“Tick! tick!” it said, “quick, quick, to bed:
For ten I’ve given warning;
Up! up! and go, or else you know,
You’ll never rise soon in the morning!”
2. A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly;
When the dawn looked gray o’er the misty way,

And the early air looked coldly:
“Tick! tick!” it said, “quick out of bed:
For five I’ve given warning;
You’ll never have health, you’ll never have
wealth,
Unless you’re up soon in the morning!”

3. Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never:
While tears are shed for bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
That beat like ours, though stronger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
“Tick! tick!” it said, “to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning;
Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!”

【中文阅读】

1. 噢！这座古老的，古老的老钟，
它曾是屋里最耀眼、最精致的事物。
它的老迈指针，仍闪着淡淡的金色，
它的钟鸣，仍然悦耳动听。
虽然它言语不多，却是个监督者，
日转星移，朝代更替，它却留存下来。
那雄洪有力的熟悉声音颤抖着响起，

提醒着一代又一代的人：

“嘀嗒！嘀嗒！”它说，“快快，快快上床！

已经深夜十点了，

快去！快去！否则，

明早你永远没法早点起床！”

2. 老钟静静地站在角落微笑，

像位熟识老友，按时发出鸣响。

祝福的快乐钟声多么迷人，

寒冷的冬夜仍然开心走过。

当它在清晨大声吵醒我们，

那声音却又那般沙哑而烦人。

灰蒙蒙的拂晓时分，天空阴霾，

空气冷冽得令人发抖，

“嘀嗒！嘀嗒！”它说，“快快起床！

清晨已过五点，催促声声不断，

如果赖床不起，结局当然不妙，

你的健康财富，将从手中溜掉！”

3. 每一时辰报时，声音周而复始，

与生俱来的鸣响，不曾歇息片刻。

日子在欢笑和泪水中一天天度过，

那些老朋友们，身影渐渐消逝！

有些人心脏已停止跳动，老钟却仍在敲响，

那声音像我们的心跳，只是更为响亮；
老钟的指针仍在走动，只是
那些我们曾牵过的手，已经撒手人寰！
“嘀嗒！嘀嗒！”它说，“到教堂的墓地里躺
下，

坟墓的钟声已经敲响。

快去！快去！睁开眼睛，望着天空，
准备拥抱，天堂里的朝阳！”

LESSON 73 THE EXAMINATION



审查考试

Daniel Pierce Thompson (b. 1793, d. 1868) was born at Charles town, Mass., but soon removed with his father to Vermont, where he lived until twenty years of age, on a farm. His means of schooling were most limited, but he was very ambitious and seized every opportunity. By his own efforts he earned enough money to carry him through Middlebury College, where he graduated in 1820. He then went to Virginia as private tutor, and while there was entered at the bar. He shortly returned to Vermont, and opened a law office in Montpelier. In time he was elected a judge, and later secretary of state. From his college days Mr. Thompson was a writer for the various magazines. Among his novels may be mentioned "Locke Amsden, the Schoolmaster," "May Martin, or the Money Diggers," "The Green Mountain Boys," and "The Rangers, or the Tory's Daughter."

1. "Have you any questions to ask me in the other branches, sir?" asked Locke.

"Not many," replied Bunker. "There is reading, writing, grammar, etc., which I know nothing about; and as to them, I must, of course, take you by guess, which will not be much of a guess, after all, if I find

you have thought well on all other matters. Do you understand philosophy?”

2. “To what branch of philosophy do you allude, sir?”

“To the only branch there is.”

“But you are aware that philosophy is divided into different kinds; as, natural, moral, and intellectual^[1] .”

“Nonsense! philosophy is philosophy, and means the study of the reasons and causes of the things which we see, whether it be applied to a crazy man’s dreams, or the roasting of potatoes. Have you attended to it?”

“Yes, to a considerable extent, sir.”

3. “I will put a question or two, then, if you please. What is the reason of the fact, for it is a fact, that the damp breath of a person blown on a good knife and on a bad one, will soonest disappear from the well-tempered^[2] blade?”

“It may be owing to the difference in the polish of the two blades, perhaps.” replied Locke.

4. “Ah! that is an answer that don’t go deeper than the surface,” rejoined Bunker, humorously. “As good a thinker as you evidently are, you have not thought on this subject, I suspect. It took me a week, in all, I presume, of hard thinking, and making experiments at a blacksmith’s shop, to discover the reason of this. It is not the polish; for take two blades of equal polish, and the breath will disappear from one as much quicker than it does from the other, as the blade is better. It is because the material of the blade is more compact^[3] or less porous^[4] in one case than in the other.

5. “In the first place, I ascertained that the steel was made more compact by being hammered and tempered, and that the better it was tempered the more

compact it would become; the size of the pores being made, of course, less in the same proportion. Well, then, I saw the reason I was in search of, at once. For we know a wet sponge is longer in drying than a wet piece of green wood, because the pores of the first are bigger. A seasoned or shrunk piece of wood dries quicker than a green one, for the same reason.

6. "Or you might bore a piece of wood with large gimlet holes, and another with small ones, fill them both with water, and let them stand till the water evaporated^[5] , and the difference of time it would take to do this would make the case still more plain. So with the blades: the vapor lingers longest on the worst wrought and tempered one, because the pores, being larger, take in more of the wet particles, and require more time in drying."

7. "Your theory is at least a very ingenious^[6] one," observed Locke, "and I am reminded by it of another of the natural phenomena^[7] , of the true explanation of which I have not been able to satisfy myself. It is this: what makes the earth freeze harder and deeper under a trodden path than the untrodden earth around it? All that I have asked, say it is because the trodden earth is more compact. But is that reason a sufficient one?"

8. "No," said Bunker, "but I will tell you what the reason is, for I thought that out long ago. You know that, in the freezing months, much of the warmth we get is given out by the earth, from which, at intervals^[8] , if not constantly, to some extent, ascend the warm vapors to mingle with and moderate the cold atmosphere above.

9. "Now these ascending streams of warm air would be almost wholly obstructed by the compactness of a

trodden path, and they would naturally divide at some distance below it, and pass up through the loose earth on each side, leaving the ground along the line of the path, to a great depth beneath it, a cold, dead mass, through which the frost would continue to penetrate, unchecked by the internal heat, which, in its unobstructed ascent on each side, would be continually checking or overcoming the frost in its action on the earth around.

10. “That, sir, is the true philosophy of the case, you may depend upon it. But we will now drop the discussion of these matters; for I am abundantly satisfied that you have not only knowledge enough, but that you can think for yourself. And now, sir, all I wish to know further about you is, whether you can teach others to think, which is half the battle with a teacher. But as I have had an eye on this point, while attending to the others, probably one experiment, which I will ask you to make on one of the boys here, will be all I shall want.”

“Proceed, sir,” said the other.

11. “Ay, sir,” rejoined Bunker, turning to the open fireplace, in which the burning wood was sending up a column of smoke, “there, you see that smoke rising, don’t you? Well, you and I know the, reason why smoke goes upward, but my youngest boy does not, I think. Now take your own way, and see if you can make him understand it.”

12. Locke, after a moment’s reflection, and a glance round the room for something to serve for apparatus^[9], took from a shelf, where he had espied a number of articles, the smallest of a set of cast-iron cart boxes, as are usually termed the round hollow tubes in which the

axletree of a carriage turns. Then selecting a tin cup that would just take in the box, and turning into the cup as much water as he judged, with the box, would fill it, he presented them separately to the boy, and said,

“There, my lad, tell me which of these is the heavier.”

13. “Why, the cart box, to be sure,” replied the boy, taking the cup, half-filled with water, in one hand, and the hollow iron in the other.

“Then you think this iron is heavier than as much water as would fill the place of it, do you?” resumed Locke.

“Why, yes, as heavy again, and more too—I know it is,” promptly said the boy.

14. “Well, sir, now mark what I do,” proceeded the former, dropping into the cup the iron box, through the hollow of which the water instantly rose to the brim of the vessel.

“There, you saw that water rise to the top of the cup, did you?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Very well, what caused it to do so?”

15. “Why, I know well enough, if I could only think: why, it is because the iron is the heavier, and as it comes all around the water so it can’t get away sideways, it is forced up.”

“That is right; and now I want you to tell what makes that smoke rise up the chimney.”

16. “Why,—I guess,” replied the boy, hesitating, “I guess,—I guess I don’t know.”

“Did you ever get up in a chair to look on some high shelf, so that your head was brought near the ceiling of

a heated room, in winter? and did you notice any difference between the air up there and the air near the floor?"

17. "Yes, I remember I have, and found the air up there as warm as mustard; and when I got down, and bent my head near the floor to pick up something, I found it as cold as could be."

"That is ever the case; but I wish you to tell me how the cold air always happens to settle down to the lower part of the room, while the warm air, somehow, at the same time, gets above."

18. "Why, why, heavy things settle down, and the cold air—yes, yes, that's it, I am sure—the cold air is heavier, and so settles down, and crowds up the warm air."

"Very good. You then understand that cold air is heavier than the heated air, as that iron is heavier than the water; so now we will go back to the main question—what makes the smoke go upwards?"

19. "Oh! I see now as plain as day; the cold air settles down all round, like the iron box, and drives up the hot air as fast as the fire heats it, in the middle, like the water; and so the hot air carries the smoke along up with it, just as feathers and things in a whirlwind. Well! I have found out what makes smoke go up—is n't it curious?"

20. "Done like a philosopher!" cried Bunker. "The thing is settled. I will grant that you are a teacher among a thousand. You can not only think yourself, but can teach others to think; so you may call the position yours as quick as you please."

【中文阅读】

丹尼尔·皮尔斯·汤普森（1793—1868）出生在美国马萨诸塞州查尔斯顿，但很快便随着父亲迁往佛蒙特州的一个农场里，并在那里住到二十岁。汤普森所获教育很有限，但他胸怀大志，并善于抓住每个机会。通过自己的努力赚取足够费用后，他进入米德尔伯里学院学习。1820年完成学业后，他前往弗吉尼亚州任家庭教师，并在那里获得律师执业资格。不久后，汤普森返回佛蒙特州，在蒙彼利埃开了一家律师事务所。在后来的职业生涯里，他曾当选为法官，最终成为国务卿。从他的大学时代开始，汤普森先生便经常为各类杂志撰稿，他最值得一提的小说包括《洛克·阿姆斯登校长》、《梅·马丁，掘金者》、《大山里的男孩们》和《游侠们，或保守党人的女儿》。

1. “你还有什么其他学科的问题要问我吗，先生？”洛克问。

“不多了，”邦克答道，“至于阅读、写作或语法之类，我是压根不懂的。如果问这些方面的问题，我就只能猜测你答得是否准确，但并不完全是猜测，毕竟，我可以从你的答案中发现你是否理性地思考过其他所有问题。你懂哲学吗？”

2. “您指的是哪种哲学流派，先生？”

“哲学仅有唯一流派。”

“但您知道，哲学分为不同的学术分支，包括自然哲学、精神哲学和知识性哲学。”

“胡说！哲学就是哲学，它是一门对我们所见事物背后的原因和逻辑进行分析的学科，不管是用在分析一个疯子的梦境上，还是烘培马铃薯上。你对这门学科有研究吗？”

“是的，学过很多，先生。”

3. “那么，如果你乐意的话，我想请教你一两个问题。当一个人朝一柄优质刀具和一柄劣质刀具上哈气的时候，优质刀具上潮湿空气的痕迹消失得更快。这是个客观事实，但这个事实背后的原因是什么？”

“我想，这可能是因为两柄刀片抛光度的不同。”洛克回答道。

4. “哈！这答案不过涉及了皮毛。”邦克幽默地继续说道，“你显然是一位优秀的思想者，但是，我怀疑你并没有深入思考过这个问题。我花了整整一个星期思考这个问题，甚至去了铁匠铺里做了实验，以查明这个事实的原因。问题答案与抛光度不同没有关联，因为，即使你用两柄抛光度相同的刀片，分别往刀片上哈一口气，优质刀片上潮湿空气的痕迹消失得仍然比劣质刀片更快。这是因为，与劣质刀片相比，优质刀片的材质更紧密，缝隙更小。

5. “我首先确定的一点是，通过锻打淬火，钢材才能变得更密实。淬火处理得越好，钢材就越紧实，同

样，材质间的缝隙也就越小。因此，我立刻发现这就是我在寻找的答案。众所周知，潮湿海绵比同等面积的湿木自然干燥的时间更长，因为前者孔隙更大。同理，一块或小块木片要比湿木自然干燥得快。

6. “或者，你可以在一块木材上用螺丝锥钻出一些大洞，然后在另一块木材上钻出一些小洞，将它们都浸上水，然后让它们立着直到水蒸发干。两块木头蒸发时间的长短不同，这一点将会更清楚地阐述其中道理。因此，刀片也是一样：淬火锻打差的刀片上，水分盘桓时间更长，由于其材质间的孔隙更大，潮湿微粒吸收更多，所需干燥的时间自然更长。”

7. “你的理论至少是极为独到的。”洛克沉吟道，“它让我联想起另一种自然现象，对此，我还没有能得出一个能让自己满意的真实解释。问题是这样的：与未经踩踏的土地相比，为什么经过踩踏后的土地上结的冰层更坚硬厚实？我想说，这是因为践踏过的土地更紧密。但是，这一理由足够充分吗？”

8. “不，”邦克说，“不过，我可以告诉你其中原因，因为很早以前我已弄清这一问题。你知道，在结冰季节里，即使并非持续进行，我们所获得的大多暖气都是由地面间歇往外发散的。这些温暖的水气向上蒸发，与上方的冷空气混合在一起，中和了温度。

9. “现在，这些上升的暖气流被踩踏过的紧实路面几乎完全阻隔，因此，它们会在路面下方自然分散开，从紧实路面旁边的松散土地上发散出来。而那条紧实路面，以及路面以下的一段深度，都保持着冰冷僵硬的状态。冷空气依然会向下渗透过这样的路面，但路面下方却没有暖空气上升、抑制；而暖空气从紧实路面两侧的松散地面上升时，却能抑制、中和从那里下降的冷空气。

10. “先生，这就是这个问题的哲学原理所在，你可以充分信赖它。但是，现在我们还是别再继续讨论这些问题了。因为我已经确信，你不仅拥有丰富的知识，还具备独立思考的能力。好了，先生，我希望进一步了解你是否能教会别人如何思考，这是作为教师的另一半基本功。但是，鉴于我不仅想看到这点，也想看到你在其他方面的表现，我想请求你在其中一个男孩身上做个实验。”

“我很乐意，先生。”洛克说。

11. “很好。”邦克一边说着，一边转身走向房间内敞开的壁炉，壁炉里，燃烧着的木材冒出一柱烟雾，“看！你能看到那升起的烟柱吧？我们都知道为什么烟雾会向上升腾，但是，我想我最小的孩子还不知道。现在，请用你自己的方式，看你能否让他弄清来

龙去脉。”

12. 洛克思索了片刻，环顾房间四周，想找点儿东西用来做实验的仪器。他看到架子上有不少东西，其中有一套用来铸铁的方形模件，便从上面取下最小的一件，通常被称为圆形空心管，马车上的轮轴就是用它铸成的。接着，他又拿了一个锡杯，刚好可以将这个方形模件放进去。他将水倒入锡杯中，估摸着如果加上这块铁制模件，便会刚好装满一杯的程度。然后，他将这装着半杯水的锡杯和铁制模件摆在小男孩面前，对他说：

“好了，孩子，现在请告诉我哪件东西更重。”

13. “当然是那个方形的铁模更重，一定是这样。”男孩说着，一只手拿起那个装了半杯水的锡杯，一只手拿起中空的铁模，掂量了一下。

“那么，你觉得与同样体积的水相比，这块铁更重，对吗？”洛克接着问。

“是啊，重多了——这显而易见。”男孩迅速答道。

14. “很好，孩子，现在注意看我在做什么。”洛克一边说着，一边将手里的铁模放到锡杯里去，通过铁模中间的圆洞，杯里的水顿时涨到了杯沿。

“瞧，你看见水升到杯沿，是吗？”

“是的，我看到了。”

“好极了，这是什么原因造成的？”

15. “啊，这点我知道得很清楚：因为铁比水更重。当铁沉到水里的时候，下面的水就被挤上来了。”

“很正确。现在，我想让你说说，为什么烟会上升到烟囱里。”

16. “等等，——让我想想，”男孩犹豫了一会儿，说，“我，我不知道。”

“冬天的时候，你是否曾经在有暖气的房间里，为了看到某些高处的书架而站在椅子上，这样，你的脑袋就靠近天花板了？这个时候，你是否曾注意上升到天花板附近的空气，和靠近地面的空气之间的区别？”

17. “是啊，我记得我曾这么做过，天花板附近的空气温暖得像芥末那么辣，但是当我下来后，把头靠近地板捡起什么东西的时候，地板附近的空气实在太凉。”

“确实是这样。不过，我希望你能告诉我，为什么寒冷的空气总是在房间的下方，而温暖的空气却总是能跑到房间上方？”

18. “为什么，呃，为什么，重的东西会沉下来，所以寒冷的空气——啊，啊，就是这样，我知道了！冷空气比较重，所以它会沉下来，而暖空气会上升。”

“太对了！现在，你明白了冷空气比热空气重，就像铁比水重一样。然后，让我们再回到刚才的问题——为什么烟会往上升呢？”

19. “天哪！我现在再清楚不过了：四周的冷空气降下来，就像那件铁模一样，一旦用火加热，驱赶着中间的热空气往上升，就像铁模中间的水一样。热空气带着烟一起上升，就好像旋风会带着羽毛和其他东西上升一样。天哪！我终于知道烟为什么会上升了——这太奇妙了！”

20. “真是一位称职的哲学家！”邦克高声叫道，“好了，问题已经完美解决。我要说，你真是一位千里挑一的好老师。你不仅自己能思考，还能教会别人思考；只要你乐意，你随时可以给自己封上这一光荣称号。”

[1] Intellectual, treating of the mind.

[2] Tempered, brought to a proper degree of hardness.

[3] Compact, closely and firmly united, solid, dense.

[4] Porous, full of pores or minute openings.

[5] Evaporated, passed off in vapor.

[6] Ingenious, well formed, skillful.

[7] Phenomenon, whatever is presented to the eye.

[8] Intervals, spaces of time.

[9] Apparatus, utensils for performing experiments.

LESSON 74 THE ISLE OF LONG AGO



很久以前的小岛

Benjamin Franklin Taylor (b. 1819, d. 1887) was born at Lowville, N.Y. He graduated at Madison University, of which his father was president. In 1845 he published “Attractions of Language.” For many years he was literary editor of the “Chicago Journal.” Mr. Taylor wrote considerably for the magazines, was the author of many well-known favorite pieces both in prose and verse, and achieved success as a lecturer.

1. Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm^[1] of tears,
With a faultless rhythm^[2] and a musical
rhyme^[3] ,
And a boundless sweep and a surge^[4] sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of Years.
2. How the winters are drifting, like flakes of
snow,
And the summers, like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and
they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

3. There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper^[5] chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

4. And the name of that isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow

—
There are heaps of dust—but we love them so!

—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

5. There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without
strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

6. There are hands that are waved, when the
fairy shore
By the mirage^[6] is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent
roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

7. Oh, remembered for aye^[7] be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful

smile,

And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood." of Soul be in sight!

【中文阅读】

本杰明·富兰克林·泰勒（1819—1887）出生于美国纽约市洛威尔。他毕业于纽约州麦迪逊大学，他父亲曾担任该校校长。1845年，泰勒出版了《语言的魅力》。多年来，他一直在《芝加哥期刊》担任文学编辑并在各种杂志发表了大量文章，他的许多散文和诗歌都流传甚广，此外，作为演讲者的泰勒亦颇负盛名。

1. 哦，一条神奇的时光之河，
它流经洒满泪水的土地。
带着音乐般的美妙韵律，
在宽阔高涨的浪潮中，
它奔流汇入岁月的海洋。
2. 雪花片片，冬天在长河里漂流，
蓓蕾新绽，见证夏日炙热如火；
冬去春来，时光渐次流逝。
长河起伏的胸膛上，潮起潮落，
有悲伤，也有欢乐。
3. 时光河流，有一座奇妙小岛，

柔软空气环岛萦绕，
天空清澈湛蓝，气候温暖，
暮钟敲起，甜美之声似做晚祷，
六月玫瑰，微风送来缕缕暗香。

4. 那座小岛名叫很久以前，
我们埋下了珍贵的财富。
我们心上人的容颜，温暖的胸膛——
尘土堆积，我们仍怜惜牵挂，
那儿有青丝如缎鬓如霜。

5. 那儿，有无人吟唱的歌声片段，
有婴儿零星的咿呀学语，
有未弹过的琵琶，无弦的竖琴；
有被打破的誓言，丢弃的戒指，
还有记忆中她曾穿过的华美衣裳。

6. 当海市蜃楼在空气中消散，
缥缈沙滩，白皙的手依然挥舞。
当长河上风平浪静，
穿过浪涛的嘶吼声，我们偶尔能听见，
很久以前曾听过的甜美嗓音。

7. 啊，难以忘怀庄严神圣的小岛，
春走到冬，生走到死，直到——
死神降临，带着那迷人微笑，

当我们的眼睛慢慢阖上，
愿绿树常青，将灵魂揽入怀抱。

[1] Realm, region, country.

[2] Rhythm, the harmonious flow of vocal sounds.

[3] Rhyme, a word answering in sound to another word.

[4] Surge, a great, rolling swell of water.

[5] Vesper, pertaining to the evening service in the Roman Catholic Church.

[6] Mirage, an optical illusion causing objects at a distance to seem as though suspended in the air.

[7] Aye, always, ever.

LESSON 75 THE BOSTON MASSACRE



波士顿惨案

George Bancroft (b. 1800, d. 1891) was born at Worcester, Mass. He was an ambitious student, and graduated at Harvard College before he was eighteen years of age. He then traveled in Europe, spending some time at the German universities. On his return, in 1822, he was appointed tutor in Greek at Harvard. His writings at this time were a small volume of original poems, some translations from Schiller and Goethe, and a few striking essays. Mr. Bancroft has held numerous high political offices. In 1838 he was appointed collector of the port at Boston; in 1845 he was made secretary of the Navy; in 1849 he was sent as United States Minister to Great Britain; and in 1867 he was sent in the same capacity to Prussia. The work which has given Mr. Bancroft his great literary reputation is his "History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent." The first volume appeared in 1834. Philosophical in reasoning, interesting, terse in style, and founded on careful research, under the most favorable advantages, the work stands alone in its sphere.

1. The evening of the fifth came on. The young moon was shining brightly in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new-fallen snow.

Parties of soldiers were driving about the streets, making a parade of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately^[1] with sticks or sheathed cutlasses.

2. A band, which poured out from Murray's barracks, in Brattle Street, armed with clubs, cutlasses, and bayonets, provoked resistance, and a fray ensued^[2]. Ensign^[3] Maul, at the gate of the barrack yard, cried to the soldiers: "Turn out, and I will stand by you; kill them; stick them; knock them down; run your bayonets through them." One soldier after another leveled a firelock^[4], and threatened to "make a lane" through the crowd.

3. Just before nine, as an officer crossed King Street, now State Street, a barber's lad cried after him: "There goes a mean fellow who hath not paid my father for dressing his hair;" on which, the sentinel stationed at the westerly end of the customhouse, on the corner of King Street and Exchange Lane, left his post, and with his musket gave the boy a stroke on the head, that made him stagger and cry for pain.

4. The street soon became clear, and nobody troubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers issued violently from the main guard, their arms glittering in the moonlight, and passed on, hallooing: "Where are they? where are they? Let them come."

5. Presently twelve or fifteen more, uttering the same cries, rushed from the south into King Street, and so by the way of Cornhill towards Murray's barracks. "Pray, soldiers, spare my life," cried a boy of twelve, whom they met. "No, no, I'll kill you all," answered one of them, and knocked him down with his cutlass. They abused and insulted several persons at their doors

and others in the street; “running about like madmen in a fury,” crying, “Fire!” which seemed their watchword, and, “Where are they? Knock them down.” Their outrageous behavior occasioned the ringing of the bell at the head of King Street.

6. The citizens, whom the alarm set in motion, came out with canes and clubs; and, partly by the interference of well-disposed officers, partly by the courage of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, and some others, the fray at the barracks was soon over. Of the citizens, the prudent shouted, “Home! home!” others, it is said, cried out, “Huzza for the main guard! there is the nest;” but the main guard was not molested the whole evening.

7. A body of soldiers came up Royal Exchange Lane, crying, “Where are the cowards?” and, brandishing^[5] their arms, passed through King Street. From ten to twenty boys came after them, asking, “Where are they? where are they?” “There is the soldier who knocked me down,” said the barber’s boy; and they began pushing one another towards the sentinel. He loaded and primed his musket. “The lobster is going to fire,” cried a boy. Waving his piece about, the sentinel pulled the trigger.

8. “If you fire you must die for it,” said Henry Knox, who was passing by. “I don’t care,” replied the sentry, “if they touch me, I’ll fire.” “Fire!” shouted the boys, for they were persuaded he could not do it without leave from a civil officer; and a young fellow spoke out, “We will knock him down for snapping,” while they whistled through their fingers and huzzaed. “Stand off !” said the sentry, and shouted aloud, “Turn out, main guard!” “They are killing the sentinel,” reported a

servant from the customhouse, running to the main guard. "Turn out! why don't you turn cut?" cried Preston, who was captain of the day, to the guard.

9. A party of six, two of whom, Kilroi and Montgomery, had been worsted at the ropewalk, formed, with a corporal in front and Preston following. With bayonets fixed, they "rushed through the people" upon the trot, cursing them, and pushing them as they went along. They found about ten persons round the sentry, while about fifty or sixty came down with them. "For God's sake," said Knox! holding Preston by the coat, "take your men back again; if they fire, your life must answer for the consequences." "I know what I am about," said he hastily, and much agitated.

10. None pressed on them or provoked them till they began loading, when a party of about twelve in number, with sticks in their hands, moved from the middle of the street where they had been standing, gave three cheers, and passed along the front of the soldiers, whose muskets some of them struck as they went by. "You are cowardly rascals," they said, "for bringing arms against naked men." "Lay aside your guns, and we are ready for you." "Are the soldiers loaded?" inquired Palmes of Preston. "Yes," he answered, "with powder and ball." "Are they going to fire upon the inhabitants?" asked Theodore Bliss. "They can not, without my orders," replied Preston; while "the town-born" called out, "Come on, you rascals, you bloody backs, you lobster scoundrels, fire, if you dare. We know you dare not."

11. Just then, Montgomery received a blow from a stick which had hit his musket; and the word "fire!" being given by Preston, he stepped a little to one side,

and shot Attucks, who at the time was quietly leaning on a long stick. "Don't fire!" said Langford, the watchman, to Kilroi, looking him full in the face; but yet he did so, and Samuel Gray, who was standing next Langford, fell lifeless. The rest fired slowly and in succession on the people, who were dispersing. Three persons were killed, among them Attucks, the mulatto; eight were wounded, two of them mortally. Of all the eleven, not more than one had any share in the disturbance.

12. So infuriated were the soldiers that, when the men returned to take up the dead, they prepared to fire again, but were checked by Preston, while the Twenty-ninth Regiment appeared under arms in King Street. "This is our time," cried the soldiers of the Fourteenth; and dogs were never seen more greedy for their prey.

13. The bells rung in all the churches; the town drums beat. "To arms! to arms!" was the cry. "Our hearts," said Warren, "beat to arms, almost resolved by one stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren;" but they stood self-possessed^[6], demanding justice according to the law. "Did you not know that you should not have fired without the order of a civil magistrate?" asked Hutchinson, on meeting Preston. "I did it," answered Preston, "to save my men."

14. The people would not be pacified^[7] or retire till the regiment was confined to the guardroom and the barracks; and Hutchinson himself gave assurances that instant inquiries should be made by the county magistrates. One hundred persons remained to keep watch on the examination, which lasted till three hours after midnight. A warrant^[8] was issued against Preston, who surrendered himself to the sheriff; and the soldiers

of his party were delivered up and committed to prison.

NOTES.—This massacre took place Monday, March 5, 1770.

【中文阅读】

乔治·班克罗夫特（1800—1891）出生于美国马萨诸塞州伍斯特市。班克罗夫特学生时代便具有远大志向，不满十八岁便从哈佛大学毕业。毕业后，他游历欧洲，在德国的几所大学里待了一段时间。1822年，他返回美国，开始在哈佛大学执教希腊语。在那段时间里，他出版的作品包括一册薄薄的原创诗歌集，一些席勒和歌德作品的译作，以及一些引起很大反响的散文。班克罗夫特身兼数项政治要职：1838年，他被任命为波士顿港口税收官；1845年，他被任命美国海军部长；1849年，他担任美国驻英国大使，并于1867年被派驻在普鲁士。在班克罗夫特的作品中，《美国历史：从美洲大陆的发现》一书为他赢得极大文学声誉。这部书首次出版于1834年，该书纵横捭阖，研究资料翔实可信，富有哲学推理，饶有趣味，风格洗练，历史视角极为优越，在世界同类作品中堪当独树一帜。

1. 第五个夜晚来临了。冬夜，初升的月亮从寂寥无云的天空中撒落明亮的清辉，新雪将月光映得更为清冷亮丽了。成群的英军士兵开着车在街道上行驶着，耀武扬威，用棍棒或带着护套的弯刀镇压着抵抗者，同时不分青红皂白地殴打镇上的居民。

2. 一队士兵从布雷托大街的穆雷兵营里跑出，他们全副武装地配备棍棒、弯刀还有刺刀，挑衅着抵抗者，一场殴斗随之而来。少尉摩尔站在兵营门前，向士兵们高喊道：“冲出去！我会支持你们；杀了他们，将他们打翻在地，用刺刀刺穿他们的胸膛！”一个个士兵拉起手中的枪栓，威胁着要在人群中“杀出一条血路”。

3. 不到晚上九点的时候，一名军官穿过国王大街，即现在的州立大街。一名理发店少年在他身后叫喊着：“这个卑鄙的家伙走过来了，他理发后没给我爸付钱！”听到这个叫喊声，守卫在国王大街与交易小巷的交叉处、海关西边哨兵点的警卫离开了他的岗位，用他的步枪在男孩头上狠狠来了一下子，男孩趑趄几步，痛苦地叫唤起来。

4. 街道上很快变得空荡无人，没有人敢上前向这个警卫找麻烦。一队士兵从驻防军总部猛烈地冲过来，手中的武器在月光下发出凛冽寒光，他们一边跑，一边不停高喊：“这群暴徒在哪里？究竟在哪里？让他们来吧！”

5. 很快，还有十二或十五六队士兵，高喊着同样的话，从南面，或从康希尔小路朝着穆雷兵营的方向，冲进国王大街。“求求你们，长官，饶了我

吧。”当他们冲到这里的时候，那个十二岁的男孩哭着哀求道。“做梦！我们一定要把你们杀个片甲不留！”其中一个士兵吼道，用刺刀将那孩子刺翻在地。同时，他们肆意辱骂其他一些站在家门口的居民或路上的行人，一边“像一群发怒的疯子们在街头乱跑”，一边怒吼着：“开火！”这似乎是他们的口号，士兵们狂妄地叫嚣，“他们在哪里？将他们统统打倒！”他们的无耻行为激怒了市民，国王大街街头的钟声遽然响起。

6. 钟声惊动了市民，他们纷纷拿着手杖和棍棒冲出来。由于素日处事稳妥的政府官员介入，在克里斯普斯·阿塔克斯，一位黑白混血市民，以及其他市民的勇敢交涉下，兵营里的殴斗很快结束了。在市民当中，有些谨慎的人喊道：“回家吧！大家回家吧！”但是，据说另一些人高喊道：“冲到驻防军总部去！那儿才是他们的老窝！”话虽这么说，整整一晚，驻防军总部都相安无事。

7. 一群士兵从皇家交易小巷冲过来，高声叫道：“那群胆小鬼在哪儿？”他们挥舞中手中的武器，巡查着国王大街。十来个少年跟在他们身后，模仿奚弄道：“他们在哪儿？他们在哪儿？”“就是那个士兵把我打倒在地的！”理发店的少年叫起来。这些少年们推

揉着向哨兵挤去。哨兵急忙装填子弹，举枪瞄准。“英国龙虾兵要开枪了！”一个男孩尖叫道。哨兵挥舞着他的步枪，松开扳柄，随时可能扣动扳机。

8. “如果你敢开枪，你就必死无疑。”刚巧路过这里的书商亨利·诺克斯说道。“我不在乎，”哨兵回答道，“他们要是敢碰我，我就开枪！”“你开枪啊！”男孩们挑衅地高喊道。他们曾听说，要是没有市政官员的许可，他是不被允许开枪的。男孩们用手指吹着口哨，场面一片喧闹。这时，一个少年高叫道：“把他打倒！折断他的枪！”“退后！退后！”哨兵大声高喊着，“请求支援！请求支援，驻防军总部！”“那群混蛋打算杀了我们的哨兵！”有个士兵从海关处冲到驻防军总部禀报。“出动！火速赶到那里！”当天执勤的上尉普雷斯顿冲着士兵们吼道。

9. 一行六名士兵迅速赶往现场。士兵基瑞和蒙哥马利二人也在其中，他们曾在制绳厂事件中被当地工人打伤。一名下士冲在前面，上尉普雷斯顿紧随其后。他们手里端着刺刀“冲进人群”，边跑边咒骂推搡着聚集的人群。他们看见大概有十来人正围着哨兵，还有五六十人在他们身后聚拢过来。“看在上帝的份儿上！”书商诺克斯怒斥着！他抓住上尉普雷斯顿的衣领，愤怒地说：“把你的人带回去！要是他们开火了，

你要用性命承担后果！”“我知道我该怎么做！”普雷斯顿厉声说道，神色极为恼怒。

10. 没有市民推搡或激怒这些士兵，直到他们开始装填子弹，人群中才爆发出叫骂骚动，推挤着、挑衅着士兵们。这时，大约十二名手上拿着棍子的市民，从刚才站立的国王大街中央冲将过来，他们高叫数声，从荷枪实弹的士兵面前跑过，有些人的身体甚至抵着士兵手里的步枪。“你们这群懦夫！流氓！”他们叫骂道，“你们竟然将武器对准手无寸铁的市民！”“把枪放下，我们好好来拼一场！”“这些枪都上好子弹了？”地方官帕尔姆斯问上尉普雷斯顿。“是的，”普雷斯顿答道，“已经填好了铁砂和火药。”“你们真打算向市民们开枪？”地方官西奥多·布利斯不敢相信地问道。“没有我的命令，他们不会开枪。”普雷斯顿回答。波士顿土生土长的市民们高叫道：“来吧，你们这群畜生，你们这群嗜血的恶棍，英国龙虾军的流氓！你们开枪啊，要是你们敢动手的话！你们根本就不敢开枪。”

11. 就在那时，有人用棍子击打着士兵蒙哥马利手中的步枪，但是却狠狠打到他身上。上尉普雷斯顿下令：“开枪！”蒙哥马利向旁边退开一步，开枪击中阿塔克斯，后者当时正一声不吭地倚靠在一根长棍

上。“不要开枪！”巡夜人兰福德迎面冲着士兵基瑞叫道，但后者还是扣动了扳机，站在兰福德身边的塞缪尔·格雷应声倒地，死了。随后，连续缓慢的枪声在人群中炸开，市民们纷纷四下逃散。最终有三人被打死，其中包括那名黑白混血儿阿塔克斯；八人受伤，其中两人不治而亡。在所有十一个死伤者当中，仅有一名曾参与现场暴乱。

12. 士兵们的情绪仍然愤怒高亢，当市民们返身想搬走尸体的时候，他们几乎准备再次开枪，但是被上尉普雷斯顿制止了。这时，第二十九军团士兵全副武装地赶到国王大街。“这是我们的胜利时刻！”第十四军团的士兵高喊道，就连猎犬们争夺猎物的时候，都没有他们这么贪婪。

13. 所有教堂的钟声忽然响成一片，波士顿全镇鼓声齐鸣，“武装起来！武装起来！”市民们群情激昂。地方官沃伦说：“几乎是第一声战鼓响起，我们就下定决心，为我们被屠杀的兄弟们复仇。”但是，市民们站在那里，克制着他们激愤的情绪，强烈要求诉诸法律，将这些刽子手们绳之于法。“难道你们不知道，没有地方行政长官的命令，你们不能开火？”当时的马萨诸塞州副州长哈钦森赶到现场，质问着普雷斯顿上尉。“我下令开火，”后者回答道，“是为了保护我手下

的士兵。”

14. 市民们仍然愤怒难抑，不肯退去，直到英军士兵被限制在驻防地或军营里，不准外出。哈钦森本人做出承诺，波士顿地方官员将即刻对这起案件着手进行调查。仍然有一百多名市民留下来，监督着这场盘查。盘查直到凌晨三点才结束。普雷斯顿本人已向当地司法官认罪，法官签发了一份针对他的逮捕书，他下属的涉案士兵也被移交并投入监狱。

[1] Indiscriminately, without distinction.

[2] Ensued, followed, resulted from.

[3] Ensign, an officer of low rank.

[4] Firelock, an old-style musket, with a f lintlock.

[5] Brandishing, waving, flourishing.

[6] Selfpossessed, undisturbed, calm in mind, manner, etc.

[7] Pacified, calmed, quieted.

[8] Warrant, a writ authorizing an officer to seize an offender.

LESSON 76 DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL



美好事物的逝去

Eliza Lee Follen (b. 1787, d. 1859) was born in Boston, Mass. Her maiden name was Cabott. In 1828, she married Charles Follen, Professor of the German language and its literature in Harvard University. Her principal works are “Sketches of Married Life,” “The Skeptic,” “Twilight Stories,” and “Little Songs.” For several years Mrs. Follen was editor of the “Children’s Friend.”

1. The young, the lovely, pass away,
 Ne’er to be seen again;
Earth’s fairest flowers too soon decay,
 Its blasted trees remain.
2. Full oft, we see the brightest thing
 That lifts its head on high,
Smile in the light, then droop its wing,
 And fade away and die.
3. And kindly is the lesson given;
 Then dry the falling tear:
They came to raise our hearts to Heaven;
 They go to call us there.

【中文阅读】

伊丽莎·李·弗伦（1787—1859）出生在美国马萨诸塞州的波士顿，她娘家的姓氏是卡勃特。1828年，她嫁给查尔斯·弗伦，弗伦先生是哈佛大学德国及德语文学的教授。她的主要作品有《婚后的生活速写》、《怀疑论者》、《暮光之城的故事》和《短歌》，并曾担任《儿童之友》杂志编辑数年之久。

1. 年轻的，美丽的，骤然逝去，
 不曾再度相遇。
 最娇嫩的花朵总是太早凋零，
 只留下枯萎的残枝。
2. 我们总是见到，那些美好的事物，
 高高仰起它娇艳的脸庞，
 在阳光下绽开笑颜；下一秒，
 便光华尽敛，已成过眼云烟。
3. 擦干你颊上的泪水，
 认真感受其中的寓意：
 它们的到来，是为了见证天堂的存在；
 而它们的离开，是为了召唤我们同去。

LESSON 77
SNOW FALLING



John James Piatt (b.1835, d.1917) was born in Dearborn County, Ind., and is of French descent. He began to write verses at the age of fourteen, and has been connected editorially with several papers. Several editions of his poems have been issued from time to time, each edition usually containing some additional poems. Of these volumes we may mention: “Poems in Sunshine and Firelight,” “Western Windows,” “The Lost Farm,” and “Poems of House and Home.”

1. The wonderful snow is falling
Over river and woodland and wold^[1] ;
The trees bear spectral^[2] blossom
In the moonshine blurr'd and cold.
2. There's a beautiful garden in Heaven;
And these are the banished^[3] flowers,
Falling and driven and drifted
Into this dark world of ours.

【中文阅读】

约翰·詹姆斯·皮亚特（1835—1917）出生于美国印第安纳州迪尔伯恩县，拥有法国血统。十四岁时，皮亚特开始写诗，并已经为数家报纸编辑过文章。迄今为止，他的诗歌已发行过多种版本，每次再版都会增补新的诗作。在他的诗集中，下面几卷尤为出名：《在阳光和火焰中的诗》、《西部之窗》、《失落的农场》和《房子与家的诗》。

1. 纷纷扬扬，鹅毛大雪难以想象，
染白河流，覆盖成片森林荒原。
枝桠魅影，开出精灵银白骨朵，
月光清冷，透出雪夜朦胧肃杀。
2. 遥远天国，有个鲜花盛开村庄；
雪花洋溢，人间放逐花朵怒放，
朔风扑来，白色精灵从天而降，
轻舞飞扬，融入大地凝重灰暗。

[1] Wold, a plain or open country, a country without wood whether hilly or not.

[2] Spectral, ghostly.

[3] Banished, condemned to exile, driven away.

LESSON 78 SQUEERS'S METHOD



斯格威尔的教学方法

Charles Dickens (b. 1812, d. 1870). This celebrated novelist was born in Portsmouth, England. He began his active life as a lawyer's apprentice, in London; but soon became a reporter, and followed this occupation from 1831 to 1836. His first book was entitled "Sketches of London Society, by Boz." In 1837 he published the "Pickwick Papers," a work which established his reputation as a writer. His other works followed with great rapidity, and his last, "Edwin Drood," was unfinished when he died. He visited America in 1842 and in 1867. He is buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Dickens excelled in humor and pathos, and was particularly successful in delineating the joys and griefs of childhood. His writings have a tendency to prompt to deeds of kindness and benevolence. The following extract is taken from "Nicholas Nickleby," one of the best of his novels.

1. "Come," said Squeers, "let's go to the schoolroom; and lend me a hand with my school coat, will you?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian^[1] shooting jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear

of the house.

“There,” said the schoolmaster, as they stepped in together; “this is our shop, Nickleby.”

2. It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that at first Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved^[2] itself into a bare and dirty room with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copy books and paper.

3. There were a couple of long, old, rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked and damaged in every possible way; two or three forms, a detached desk for Squeers, and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported like that of a barn, by crossbeams and rafters, and the walls were so stained and discolored that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched by paint or whitewash.

4. Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities^[3] with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted^[4] growth, and others whose long, meager^[5] legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together. There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining.

5. And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque^[6] features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which

delicious compound she administered^[7] a large installment^[8] to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably, they being all obliged, under heavy corporeal^[9] penalties, to take in the whole bowl at a gasp.

6. "Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking^[10] over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. "Here, you Smike: take away now. Look sharp!"

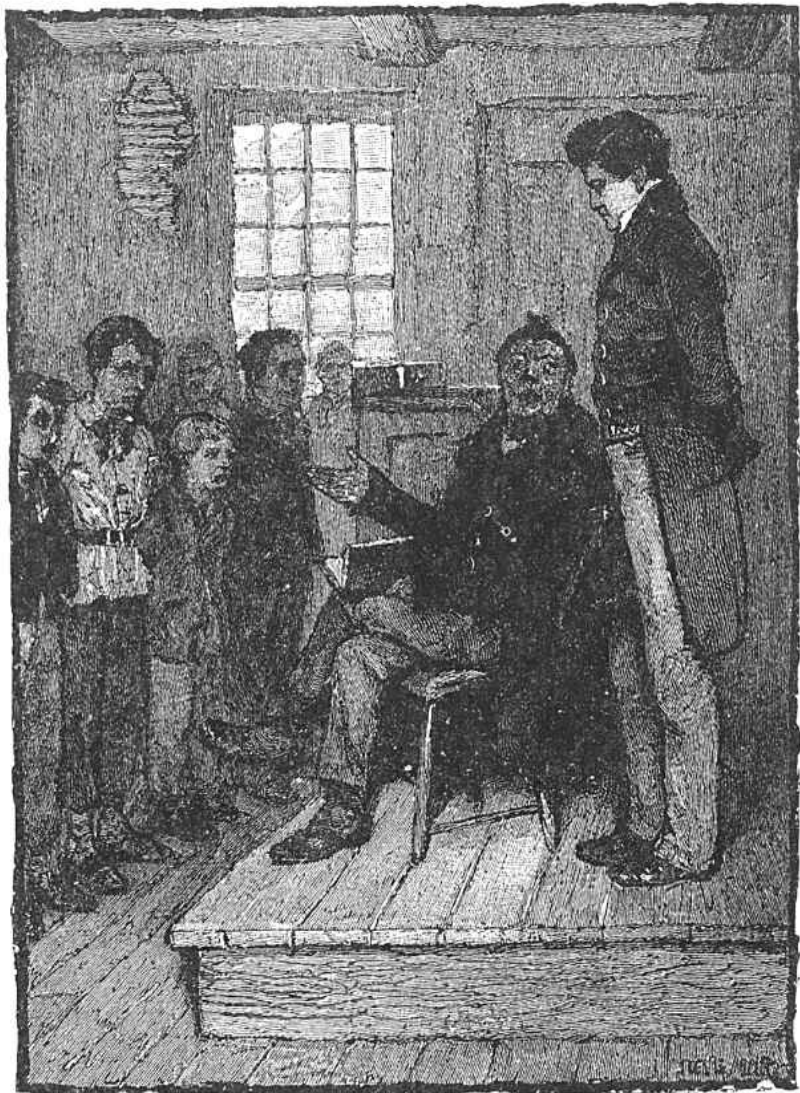
7. Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers hurried out after him into a species of washhouse, where there was a small fire, and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board. Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition which looked like diluted^[11] pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast, whereupon Mr. Squeers went away to his own.

8. After some half-hour's delay Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity^[12] the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very

profound^[13] , as if he had a perfect apprehension^[14] of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart, if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

9. Obedient to this summons there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk, half a dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"



10. "Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window," said the temporary^[15] head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder,

a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

11. "Please, sir, he is weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted^[16], "so he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas, significantly^[17].

12. "I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there is n't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed!" said Nicholas, abstractedly^[18].

13. "As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

NOTES.—The novel from which this story is abridged, aided

greatly in a much-needed reform in the Yorkshire schools; and the character of Squeers was so true to life, that numerous suits were threatened against Mr. Dickens by those who thought themselves caricatured.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯·狄更斯（1812—1870），著名小说家，出生于英国朴次茅斯。狄更斯早年进入伦敦律师界做学徒，但很快就转行成为记者，并于1831年至1836年持续了五年时间。他的首部作品题为《博兹札记：伦敦上流社会的剪影》。1837年，狄更斯出版了《匹克威克外传》，奠定了他的文坛地位。随后，他的其他作品便相继问世，《艾德温·德鲁德之谜》为作家去世前未及封笔之作。狄更斯分别于1842年和1867年两次访问美国。去世后，他被埋葬在威斯敏斯特大教堂。狄更斯先生擅长幽默和感伤，尤其擅长刻画童年的欢乐和悲伤。他的作品倾向于宣扬宽厚与仁慈的品行。下文节选自狄更斯最好的小说之一《尼古拉斯·尼克贝》。

1. “来吧，”斯格威尔说，“我们去教室吧。拿着，帮我拿一下我的校服。”

尼古拉斯从走廊的衣钩上取下校长那件老旧的棉麻狩猎装，帮校长穿上。斯格威尔校长拿起手杖，在前面领着路，穿过一个院子，走到一栋房屋的后门前面。

“到地方了。”校长一边说着，一边带着他走进房

间，“这就是我们的教室，尼克贝。”

2. 眼前的景象相当凌乱，有这么多吸引视线的东西。一时间，尼古拉斯只是茫然地环顾着四周，丝毫不清楚自己在看些什么。然而，渐渐地，他才看清这个地方原来是一个空荡荡的肮脏房间，有几扇窗户，大概只有十分之一的窗户上装着玻璃，其余的窗户只是用旧书和报纸简单地糊起来。

3. 房间里，有几张窄长破旧的书桌，摇摇晃晃的，桌上布满凹槽刻痕，到处都墨迹斑斑，损坏得不成样子。斯格威尔有一张单独的桌子，另一张是他助手的。教室的天花板靠横梁和椽子支撑搭起，看起来像是谷仓。墙壁上满是污迹脏渍，根本看得出来它是否漆过或刷白过。

4. 孩子们面色苍白憔悴，身材羸弱瘦削，脸上带着老人般的苍老神情，瘦骨嶙峋甚而畸形变态。孩子们挤在一起，有些男孩发育不良，身形瘦小；有些男孩纤细长腿好似竹竿，几乎无法支撑起他们佝偻的身体。这些本该是健康活泼的小脸上，面色晦暗，满脸愁容，写满了苦难和挣扎。孩子们的眼眸里，那属于孩童的光亮早已熄灭，没有天真开朗，只剩下漠然的无助和悲哀。

5. 眼前景象痛苦扭曲，却不乏荒诞无稽的悲戚。

要是换了一个不像尼古拉斯这么在意的观察者，没准还能笑出声来。课桌上摆着一个硕大的面盆，里面是硫磺粉和糖浆的美味调和物。斯格威尔夫人站在课桌旁边，负责将这调和物喂到每个孩子嘴里。男孩们排队走过来，每个人嘴里都被灌了一大勺。斯格威尔夫人拿的是一柄家常硕大木勺，最初也许是被设计给巨人用的。那柄硕大勺子迫使男孩们竭力张大嘴巴，一口气吞下一大碗的分量，这简直是场肉体上的酷刑。

6. “现在，”斯格威尔用手杖重重敲了一下书桌，几乎让一半以上的男孩都惊吓得跳起来，“治疗结束了吗？”

“刚刚结束。”斯格威尔太太答道，她手忙脚乱地往最后一个男孩嘴里灌下药，他噎住了，于是她拿着手里的木勺猛地敲打孩子的脑袋，他才缓过气来，“好了，斯迈克，把这个盆子拿走。长点眼！”

7. 斯迈克端着盆，拖着脚走了，斯格威尔夫人催促地跟在他身后。他们走进一个看起来像是洗漱间的地方，炉灶上的火苗很小，旁边的木板上放着一个很大的茶壶和数个小木碗。在这个饥肠辘辘的学生帮助下，斯格威尔夫人将一盆褐色混合物倒进每个小木碗里。碗里的食物稀薄得像针垫上的针眼，被叫作“粥”。接着，斯格威尔夫人在每个碗里都放上一小

撮面包。当男孩们喝完碗里的粥，粥里的那一丁点儿面包也就下肚了。就这样，他们吃完了早餐，而斯格威尔先生离开，独自享用他的早餐了。

8. 过了半个多小时，斯格威尔先生回来了。孩子们在各自的位置上，拿出书本。书本很破旧，看起来每本书平均曾有一至八名学生使用过。几分钟过去了，斯格威尔先生什么都不说，只摆出一副知识渊博的模样，就好像他对书里的所有内容都领悟透彻，对每个词语的解释都了然于胸。过了一会儿，这名先生终于选择为自己增添麻烦，宣布开始上第一堂课。

9. 孩子们服从校长的指示，乖顺地在他书桌前列成一排。这六七个孩子瘦得像稻草人一样，膝盖和手肘间都是破洞，其中一个孩子拿着一本污秽而破烂不堪的书，放在校长博学睿智的眼皮底下。

“我们的第一堂课，是英文拼写和拉丁语法课，尼克贝，”斯格威尔先生说着，示意尼古拉斯走过去站在他身旁。他说：“我们会学习一个拉丁语单词，然后手把手地教会你们。现在，一号男孩在哪儿？”

10. “报告，先生，他正在清洗客厅的后窗。”语法课的临时班长报告说。

“哦，当然，很好。”斯格威尔继续说道，“我们所使用的教学模式是实践性的，尼克贝，是最常规的教

学体系。C-l-e-a-n, clean, 动词主动态, 意思是洗刷东西, 让它变得明亮。W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, 卷起, 卷起窗扉。要是有一个男孩从书上学会这一点, 他就会走过去照做, 这就是世界上通用的法则。二号男孩在哪里?”

11. “报告, 先生, 他在花园除草。”一个微弱的声音回答道。

“很好。”斯格威尔说道, 声音坦然, 没有丝毫窘迫不安, “很好, 他在除草。B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, 名词性质, 植物学知识。当一个男孩了解到, bottinney指的是植物学知识, 他就会去试图了解它们。这就是我们的教学方法, 尼克贝, 你觉得呢?”

“无论如何, 这都是非常有用的教学方法。”尼古拉斯意味深长地回答道。

12. “我同意你的意见。”斯格威尔接着说, 丝毫没有察觉出尼古拉斯的弦外之音, “三号男孩, 马是什么?”

“一种动物, 先生,” 男孩回答。

“正是。”斯格威尔说, “难道不是吗, 尼克贝?”

“这是毫无疑问的, 先生。”尼古拉斯回答道。

“当然, 这是毫无疑问的。”斯格威尔说, “马是一

种四足动物，而四足动物这个单词，quadruped，在拉丁语里就是动物的意思。这一点，每个学过语法的学生都知道，否则，学习语法究竟还有什么用呢？”

“是啊，究竟有什么用呢！”尼古拉斯心不在焉地附和着。

13. “你对这个问题回答得很完美。”斯格威尔转向那个男孩，对他说道，“现在，去好好照看我的马匹，将它全身刷洗干净。否则，小心我修理你。其余的学生去提水，没有吩咐不得停下休息。明天是清洗日，所有大缸小盆都要统统装满。”

[1] Fustian, a kind of cotton stuff, including corduroy, velveteen, etc.

[2] Resolved, made clear, disentangled.

[3] Deformities, misshapen persons.

[4] Stunted, checked in growth.

[5] Meager, thin, lean.

[6] Grotesque, fanciful, absurd.

[7] Administered, gave, dispensed.

[8] Installment (literally, part of a debt), part, portion.

[9] Corporeal, bodily.

[10] Physicking, doctoring, treating with medicine.

[11] Diluted, weakened by the addition of water.

[12] Commodity, article, wares.

[13] Profound, intellectually deep, wise.

[14] Apprehension, comprehension, knowledge.

[15] Temporary, for the time being.

[16] Disconcerted, confused, abashed.

[17] Significantly, with meaning.

[18] Abstractedly, in an absent-minded way.

LESSON 79 THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS



两手空空的礼物

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt (b. 1835, —) was born near Lexington, Ky. While still a young girl she began to write poetry, which was well received. In 1861 she was married to the poet John James Piatt. Mrs. Piatt's poetry is marked by tender pathos, thoughtfulness, and musical flow of rhythm. The following selection is from "That New World."

1. They were two princes doomed^[1] to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath:
"Leave us our life and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."
2. They went together. In the dew
A charmed^[2] bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.
3. A rose, whose faintest flush was worth
All buds that ever blew^[3] on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach; ah, well,
Into the other's breast it fell.

4. Weird^[4] jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;
Gems of quick^[5] fire the other found.
5. One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air
And gathered precious apples there.
6. Backward to the imperial^[6] gate
One took his fortune, one his fate:
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest
lands,
The other, torn and empty hands.
7. At bird, and rose, and gem, and fruit,
The king was sad, the king was mute^[7] ;
At last he slowly said: "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.
8. Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

【中文阅读】

S. M. B. 皮亚特夫人，1835年出生在美国肯塔基州列克星敦附近，幼年时即开始诗歌创作，并颇受好评。1861年，她嫁给了诗人约翰·詹姆斯·皮亚特。皮亚特夫人的诗歌具有人文关怀的温婉悲伤，思想深刻，韵律流畅。下文节选自她

的《新世界》。

1. 两位王子命中注定在劫难逃，
他们都珍爱着自己的青春年华，
“尊敬的父王，请免我们一死，
从主那里，为您带回珍贵礼物。”
2. 他们一起出发，清寒露水中，
一只被施了魔法的小鸟悄然而至。
一位王子阳光下穿越荆棘紧紧跟随，
它却停在另一位王子臂上。
3. 一朵玫瑰，即便容颜再虚弱，
都胜过这世上所有盛开过的鲜花。
一位王子爬上悬崖峭壁将它摘下，啊，
它却落在另一位王子的胸膛。
4. 那些仙女们曾佩戴过的奇妙宝石，
月光流世，宝石便映亮她们的秀发。
一位王子摸索着阴森的地面，
另一位王子却循着光芒轻易找到它。
5. 一位王子与恶龙殊死搏斗，为得到
那有魔力的水果，却徒劳无功；
另一位嗅到芳香满园，
轻易采下那奇珍异果。
6. 两人回到皇家宫殿门前，

一个满载而归，一个却要面对噩运：
收获丰盈者，上天馈赠礼物；
两手空空者，魂灵撕裂痛苦。

7. 小鸟、玫瑰、宝石或异果，
国王悲恸不止，缄默无言。
最后缓缓开口：“我的孩子，
真正宝物，并非轻易获得。
8. 你兄弟的手，当然你也看见，
唯有这疤痕，才是我真正在意的财富。
在我看来，每一处被遗忘的伤口，
都深藏着比这个王国更高贵的价值。”

[1] Doomed, destined, condemned.

[2] Charmed, bewitched, enchanted.

[3] Blew, blossomed, bloomed.

[4] Weird, tainted with witchcraft, supernatural.

[5] Quick, alive, living.

[6] Imperial, royal.

[7] Mute, silent.

LESSON 80 CAPTURING THE WILD HORSE



捕捉野马

1. We left the buffalo camp about eight o'clock, and had a toilsome and harassing march of two hours, over ridges of hills covered with a ragged forest of scrub oaks, and broken by deep gullies^[1].

2. About ten o'clock in the morning we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into a valley, through which flowed the north fork of Red River. A beautiful meadow, about half a mile wide, enameled with yellow, autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side by the river, whose banks were fringed with cottonwood trees, the bright foliage of which refreshed and delighted the eye, after being wearied by the contemplation of monotonous wastes of brown forest.

3. The meadow was finely diversified^[2] by groves and clumps of trees, so happily dispersed that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley, we beheld a troop of wild horses quietly grazing on a green lawn, about a mile distant, to our right, while to our left, at nearly the same distance, were several buffaloes; some

feeding, others reposing, and ruminating^[3] among the high, rich herbage^[4] , under the shade of a clump of cottonwood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad, beautiful tract of pasture land, on the highly ornamented estate of some gentleman farmer, with his cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows.

4. A council of war was now held, and it was determined to profit by the present favorable opportunity, and try our hand at the grand hunting maneuver which is called “ringing the wild horse.” This requires a large party of horsemen, well mounted. They extend themselves in each direction, at a certain distance apart, and gradually form a ring of two or three miles in circumference, so as to surround the game. This must be done with extreme care, for the wild horse is the most readily alarmed inhabitant of the prairie^[5] , and can scent a hunter a great distance, if to windward^[6] .

5. The ring being formed, two or three ride toward the horses, which start off in an opposite direction. Whenever they approach the bounds of the ring, however, a huntsman presents himself, and turns them from their course. In this way they are checked, and driven back at every point, and kept galloping round and round this magic circle, until, being completely tired down, it is easy for hunters to ride up beside them and throw the lariat^[7] over their heads. The prime horses of the most speed, courage, and bottom^[8] , however, are apt to break through and escape, so that, in general, it is the second-rate horses that are taken.

6. Preparations were now made for a hunt of this kind. The pack horses were now taken into the woods and firmly tied to trees, lest in a rush of the wild horses

they should break away. Twenty-five men were then sent under the command of a lieutenant to steal along the edge of the valley within the strip of wood that skirted the hills. They were to station themselves about fifty yards apart, within the edge of the woods, and not advance or show themselves until the horses dashed in that direction. Twenty-five men were sent across the valley to steal in like manner along the river bank that bordered the opposite side, and to station themselves among the trees.

7. A third party of about the same number was to form a line, stretching across the lower part of the valley, so as to connect the two wings. Beatte and our other half-breed, Antoine, together with the ever-officious Tonish, were to make a circuit through the woods so as to get to the upper part of the valley, in the rear of the horses, and drive them forward into the kind of sack that we had formed, while the two wings should join behind them and make a complete circle.

8. The flanking^[9] parties were quietly extending themselves out of sight, on each side of the valley, and the residue were stretching themselves like the links of a chain across it, when the wild horses gave signs that they scented an enemy; snuffing the air, snorting, and looking about. At length they pranced off slowly toward the river, and disappeared behind a green bank.

9. Here, had the regulations of the chase been observed, they would have been quietly checked and turned back by the advance of a hunter from among the trees. Unluckily, however, we had our wildfire, Jack-o'-lantern^[10] little Frenchman to deal with. Instead of keeping quietly up the right side of the valley, to get above the horses, the moment he saw them move

toward the river he broke out of the covert^[11] of woods and dashed furiously across the plain in pursuit of them. This put an end to all system. The half-breeds, and half a score of rangers, joined in the chase.

10. A way they all went over the green bank. In a moment or two the wild horses reappeared, and came thundering down the valley, with Frenchman, half-breeds, and rangers galloping and bellowing behind them. It was in vain that the line drawn across the valley attempted to check and turn back the fugitives; they were too hotly pressed by their pursuers: in their panic^[12] they dashed through the line, and clattered down the plain.

11. The whole troop joined in the headlong chase, some of the rangers without hats or caps, their hair flying about their ears, and others with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The buffaloes, which had been calmly ruminating among the herbage, heaved up their huge forms, gazed for a moment at the tempest that came scouring down the meadow, then turned and took to heavy, rolling flight. They were soon overtaken; the promiscuous^[13] throng were pressed together by the contracting sides of the valley, and away they went, pellmell, hurry-scurry, wild buffalo, wild horse, wild huntsman, with clang and clatter, and whoop and halloo, that made the forests ring.

12. At length the buffaloes turned into a green brake, on the river bank, while the horses dashed up a narrow defile of the hills, with their pursuers close to their heels. Beatte passed several of them, having fixed his eye upon a fine Pawnee horse that had his ears slit and saddle marks upon his back. He pressed him gallantly, but lost him in the woods.

13. Among the wild horses was a fine black mare, which in scrambling up the defile tripped and fell. A young ranger sprang from his horse and seized her by the mane and muzzle. Another ranger dismounted and came to his assistance. The mare struggled fiercely, kicking and biting, and striking with her fore feet, but a noose was slipped over her head, and her struggles were in vain.

14. It was some time, however, before she gave over rearing and plunging, and lashing out with her feet on every side. The two rangers then led her along the valley, by two strong lariats, which enabled them to keep at a sufficient distance on each side to be out of the reach of her hoofs, and whenever she struck out in one direction she was jerked in the other. In this way her spirit was gradually subdued.

15. As to Tonish, who had marred^[14] the whole scene by his precipitancy, he had been more successful than he deserved, having managed to catch a beautiful cream-colored colt about seven months old, that had not strength to keep up with its companions. The mercurial^[15] little Frenchman was beside himself with exultation. It was amusing to see him with his prize. The colt would rear and kick, and struggle to get free, when Tonish would take him about the neck, wrestle with him, jump on his back, and cut as many antics as a monkey with a kitten.

16. Nothing surprised me more, however, than to witness how soon these poor animals, thus taken from the unbounded freedom of the prairie, yielded to the dominion of man. In the course of two or three days the mare and colt went with the led horses and became quite docile.

【中文阅读】

1. 我们八点钟左右离开了野牛营地，费力艰辛地跋涉了两个小时，翻山越岭。山岭间覆盖着参差不齐的矮橡树林，途中不时可见幽深的溪谷沟壑。

2. 上午十点钟左右，我们来到了这些崎岖山岭的脚下。山脚下有条溪谷，那是红河的北端支流。在我们面前，是一个约半英里宽的美丽草甸，点缀着秋天金黄灿烂的花朵，沿着山脚绵延两三英里，抵达河流对岸一侧。河岸边，长着三角叶白杨。在看倦了满眼单调褐色的森林后，突然见到这杨树上明亮的黄叶，顿时令人眼前一亮。

3. 草甸上恰好层次分明，一边是低矮的灌木，一边是高大的树木。它们分散着点缀在草地上，看起来是那么和谐，像是被一双艺术的大手精巧排列过一样。当我们将目光投向那条清新怡人的溪谷，只看见在我们右边大约一英里的地方，有一队野马群正在油绿的草坪上安静地吃草。在我们左侧几乎差不多远的地方，在一片三角叶白杨的浓荫下，几只野牛正在草甸盘桓，有的在啃吃青草，有的正在高高的、长势茂

盛的牧草间歇息反刍。这样的景色，看起来像是某位绅士所拥有的一片宽阔美丽的牧场，打理得很细致，而他放牧的牲畜正在牧场的草地上从容悠闲地吃草。

4. 现在，就如何捕捉这群野马，我们召开了战前会议，抓住目前有利机遇乃是上策，我们决定用一个被称为“围猎野马”的大型狩猎方案。这个方案需要许多技艺超群的骑手，往各个方向上散开，彼此之间相隔着一定距离，并逐渐形成一个周长为两三英里的圆环，将野马群包围在里面。这种打围需要极度谨慎小心，因为野马是这片草原上最为警觉的居民，如果顺风，它们能在很远的地方就嗅到猎人的气味。

5. 一旦包围圈形成，两三个骑手就冲向野马群，将它们赶到相反的方向。但是，当野马群靠近包围圈，便有一名猎手出现，将它们驱逐转向。就这样，野马群不管奔跑到哪里，都会被阻拦、驱逐，只能在这个魔圈里不停地驰骋转圈，直到彻底精疲力竭。这时，猎人们就很容易跟在野马群身边奔驰，将套索扔出，套在它们头上。但是，那些一流的野马极擅奔跑，具有超凡勇气与耐力，往往有能力突围逃走，因此，通常被捕获的都是品质稍劣的马匹。

6. 现在，狩猎的准备工作已经完成。我们的驮马被带到树林里，牢牢地拴在树上，以免在野马奔驰过

来的时候，它们也跟着挣脱逃走。接着，在一名中尉的率领下，二十五个男人悄悄沿着溪谷的边缘散开，山谷毗邻山脚下环山的条形状树林。那二十五人大约以五十码间隔距离布好位置，藏身在树林边缘，等到野马向他们这边飞奔过来，他们才能冒头拦阻。另外二十五人穿越溪谷，用同样的方式沿着对面的河岸边悄悄散开，同样藏身树林中间。

7. 另外再派出数目大体相当的人，站成一列，横跨溪谷下游，以此连接包围圈的两翼。彼特和我们当中的另一名混血儿骑手安东尼，再加上总是多管闲事的法国佬托尼叙，他们三人将穿过树林，绕到溪谷上游，在野马群的背后出现，然后将它们驱赶进我们已经设伏好的包围圈里，而包围圈两翼也随之靠拢，形成一个完整的圆环。

8. 侧翼的两只队伍已经沿着溪谷两端，悄无声息地散开了。剩下的人也散开了，他们负责填补整条包围圈中可能出现的缺口。这时，野马群发出信号，它们已经嗅到敌人的气味：它们嗅着空气，不停地喷着鼻息，环顾着四周。最后，野马们后足立地腾跃起来，三三两两地朝着河边小跑过去，消失在绿色的河岸边。

9. 要是严格遵守围猎规则，这时野马群就会被树

林里安静冒出的猎手所阻挡，然后转身退往另一个方向。然而，不幸的是，我们当中有个人坏了事，就是那个身材矮小的不靠谱的法国佬。他本应该在溪谷右侧安静地前进，到马群前方再开始行动；可是，当他看到野马群朝着河边跑去的时候，他一下冲出树林的藏身之处，疯狂地在草甸上追逐着它们。这下，整个打围计划就泡汤了，两个混血儿还有十名左右负责填补缺口的游猎者都加入了追逐。

10. 野马群和追逐者都一路奔向绿色的河岸边。过了一会儿，野马又再度进入视线，闪电般往溪谷下游飞驰，那个法国佬、两个混血儿和游猎者跟在它们身后奔跑怒吼着，守在溪谷那条线上的猎手们根本无力将这群逃亡的野马驱逐回去。它们被身后的追逐者追得太紧，在恐慌中，野马群冲开包围圈，在平原上散开了。

11. 现在，所有人都加入了这场不顾一切的追逐。有些猎手掉了帽子，头发在耳边四处飞舞，还有些人将手帕扎在头上。原本在牧草丛间安静休息的野牛，撑起它们庞大的身躯，朝着这场席卷着草甸的骚乱方向望了两眼，也转身逃跑了。它们身形沉重，奔跑时带着隐隐的轰响。它们很快就被赶上，现在，这群混杂的大部队被挤在狭窄的溪谷里，喧闹嘈杂，一

片混乱。野牛和野马嘶吼着，疯狂的猎手们高喊着，森林里轰响成一片。

12. 最后，野牛群一直跑到绿色的河岸边，骤然收住了蹄子，而此刻野马群却冲上山岭间的狭窄小径，后面的猎手们仍紧追不舍，离马群越来越近。彼特越过其中几匹野马，眼睛紧紧盯着一匹漂亮的波尼马，这匹马耳朵上有裂缝，背上还有鞍痕。彼特紧跟着它，然而，在穿越丛林的迅速奔跑中，那马转瞬间便不知所向。

13. 在这群野马中，有一匹健壮黑色母马在小径上绊倒了。一名年轻的猎手从他的马上扑过去，紧紧抓住它的鬃毛和口鼻。另一位猎手旋即下马，助他一臂之力。母马奋力地挣扎着，不停地猛踢猛咬，用前足踹打着，可一条套索套上它的头颈，顷刻之间，它的拼命挣扎徒劳无力。

14. 然而，好大一会儿工夫，它才最终放弃朝四面八方猛烈的踢打。这两名猎手用两根粗壮的缰绳，一左一右地将它牵下溪谷。缰绳很长，好让他们能站在它的蹄子攻击不到的地方，每当它朝一个方向踢踹，另一边的猎手就会拉扯缰绳令它动弹不得。就这样，母马慢慢被驯服了。

15. 至于那个鲁莽行事而打乱了整个围猎计划的

法国佬托尼叙，此行收获居然不小。他捕获了一匹漂亮的奶油色小马驹，大约七个月大，脚力跟不上它的同伴，这个精明矮小的法国佬兴高采烈地得意不已。看着他和他的战利品站在一起，实在引人发笑。小马后足乱踢乱蹬着，挣扎着想重新获得自由，而托尼叙则抱着它的脖子，使劲与它角力，跳上马背，做出各种滑稽可笑的动作，就好像一只和小猫搏斗的猴子。

16. 这些可怜的野马被剥夺了大草原上无边无际的自由后，很快便驯服于人类。它们驯服的速度令我很吃惊，只过了两三天时间，那匹母马与小马便和我们的备用马混在一起，已经变得安静温顺了。

（华盛顿·欧文）

[1] Gullies, hollows in the earth worn by water.

[2] Diversified, distinguished by numerous aspects, varied.

[3] Ruminating, chewing over what has been slightly chewed before.

[4] Herbage, pasture, grass.

[5] Prairie, an extensive, level tract without trees, but covered with tall grass.

[6] Windward, the point from which the wind blows.

[7] Lariat, a long cord or thong of leather, with a noose, for catching wild horses.

[8] Bottom, power of endurance.

[9] Flanking, overlooking or commanding on the side.

[10] Jack-o'-lantern, a light seen in low, moist grounds, which disappears when approached.

[11] Covert, a covering place, a shelter.

[12] Panic, sudden fright (usually, causeless fright).

[13] Promiscuous, mingled, confused.

[14] Marred, interrupted, spoiled.

[15] Mercurial, sprightly, full of fire.

LESSON 81 SOWING AND REAPING



播种与收获

Adelaide Anne Procter (b. 1825, d. 1864) was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter (better known as “Barry Cornwall”), a celebrated English poet, living in London. Miss Procter’s first volume, “Legends and Lyrics,” appeared in 1858, and met with great success; it was republished in this country. A second series, under the same name, was published in 1860; and in 1862 both series were republished with additional poems, and an introduction by Charles Dickens. In 1861 Miss Procter edited “Victoria Regia,” a collection of poetical pieces, to which she contributed; and in 1862 “A Chaplet of Verses,” composed of her own poems, was published. Besides these volumes, she contributed largely to various magazines and periodicals.

1. Sow with a generous hand;
 Pause not for toil and pain;
 Weary not through the heat of summer,
 Weary not through the cold spring rain;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.
2. Scatter the seed, and fear not,
 A table will be spread;

What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread;
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

3. Sow;—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it—
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

4. Then sow;—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall today;
And care not what hand shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

5. Sow;—and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown today in tears.

【中文阅读】

阿德莱德·安妮·普罗科特（1825—1864）是英国著名诗人布赖恩·沃勒·普罗科特（他的笔名“拜利·康沃尔”更为人所熟知）的女儿，住在伦敦。1858年，普罗科特小姐的首部诗集

《传说与抒情诗》问世，获得了巨大成功，曾在美国再版过。1860年，以同一书名的续集再次出版；1862年，两部诗集均增补新诗后重新推出，并由查尔斯·狄更斯作序推荐。1861年，普罗科特小姐开始编辑《维多利亚·雷吉亚》，这是一本诗歌集，其中有她撰稿的作品。1862年，她编辑出版了自己的原创诗歌集《花冠诗行》。除了这些作品以外，她还为各类杂志和期刊撰写了大量诗歌。

1. 用你那双慷慨的手播种吧，
别因为辛劳和痛苦停止劳作。
别厌倦炎炎的夏日，
也别畏惧寒冷的春雨；
等到金秋来临之时，
金灿灿的稻谷漫山遍野。
2. 不要害怕，播撒下种子，
一畦春苗，将在大地上延伸。
别在意自己的辛劳，
汗滴禾下，方有盘中之餐。
播种吧，开垦出这片土地，
为了那些饥饿待食的人们。
3. 播种吧——种子们深深躺在
大地母亲的温暖怀抱，
当你滚烫的眼泪扑簌落下，

它们从睡梦中苏醒，生长发芽。
那些破土而出的绿叶，
或许，正是为了报答你流过的泪水。

4. 播种吧——时光飞逝而过，
现在就得播下种子。
不去在意是谁将它收获，
不要在意你能否活着看到成果。
那片翻腾的金色麦浪，
总有一天会在阳光下绚烂成熟。
5. 播种吧——向着远方，仰望高空，
在那片星光璀璨的夜空中，
在那些庸人们胆怯怀疑之时，
在你的心害怕颤抖的时候，
那些在泪水中播撒下的种子，
你终究将在喜悦中获得收获。

LESSON 82 TAKING COMFORT



享受大自然

1. For the last few days, the fine weather has led me away from books and papers, and the close air of dwellings, into the open fields, and under the soft, warm sunshine, and the softer light of a full moon. The loveliest season of the whole year—that transient^[1] but delightful interval between the storms of the “wild equinox^[2]”, with all their wet,” and the dark, short, dismal days which precede the rigor^[3] of winter—is now with us. The sun rises through a soft and hazy atmosphere; the light mist clouds melt gradually before him; and his noontide light rests warm and clear on still woods, tranquil waters, and grasses green with the late autumnal rains.

2. One fine morning, not long ago, I strolled down the Merrimac, on the Tewksbury shore. I know of no walk in the vicinity of Lowell so inviting as that along the margin of the river, for nearly a mile from the village of Belvidere. The path winds, green and flower-skirted, among beeches and oaks, through whose boughs you catch glimpses of waters sparkling and dashing below. Rocks, huge and picturesque^[4], jut out into the stream, affording beautiful views of the river

and the distant city.

3. Half fatigued with my walk, I threw myself down upon a rocky slope of the bank, where the panorama^[5] of earth, sky, and water lay clear and distinct about me. Far above, silent and dim as a picture, was the city, with its huge mill masonry, confused chimney tops, and church spires; near it rose the height of Belvidere, with its deserted burial place and neglected gravestones sharply defined on its bleak, bare summit against the sky; before me the river went dashing down its rugged channel, sending up its everlasting murmur; above me the birch tree hung its tassels; and the last wild flowers of autumn profusely fringed the rocky rim of the water.

4. Right opposite, the Dracut woods stretched upwards from the shore, beautiful with the hues of frost, glowing with tints richer and deeper than those which Claude or Poussin mingled, as if the rainbows of a summer shower had fallen among them. At a little distance to the right, a group of cattle stood mid-leg deep in the river; and a troop of children, bright-eyed and mirthful, were casting pebbles at them from a projecting shelf of rock. Over all a warm but softened sunshine melted down from a slumberous autumnal sky.

5. My reverie^[6] was disagreeably broken. A low, grunting sound, half bestial^[7], half human, attracted my attention. I was not alone. Close beside me, half hidden by a tuft of bushes, lay a human being, stretched out at full length, with his face literally^[8] rooted into the gravel. A little boy, five or six years of age, clean and healthful, with his fair brown locks and blue eyes, stood on the bank above, gazing down upon

him with an expression of childhood's simple and unaffected pity.

6. "What ails you?" asked the boy at length. "What makes you lie there?"

The prostrate^[9] groveler^[10] struggled halfway up, exhibiting the bloated^[11] and filthy countenance of a drunkard. He made two or three efforts to get upon his feet, lost his balance, and tumbled forward upon his face.

"What are you doing there?" inquired the boy.

"I'm taking comfort," he muttered, with his mouth in the dirt.

7. Taking his comfort! There he lay,—squalid and loathsome under the bright heaven,—an imbruted^[12] man. The holy harmonies^[13] of Nature, the sounds of gushing waters, the rustle of the leaves above him, the wild flowers, the frost bloom of the woods,—what were they to him? Insensible, deaf, and blind, in the stupor of a living death, he lay there, literally realizing^[14] that most bitterly significant eastern malediction^[15] , "May you eat dirt."

(Whittier)

【中文阅读】

1. 在过去的几天里，晴朗的天气使我忍不住放下手中的书籍和论文，走出压抑沉闷的房间，走到户外，沐浴在温暖柔和的阳光中，以及满月恬淡的清辉里。正值一年中最佳季节——阴雨连绵、暴风雨大作的秋分刚刚过去，严冬之前的那段白昼短暂、晦暗阴

郁的深秋还没来临。此刻，我们拥有一个短暂明媚的艳阳天。秋日的暖阳在柔软朦胧的薄雾中升起，袅袅云烟渐次散去；正午的阳光温暖清晰地照射在寂静的森林，甜美宁静的水面，还有刚被秋雨洗刷过的青翠草地上。

2. 几天前，一个晴朗的早晨，我走在图克斯伯里河岸，沿着梅里马克河顺流而下悠闲散步。这条路离贝尔维迪尔村大约一英里，在我看来，除了这条沿着河流的小路以外，洛厄尔附近再没有一条路像它这么充满魅力。小路蜿蜒延伸，路边的草地绿意盎然，点缀着鲜花，山毛榉和橡树生长在路边，透过它们的枝桠，你可以看见波光粼粼的水面，水流湍急。岸边，巨大嶙峋的岩石突出到水上，站在上面，你能看到这条河流与远方城镇融为一体，风景如画。

3. 半路走倦了，我索性在岸边一处石坡上坐下。在那里，周围的景色一览无余，只见天高地阔，河水清澈，围绕着我。极目望去，远方的城镇安静朦胧得像是一幅画：高大的磨坊石墙，吐着烟雾的高耸烟囱和教堂的尖塔。在城镇旁边，是贝尔维迪尔村的山坡，在天空衬托下，光秃秃的山顶上，那片荒凉墓地夹杂着被遗忘的棱角分明的墓碑，显得格外触目。眼前是沿着蜿蜒崎岖的河道湍急而下的河流，吟唱着一

首经久不息的歌谣。身旁的白桦树枝繁叶茂，伸展在我头顶上，秋天最后的野花在岸边岩石的缝隙里烂漫地盛开着。

4. 恰好河岸对面，德雷卡特树林从上游一直延伸到这里。树林里薄雾弥漫，折射出魔幻繁杂的色彩，远比克劳德或普桑笔下晕染的画布更深邃漂亮，简直就像一道夏季彩虹落在林间似的。右边稍远点的地方，牛群站在没膝的河水中；旁边有一群孩子，开心地嬉闹着，从身边捡起小石子，朝着牛群丢去。秋天温暖的阳光慵懒地洒下，将一切都温柔地融化了。

5. 突然，一声低沉的咕哝打断了我的遐想，让我略感不快，一个看起来半兽半人的家伙吸引了我的注意。原来这里并不只有我一个人，就在我身边的一簇灌木丛里，躺着一个人，他的半个身体都被灌木丛遮蔽了。他四肢摊开，脸简直就是埋在砾石里。一个五六岁左右的小男孩，看起来干净健康，有着一头棕褐色头发和蓝色的眼睛，站在岸边的石头上，上下打量着他，眼里满是孩子般的单纯与怜悯。

6. “你身体不舒服吗？”终于，那个男孩问道，“你为什么躺在那里？”

那个匍匐在地的男人挣扎着欠起身，一副醉醺醺酒鬼的污秽嘴脸。他踉跄着想站起来，尝试了两三

次，最终还是失去平衡，脸朝下跌在地上。

“你在那里做什么？”男孩问。

“我在享受大自然。”他的嘴角贴着泥土，嘟囔着说。

7. 享受大自然！他躺在那里，浑身污秽不堪，令人厌恶，一如行尸走肉——躺在这湛蓝如洗的天空下！这大自然神圣的和谐，喷涌不歇的河水，他头顶上沙沙作响的树叶，漫地灿烂的野花，树林间淡淡的薄雾——所有这些美好对他意味着什么？这个毫无感觉的、目不能视、耳不能闻、昏昏沉沉的活死人！他就这么僵卧在那里，像是应验了那句充满怨恨的东方诅咒：“啃你的土去吧。”

（惠蒂尔）

[1] Transient, of short duration.

[2] Equinox, the time of year when the days and nights are of equal length, i.e., about September 23d or March 21st.

[3] Rigor, severity.

[4] Picturesque, fitted to form a pleasing picture.

[5] Panorama, a complete or entire view in every direction.

[6] Reverie, an irregular train of thoughts occurring in meditation.

[7] Bestial, brutish.

[8] Literally, according to the first and natural meaning of words.

[9] Prostrate, lying at length.

[10] Groveler, a base wretch.

[11] Bloated, puffed out.

[12] Imbruted, reduced to brutality.

[13] Harmony, the fitness of parts to each other in any combination of things.

[14] Realizing, making one's own in experience.

[15] Malediction, a curse.

LESSON 83 CALLING THE ROLL



点 名

1. “CORPORAL GREEN!” the orderly cried;
 “Here!” was the answer, loud and clear,
 From the lips of a soldier standing near;
And “here!” was the word the next replied.
 “Cyrus Drew!” and a silence fell;
 This time no answer followed the call;
 Only his rear man saw him fall,
 Killed or wounded he could not tell.

2. There they stood in the fading light,
 These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
 As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.
The fern on the slope was splashed with blood,
 And down in the corn, where the poppies
grew,
 Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river’s flood.

3. For the foe had crossed from the other side
 That day, in the face of a murderous fire
 That swept them down in its terrible ire;

And their lifeblood went to color the tide.
“Herbert Cline!” At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

4. “Ezra Kerr!” and a voice said “here!”
“Hiram Kerr!” but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind
sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.
“Ephraim Deane!”—then a soldier spoke:
“Deane carried our regiment’s colors,” he
said,
“When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

5. “Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother’s name, I think;
And death came with it and closed his eyes.”
’T was a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company’s roll, when called at
night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered “here!”
(Shepherd)

【中文阅读】

1. “格林下士！”执行官点名喊道。

“到！”回答传来，声音响亮清晰，
从站在旁边的一名士兵的嘴唇里。

下一个名字，仍是一声“到”！

“赛勒斯·德鲁！”一片寂静，
士兵中，无人应答。

他身后士兵，见他最后倒下，
但无法知道，是死去或受伤。

2. 士兵们站在昏黄灯火下，
战役刚刚结束，他们面容阴沉晦暗，
脸上的表情，易懂得像本打开的书。
夜幕慢慢降下，
斜坡上的蕨草，溅满斑斑血迹；
坡下的玉米地，罌粟抽出枝节，
那儿留下的血迹，比罌粟花更深更鲜艳；
湍急的河水，像流着血丝的眼。

3. 那一天，敌人越过边界，
大火凶残，烧了个天昏地暗，
用愤怒的火舌吞噬着士兵。
他们的生命之血染红了急流。
“赫伯特·克莱因！”随着喊声，
两名敦实的士兵出列，
夹在中间的，正是赫伯特·克莱因，

他流着血，蹒跚而来，回答了名字。

4. “伊斯拉·克尔！”一个声音答道：“到！”

“海勒姆·克尔！”半天没有回应。

他们是兄弟，克尔兄弟；风在悲伤中叹息，
玉米地里，传过一阵战栗。

“伊法莲·迪恩！”——另一名士兵说话了：

“当我们的旗手中弹的时候，”他说，

“迪恩扛过旗帜冲锋。当敌人开始溃败后退，
他中弹倒下。我离开他时，他已经死了。

5. “他虚弱地躺在路边，

我停下脚步，给他喂了点水，

他嘴唇嗫嚅，或许唤着妈妈。

没过多久，他永远闭上了眼睛。”

这是场胜利——是的，但我们损失惨重。

那个夜晚，战役结束后的点名，

一百名士兵参加了战斗，

只有不到二十名回答：“到！”

（谢普德）

LESSON 84 TURTLE SOUP



Charles Frederick Briggs (b. 1804, d. 1877) was born on the island of Nantucket. When quite young, however, he became a resident of New York City. In 1845, in conjunction with Edgar A. Poe, he began the publication of the “Broadway Journal;” he was also connected with the “New York Times,” and the “Evening Mirror;” also as editor from 1853 to 1856 with “Putnam’s Magazine.” Mr. Briggs wrote a few novels, some poetry, and numerous little humorous tales and sketches. The following selection is from “Working a Passage; or, Life on a Liner,” one of his best stories.

1. Among the luxuries which the captain had provided for himself and passengers was a fine green turtle, which was not likely to suffer from exposure to salt water, so it was reserved^[1] until all the pigs, and sheep, and poultry had been eaten. A few days before we arrived, it was determined to kill the turtle and have a feast the next day.

2. Our cabin gentlemen had been long enough deprived of fresh meats to make them cast lickerish^[2] glances towards their hard-skinned friend, and there was a great smacking of lips the day before he was

killed. As I walked aft^[3] occasionally, I heard them congratulating themselves on their prospective^[4] turtle soup and forcemeat^[5] balls; and one of them, to heighten the luxury of the feast, ate nothing but a dry biscuit for the twenty-four hours preceding, that he might be prepared to devour his full share of the unctuous^[6] compound.

3. It was to be a gala day with them; and though it was not champagne day, that falling on Saturday and this on Friday, they agreed to have champagne a day in advance, that nothing should be wanting to give a finish to their turtle. It happened to be a rougher day than usual when the turtle was cooked, but they had become too well used to the motion of the ship to mind that.

4. It happened to be my turn at the wheel the hour before dinner, and I had the tantalizing misery of hearing them laughing and talking about their turtle, while I was hungry from want of dry bread and salt meat. I had resolutely kept my thoughts from the cabin during all the passage but once, and now I found my ideas clustering round a tureen of turtle in spite of all my philosophy.

5. Confound them, if they had gone out of my hearing with their exulting smacks, I should not have envied their soup, but their hungry glee so excited my imagination that I could see nothing through the glazing^[7] of the binnacle^[8] but a white plate with a slice of lemon on the rim, a loaf of delicate bread, a silver spoon, a napkin, two or three wine glasses of different hues and shapes, and a water goblet clustering round it, and a stream of black, thick, and fragrant turtle pouring into the plate.

6. By and by it was four bells^[9] : they dined at three. And all the gentlemen, with the captain at their head, darted below into the cabin, where their mirth increased when they caught sight of the soup plates. “Hurry with the soup, steward,” roared the captain. “Coming, sir,” replied the steward. In a few moments the cook opened the door of his galley^[10] , and out came the delicious steam of the turtle.



7. Then came the steward with a large covered tureen^[11] in his hand, towards the cabin gangway^[12] . I forgot the ship for a moment in looking at this precious cargo, the wheel slipped from my hands, the ship broached to with a sudden jerk; the steward had got only one foot upon the stairs, when this unexpected

motion threw him off his balance, and down he went by the run, the tureen slipped from his hands, and part of its contents flew into the lee^[13] scuppers^[14], and the balance followed him in his fall.

8. I laughed outright. I enjoyed the turtle a thousand times more than I should have done if I had eaten the whole of it. But I was forced to restrain my mirth, for the next moment the steward ran upon deck, followed by the captain, in a furious rage, threatening if he caught him to throw him overboard. Not a spoonful of the soup had been left in the coppers^[15], for the steward had taken it all away at once to keep it warm. In about an hour afterwards the passengers came upon deck, looking more sober than I had seen them since we left Liverpool. They had dined upon cold ham.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯·弗雷德里克·布里格斯（1804—1877）出生于美国马萨诸塞州楠塔基特岛，但年少时便迁居至纽约州。1845年，他开始与埃德加·A·坡合作出版《百老汇期刊》。除此之外，他与《纽约时报》、《镜像晚报》也常有联系，并在1853至1856年期间参与编辑《普特南杂志》。布里格斯创作过一些小说、诗歌，以及无数的短篇幽默故事和插画。下文节选自他最好的作品之一《在渡轮上工作》，又名《海上的生活》。

1. 船上那只漂亮的绿毛龟有幸列入美味佳肴的名

单，那是船长为旅客们及他本人所准备的，那种龟不可能在海水里喂养。因此，等到所有的猪羊鸡鸭悉数消耗殆尽，绿毛龟引起了饕餮们的热情关注。轮船眼看几天后就要抵达目的地了，船长决定，第二天便宰掉这只绿毛龟，让大家好好美餐一顿。

2. 客舱里的旅客们都已经很久没尝过新鲜肉味了，因此，当这个消息传开的时候，每个人都将目光投向这位长有硬壳的朋友，眼里冒出饥渴绿光，垂涎欲滴。那头龟却是如此不谙人事，嘴里不时发出的吧唧声响亮依旧。我偶尔走到船尾，总会听到他们兴高采烈地讨论着期待中的甲鱼汤，还有喷香的龟肉丸。有位绅士为了这场豪华的盛宴，接下来整整一天的时间只啃了块硬饼干，好让自己到时候充分享受到那份鲜美醇厚的甲鱼汤。

3. 宰杀绿毛龟那天，对大家来说都是喜庆洋洋的一天。虽然周六才是喝香槟的日子，那天是周五，但绅士们一致赞同将香槟日提前一天，这样在享受甲鱼汤的美味时就不会留下任何遗憾。当甲鱼下锅的时候，海上的风浪碰巧也比平常要大，但大家对船上颠簸早已习以为常，丝毫不以此为意。

4. 晚餐前，碰巧轮到我掌舵。于是，我就只能听大家谈笑风生地讨论着他们的甲鱼汤，而饥肠辘辘的

我却只想弄点儿面包干和腌肉充饥，那种诱惑实在痛苦难挨。从走廊经过的时候，我竭尽全力不去想餐厅里即将发生的这顿美食，只走神了一次——现在，我所有的自制力都被瓦解了，满脑子里都是这碗诱人的甲鱼汤。

5. 真见鬼！要是我听不到他们这些欢呼雀跃的讨论声，也许我还不至于对这碗甲鱼汤垂涎欲滴，但他们饥肠辘辘的狂喜刺激了我的想象力：当我盯着眼前的罗盘表，竟然发现里面另有一番天地，白色的餐盘上摆着一片柠檬，一块松软的面包，一把银勺，一方餐巾，两个或三个不同形状和色调的葡萄酒杯，还有一杯装着水的高脚酒杯。最后，那道黑色稠滑、香味扑鼻的甲鱼汤优雅地倒入素白瓷盘。

6. 进餐原定三点开始，时间一分一秒地过去，现在已经是两点了。在船长带领下，一群人纷纷冲进舷下餐厅。一看到桌上的餐盘，他们戏谑调侃，热闹成团。“服务生，把汤端上来吧！”船长朗声喊道。“来了，先生们！”服务生回答道。过了几分钟，厨师打开厨房的门，甲鱼汤诱人的香气便飘了出来。

7. 接着，服务生手里捧着一个大号的盖碗，朝着餐厅舷梯的方向走来。我直勾勾地望着这一大碗美味的食物，一时忘了手中的舵轮。舵轮从我手中滑落，

船猛地横转船体，引起一场突然的颠簸。服务生才将一只脚迈上舷梯，这场始料未及的颠簸令他失去平衡，他啪地摔倒在地，那个盖碗也脱了手。盖碗里的一部分肉块汤水径直飞入排水孔里，剩下的，则散落在他的身旁。

8. 我畅快地大笑起来。现在这个时刻我所享受到的美妙感觉，要比让我吃掉整只绿毛龟更快乐一千倍。但是，我不得不压抑自己的笑声，因为那边服务生很快跑上甲板，大发雷霆的船长紧跟在他身后，愤怒地威胁着，要是让他抓住，他一定会把服务生扔进海里。厨房里一滴甲鱼汤都没剩下，因为服务生担心汤凉了，便将甲鱼汤一次性全都装到盖碗里。大约一个小时后，乘客们才纷纷走上甲板，这大概是自从游船在利物浦港口启航后，我见过的他们最冷静清醒的一刻。在那以后，他们便一直用冷火腿填腹。

[1] Reserved, kept back, retained.

[2] Lickerish, eager or greedy to swallow.

[3] Aft, toward the stern of a vessel.

[4] Prospective, relating to the future.

[5] Force meat, meat chopped fine and highly seasoned.

[6] Unctuous, fat.

[7] Glazing, glass or glass-like substance.

[8] Binnacle, a box containing the compass of a ship.

[9] Four bells; i.e., two o'clock.

[10] Galley, the kitchen of a ship.

[11] Tureen, a large deep vessel for holding soup.

[12] Gangway, a passageway.

[13] Lee, pertaining to the side opposite that against which the wind blows.

[14] Scuppers, channels cut through the side of a ship for carrying off water from the deck.

[15] Coppers, large copper boilers.

LESSON 85 THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE



最好的复仇

1. Some years ago a warehouseman^[1] in Manchester, England, published a scurrilous^[2] pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence that the man would live to repent of what he had done; and this was conveyed by some talebearer to the libeler^[3], who said, “Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that.” It happens, however, that a man in business can not always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt.

2. The wantonly libeled men had thus become creditors of the libeler! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity^[4]. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature^[5], and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of “the brothers” would supply the

deficiency^[6] . What! they who had cruelly been made the laughingstock of the public, forget the wrong and favor the wrongdoer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the countinghouse of the wronged.

3. Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent^[7] were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeler stood trembling before the libeled. He told his tale and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed Mr. Grant. The suppliant expected to see his parchment^[8] thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeler," inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm.

4. "We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr. Grant, "my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do!" said the grateful man; "I bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?"

5. And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint^[9] his family of even common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. “My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, do not cry; it will all be well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet.” The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks; the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face and went out of the door, crying like a child.

【中文阅读】

1. 前些年，英国曼彻斯特的一位羊毛制品批发商出版了一本充满粗鄙辱骂的小册子，文章中肆无忌惮地公开嘲笑格兰特兄弟公司。威廉·格兰特对此发表评论，说这名男子迟早会为他所做的事后悔一生。这句话被某个搬弄是非的人转达给那位诽谤者，后者说：“哦，我猜想威廉·格兰特大概认为，我迟早有一天会欠他的钱。对此，他大可放心，我一定会加倍小心的。”然而，商场上瞬息万变，一个商人总是无法选择谁会成为自己的债权人：这本小册子的作者破产了，他的债权人随后也破产了，并将这笔债权背书转让给格兰特兄弟。

2. 现在，被中伤者竟然成为毁谤者的债权人！格兰特兄弟现在完全有能力让这家伙为自己的厚颜无耻埋单。没有债权人的签字认可，他的营业执照就无法生效；营业执照不生效，他就无法重新开业。现在，他已经拿到破产法所要求他获取的所有签名，只剩下格兰特公司这一个了。想让格兰特兄弟公司为他签字，似乎愚蠢至极。天哪！难道不是他残忍地让格兰特兄弟被公众当成笑柄？现在，他竟然想让这些被恶意对待的人原谅他的过错？他绝望了。但是来自妻子和孩子们的压力，迫使他终究还是要递出申请。怀着绝望和谦卑的心情，他来到格兰特兄弟的公司门前。

3. 威廉·格兰特先生独自在办公室里，他对欠债者说出的第一句话便是：“关上门，先生！”语气相当严厉。门关上了，那位诽谤者战战兢兢地站在被毁谤者面前。他说出此行的目的，拿出了自己的营业执照。遭受肆意诬陷的威廉·格兰特一把攫住这张执照，高声叫道：“你曾经写过一个宣传册恶意毁谤过我们！”听到这样的话，那位恳求者以为他的羊皮纸下一秒就会被扔进火堆。然而，事情结局大出所料。格兰特先生取出一支笔，在文件上写了些什么，将它递给那名破产者。这个可怜的穷光蛋以为会看到一些“流氓、无赖、诽谤者”之类的字样。但是，他万万没有想到，那

张羊皮纸上，赫然是字体圆润的格兰特公司签名。

4. “我们立下规矩，”格兰特先生说，“绝不会拒绝为一个诚信的商人签署证书，我们从未听说过你曾有过任何不诚信的行为。”这个可怜的人泪水盈满眼眶。“啊，”格兰特先生说，“但我所说的是真心话。我说你迟早会后悔自己曾写过毁谤我们的宣传册，这并不是在威胁你。我的意思是，总有一天，当你更加了解我们的时候，你会对曾试图伤害我们更感到后悔。现在，我看你已经悔过了。”“是的，是的！”这个感激涕零的人说，“我尝到了后悔的苦涩。”“好了，好了，我亲爱的朋友，你现在已经更了解我们了。接下来，你有什么打算？你准备做些什么？”那可怜的家伙说，一旦他的营业执照开始生效后，他的朋友们便可以帮他。“那在挣到钱之前，你这段时间怎么办？”

5. 这个批发商说，他被迫省吃俭用，节省所有可能的家庭开销，把所有省下的钱都支付给债权人，这样才能支付起营业执照的成本。“亲爱的朋友，这样不行，你的家人不该这样受罪！这是一张十英镑的支票，请帮个忙，代我转交给你的妻子。拿着，收下吧，亲爱的朋友！好了，不要哭了，一切都会好起来的。振作精神，像个男人一样努力工作，你一定会在我们中间重新昂起头。”这个无法控制自己情绪的男人

竭力想表达他的感激之情，却哽咽得一句话都说不出来。他用手帕捂住自己的脸，走出门，像个孩子一样号啕大哭起来。

[1] Warehouseman (English usage), one who keeps a wholesale store for woolen goods.

[2] Scurrilous, low, mean.

[3] Libeler, one who defames another maliciously by a writing, etc.

[4] Audacity, bold impudence.

[5] Signature, the name of a person written with his own hand, the name of a firm signed officially.

[6] Deficiency, want.

[7] Delinquent, an offender.

[8] Parchment, sheep or goat skin prepared for writing upon.

[9] Stint, to limit.

LESSON 86 THE SOLDIER OF THE RHINE



莱茵河畔的士兵

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton (b. 1808, d. 1877) was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She wrote verses and plays at a very early age. “The Sorrows of Rosalie,” published in 1829, was written before she was seventeen years old. In 1827 she was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton. The marriage was an unhappy one, and they were divorced in 1836. Her principal works are “The Undying One,” “The Dream, and Other Poems,” “The Child of the Islands,” “Stuart of Dunleith, a Romance,” and “English Laws for English Women of the 19th Century.” She contributed extensively to the magazines and other periodicals.

1. A soldier of the Legion^[1] lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth^[2]
of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his lifeblood
ebbed^[3] away, And bent, with pitying glances, to hear
what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's
hand, And he said: “I nevermore shall see my own, my
native land;

Take a message and a token to some distant friends

of mine, For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

2.“Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground, That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done, Full many a corse^[4] lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;

And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

3.“Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age, For I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.

For my father was a soldier, and, even when a child, My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard, I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine, On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

4.“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head, When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread, But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast^[5] eye, For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame, And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's

sword and mine), For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

5. “There’s another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by, You’d have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry^[6] ,—too fond for idle scorning,—O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life—(for, ere the moon be risen, My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison), I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

6. “I saw the blue Rhine sweep along: I heard, or seemed to hear, The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill, The echoing chorus^[7] sounded, through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk, Down many a path beloved of yore^[8] , and well-remembered walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, — But we’ll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine.”

7. His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse; his grasp was childish weak, His eyes put on a dying look, —he sighed and ceased to speak.

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,— The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down On the red sand of the battlefield, with

bloody corpses strewn;

Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light
seemed to shine, As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair
Bingen on the Rhine.

【中文阅读】

卡罗琳·伊丽莎白·萨拉·诺顿（1808—1877年）是理查德·B·谢里登的孙女。卡罗琳年少时就开始写诗歌和戏剧。1829年，她还不满十七岁的时候，便出版了《罗莎莉的悲伤》。1827年，她与乔治·查普尔·诺顿结婚。他们的婚姻并不幸福，1836年，她最终与丈夫离婚。卡罗琳主要作品有《不朽的人》、《梦想，及其他诗歌》、《群岛的孩子》、《邓莱斯的斯图尔特罗曼史》和《十九世纪英国妇女的英国法律》。她还为各类杂志和期刊广泛投稿。

1. 一位德国军团的士兵，躺在阿尔及尔的战场上，
没有悉心的照料，也没有女人的眼泪；
只有一位战友站在他身旁，见证他生命的消逝，
带着悲伤的眼神，战友弯下腰，倾听他的临终遗言。

垂死的战士颤抖着，抓住战友的手，
他说：“我再也，再也看不到我的祖国。
请为我远方的朋友捎一句口信、一件信物，
我出生在宾恩——莱茵河畔的宾恩。

2. “请告诉我的兄弟和伙伴们，当他们聚在

那美丽的葡萄园里，听到我的噩耗。

请告诉他们，我们英勇奋战，当一天快要结束，
许多惨白的尸体残酷地躺在坠落的夕阳下。

在那些死去和濒死的人当中，有些人曾久经沙场

破开他们英勇胸膛的那道伤口，只是所有伤疤中的
最后一道；

但还有些人依然年轻，他们生命的朝阳骤然坠落

在那些人当中，有个人来自宾恩——美丽的莱茵
河畔的宾恩。

3. “请告诉我的母亲，她其他的儿子们会伴她度过
晚年，

我曾是一只展翅高飞的小鸟，把家视为牢笼。

我的父亲也是一名士兵，所以，当我仍是个孩子
时，

我便听他讲述那些英勇壮烈的奋战，欢欣激动。

当他死后，留给我们微薄的遗产，

我让兄弟们随意拿取他们想要的东西，只给自己
留下父亲的那把剑；

怀着一个孩子真挚的爱，我将它悬挂在阳光能照
到的地方，

在宾恩的茅屋墙上——那宁静的莱茵河畔的宾恩。

4. “请告诉我的姐妹，不要为我哭泣，低头垂泪，
当我们的军队重新胜利凯旋，踏着雄壮喜悦的步伐，
请用冷静坚定的眼神看着他们，为他们骄傲，
因为，她的兄弟也曾是一名战士，不曾畏惧过死亡。

如果有个士兵征求她的爱，请以我的名义
让她温柔凝听，不带遗憾或羞愧，
并将这把古老的剑（我与父亲共同拥有的战剑），挂在它原来的地方，
为了古老宾恩的荣耀——我亲爱的莱茵河畔的宾恩。

5. “还有一位姑娘——并非我的姐妹。在那逝去的幸福时光里，
你一眼便能认出她，凭她眼里欣喜闪烁着的快乐。

她是那么天真，不懂得撒娇，那么温柔，不懂得嘲笑；

哦，朋友！我害怕，这最轻快的心，竟要承受最沉重的哀伤！

请告诉她，我生命中的最后一晚——（你看，当月亮升起的时候，

我的身体将脱离痛苦，我的灵魂将离开囚禁之地。）

我梦想与她牵手伫立，看到那金色的阳光照耀着宾恩葡萄藤蔓覆盖的山丘——那美丽的莱茵河畔的宾恩。

6. “我看见蓝色的莱茵河在奔流：我听见，哦，仿佛听见，

那些我们曾唱过的德国歌谣，那歌声甜蜜而清晰；

歌声沿着美丽的莱茵河顺流而下，沿着崎岖的山岭而上，

那合唱声回荡着，穿透安宁静谧的夜晚。

她美丽的蓝眼睛幸福地望着我，当我们携手长谈，

漫步在昔日曾走过多的小径，带着满怀爱意的小径上。

她的小手轻轻地、信任地放在我的手里，——

啊，但我们再也无法在宾恩重逢相遇——我深爱着的莱茵河畔的宾恩。”

7. 他颤抖的声音变得微弱而嘶哑，他的手像孩子般无力，

他的眼神现出濒死之光——他深深叹息，再也说不出话。

他的战友弯腰扶起他，但他生命的火焰已黯淡了

这名德国士兵，最终客死在他乡！

温柔的月亮缓缓升起，冰冷地俯视着

这片被鲜血染红的、尸陈遍地的战场。

是的，苍白的月光平静地撒在这可怖的战场上，

正如它撒在遥远的宾恩——那美丽的莱茵河畔的宾恩。

[1] Legion, division of an army.

[2] Dearth, scarcity.

[3] Ebbbed, flowed out.

[4] Corse, a dead body.

[5] Steadfast, firm, resolute.

[6] Coquetry, trifling in love.

[7] Chorus, music in which all join.

[8] Yore, old times.

LESSON 87 THE WINGED WORSHIPERS



长着翅膀的朝圣者

Charles Sprague (b. 1791, d. 1875) was born in Boston, Mass. He engaged in mercantile business when quite young, leaving school for that purpose. In 1825, he was elected cashier of the Globe Bank of Boston, which position he held until 1864. Mr. Sprague has not been a prolific writer; but his poems, though few in number, are deservedly classed among the best productions of American poets. His chief poem is entitled “Curiosity.”

1. Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.
2. Why perch^[1] ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?
3. Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance^[2] is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

4. To you 't is given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays^[3] ;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.
5. Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs^[4] that sing
In yon blue dome^[5] not reared with hands.
6. Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated^[6] hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.
7. Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.
8. 'T were Heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless^[7] light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

NOTE.—This little poem was addressed to two swallows that flew into church during service.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯· 斯普拉格（1791—1875）出生于美国马萨诸塞州波士顿。他少年时代便离开学校，从事商业贸易。 1825年，他成为波士顿环球银行的一名出纳员，并在这个职位上一直工作到1864年。斯普拉格先生并不是一位多产的作家，然而，虽然他的诗歌数量很少，却当之无愧地荣列于最好的美国诗歌作品之列。他的代表作品是诗歌《好奇心》。

1. 你们这快乐的无忧无虑的鸟儿，
在上帝的领地里寻找着什么？
你们没有需要祈祷的理由，
也不曾犯下要被宽恕的罪恶。
2. 你们为何栖息在此，
在这个凡人向上帝跪求救赎的教堂？
你们不曾触犯天父，
圣洁的灵魂难道也会感受到恐惧？
3. 你们永远不会理解，
我们所犯下并为之哭泣的罪恶。
忏悔不属于你们，
这些在高空中翱翔的精灵。
4. 你们生来就是为了，
唱出天籁般的美妙歌声；
在天堂圣殿的拱门下，
用你们的生命去赞美神。

5. 张开你们的翅膀吧，
飞过湖泊，越过大地，冲向高空，
在凡人无法企及的湛蓝苍穹中，
合唱出婉转动听的美妙乐章。
6. 也许，你们留下是为了
见证这神圣的时刻。
教我如何御风而翔吧，
令我体验到你们令人钦羡的力量。
7. 乘着向上的羽翼，
高高地飞在人群之上。
我愿沐浴在那亮丽的云朵中，
采撷夜空中宝石般的星辰。
8. 啊，这便是天堂！
向上穿过无边无垠的光，
我愿沉浸在这充满魅力的自然，
这片，连上帝也为之惊叹的自然。

[1] Perch, to light or settle on anything.

[2] Penance, suffering for sin.

[3] Lays, songs.

[4] Choir, a collection of singers.

[5] Dome, an arched structure above a roof; hence, figuratively, the heavens.

[6] Consecrated, set apart for the service of God.

[7] Trackless, having no path.

LESSON 88 THE PEEVISH WIFE



暴躁易怒的妻子

Maria Edgeworth (b. 1767, d. 1849) was born near Reading, Berkshire, England. In 1782 her father removed with his family to Edgeworthstown, Ireland, to reside on his estate. She lived here during the remainder of her life, with the exception of occasional short visits to England, Scotland, and France. She was educated principally by her father, and they were collaborators in literary productions, among which were “Essays on Practical Education,” and the “Parent’s Assistant.” Her novels and tales were written without assistance, and her fame as a writer rests on them. The best known of these are “Castle Rackrent,” “Moral Tales,” “Tales of Fashionable Life,” “Frank,” “The Modern Griselda,” and “Helen.” Miss Edgeworth excels in the truthful delineation of character, and her works are full of practical good sense and genuine humor.

Mrs . Bolingbroke . I wish I knew what was the matter with me this morning.
Why do you keep the newspaper all to yourself, my dear?

Mr . Bolingbroke. Here it is for you, my dear; I have finished it.

Mrs . B . I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it. I hate stale news. Is there anything in the paper? for I can not be at the trouble of hunting it.

Mr . B . Yes, my dear; there are the marriages of two of our friends.

Mrs . B . Who? Who?

Mr . B . Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin John Nettleby.

Mrs . B . Mrs. Nettleby? Dear! But why did you tell me?

Mr . B . Because you asked me, my dear.

Mrs . B . Oh, but it is a hundred times pleasanter to read the paragraph one's self. One loses all the pleasure of the surprise by being told. Well, whose was the other marriage?

Mr . B . Oh, my dear, I will not tell you; I will leave you the pleasure of the surprise.

Mrs . B . But you see I can not find it. How provoking you are, my dear! Do pray tell me.

Mr . B . Our friend Mr. Granby.

Mrs . B . Mr. Granby? Dear! Why did you not make me guess? I should have guessed him directly. But why do you call him our friend? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion to him, as you remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

Mr . B . I am sorry for it, my dear; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

Mrs . B . Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

Mr . B . Miss Cooke.

Mrs . B . Cooke? But, there are so many Cookes. Can't you distinguish her any way? Has she no

Christian name?

Mr . B . Emma, I think. Yes, Emma.

Mrs . B . Emma Cooke? No; it can not be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

Mr . B . This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

Mrs . B . Maybe so. I am sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

Mr . B . I have seen very little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

Mrs . B . Then, my dear, how could you decide that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

Mr . B . Indeed, my love, that is a very just observation.

Mrs . B . I understand that compliment perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear anything better than irony^[1] .

Mr . B . Irony? my dear, I was perfectly in earnest.

Mrs . B . Yes, yes; in earnest; so I perceive; I may naturally be dull of apprehension, but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend too well. Yes, it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from experience; you have been disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

Mr . B . My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I really was not thinking of you in the least.

Mrs . B . No, you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

Mr . B . But I said that only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

Mrs . B . But I would rather that you thought ill of me than that you should not think of me at all.

Mr . B . Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you if that will please you.

Mrs . B . Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the woman he loved. As long as you had the slightest remains of love for me you could not make me an object of derision^[2] ; ridicule and love are incompatible^[3] , absolutely incompatible. Well, I have done my best, my very best, to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not cut out to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs. Granby!

Mr . B . Happy, I hope sincerely, that she will be with my friend; but my happiness must depend on you, my love; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not torment yourself with such fancies.

Mrs . B . I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is really that Miss Emma Cooke. I'll go and see her directly; see her I must.

Mr . B . I am heartily glad of it, my dear; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby real pleasure.

Mrs . B . I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him pleasure, or you either, but to satisfy my own curiosity.

【中文阅读】

玛丽亚·埃奇沃斯（1767—1849）出生于英格兰伯克郡瑞丁附近。1782年，她的父亲举家迁往爱尔兰埃奇沃斯镇，居住在他们的祖传庄园里。她随后在这里居住终生，除了偶尔到英格兰、苏格兰和法国短期旅游以外。玛丽亚主要从她的父亲那里接受教育，他们共同创作了一些作品，包括《关于实践性教育的随笔》、《父母的助手》等。她的小说和故事均独自完成，并因这些作品而奠定她的文学声望，其中最为著名的作品有《拉克伦特城堡》、《道德寓言》、《时尚生活的故事》、《弗兰克》、《时髦的格瑞瑟达》和《海伦》。埃奇沃斯小姐擅长于刻画人物真实性格，她的作品极富现实意义，文字妙趣横生。

博林布鲁克夫人：今天早上真是活见鬼了，做什么都不顺。亲爱的，你怎么一直拿着报纸不放？

博林布鲁克先生：亲爱的，给你，我看完了。

夫人：你看完了才递给我，我真该对你感激涕零。我讨厌过时的新闻。报纸上有什么消息吗？我可不想费神寻找。

先生：是的，亲爱的，我们有两对朋友结婚了。

夫人：谁？谁结婚了？

先生：你的朋友，寡妇奈特比夫人，嫁给她远房表亲约翰·奈特比。

夫人：奈特比夫人？亲爱的！你干吗要告诉我这些？

先生：是你问我的，亲爱的。

夫人：哦，可是自己从报纸上读到这些消息要比从别人嘴里听到有趣得多，你可把我的惊喜都夺走啦。算了算了，另一对呢？

先生：亲爱的，我不会告诉你，我可不愿再夺走你的惊喜。

夫人：可你看，我根本就找不到它，你怎么这么烦人呢，亲爱的！快告诉我。

先生：我们的朋友格兰比先生。

夫人：格兰比先生？亲爱的！为什么你不让我猜猜呢？你要是让我猜的话，我肯定一下就猜中了。可你为什么把他称为我们的朋友？至少我知道，他不是我的朋友，从来就不是。你该记得，我第一次见到他的时候，我就开始厌恶他了，他可绝不是我的朋友。

先生：对不起，亲爱的，不过我还是希望你能去见见格兰比夫人。

夫人：我可不去，真的，亲爱的。不过，她是谁呀？

先生：库克小姐。

夫人：库克？但是，姓库克的人太多了，你难道记不住什么特别的？她没有教名吗？

先生：好像是艾玛，我想想。噢，是的，艾玛。

夫人： 艾玛·库克？不，不可能是我朋友艾玛·库克，我确定，她可是个天生注定的老处女。

先生： 我倒觉得，这位女士是个天生的好妻子。

夫人： 也许吧，我只知道我是绝不会去看她的。话说回来，亲爱的，你怎么有机会见过她这么多次？

先生： 我很少见到她，亲爱的。在她结婚前，我只见过她两三次。

夫人： 既然这样，亲爱的，你怎么就能断定她是个天生的好妻子？既然她结婚前，你只见过她两三次，我可看不出你有什么判断依据。

先生： 你说的对，宝贝儿，你的观察很仔细。

夫人： 我太清楚你的恭维了，亲爱的，谢谢了。我必须承认，我什么都能吃得住，就是受不了你的冷嘲热讽。

先生： 冷嘲热讽？亲爱的，我那句话是真心的。

夫人： 是，是，真心的，我听起来也是这样。我可能天生愚钝，可我的直觉特别准，领悟力超强。我是对的，一个女人结婚前根本无法判断她是个怎样的女人，或是猜到她将是个怎样的妻子。所以，你会那么说， 看来是有感而发：你对你自己的婚姻失望了，你在后悔当初的选择。

先生： 亲爱的，我说了什么，让你产生这种想

法？我一点这种意思都没有啊！说那句话的时候，我根本都没有想到过你。

夫人： 那当然了，甚至现在你都没在想我。你说你刚才根本都没想到过我，这话我信。

先生： 可是，我刚才说的只不过向你表明，我不可能把你歪了，亲爱的。

夫人： 可是，我宁可你把我想歪，也比你一点不想我要强。

先生： 好吧，亲爱的。如果能让你开心的话，那我就把你歪吧。

夫人： 你在嘲笑我吗？话说到这份儿上，我也太可怜了。没有一个男人会嘲笑他心爱的女人，哪怕你心里还有一丝对我的爱意，你就不会这么嘲笑我。嘲讽与爱从来都是不相容的，水火不容。算了，我尽了最大努力，使出浑身解数地讨你开心，到最后，全是徒劳。我算看清了，我天生就不是个好妻子。幸福去吧，快乐去吧，见鬼的格兰比夫人！

先生： 我真诚地希望，她能与我的朋友幸福美满。但我的幸福当然取决于你，宝贝儿。所以，为了我，哪怕不是为你自己，静下心来，别用这些念头来折磨自己了。

夫人： 我就是想弄清楚，这个格兰比夫人到底是

不是艾玛·库克小姐。我现在就去，我必须得去。

先生：亲爱的，听你这么说，我真高兴。我相信你去拜访格兰比夫人，会让我朋友格兰比开心坏的。

夫人：我告诉你，亲爱的，我去他家，可不是为了让你的朋友开心，也不在乎你是否高兴，我就是想亲眼看看这个格兰比夫人究竟长什么样。

[1] Irony, language intended to convey a meaning contrary to its literal signification.

[2] Derision, the act of laughing at in contempt.

[3] Incompatible, that can not exist together.

LESSON 89
THE RAINY DAY



1. The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall.
And the day is dark and dreary.
2. My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.
3. Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

(Longfellow)

【中文阅读】

1. 天气骤寒，满眼晦暗沉闷，
雨意阑珊，风从未如此凄凉；
细长藤蔓，恣意攀附颓垣残壁，
狂风吹过，枯叶舞起凋零。
天气如此阴沉黯淡。
2. 我的日子，寒冷、阴郁而乏味，
淅沥雨丝，风从未如此凄凉；
我的思绪，恣意纠缠消逝往事，
狂风吹过，年轻时的梦想凋零，
生命如此阴沉黯淡。
3. 沉静下来，忧伤的心！不再悔恨，
乌云背后，阳光依然辉煌灿烂。
所有人都曾像你一样情绪低落，
每个人一生都会遭遇阴雨，
有些日子必然阴暗而沉闷。

（朗费罗）

LESSON 90 BREAK, BREAK, BREAK



撞击, 撞击, 撞击

Alfred Tennyson (b. 1809, d. 1892) was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems was published in 1830, but it made little impression and was severely criticised. On the publication of his third series in 1842, his poetic genius began to receive general recognition. Mr. Tennyson was made poet laureate in 1850, and was regarded as the foremost living poet of England. For several years his residence was on the Isle of Wight. In 1884, he was raised to the peerage.

1. Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
2. Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!
3. And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;

But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

4. Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

【中文阅读】

阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生（1809—1892）出生于英格兰林肯郡索姆斯比，毕业于剑桥大学三一学院。1830年，他的首部诗集出版，并没有产生多大影响，反而遭到严厉的批评。1842年，他的第三部系列诗集问世，这时他的诗歌天赋才开始得到普遍的认可。1850年，丁尼生被赋予桂冠诗人称号，被公认为是英国当时在世的领军诗人。他长期居住在怀特岛。1884年，丁尼生被授予贵族爵位。

1. 碰撞，冲击，卷起千堆雪浪，
噢，大海，不断撞击冰冷峭岩！
我多么希望能用言语表达
此刻心中油然而生的思绪。
2. 瞧，那个快乐的渔家男孩，
叫喊着与妹妹一起尽情嬉戏！
看，那个健壮的水手小伙，
歌声嘹亮地荡开海湾边的小船！
3. 一艘艘雄伟的船舶，

停靠在山脚下的避风港；
如同一只看不见的手，
温柔抚平肆虐的波浪！

4. 碰撞，冲击，卷起千堆雪浪，
噢，大海，匍匐在峭壁脚下！
那些逝去的平静岁月，
永远不再回到我的身旁。

LESSON 91 TRANSPORTATION AND PLANTING OF SEEDS



种子的传播和种植

Henry David Thoreau (b. 1817, d. 1862). This eccentric American author and naturalist was born at Concord, Mass. He graduated at Harvard University in 1837. He was a good English and classical scholar, and was well acquainted with the literature of the East. His father was a maker of lead pencils, and he followed the business for a time, but afterwards supported himself mainly by teaching, lecturing, land surveying, and carpentering. In 1845 he built himself a small wooden house near Concord, on the shore of Walden Pond, where he lived about two years. He was intimate with Hawthorne, Emerson, and other literary celebrities. His principal works are "Walden, or Life in the Woods," "A Week on Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "Excursions," "Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," "A Yankee in Canada," and "Letters to Various Persons." In descriptive power Mr. Thoreau has few, if any, superiors.

1. In all the pines a very thin membrane^[1], in appearance much like an insect's wing, grows over and around the seed, and independent of it, while the latter is being developed within its base. In other words, a

beautiful thin sack is woven around the seed, with a handle to it such as the wind can take hold of, and it is then committed to the wind, expressly that it may transport the seed and extend the range of the species; and this it does as effectually as when seeds are sent by mail, in a different kind of sack, from the patent office.

2. There is, then, no necessity for supposing that the pines have sprung up from nothing, and I am aware that I am not at all peculiar in asserting that they come from seeds, though the mode of their propagation^[2] by Nature has been but little attended to. They are very extensively raised from the seed in Europe, and are beginning to be here.

3. When you cut down an oak wood, a pine wood will not at once spring up there unless there are, or have been quite recently, seed-bearing pines near enough for the seeds to be blown from them. But, adjacent to a forest of pines, if you prevent other crops from growing there, you will surely have an extension of your pine forest, provided the soil is suitable.

4. As I walk amid hickories, even in August, I hear the sound of green pignuts falling from time to time, cut off by the chickaree over my head. In the fall I notice on the ground, either within or in the neighborhood of oak woods, on all sides of the town, stout oak twigs three or four inches long, bearing half a dozen empty acorn cups, which twigs have been gnawed off by squirrels, on both sides of the nuts, in order to make them more portable^[3]. The jays scream and the red squirrels scold while you are clubbing and shaking the chestnut trees, for they are there on the same errand, and two of a trade never agree.

5. I frequently see a red or a gray squirrel cast down

a green chestnut burr, as I am going through the woods, and I used to think, sometimes, that they were cast at me. In fact, they are so busy about it, in the midst of the chestnut season, that you can not stand long in the woods without hearing one fall.

6. A sportsman told me that he had, the day before—that was in the middle of October—seen a green chestnut burr dropped on our great river meadow, fifty rods from the nearest wood, and much farther from the nearest chestnut tree, and he could not tell how it came there. Occasionally, when chestnutting in midwinter, I find thirty or forty nuts in a pile, left in its gallery just under the leaves, by the common wood mouse.

7. But especially, in the winter, the extent to which this transportation^[4] and planting of nuts is carried on, is made apparent by the snow. In almost every wood you will see where the red or gray squirrels have pawed down through the snow in a hundred places, sometimes two feet deep, and almost always directly to a nut or a pine cone, as directly as if they had started from it and bored upward,—which you and I could not have done. It would be difficult for us to find one before the snow falls. Commonly, no doubt, they had deposited them there in the fall. You wonder if they remember the localities or discover them by the scent.

8. The red squirrel commonly has its winter abode in the earth under a thicket of evergreens, frequently under a small clump of evergreens in the midst of a deciduous^[5] wood. If there are any nut trees, which still retain their nuts, standing at a distance without the wood, their paths often lead directly to and from them. We, therefore, need not suppose an oak standing here and there in the wood in order to seed it, but if a few

stand within twenty or thirty rods of it, it is sufficient.

9. I think that I may venture to say that every white-pine cone that falls to the earth naturally in this town, before opening and losing its seeds, and almost every pitch-pine one that falls at all, is cut off by a squirrel; and they begin to pluck them long before they are ripe, so that when the crop of white-pine cones is a small one, as it commonly is, they cut off thus almost everyone of these before it fairly ripens.

10. I think, moreover, that their design, if I may so speak, in cutting them off green, is partly to prevent their opening and losing their seeds, for these are the ones for which they dig through the snow, and the only white-pine cones which contain anything then. I have counted in one heap the cores of two hundred and thirty-nine pitch-pine cones which had been cut off and stripped by the red squirrel the previous winter.

11. The nuts thus left on the surface, or buried just beneath it, are placed in the most favorable circumstances for germinating^[6]. I have sometimes wondered how those which merely fell on the surface of the earth got planted; but, by the end of December, I find the chestnut of the same year partially mixed with the mold, as it were, under the decaying and moldy leaves, where there is all the moisture and manure they want, for the nuts fall fast. In a plentiful year a large proportion of the nuts are thus covered loosely an inch deep, and are, of course, somewhat concealed from squirrels.

12. One winter, when the crop had been abundant, I got, with the aid of a rake, many quarts of these nuts as late as the tenth of January; and though some bought at the store the same day were more than half of them

moldy, I did not find a single moldy one among those which I picked from under the wet and moldy leaves, where they had been snowed on once or twice. Nature knew how to pack them best. They were still plump and tender. Apparently they do not heat there, though wet. In the spring they are all sprouting.

13. Occasionally, when threading the woods in the fall, you will hear a sound as if some one had broken a twig, and, looking up, see a jay pecking at an acorn, or you will see a flock of them at once about it, in the top of an oak, and hear them break it off. They then fly to a suitable limb, and placing the acorn under one foot, hammer away at it busily, making a sound like a woodpecker's tapping, looking round from time to time to see if any foe is approaching, and soon reach the meat, and nibble at it, holding up their heads to swallow while they hold the remainder very firmly with their claws. Nevertheless, it often drops to the ground before the bird has done with it.

14. I can confirm what William Barton wrote to Wilson, the ornithologist^[7], that "The jay is one of the most useful agents in the economy^[8] of nature for disseminating^[9] forest trees and other nuciferous^[10] and hard-seeded vegetables on which they feed. In performing this necessary duty they drop abundance of seed in their flight over fields, hedges, and by fences, where they alight to deposit them in the post holes, etc. It is remarkable what numbers of young trees rise up in fields and pastures after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable in a few years' time to replant all the cleared lands."

15. I have noticed that squirrels also frequently drop nuts in open land, which will still further account for

the oaks and walnuts which spring up in pastures; for, depend on it, every new tree comes from a seed. When I examine the little oaks, one or two years old, in such places, I invariably find the empty acorn from which they sprung.

【中文阅读】

亨利·戴维·梭罗（1817—1862），这个性情古怪的作家和自然学家出生于美国马萨诸塞州康科德。1837年，他毕业于哈佛大学。梭罗是一名优秀的英语文学和古典文学学者，对东方文学也极为熟悉。他的父亲是一个铅笔制造商，他曾一度子承父业，但后来主要以教学、演讲、土地测量和木匠手艺为生。1845年，梭罗在康科德附近的瓦尔登湖边上为自己建造了一座小木屋，并在这里居住了两年。他与霍桑、爱默生等其他文化名流交往甚密，其主要作品有《瓦尔登湖，或在林中的生活》、《康科德和梅里马克河上的一周》、《远足》、《缅因森林》、《科德角》、《一个美国人在加拿大》以及《给不同人写的信》。梭罗不擅描述，即便如此，亦足以在世界文坛鹤立鸡群。

1. 所有的松树种子上都长着一层薄膜，外观酷似昆虫的翅膀，独立的薄膜裹住并庇护种子生长，使种子得以在根基部孕育。换句话说，松树种子四周像是编织着一个美丽的薄袋，袋子上带着小小把手，这样风便能擎着它，将种子运送到其他地方，为植物繁衍后代扩展疆域。与专利局寄邮包的方式相比，这种用

风来运送种子的方法同样有效。

2. 因此，有些人认为松树是无中生有地长出来的，这种想法根本毫无依据。我相信，松树是由种子孕育而成的，这样的结论并不是出于个人臆测，当然，大自然繁衍植物的方式向来鲜人关注。北美的大部分树种都来自欧洲，然后逐渐在这里繁衍生息。

3. 当你砍伐一片橡树林，被砍伐的土地上不会马上就生长出松树；除非现在或不久以前，附近曾有一片带籽的松树林，而且两块林地之间相隔不远，能让风将种子吹落到这片土地。不过，就松林周边而言，如果你能阻止其他作物在这块土地上生长，那么，只要土壤适宜，你势必将会拥有一片扩展的松树林。

4. 当我走在一片山核桃林间，即使在八月，我也会不时听到山雀在头顶上啄落山核桃的声音，果子还绿莹莹的。秋天，在小镇四周的橡树林里或树林附近，我总能看到地面上有许多三四英寸长的粗壮橡树枝，枝上挂着半打空的橡果壳。松鼠们啃噬着坚果两侧硬枝，以便搬运简单方便。要是你击打或摇晃栗树，松鸡和红松鼠总会对你的行为报以尖叫，它们，抑或我们，光顾森林的目的没什么不同，所谓同行总是冤家，一点不假。

5. 当我穿过树林的时候，我经常看到红松鼠或灰

松鼠从树上扔下带着芒刺的绿色栗子。我总觉得，松鼠们想必是冲我砸来的。事实上，在栗子成熟的季节，松鼠们是如此忙碌，你只需在树林中稍站片刻，便能清晰地听到栗子的落地声。

6. 一个猎人告诉我，就在前一天——当时是十月中旬，他看到有一枚带着芒刺的绿色栗子掉落在我们的大河甸上，离最近的树林有五十杆远，离最近的栗树就更远了，他实在想不出它是怎么跑到那儿去的。隆冬季节，当我捡拾栗子的时候，偶尔会发现三四十粒的栗子聚拢成堆，被常见的林鼠留在落叶覆盖下的地洞里。

7. 冬天，这项传播并种植坚果的活动，在雪中往往更显而易见。几乎在每片树林里，你都会看到红松鼠或灰松鼠在雪地里四处刨挖着，有时能挖到两英尺深，然而总能挖到一枚橡果或松果。它们挖得那么得心应手，就好像它们是直接从底下埋藏的坚果往上挖似的。——你我是无法做到这点的。即使在降雪前，我们要找到埋在地下的坚果也极为不易。毫无疑问，这些坚果是松鼠们在秋天埋下的。你也许会好奇，它们究竟是记住了埋藏地点，还是循着嗅觉找到的。

8. 到了冬天，红松鼠通常会藏在常青灌木丛的地下，经常是落叶林间的一小丛常青灌木。如果树林外

仍有结着坚果的树木，它们外出的通道一般会径直通向那里。因此，我们无须认为，森林里应该到处长有橡树，只要离红松鼠的躲藏地二十或三十杆范围内有那么几株，播种也就绰绰有余了。

9. 我不妨大胆设想一下，在这小镇上每一颗自然掉落到地面上的，还没完全打开果壳失去松籽的白松松果，以及几乎每一颗落下的油松果，都是被松鼠啃下来的。远在松果成熟之前，松鼠就开始采撷松果。因此，当白松松果长得还很小的时候，松鼠们通常就已经把每颗还没成熟的松果啃落了。

10. 除此之外，我认为松鼠之所以要把青涩的白松松果啃落，一部分原因就是为了防止它们成熟开壳，失去里面的松籽。这些松果就是松鼠冬天在雪中所挖出的松果，也只有这些松果里面还留有松籽。去年冬天，我曾数过一堆被红松鼠啃落并剥皮的油松果果芯，共有二百三十九颗。

11. 坚果被丢弃地面或浅埋地下，给种子提供了极易发芽的环境。然而，我有时会疑惑，那些仅仅掉落在地面上的种子是如何发芽的。但到了十二月末，我发现当年的橡果里混进了一部分霉菌，就好像它们被埋在腐烂发霉的落叶下面一样。坚果落下的速度很快，而霉菌为它们提供了所需的水分和肥料。在丰收

的年份，大量坚果就这样被落叶松散地埋了一英寸厚，这样多少蒙过了松鼠的眼睛。

12. 有一年冬天，坚果产量丰富，虽然已经是一月十日，我仍然用一副钉耙挖出了许多坚果。尽管当天我在商店里买到的坚果有半数以上都发霉了，但是这些从潮湿霉烂的落叶下挖出的坚果，却丝毫没有霉斑。这些落叶曾被大雪掩埋了一两次，大自然知道如何最好地储存这些坚果，它们仍然丰满新鲜。很显然，它们虽然潮湿，却缺乏发霉所需要的温度。到了春天，这些坚果便都争先恐后地发芽了。

13. 有时，在秋天的树林间漫步的时候，你会听到某个声音，像是有人在折断树枝。抬头望去，你会看到一只松鸡在橡树顶上啄食橡果，或是一群松鸡在树梢上上下下翻飞啄食，那是橡果破裂的声音。倏尔，它们会飞到一株合适的树干上，将橡果踩在一只爪子下面，急急地捶啄它，发出啄木鸟式的敲啄声，时而左顾右盼，留意是否有敌人悄悄逼近。很快，松鸡便啄到橡果果肉，先是小口啄食，继而仰头吞咽，爪子还紧紧抓着残剩果肉。但是，尚有些橡果鸟喙未动，就已经掉落地上。

14. 依我看来，威廉·巴顿写给鸟类学家威尔逊的信中这段话颇有道理：“在大自然经济活动中，松鸡是

最有效的中介之一。它以坚果为食，同时将结有坚果或硬籽的森林种子到处传播。为了完成这项必要的任务，它们在飞越田野和灌木丛的时候，一路上落下大量种子；它们在篱笆上停留，把种子储存在篱笆坑洞里，诸如此类。历经湿润的冬春两季，大量的树苗在田野和草地上蓬勃生长起来。短短几年时间，光凭这群小鸟就能将所有垦荒地再度植被造林。”

15. 我还注意到，松鼠也经常把坚果掉落在开阔的空地上，这种现象可以进一步解释，橡树和胡桃树为何在牧场上萌芽而出，每一株树苗的萌发皆来自种子。当我查看这些树龄仅一两年的小橡树时，总能在树木发芽的地方找到种子空壳，无一例外。

[1] Membrane, a thin, soft tissue of interwoven fibers.

[2] Propagation, the continuance of a kind by successive production.

[3] Portable, capable of being carried.

[4] Transportation, the act of conveying from one place to another.

[5] Deciduous, said of trees whose leaves fall in autumn.

[6] Germinating, sprouting, beginning to grow.

[7] Ornithologist, one skilled in the science which treats of birds.

[8] Economy, orderly system.

[9] Disseminating, scattering for growth and propagation.

[10] Nuciferous, bearing nuts.

LESSON 92
SPRING AGAIN

又是一年春天

Celia Thaxter (b.1836, d.1894), whose maiden name was Loughton, was born in Portsmouth, N.H. Much of her early life was passed on White Island, one of a group of small islands, called the Isles of Shoals, about ten miles from the shore, where she lived in the lighthouse cottage. In 1867-68, she published, in the "Atlantic Monthly," a number of papers on these islands, which were afterwards bound in a separate volume. Mrs. Thaxter was a contributor to several periodicals, and in strength and beauty of style has few equals among American writers. The following selection is from a volume of her poems entitled "Drift Weed."

1. I stood on the height in the stillness
 And the planet's outline scanned,
 And half was drawn with the line of sea
 And half with the far blue land.
2. With wings that caught the sunshine
 In the crystal deeps of the sky,
 Like shapes of dreams, the gleaming gulls
 Went slowly floating by.

3. Below me the boats in the harbor
Lay still, with their white sails furled;
Sighing away into silence,
The breeze died off the world.
4. On the weather-worn, ancient ledges
Peaceful the calm light slept;
And the chilly shadows, lengthening,
Slow to the eastward crept.
5. The snow still lay in the hollows,
And where the salt waves met
The iron rock, all ghastly white
The thick ice glimmered yet.
6. But the smile of the sun was kinder,
The touch of the air was sweet;
The pulse of the cruel ocean seemed
Like a human heart to beat.
7. Frost-locked, storm-beaten, and lonely,
In the midst of the wintry main,
Our bleak rock yet the tidings heard:
“There shall be spring again!”
8. Worth all the waiting and watching,
The woe that the winter wrought,
Was the passion of gratitude that shook
My soul at the blissful thought!
9. Soft rain and flowers and sunshine,
Sweet winds and brooding skies,
Quick-flitting birds to fill the air

With clear delicious cries;

10. And the warm sea's mellow murmur
 Resounding day and night;
 A thousand shapes and tints and tones
 Of manifold delight,

11. Nearer and ever nearer
 Drawing with every day!
 But a little longer to wait and watch
 'Neath skies so cold and gray;

12. And hushed is the roar of the bitter north
 Before the might of the spring,
 And up the frozen slope of the world
 Climbs summer, triumphing.

【中文阅读】

西莉亚·萨克斯特（1836—1894），娘家的姓氏是姓莱顿，出生于美国新罕布什尔州朴次茅斯。她早期大多时光是在怀特岛上度过的，该岛隶属肖尔斯群岛，离内陆海岸大约十英里，她住在岛上的一座灯塔小屋里。1867年至1868年间，她在《大西洋月刊》上发表了许多关于这些岛屿的文章，后来这些文章被单独结集出版。萨克斯特夫人还曾为数家期刊撰稿。她的文体风格颇具冲击力与精美特质，在美国作家中鲜有人及。下文节选自她的诗歌集《漂浮的海草》。

1. 我静静地站在高处，

看着遥远的地平线。

一半，是宽广的海洋，

一半，是青蓝的大地。

2. 我张开双翼，翅膀上闪着金色阳光，
高高飞向深邃的天空。

像在梦境中一般，有零星海鸥数点
从我身边慢慢掠过。

3. 我的身下，栖息在港口的船只
静静停泊着，收拢起白帆。

晚风轻轻叹息，

一切又复归沉默。

4. 古老礁石，无数次被风浪侵袭，
在平静的夕阳中安宁沉睡。

在它身旁，寒冷的阴影

渐渐向东边拉长。

5. 白雪皑皑，覆盖着山间凹谷，
在那里，海浪冲刷着

坚硬的岩石，厚实的冰层

闪烁着黯淡的惨白。

6. 但是，太阳的微笑却渐渐温暖，
空气中送来甜美的气息。

残暴大海不停地拍打着岸边，

那声音，像心脏在均匀跳动。

7. 寒冬中孤独的大海，
 风霜侵蚀，雨雪肆虐；
 但是，荒凉的岩石却听见浪花在高喊：
 “春天，必将到来！”
8. 这一切，值得所有的等待和观望。
 因为冬天所带来的苦难，
 会化为对春天的强烈向往，
 让我的灵魂，在喜悦中高歌！
9. 春雨潇潇，阳光下的花丛，
 春风甜美，云层低垂的天空，
 铺天盖地，那展翅飞掠的候鸟，
 传来久违的声声清脆鸣啾。
10. 温暖的大海低声细语着，
 浪潮声日夜不停地回荡；
 万般千种绚丽的色彩和声响，
 汇成一曲欢乐的颂歌。
11. 春天，一步步向我们走来，
 一天天靠近我们！
 但是，天空仍然如此寒冷阴霾，
 我们还需要耐心观望、等待。
12. 狂暴的北风渐渐安静了，

明媚的春日很快便会到来。
在冰封雪原的世界之巅，
夏天，以自信的脚步向我们走来。

LESSON 93 RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY



宗教——社会的唯一基石

William Ellery Channing (b. 1780, d. 1842), an eminent divine and orator, was born at Newport, R.I. He graduated from Harvard with the highest honors in 1798, and, in 1803, he was made pastor of the Federal Street Church, Boston, with which he maintained his connection until his death. Towards the close of his life, being much enfeebled, he withdrew almost entirely from his pastoral duties, and devoted himself to literature. Dr. Channing's writings are published in six volumes, and are mainly devoted to theology.

1. Religion is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, contributing in various ways to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair; the community^[1] is deeply interested in its diffusion^[2] ; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles, on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is to do good; and it follows, very plainly, that if God be the Author and Friend of society, then, the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened^[3] piety must give its whole strength to public order.

2. Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends,

the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric^[4] would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness and of a future life to be utterly erased^[5] from every mind.

3. And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator^[6] ; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction^[7] ; once let them thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow?

4. We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize^[8] the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism^[9] be true?

5. Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality^[10] would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory in atheism declares him to be,—a companion for brutes.

【中文阅读】

威廉·埃勒里·钱宁（1780—1842），出色的神职人员兼演说家，出生于美国罗德岛州纽波特。1798年，他以优异成绩从哈佛大学毕业。1803年，他被任命为波士顿联邦街教堂牧师，随后一直担任该职务，直到去世。在生命晚期，因身体极度虚弱，钱宁放下几乎所有宗教事务，专心致力于文学写作。钱宁博士的著作达六卷之多，大多文章涉及神学。

1. 宗教是一种社会关注，因为它强有力地作用于社会，以各种方式对社会的稳定和繁荣做出贡献。宗教并不仅仅是个体信仰，它的传播与社会利益攸关，因为宗教理念为人们提供了美德与道德原则，而良好的社会运行则依赖于此。最本原的宗教教义旨在行善，因此，显而易见：如果上帝缔造了社会，是人类朋友，那么，承认上帝的存在必然会强化所有的社会职能，而信徒们的虔诚也会加强社会秩序。

2. 鲜有人质疑，或许无人意识到，就维系并推动人类每一善行来说，宗教究竟能走多远。也许，人们可能无从获悉，人类道德与社会感知究竟从宗教精神源头汲取多少营养？如果不再信奉上帝，人类良知将是多么的苍白无力；如果没有更高的仁慈来依赖与信靠，人类的善行将多么的难以维系；社会构建系统无一避免将随即产生动荡，在恐惧中坍塌为绝望的废墟：即至高无上的存在，责任担当意识以及对未来生活的祈求向往将从每一个心灵完全抹去。

3. 如果没有宗教，人们就只能相信：他们的存在只是因为偶然，没有先哲神明关注人类生活；他们死后，一切成就都将化为灰烬；弱者无人保护，伤者无法讨还公道，为正义与公众利益奉献牺牲的人无法获取补偿；冥冥中，不再听到铿锵誓言；作恶多端者无人为其犯罪指证，人类的存在毫无目的，人类的美德也没有始终如一的支持；这条简短的生命就是我们的全部，而死亡会将一切永远抹煞。——一旦人类彻底放弃宗教，谁能想象或描述接踵而来的心灵荒芜与绝望？

4. 我们寄望，或许，人类法律和本性悲悯可以促进社会凝聚抱团。不妨合乎情理地设想一下，如果天上的太阳最终熄灭，人类火炬能否持久发光？人类光

明能否孕育世间万物生长？如果人类沦为不受保护的一介虫豸，那么，究竟什么可以唤醒人类本性或心底蛰伏的生命尊重与脉脉温情？如果无神论确实可信，那么，人类与虫豸又有什么区别？

5. 如果从一个社会中彻底消除对上帝的信仰与敬畏，那么，自私与纵欲将完全吞噬整个人类。无休止的贪婪欲望，毫无安慰和希望的痛苦，势必轻蔑地践踏着人类法律的底线。良好美德、责任担当以及普世原则将变得毫无意义，任由嘲弄蔑视并随意唾弃。人类的美好情感，将被肮脏卑劣地追逐私人利益所取代。事实上，正像无神论者所公开宣扬的那样——人类无疑将沦为与禽兽为伍。

[1] Community, society at large, the public.

[2] Diffusion, extension, spread.

[3] Enlightened, elevated by knowledge and religion.

[4] Fabric, any system composed of connected parts.

[5] Erased, blotted out.

[6] Perpetrator, one who commits a crime.

[7] Extinction, a putting an end to.

[8] Fertilize, to make fruitful.

[9] Atheism, disbelief in God.

[10] Sensuality, indulgence in animal pleasure.

LESSON 94 ROCK ME TO SLEEP



请荡起摇篮，哄我入眠

Elizabeth Akers Allen (b.1832, d. 1911) was born at Strong, Maine, and passed her childhood amidst the picturesque scenery of that neighborhood. She lost her mother when very young, but inherited her grace and delicacy of thought. Shortly after her mother's death, her father removed to Farmington, Maine, a town noted for its literary people. Mrs. Allen's early pieces appeared over the pseudonym of "Florence Percy." Her first verses appeared when she was twelve years old; and her first volume, entitled "Forest Buds from the Woods of Maine," was Published in 1856. For some years she was assistant editor of the "Portland Transcript." The following selection was claimed by five different persons, who attempted to steal the honor of its composition.

1. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,

Make me a child again, just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

2. Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

3. Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

4. Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

5. Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with
gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;

For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

6. Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep; —
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

【中文阅读】

伊丽莎白·埃克斯·艾伦（1832—1911）出生于美国缅因州斯特朗，在风景如画的家乡度过她的孩提时代。伊丽莎白年幼时，母亲便去世了，但她继承了母亲的优雅举止和缜密思想。母亲逝世不久，她的父亲举家迁往缅因州的法明顿，一个文人倍出的小镇。伊丽莎白早期作品以“珀西·佛罗伦萨”为笔名发表。十二岁时，她便发表了一些诗歌。1856年，她出版了第一部诗集，题为《缅因州树林里的嫩芽》。伊丽莎白曾做过一段时间《波特兰文字录》的助理编辑。下面节选的这首诗，曾有五人声称为他们所作，其实，皆为沽名钓誉之徒的妄言。

1. 哦，时光，请向后倒流，带我回到从前，
只在今夜，请让我再做一回孩子！

妈妈，从那杳无回音的彼岸归来，
再度将我拥入怀中，一如往昔。
您轻吻我的额头，抚平我担忧思虑的皱纹，
再温柔捋过，我发间初现的白发。
您满怀爱意的眼眸，凝视着我的睡脸——
啊，妈妈，请荡起摇篮，哄我入眠！

2. 哦，岁月，请向后倒流，带我回到从前！
生活的血汗和泪水，让我疲惫不堪；
辛劳没有报酬，哭泣也只是徒劳，
请将它们带走，还给我，我的童年！
我已厌倦了追名逐利，
厌倦了将我灵魂的财富丢弃，
厌倦了辛勤努力，却徒劳为他人做嫁衣——
啊，妈妈，请荡起摇篮，哄我入眠！

3. 我厌倦了世俗的虚伪卑劣与欺骗，
妈妈啊，妈妈，我从心底呼唤着您！
年复一年，青草枯了又荣，
花开花落的岁月，苍老了我们的容颜。
难以抑制，我多年的思念苦楚，
今夜，我盼着您的归来。
从那深邃遥远的静谧中回来吧——
啊，妈妈，请荡起摇篮，哄我入眠！

4. 时光飞逝，在我心里，
再没有一份爱，像母亲的爱那么温暖浓烈；
再没有一份信念，像您这样
忠实、无私、耐心地信靠与承受；
再没有一个人，能像母亲那样，
为生病的灵魂和倦怠的大脑驱除疼痛。
倦意慢慢袭来，我的眼皮开始变得沉重——
啊，妈妈，请荡起摇篮，哄我入眠！

5. 来吧，妈妈，您棕色头发在阳光下闪烁，
轻轻披在您的肩上，像往日一样。
今晚，让它垂落在我的额头，
为我困倦的睡眠遮挡住光线。
您的秀发，或许随艳阳周边阴影，
会再度为我带来往昔甜美的梦乡。
温柔地，怜爱地，它轻抚过我的脸颊——
啊，妈妈，请荡起摇篮，哄我入眠！

6. 妈妈，亲爱的妈妈，我最后一次
聆听您的摇篮曲，已过了这么多年。
请对着我的灵魂，再唱起那首曲子，
歌声中，我这些年的光阴，仿佛只是南柯一
梦！

请带着满满的爱，拥我入怀，

您轻盈的睫毛，轻扫过我的脸，

我愿就这样躺在您怀里，不再醒来，也不再哭

泣——

啊，妈妈，请荡起摇篮，哄我入眠！

LESSON 95 MAN AND THE INFERIOR ANIMALS



人类与低等动物

1. The chief difference between man and the other animals consists in this, that the former has reason, whereas the latter have only instinct; but, in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, it will be necessary to mention three things in which the difference very distinctly appears.

2. Let us first, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here the first distinction^[1] that appears between them is the use of implements^[2]. When the savage provides himself with a hut or a wigwam^[3] for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species.

3. But the man can not make any progress in this work without tools; he must provide himself with an ax even before he can cut down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows^[4], their cells, or their nests, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the

ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade or a plow; nor can he reap what he has sown till he has shaped an implement with which to cut down his harvest. But the inferior animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

4. Now for the second distinction. Man, in all his operations, makes mistakes; animals make none. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bird sitting on a twig lamenting over her half-finished nest and puzzling her little head to know how to complete it? Or did you ever see the cells of a beehive in clumsy, irregular shapes, or observe anything like a discussion^[5] in the little community, as if there were a difference of opinion among the architects?

5. The lower animals are even better physicians than we are; for when they are ill, they will, many of them, seek out some particular herb, which they do not, use as food, and which possesses a medicinal^[6] quality exactly suited to the complaint; whereas, the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century about the virtues of a single drug.

6. Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled; and must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to anything like perfection; even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some experience; and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his mistakes and begins to profit by his lessons.

7. The third distinction is that animals make no improvements; while the knowledge, and skill, and the success of man are perpetually on the increase. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse

of nature or that instinct which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of man.

8. But man, having been endowed^[7] with the faculty^[8] of thinking or reasoning about what he does, is enabled by patience and industry to correct the mistakes into which he at first falls, and to go on constantly improving. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect structure; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century is not at all more commodious or elegant than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare the wigwam of the savage with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's mistakes, rectified^[9] and improved upon, conduct him.

9. "When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;
When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies,
When ruin triumphs, and when nature dies;
Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive;
'Mid falling spheres, immortal man shall live."

(Jane Taylor)

【中文阅读】

1. 人类与其他动物的主要区别在于：前者具有理性，而后者唯有本能。但是，为了更好地理解我们所说的“理性”与“本能”，我们有必要阐述这个区别的三点明显表现。

2. 首先，让我们先把人类与动物尽可能放在同一个水平上做比较：设想一个处于原始状态的人，像山野里的野兽一样，只剩下兽性，为满足自己的生存欲望而努力。这里，我们便可看出人类与动物之间的第一个差异：对工具的使用。当原始人为自己盖一间茅房或棚屋来遮风挡雨，或是贮藏食物，其实，人类行为绝非具有超越野兔、海狸、蜜蜂或任何鸟类的本能意义。

3. 如果没有工具，在原始生存环境下，人类不会获取任何进步。当原始人为获取木头而砍伐树木前，他就必须准备刀斧之类的工具；而动物们为自己挖掘巢穴、筑造蜂房、搭建鸟窝，它们除了依靠大自然赋予它们的自身能力以外，并没有其他工具。同样，如果没有锄头或耕犁，人类无法耕作或翻整土地，甚而无法收获播种的庄稼，除非他事先做出某种可以收割庄稼的工具。然而，低等动物却无法为它们自己或后代制造任何这类工具。

4. 现在，我们来谈谈第二个差异。就人类行为举止而言，凡夫俗子错误在所难免，而动物却不会犯错。你可曾听说过一只鸟儿蹲在树枝上，对着它尚未完工的鸟巢感慨哀叹，用它的小脑袋绞尽脑汁地思考着该如何完成？亦或是，你可曾看见一群蜜蜂，围着

它们拙劣的、不规则的蜂巢抱怨，或是看见它们彼此议论纷纷，就好像这些小建筑师之间正在交换意见？

5. 与我们人类相比，低等动物不愧是更好的医生。当它们生病时，大部分动物都会在外面找到某种特殊的药草，并不是为了食用，而是专门用它来治疗相应的病症。反之，如果是人类，哪怕一种药物，整个医学界会对它的疗效喋喋不休地讨论上百年。

6. 人类做事总喜欢瞻前顾后，他必须无数次躬身亲为，才能将他的事情做到近乎完美。哪怕是像家庭生活这种简单的事情，也需要经验与阅历，才能游刃有余。当一个人结束自己的跌跌撞撞，开始从自身经验教训里终有所得时，他的人生时光早已挥霍过半。

7. 人类与动物的第三个区别在于，动物本身不存在任何改进或进步，而人类的知识、技能以及成功却永远在增长。动物的所有行为，都只是在遵循生物的最初欲望或上帝赋予它们的本能冲动，因此，它们所做出的成果，总是比人类做出的更为完美有序。

8. 但是，人类被赋予了思考和推理的能力，因此，不管他做什么，他都能用耐心和勤奋来不停地纠正最初错误，并且不断加以改善。诚然，一个鸟巢是一件完美的艺术品；但是，一只十九世纪的燕子建的鸟巢，并不比一只诺亚方舟里的燕子在椽木上所建的

鸟巢更宽敞、更舒适。相反，如果我们把原始人所盖的棚屋与古希腊或古罗马时代的庙宇宫殿相比较，我们可以看到，通过纠正并改善自己的错误，人类在这样的过程中走向完美。

9. “当巨大太阳收敛起金色光芒，
世界沉溺在永恒夜晚的黑暗中，
当狂野的毁灭火焰呼啸着吞噬天空，
世界开始坍塌，自然走向濒亡，
人类在世界的废墟中，孤独伫立，
星辰坠落消逝，而人类必将永生。”

（简·泰勒）

[1] Distinction, a point of difference.

[2] Implements, utensils, tools.

[3] Wigwam, an Indian hut.

[4] Burrows, holes in the earth where animals lodge.

[5] Discussion, the act of arguing a point, debate.

[6] Medicinal, healing.

[7] Endowed, furnished with any gift, quality, etc.

[8] Faculty, ability to act or perform.

[9] Rectified, corrected.

LESSON 96 THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT



John Godfrey Saxe (b. 1816, d.1887), an American humorist, lawyer, and journalist, was born at Highgate, Vt. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1839; was admitted to the bar in 1843; and practiced law until 1850, when he became editor of the "Burlington Sentinel." In 1851, he was elected State's attorney. "Progress, a Satire, and Other Poems," his first volume, was published in 1849, and several other volumes of great merit attest his originality. For genial humor and good-natured satire, Saxe's writings rank among the best of their kind, and are very popular.

1. It was six men of Indostan,
 To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
 (Though all of them were blind,)
That each by observation
 Might satisfy his mind.
2. The first approached the elephant,
 And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
 At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant

Is very like a wall!"

3. The second, feeling of the tusk,
 Cried: "Ha! what have we here,
 So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
 To me 't is very clear,
 This wonder of an elephant
 Is very like a spear!"
4. The third approached the animal,
 And, happening to take
 The squirming trunk within his hands,
 Thus boldly up he spake:
 "I see," quoth he, "the elephant
 Is very like a snake!"
5. The fourth reached out his eager hand,
 And fell about the knee:
 "What most this wondrous beast is like,
 Is very plain," quoth he;
 "'T is clear enough the elephant
 Is very like a tree!"
6. The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
 Said: "E'en the blindest man
 Can tell what this resembles most:
 Deny the fact who can,
 This marvel of an elephant
 Is very like a fan!"
7. The sixth no sooner had begun
 About the beast to grope,
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail

That fell within his scope,
“I see,” quoth he, “the elephant
Is very like a rope!”

8. And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

【中文阅读】

约翰·戈弗雷·萨克斯（1816—1887），美国幽默作家、律师兼记者。他出生于佛蒙特州海格特，1839年毕业于明德学院，1843年取得律师资格并开始执业，一直到1850年他成为《伯灵顿前哨》杂志的编辑。1851年，他当选为州检察官。萨克斯的首部作品《进步：一首嘲讽诗及其他》出版于1849年，随后他又发表了其他几本相当优秀的作品，体现了他原创的惊人才华。萨克斯的作品带着一种温和的幽默和宽容的嘲讽，在世界幽默文学中出类拔萃，广受欢迎。

1. 从前，有六个印度人，
他们想了解外面的世界。
于是，相约一起去看大象，
（虽然他们都是盲人。）
每个人都想通过触觉，

满足抑制不住的好奇心。

2. 第一位盲人走近大象，

碰巧摸到

大象宽厚敦实的腹部，

他立刻朗声喊道：

“上帝啊！原来大象

长得像一堵厚实的墙！”

3. 第二位盲人，摸到象牙，

他叫道：“哈！快看这是什么，

又圆，又滑，又这么尖利？

今天，我终于明白，

原来这只大象

长得像一支长矛！”

4. 第三位盲人走上前，

伸出双手，碰巧抓到

大象扭动着的长鼻。

于是，他兴奋异常地叫唤：

“我知道了，原来大象

长得像一条粗壮的蟒蛇！”

5. 第四位盲人急忙伸出手，

摸到大象的粗腿：

“这只奇怪的动物到底长相如何，

再清楚不过了。”他说，
“很明显，原来大象
长得像一棵树！”

6. 第五位盲人，偶然拽到大象耳朵，
他说：“再瞎的人也能告诉你，
大象究竟最像什么。
谁能否认这个事实：
这只奇特的大象
长得像一把蒲扇！”

7. 第六位盲人已在象身旁
伸手到处触探，
突然，他碰巧抓住在他面前
晃悠中的大象尾巴。
“我知道了，”他宣布，“大象
长得像一条绳子！”

8. 于是，这六个印度盲人，
针锋相对，大声争执不休。
每个人都固执自信，
坚持自己的意见。
尽管，每个人描述的细节不错，
但没有人，说出事实真相！

LESSON 97 A HOME SCENE



家庭场景

Donald Grant Mitchell (b.1822, d. 1908). This popular American writer was born in Norwich, Conn. He graduated at Yale in 1841. In 1844 he went to England, and, after traveling through that country on foot, spent some time on the continent. His first volume, "Fresh Gleanings, or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe, by Ik Marvel," was published in 1847, soon after his return home. He revisited Europe in 1848. On his return, he published "The Battle Summer." Mr. Mitchell has contributed to the "Knickerbocker Magazine," the "Atlantic Monthly," and several agricultural journals. His most popular works are "The Reveries of a Bachelor," 1850, and "Dream Life," 1851. Besides these, he has written "My Farm of Edgewood," "Wet Days at Edgewood," "Doctor Johns," a novel, "Rural Studies," and other works. He is a charming writer. In 1853 he was appointed United States consul at Venice. In 1855 he settled on a farm near New Haven, Conn., where he now resides. The following selection is from "Dream Life."

1. Little does the boy know, as the tide of years drifts by, floating him out insensibly from the harbor of his home, upon the great sea of life,—what joys, what

opportunities, what affections, are slipping from him into the shades of that inexorable^[1] Past, where no man can go, save on the wings of his dreams.

2. Little does he think, as he leans upon the lap of his mother, with his eye turned to her, in some earnest pleading for a fancied pleasure of the hour, or in some important story of his griefs, that such sharing of his sorrows, and such sympathy with his wishes, he will find nowhere again.

3. Little does he imagine that the fond sister Nelly, ever thoughtful of his pleasures, ever smiling away his griefs, will soon be beyond the reach of either; and that the waves of the years which come rocking so gently under him will soon toss her far away, upon the great swell of life.

4. But now, you are there. The fire light glimmers upon the walls of your cherished home. The big chair of your father is drawn to its wonted^[2] corner by the chimney side; his head, just touched with gray, lies back upon its oaken top. Opposite sits your mother: her figure is thin, her look cheerful, yet subdued;—her arm perhaps resting on your shoulder, as she talks to you in tones of tender admonition^[3] , of the days that are to come.

5. The cat is purring on the hearth; the clock that ticked so plainly when Charlie died is ticking on the mantel still. The great table in the middle of the room, with its books and work, waits only for the lighting of the evening lamp, to see a return to its stores of embroidery and of story.

6. Upon a little stand under the mirror, which catches now and then a flicker of the fire light, and makes it play, as if in wanton, upon the ceiling, lies

that big book, revered of your New England parents—the Family Bible. It is a ponderous^[4], square volume, with heavy silver clasps, that you have often pressed open for a look at its quaint^[5], old pictures, for a study of those prettily bordered pages, which lie between the Testaments, and which hold the Family Record.

7. There are the Births;—your father's and your mother's; it seems as if they were born a long time ago; and even your own date of birth appears an almost incredible^[6] distance back. Then there are the Marriages;—only one as yet; and your mother's name looks oddly to you: it is hard to think of her as anyone else than your doting^[7] parent.

8. Last of all come the Deaths;—only one. Poor Charlie! How it looks!—“Died, 12 September, 18—, Charles Henry, aged four years.” You know just how it looks. You have turned to it often; there you seem to be joined to him, though only by the turning of a leaf.

9. And over your thoughts, as you look at that page of the Record, there sometimes wanders a vague^[8], shadowy fear, which will come,—that your own name may soon be there. You try to drop the notion, as if it were not fairly your own; you affect to slight it, as you would slight a boy who presumed^[9] on your acquaintance, but whom you have no desire to know.

10. Yet your mother—how strange it is!—has no fears of such dark fancies. Even now, as you stand beside her, and as the twilight deepens in the room, her low, silvery voice is stealing upon your ear, telling you that she can not be long with you;—that the time is coming, when you must be guided by your own judgment, and struggle with the world unaided by the friends of your boyhood.

11. There is a little pride, and a great deal more of anxiety, in your thoughts now, as you look steadfastly into the home blaze, while those delicate fingers, so tender of your happiness, play with the locks upon your brow. To struggle with the world,—that is a proud thing; to struggle alone,—there lies the doubt! Then crowds in swift upon the calm of boyhood the first anxious thought of youth.

12. The hands of the old clock upon the mantel that ticked off the hours when Charlie sighed and when Charlie died, draw on toward midnight. The shadows that the fireflame makes grow dimmer and dimmer. And thus it is, that Home,—boy home, passes away forever,—like the swaying of a pendulum,—like the fading of a shadow on the floor.

【中文阅读】

唐纳德·格兰特·米切尔（1822—1908），这位颇受欢迎的美国作家出生于康涅狄格州诺里奇。1841年，他毕业于耶鲁大学。1844年，米切尔前去英国，徒步旅行穿越英国本土后，他一度在欧洲大陆滞留。1847年，他回国后不久，便出版了第一卷作品集《新鲜拾穗：伊克·马维尔来自欧洲大陆古老土地的新札》。他于1848年再度访问欧洲，回国后，又出版了《夏季战役》。米切尔先生曾为《纽约人杂志》、《大西洋月刊》和一些农业科技期刊撰稿，他最著名的作品是1850年的《一位单身汉的遐想》和1851年的《梦幻人生》。除此之外，他还创作了《我的埃奇伍德农场》、《埃奇伍德的雨天》、小说《约翰医生》、《农村问题研究》以及其他作品。米切尔是一位极富魅力的作家。1853年，他被任命为

美国驻威尼斯领事。 1855年，他定居在康涅狄格州纽黑文附近的一个农场里。下文节选自《梦幻人生》。

1. 男孩很少知道，岁月的潮水是如何在不知不觉间，让他漂流出家庭的港湾，驶入生活的浩瀚大海的。年少时的喜悦、机遇和情感就这样从他身旁悄然溜走，汇入那无法改变的“过去”。那个地方，哪怕插上他梦想的翅膀，也从没有人能抵达。

2. 男孩从未想到，当男孩倚靠在母亲膝上，眼巴巴地望着她，急切地期盼着母亲为他带来一段美好的时光，或倾听他诉说一段悲伤的故事，这些对他的悲伤的分享，对他的梦想的鼓励，他再也无法在其他地方找到。

3. 男孩很少想象的到，他最喜欢的小妹妹娜莉，曾为他的喜悦感到快乐，也曾用笑容化解了他的悲伤；然而很快，他们便渐离渐远。岁月的长河温柔地潮起潮落，她的身影很快便被颠簸到远方，被生活的巨大洪流所吞没。

4. 但是现在，你在这里，火光在你心爱的家里壁炉中闪烁着。父亲的那把宽大椅子，仍然和往昔一样，靠在烟囱旁边的角落。他已鬓发斑白，把头轻轻靠在这把橡木的靠背椅上。母亲坐在对面，她身形消

瘦，神色开心，笑容恬淡。她的手臂也许正抚着你的肩膀，温柔地对你轻声叮咛，嘱你不要荒废时日的家常道理。

5. 猫咪在灶台上打着呼噜，壁炉架上立着的老钟，仍在不紧不慢地嘀嗒走着，一如既往，与查理死去时毫无两样。房间中央的那张大桌上摆擦着各种书籍和草稿，等待着夜晚降临的灯光。唯有置身于这熟悉的光影流泻里，才能恍然依稀回到昔日尘嚣。

6. 那面穿衣镜立在一边，不时捕获着壁炉里闪烁的火光，逗弄着它，火光看起来像活的一样。镜子旁边的一张小凳上，放着那本大书，那是你来自新英格兰的父母最尊重的书籍——家庭《圣经》。这是一本厚重的方形大书，配着沉重的银扣，你经常将银扣摁开，为了看到里面古老泛黄的家庭照片，好奇地研究着那些镶着彩框的书页，它们夹在《旧约》与《新约》中间，记载着你的家谱。

7. 这里面，有出生记录——你父亲的和你母亲的。他们的出生日期仿佛那么久远，而你的出生日期，似乎与它们之间相隔着一段几乎令人难以置信的距离。这里还有婚姻记录——不过只有一条。母亲的原名，你看着总觉得别扭：很难想象，在成为这个溺爱你的女人之前，她还曾经是另一个人。

8. 最后，是死亡记录——只有一条。可怜的查理！即使是现在，这行字看起来仍那么刺眼！——“查尔斯·亨利，死于18××年9月12日，时年四岁。”你知道那行字长得什么样。你曾无数次地翻开这本书，看着它，似乎只要轻轻翻动一页书，你便能随早殇的查理而去。

9. 当翻阅浏览这页家庭记录，你的思绪翻腾不安，模糊朦胧的恐惧偶尔会无端闯入：这一天终究会到来——你的名字，将会赫然出现在上面。你试图挥去这个荒谬的念头，仿佛它不是你的真实想法。你想忽视它，就好像忽视一个假装是你熟人的男孩，而你根本不想认识他。

10. 然而你的母亲——多么奇怪啊！她对这些黑暗的想法竟没有任何恐惧。即使是现在，屋里的暮色渐渐加深，你站在她的身边，她那温柔悦耳的声音在你耳边低低响起，告诉你，她很快便要离你而去。离别的时刻就要到来，以后，你必须遵循自己内心的判断，独自一人在这个世界打拼，而你孩提时的同伴们将一个个离你远去。

11. 听到这样的话，你有一点点骄傲，但更多的是焦虑。你紧紧盯着壁炉里晃动的火苗，母亲纤细的手指温柔抚过你额间蹙起的眉头，多么幸福的触感。

在世打拼——这是件值得骄傲的事情；但是，要孤军奋斗——这样的想法多么令人忧虑！对青春时代的第一次担忧，就这样闯入你平静的少年时代。

12. 查理在叹息，查理已死去，壁炉架上的古老壁钟仍在嘀嗒作响。已经快午夜了，壁炉中的火光愈发暗淡。这就是家，少年时代的家，已经永远逝去的家——就像那摇摆不停的钟摆，就像那地板上逐渐暗淡的阴影，都已经消逝不再。

[1] Inexorable, not to be changed.

[2] Wanted, accustomed.

[3] Admonition, counseling against fault or error.

[4] Ponderous, very heavy.

[5] Quaint, odd and antique.

[6] Incredible, impossible to be believed.

[7] Doting, loving to excess.

[8] Vague, indefinite.

[9] Presumed, pushed upon or intruded in an impudent manner.

LESSON 98 THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS



昔日的光辉

Thomas Moore (b. 1779, d. 1852) was born in Dublin, Ireland, and he was educated at Trinity College in that city. In 1799, he entered the Middle Temple, London, as a student of law. Soon after the publication of his first poetical productions, he was sent to Bermuda in an official capacity. He subsequently visited the United States. Moore's most famous works are: "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental romance, 1817; "The Loves of the Angels," 1823; and "Irish Melodies," 1834; a "Life of Lord Byron," and "The Epicurean, an Eastern Tale." "Moore's excellencies," says Dr. Angus, "consist in the gracefulness of his thoughts, the wit and fancy of his allusions and imagery, and the music and refinement of his versification."

1. Oft in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me:
 The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

2. When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

【中文阅读】

托马斯·摩尔（1779—1852）出生于爱尔兰的都柏林，曾就读于都柏林三一学院。1799年，他进入伦敦中殿律师学院研习法律。摩尔的第一部诗集出版后，便被派往百慕大公干，随后游览美国。摩尔最著名的作品包括1817年出版的《拉拉·洛克》，一部东方罗曼史；1823年问世的《天使之爱》，1834年推出的《爱尔兰的旋律》、《拜伦勋爵的一生》以及《伊壁鸠鲁，一个东方传说》。“摩尔作品的特色，”安格斯博士评论道，“在于他思想的优雅，用典的机智，

比喻的奇特，以及他诗律中的音乐性和优美性。”

1. 我常常在寂静的夜晚，
辗转反侧，难以入眠。
昔日的美好回忆，
一幕幕浮现在眼前：
那些孩提时的
欢笑和泪水，
那些满怀深情的话语，
那些温暖的眼神，
——黯淡了，远去了，
曾经快乐的心，也已破裂。
因此，在这寂静的夜晚，
当我辗转反侧，难以入眠，
那些令我悲伤的美好回忆，
一幕幕浮现在眼前。

2. 当我回忆起
那些亲密的故交知己，
我看到，他们已离我而去，
如同寒风中的落叶。
我觉得自己像一个
孤独的旅客，只身前行。

曾经热闹的宴会厅已冷清了，
光芒黯淡了，
花环枯萎了，
只有我仍留在这世上。
因此，在这寂静的夜晚，
当我辗转反侧，难以入眠，
那些令我悲伤的美好回忆，
一幕幕浮现在眼前。

LESSON 99

A CHASE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL



英吉利海峡追逐战

James Fenimore Cooper (b. 1789, d. 1851). This celebrated American novelist was born in Burlington, N.J. His father removed to the state of New York about 1790, and founded Cooperstown, on Otsego Lake. He studied three years at Yale, and then entered the navy as a common sailor. He became a midshipman in 1806, and was afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant; but he left the service in 1811. His first novel, "Precaution," was published in 1819; his best work, "The Spy," a tale of the Revolutionary War, in 1821. The success of "The Spy" was almost unprecedented, and its author at once took rank among the most popular writers of the day. "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover" are considered his best sea novels. "The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer" are among the best of his tales of frontier life. The best of his novels have been translated into nearly all of the European languages, and into some of those of Asia. "The creations of his genius," says Bryant, "shall survive through centuries to come, and only perish with our language." The following selection is from "The Pilot."

1. The ship which the American frigate^[1] had now

to oppose, was a vessel of near her own size and equipage^[2] ; and when Griffith looked at her again, he perceived that she had made her preparations to assert her equality in manful fight.

2. Her sails had been gradually reduced to the usual quantity, and, by certain movements on her decks, the lieutenant and his constant attendant, the Pilot^[3] , well understood that she only wanted to lessen the distance a few hundred yards to begin the action.

“Now spread everything,” whispered the stranger.

3. Griffith applied the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted, in a voice that was carried even to his enemy, “Let fall—out with your booms—sheet home—hoist away of everything!”

4. The inspiring cry was answered by a universal bustle. Fifty men flew out on the dizzy heights of the different spars, while broad sheets of canvas rose as suddenly along the masts, as if some mighty bird were spreading its wings. The Englishman instantly perceived his mistake, and he answered the artifice^[4] by a roar of artillery. Griffith watched the effects of the broadside^[5] with an absorbing interest as the shot whistled above his head; but when he perceived his masts untouched, and the few unimportant ropes, only, that were cut, he replied to the uproar with a burst of pleasure.

5. A few men were, however, seen clinging with wild frenzy to the cordage, dropping from rope to rope, like wounded birds fluttering through a tree, until they fell heavily into the ocean, the sullen ship sweeping by them in a cold indifference. At the next instant, the spars and masts of their enemy exhibited a display of men similar to their own, when Griffith again placed

the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted aloud, "Give it to them; drive them from their yards, boys; scatter them with your grape; unreeve their rigging!"

6. The crew of the American wanted but little encouragement to enter on this experiment with hearty good will, and the close of his cheering words was uttered amid the deafening roar of his own cannon. The Pilot had, however, mistaken the skill and readiness of their foe; for, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which the Englishman increased his sail, the duty was steadily and dexterously performed.

7. The two ships were now running rapidly on parallel lines, hurling at each other their instruments of destruction with furious industry, and with severe and certain loss to both, though with no manifest^[6] advantage in favor of either. Both Griffith and the Pilot witnessed, with deep concern, this unexpected defeat of their hopes; for they could not conceal from themselves that each moment lessened their velocity through the water, as the shot of the enemy stripped the canvas from the yards, or dashed aside the lighter spars in their terrible progress.

8. "We find our equal here," said Griffith to the stranger. "The ninety is heaving up again like a mountain; and if we continue to shorten sail at this rate, she will soon be down upon us!"

"You say true, sir," returned the Pilot, musing, "the man shows judgment as well as spirit; but—"

9. He was interrupted by Merry, who rushed from the forward part of the vessel, his whole face betokening the eagerness of his spirit and the importance of his intelligence.—

“The breakers!” he cried, when nigh enough to be heard amid the din; “we are running dead on a ripple, and the sea is white not two hundred yards ahead.”

10. The Pilot jumped on a gun, and, bending to catch a glimpse through the smoke, he shouted, in those clear, piercing tones, that could be even heard among the roaring of the cannon,—

“Port, port your helm! we are on the Devil’s Grip! Pass up the trumpet, sir; port your helm, fellow; give it to them, boys—give it to the proud English dogs!”

11. Griffith unhesitatingly relinquished the symbol of his rank, fastening his own firm look on the calm but quick eye of the Pilot, and gathering assurance^[7] from the high confidence he read in the countenance of the stranger. The seamen were too busy with their cannon and the rigging to regard the new danger; and the frigate entered one of the dangerous passes of the shoals, in the heat of a severely contested battle.

12. The wondering looks of a few of the older sailors glanced at the sheets of foam that flew by them, in doubt whether the wild gambols of the waves were occasioned by the shot of the enemy, when suddenly the noise of cannon was succeeded by the sullen wash of the disturbed element, and presently the vessel glided out of her smoky shroud, and was boldly steering in the center of the narrow passages.

13. For ten breathless minutes longer the Pilot continued to hold an uninterrupted sway^[8], during which the vessel ran swiftly by ripples and breakers, by streaks of foam and darker passages of deep water, when he threw down his trumpet and exclaimed—

“What threatened to be our destruction has proved our salvation.—Keep yonder hill crowned with wood

one point open from the church tower at its base, and steer east and by north; you will run through these shoals on that course in an hour, and by so doing you will gain five leagues of your enemy, who will have to double their trail."

14. Every officer in the ship, after the breathless suspense of uncertainty had passed, rushed to those places where a view might be taken of their enemies. The ninety was still steering boldly onward, and had already approached the two-and-thirty, which lay a helpless wreck, rolling on the unruly seas that were rudely tossing her on their wanton billows. The frigate last engaged was running along the edge of the ripple, with her torn sails flying loosely in the air, her ragged spars tottering in the breeze, and everything above her hull exhibiting the confusion of a sudden and unlooked-for check to her progress.

15. The exulting taunts and mirthful congratulations of the seamen, as they gazed at the English ships, were, however, soon forgotten in the attention that was required to their own vessel. The drums beat the retreat, the guns were lashed, the wounded again removed, and every individual able to keep the deck was required to lend his assistance in repairing the damages to the frigate, and securing her masts.

16. The promised hour carried the ship safely through all the dangers, which were much lessened by daylight; and by the time the sun had begun to fall over the land, Griffith, who had not quitted the deck during the day, beheld his vessel once more cleared of the confusion of the chase and battle, and ready to meet another foe.

【中文阅读】

詹姆斯·弗尼莫尔·库柏（1789—1851），这位著名的美国小说家出生于新泽西州伯灵顿。大约在1790年，他的父亲举家迁往纽约州，并在奥齐戈湖畔建立了库柏镇。他在耶鲁大学学习了三年，然后以一名普通海员的身份进入海军服役。1806年，库柏成为海军候补少尉，后来被晋升至海军中尉，并于1811年退役。库柏的首部小说《警戒》发表于1819年，他最好的作品《间谍》，一篇描述美国独立战争的小说，发表于1821年。《间谍》获得了前所未有的成功，并使库柏一举跻身为当时最负声望的作家之一。《领航员》和《红色流浪者》被认为是他最好的海洋题材小说。《开拓者》、《最后的莫希干人》、《大草原》、《探路者》和《猎鹿人》则为他边疆题材的优秀小说。库柏的几本成名作几乎被翻译成所有的欧洲语言，并被引进亚洲的一些国家。“他天才的作品，”布莱恩特如此评价，“将在未来的数个世纪中流存。只有当我们的语言消亡了，他的作品才无法流传。”下面这篇文章节选自《领航员》。

1. 这艘美国护卫舰此刻所面临的对手，是一艘规模和装备都与它旗鼓相当的英国舰船。格里菲斯再次审视了一下自己的舰艇，认为它已经做好充分的准备，完全可以投入即将到来的激烈战斗中去。

2. 护卫舰的船速已经逐渐减慢到通常的速度，水手们在甲板上忙碌着。格里菲斯中尉和总是站在他身边的领航员都很清楚，只要再靠近敌船几百码，就可

以发动攻击。

“现在，展开全部风帆。”那位新来的领航员低声说道。

3. 格里菲斯将小号放到嘴边，大声喊道：“放下船帆——张开帆杆——扣紧帆索——放下所有船帆！”他的声音洪亮得几乎连敌人都能听见。

4. 水手们齐心协力地迅速行动起来，回应这个鼓舞人心的命令。五十名水手从不同横梁的高处飞了出去，宽大的船帆一瞬间便沿着桅杆升起，仿佛一只庞大的巨鸟突然张开羽翼。英国佬立刻意识到自己的失策，开始用一连串炮击来回应这个诡计。格里菲斯深感兴趣地观察着舷侧的炮轰效果，有些炮弹甚至呼啸着飞过他的头顶。但是，当他看到船上的桅杆毫发无损，只有一些无关紧要的绳索被炸断的时候，他对敌人的轰击报以一阵开怀大笑。

5. 然而，有几名水手被紧紧缠绕在帆绳上，从一根绳索掉到另一根绳索，好像透过层层树枝从树上跌下的受伤小鸟，直到重重地摔入大海，冷漠的舰船无动于衷地从他们旁边驶过。紧接着，敌舰甲板的桅杆上亦有士兵陆续掉进海里，重现美舰甲板上的场景。格里菲斯再次将小号靠近嘴边，高声喊道：“狠狠教训他们一顿！把他们从帆桁上打下来，弟兄们，用炮弹

把他们轰散！轰断他们的绳索！”

6. 这些美国船员们只需要一点鼓励，便会斗志昂扬地参与进来。格里菲斯那些鼓舞人心的话音未落，就已经被淹没在舰船发出的震耳欲聋的炮火声中。然而，领航员错误地估计了敌人的技能和准备的充分程度。尽管环境对他们很不利，英国舰队仍然有条不紊地、熟练地加快了航行速度。

7. 现在，这两艘船正快速地齐头并进着，互相发动猛烈的炮轰，短兵相接，炸弹纷飞，交火双方损失惨重，但尚未有哪一方明显占据上风。带着急切的期待，这场未曾料想的海上激战使格里菲斯中尉和领航员原以为胜券在握的希望落了空。他们已经无法再欺骗自己，随着敌人猛烈的炮击，护卫舰的船帆从帆桁上一条条撕裂，较轻的横梁也在高速的航行中断裂开来，舰船的速度每分钟都在减慢。

8. “我们碰到难缠的对手了。”格里菲斯对身边新来的领航员说，“那艘九十门舰像座大山一样向我们高压来，如果我们像现在这样继续放慢速度，它很快就会压上我们！”

“确实如此，先生，”领航员一边回答，一边沉思着，“对方不但展示出充分的判断力，也表现出相应的毅力。但是——”

9. 他的话被麦瑞打断了，后者从船只前端冲过来，满脸焦急万分，像有重大事情要报——“碎浪！”他高喊着，炮火声几乎掩盖了他的声音，“我们遇到碎浪区了，前方两百码的整个海面都是白色的。”

10. 领航员跳上一门大炮，弯腰从烟雾间向外张望。他用尖锐而清晰的声音高喊着，这声音甚至盖过了炮火的轰鸣声：“掌舵！掌好舵！我们驶入恶魔之钳了！中尉，把小号递给我。掌好舵，弟兄们，狠狠揍他们一顿————狠狠把这群自鸣得意的英国狗暴揍一顿！”

11. 格里菲斯毫不犹豫地将这个象征着他权威地位的小号递给领航员，他坚毅的视线对上后者冷静而急促的眼神，并从后者的神情中读出了令他放心的坚定不移的自信。水手们在炮台和帆索上忙碌着，应付着这眼前的危险水域。在疯狂的炮火中，护卫舰驶入了这片浅海最危险的水路之一。

12. 一些年长的水手们看着身边这片满是白色泡沫的海面，脸上带着惊异的表情，想知道这些碰击涌撞的白色碎浪是否由敌人的炮弹所引起。突然，炮火声被浪花冷冷撞击船舷的声音所掩盖，舰船滑出炮火烟雾的笼罩，大胆地行驶在狭窄的水路中心。

13. 接下来的十多分钟里，每个人都紧张得屏住

呼吸。领航员仍然镇定地指挥着全局，舰船快速地从波纹与碎浪之间、从一条条竖长的泡沫与暗色的深水之间通过。终于，他扔下小号，高喊道——

“这片曾威胁过我们的水域就是我们的救星——把罗盘指向远方那座山顶有树林的山和山脚下的教堂塔楼之间，朝着东方偏北的方向行驶，你们会在一小时内驶离这片浅滩。这样看来，我舰会比敌舰快五海里，他们路程肯定会增倍。”

14. 听完这段话，船上的每个士兵都难以置信地停顿了一会儿，然后纷纷冲到可以看到敌船的地方。敌方舰队中的三十二门舰已经撞上礁石，随着浪花毫不客气地肆意撞击，无助地随波逐流着。那艘九十门舰仍然勇猛地继续前进，已经非常靠近那艘三十二门舰。最后，美国护卫舰终于驶出碎浪区，撕裂的船帆松散地在空中飘舞着，破烂的横梁在风中摇摇欲坠，船身上到处显示出一场突如其来、无法预料的战事如此惨烈不堪。

15. 当船员们看到英国舰队的遭遇时，他们欢呼雀跃起来，大笑着击掌相庆，但很快就被命令回到自己岗位上去。撤退的鼓声敲响了，枪声鸣放起来，伤员被抬走了，每个还有能力守在甲板上的士兵都被要求帮忙修补护卫舰，并固定好桅杆。

16. 接下来的一小时，正如领航员所承诺的那样，舰船安全地驶过所有危险区域。阳光下，这片水域的危险程度被降低了。太阳渐渐西沉，一整天都没有离开过甲板的格里菲斯中尉再次环顾四周，确认他的舰船已经远离不久前的追逐与战斗，并且做好准备迎接下一个敌人。

[1] Frigate, a war vessel, usually carrying from twenty-eight to forty-four guns, arranged in two tiers on each side.

[2] Equipage, furniture, fitting out.

[3] The Pilot, who appears in this story, under disguise, is John Paul Jones, a celebrated American naval officer during the Revolution.

[4] Artifice. skillful contrivance, trick.

[5] Broadside, a discharge of all the guns on one side of a ship, above and below, at the same time.

[6] Manifest, visible to the eye, apparent.

[7] Assurance, full confidence, courage.

[8] Sway, control, rule.

LESSON 100 BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE^[1]



约翰·摩尔爵士的葬礼

Charles Wolfe (b. 1791, d. 1823), an Irish poet and clergyman, was born in Dublin. He was educated in several schools, and graduated at the university of his native city. He was ordained in 1817, and soon became noted for his zeal and energy as a clergyman. His literary productions were collected and published in 1825. “The Burial of Sir John Moore,” one of the finest poems of its kind in the English language, was written in 1817, and first appeared in the “Newry Telegraph,” a newspaper, with the author’s initials, but without his knowledge. Byron said of this ballad that he would rather be the author of it than of any one ever written.

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O’er the grave where our hero we buried.
2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam’s misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial^[2] cloak around him.
4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the
dead
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!
6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid^[3] him;
But little he'll reck^[4] , if they'll let him sleep
on
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.
7. But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for
retiring
And we heard the distant random^[5] gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

【中文阅读】

查尔斯·沃尔夫（1791—1823），爱尔兰诗人和牧师，出生于都柏林。他曾在几所学校接受教育，并最终毕业于都柏林当地的大学。1817年，沃尔夫被任命为牧师，并很快因他的激情与感染力而享有声望。他的文学作品于1825年被结集出版。《约翰·摩尔先生的葬礼》写于1817年，堪称用英文写就的同类诗歌题材中的上乘之作。这首诗首次刊登在《纽里电讯》报上，报纸只刊登了作者姓名的首字母缩写，却未有关于作者的只言片语介绍。拜伦曾说，与他所有曾写过的诗歌相比，他更希望自己是这首诗的作者。

1. 没有鼓声，也没有哀乐，
当我们匆忙掩埋他的尸体；
没有士兵鸣枪告别，
在我们埋葬英雄的坟冢前。
2. 死寂的夜里，我们在黑暗中将他掩埋，
刺刀掀动着草皮。
苍白的月光下，雾色阴森，
黯淡的灯光忽暗忽明。
3. 没有遮掩他身躯的棺材，
没有送终殓衣包裹尸体。
他躺在那儿，穿着出征时的盔甲战衣，
像一名勇士安详睡去。

4. 我们在他墓前简短祷告，
没有人为他痛哭哀伤。
我们长久地凝视着他死去的面孔，
不由嗟叹，是否是明天的自己。
5. 我们为他挖掘墓穴，
弄平他孤独的枕头，不禁感慨：
当战舰远在大海之上，
敌人和陌生人将无数次踩过他的头！
6. 他们将放肆地讨论这个逝去的灵魂，
在他寒冷的尸骨上，讥笑奚落。
而他将全然无视，他们是否允许他睡在
这个英国人为他挖开的坟墓。
7. 撤离的钟声已经敲响，
他留下的未竟事业，前途崎岖漫长。
我们听到远方稀疏的枪声，
敌人仍在阴冷地攻击。
8. 哀伤欲绝，我们慢慢放下尸体，
他远离了声名，世界，以及血腥的战场。
我们不曾立起墓碑，也不曾刻下碑文，
但是，黄土掩盖不住他的英名！

[1] Sir John Moore (b. 1761, d. 1809) was a celebrated British general.

[2] Martial, military.

[3] Upbraid, to charge with something wrong or disgraceful, to

reproach.

[4] Reck, to take heed, to care.

[5] Random, without fixed aim or purpose, left to chance.

LESSON 101 LITTLE VICTORIES



微小的胜利

1. “O Mother, now that I have lost my limb, I can never be a soldier or a sailor; I can never go round the world!” And Hugh burst into tears, now more really afflicted^[1] than he had ever been yet. His mother sat on the bed beside him, and wiped away his tears as they flowed, while he told her, as well as his sobs would let him, how long and how much he had reckoned^[2] on going round the world, and how little he cared for anything else in future; and now this was the very thing he should never be able to do!

2. He had practiced climbing ever since he could remember, and now this was of no use; he had practiced marching, and now he should never march again. When he had finished his complaint, there was a pause, and his mother said,

“Hugh, you have heard of Huber?”

“The man who found out so much about bees?” said Hugh.

“Bees and ants. When Huber had discovered more than had ever been known about these, and when he was sure that he could learn still more, and was more and more anxious to peep into their tiny homes and

curious ways, he became blind.”

3. Hugh sighed, and his mother went on.

“Did you ever hear of Beethoven? He was one of the greatest musical composers^[3] that ever lived. His great, his sole delight was in music. It was the passion of his life. When all his time and all his mind were given to music, he suddenly became deaf, perfectly deaf; so that he never more heard one single note from the loudest orchestra^[4] . While crowds were moved and delighted with his compositions, it was all silence to him.” Hugh said nothing.

4. “Now do you think,” asked his mother—and Hugh saw that a mild and gentle smile beamed from her countenance—“do you think that these people were without a Heavenly Parent?”

“O no! but were they patient?” asked Hugh.

“Yes, in their different ways and degrees. Would you suppose that they were hardly treated? Or would you not rather suppose that their Father gave them something better to do than they had planned for themselves?”

5. “He must know best, of course; but it does seem very hard that that very thing should happen to them. Huber would not have so much minded being deaf, perhaps; or that musical man, being blind.

“No doubt their hearts often swelled within them at their disappointments; but I fully believe that they very soon found God’s will to be wiser than their wishes. They found, if they bore their trial well, that there was work for their hearts to do far nobler than any the head could do through the eye or the ear. And they soon felt a new and delicious pleasure which none but the bitterly disappointed can feel.”

“What is that?”

6. “The pleasure of rousing the soul to bear pain, and of agreeing with God silently, when nobody knows what is in the breast. There is no pleasure like that of exercising one’s soul in bearing pain, and of finding one’s heart glow with the hope that one is pleasing God.”

“Shall I feel that pleasure?”

“Often and often, I have no doubt; every time you can willingly give up your wish to be a soldier or a sailor, or anything else you have set your mind upon, you will feel that pleasure. But I do not expect it of you yet. I dare say it was long a bitter thing to Beethoven to see hundreds of people in raptures with his music, when he could not hear a note of it.”

7. “But did he ever smile again?” asked Hugh.

“If he did, he was happier than all the fine music in the world could have made him,” replied his mother.

“I wonder, oh, I wonder, if I shall ever feel so!”

“We will pray to God that you may. Shall we ask him now?” Hugh clasped his hands. His mother kneeled beside the bed, and, in a very few words, prayed that Hugh might be able to bear his misfortune well, and that his friends might give him such help and comfort as God should approve^[5] .

8. Hugh found himself subject to very painful feelings sometimes, such as no one quite understood, and such as he feared no one was able to pity as they deserved. On one occasion, when he had been quite merry for a while, and his mother and his sister Agnes were chatting, they thought they heard a sob from the sofa. They spoke to Hugh, and found that he was indeed crying bitterly.

“What is it, my dear?” said his mother. “Agnes, have we said anything that could hurt his feelings?”

“No, no,” sobbed Hugh. “I will tell you, presently.”

9. And, presently, he told them that he was so busy listening to what they said that he forgot everything else, when he felt as if something had gotten between two of his toes; unconsciously he put down his hand as if his foot were there! Nothing could be plainer than the feeling in his toes; and then, when he put out his hand, and found nothing, it was so terrible, it startled him so! It was a comfort to find that his mother knew about this. She came, and kneeled by his sofa, and told him that many persons who had lost a limb considered this the most painful thing they had to bear for some time; but that, though the feeling would return occasionally through life, it would cease to be painful.

10. Hugh was very much dejected^[6], and when he thought of the months and years to the end of his life, and that he should never run and play, and never be like other people, he almost wished that he were dead.

Agnes thought that he must be miserable indeed if he could venture to say this to his mother. She glanced at her mother’s face, but there was no displeasure there. On the contrary, she said this feeling was very natural. She had felt it herself under smaller misfortunes than Hugh’s; but she had found, though the prospect appeared all strewn with troubles, that they came singly, and were not so hard to bear, after all.

11. She told Hugh that when she was a little girl she was very lazy, fond of her bed, and not at all fond of dressing or washing.

“Why, mother! you?” exclaimed Hugh.

“Yes; that was the sort of little girl I was. Well, I was

in despair, one day, at the thought that I should have to wash, and clean my teeth, and brush my hair, and put on every article of dress, every morning, as long as I lived."

"Did you tell anybody?" asked Hugh.

12. "No, I was ashamed to do that; but I remember I cried. You see how it turns out. When we have become accustomed to anything, we do it without ever thinking of the trouble, and, as the old fable tells us, the clock that has to tick so many millions of times, has exactly the same number of seconds to do it in. So will you find that you can move about on each separate occasion, as you wish, and practice will enable you to do it without any trouble or thought."

"But this is not all, nor half what I mean," said Hugh.

13. "No, my dear, nor half what you will have to bear. You resolved to bear it all patiently, I remember. But what is it you dread the most?"

"Oh! all manner of things. I can never do like other people."

"Some things," replied his mother. "You can never play cricket, as every Crofton boy would like to do. You can never dance at your sister's Christmas parties."

14. "O mamma!" cried Agnes, with tears in her eyes, and with the thought in her mind that it was cruel to talk so.

"Go on! Go on!" cried Hugh, brightening. "You know what I feel, mother; and you don't keep telling me, as others do, and even sister Agnes, sometimes, that it will not signify much, and that I shall not care, and all that; making out that it is no misfortune,

hardly, when I know what it is, and they don't. Now, then, go on, mother! What else?"

15. "There will be little checks and mortifications continually, when you see little boys leaping over this, and climbing that, and playing at the other, while you must stand out, and can only look on. And some people will pity you in a way you will not like: and some may even laugh at you."

"O mamma!" exclaimed Agnes.

"Well, and what else?" said Hugh.

16. "Sooner or later you will have to follow some way of life determined by this accident instead of one that you would have liked better."

"Well, what else?"

"I must ask you, now. I can think of nothing more; and I hope there is not much else; for, indeed, I think here is quite enough for a boy, or anyone else, to bear."

"I will bear it though; you will see."

17. "You will find great helps. These misfortunes of themselves strengthen one's mind. They have some advantages too. You will be a better scholar for your lameness, I have no doubt. You will read more books, and have a mind richer in thoughts. You will be more beloved by us all, and you yourself will love God more for having given you something to bear for his sake. God himself will help you to bear your trials. You will conquer your troubles one by one, and by a succession of LITTLE VICTORIES will at last completely triumph over all."

(Harriet Martineau)

【中文阅读】

1. “哦，妈妈，我现在已经失去了一条腿，我再也不能成为一名士兵或水手，再也不能环游世界了！”休泪流满面，从未像今天这样饱受痛苦折磨。他的母亲坐在床边，一边轻轻拭去他的眼泪，一边听着他边哭边述说这么久以来，他有多想去环游世界；对于他的将来，除了环游世界以外，他几乎没想过其他事情，而现在，他再也无法做到了！

2. 从记事起，他就开始练习攀爬，现在，这一点用处都没有了。他也曾练习正步走，如今，他也没法再走路了。当休慢慢停止哭诉后，屋里一阵沉默。然后，母亲说：

“休，你听说过胡伯吗？”

“那个发现蜜蜂的许多奥秘的人？”休问道。

“蜜蜂，还有蚂蚁。当胡伯发现了许多以前从未有人知道的奥秘，当他确信自己能够了解得更多，并对蜜蜂和蚂蚁的微小巢穴和有趣的生活方式越来越感兴趣的时候，他瞎了。”

3. 休叹息了，他的母亲又说：

“你听说过贝多芬吗？他是有史以来最伟大的音乐作曲家之一。他的伟大、他生命中唯一的乐趣就在于音乐，那是他生活的全部激情。但是当他将所有时光心血全部献给音乐的时候，他突然失去了听力，什么

都听不到了，他再也没听过哪怕是最响亮的交响乐团里奏响的一个音符。当人们为他所创作的音乐深深感动、欢呼雀跃的时候，他的世界只有一片寂静。”休沉默了。

4. “现在，你觉得，”母亲说——休看到她脸上露出一丝温柔的微笑，“你觉得这些人不被天父所爱吗？”

“哦，不！但他们都很耐心吗？”休问道。

“是的，以他们不同的方式和程度，他们都很耐心。你觉得，天父是对他们太残忍，还是为他们安排了一条他们自己无法想象的更好的道路？”

5. “我们的天父早有安排，这是当然的。但是，他们都失去了对他们来说最重要的东西，这看起来还是太残忍了。胡伯也许不介意耳聋，而贝多芬也许不介意变瞎。

“毫无疑问，他们的心里一定也曾装满了失望，但我完全相信，他们很快发现上帝的意志比他们的愿望更睿智。他们发现，当他们坦然承受厄运的试炼，他们用心能做到的事情，远比任何头脑仅仅通过眼睛或耳朵去做的事情更高贵。这样，无需多久，他们就会身心感受到一种全新的、美妙的幸福感，唯独那些最为痛苦失望的人才能悟出其中玄妙。”

“那是什么？”

6. “那是一种当没有人知道心里能孕育出什么的时候，唤醒你的灵魂来承受痛苦、安静顺服上帝的幸福感。再没有一种快乐，能比在痛苦中淬炼你的灵魂并发现你的心为你能取悦上帝而欢欣更强烈了。”

“我能感受到这种幸福吗？”

“你会经常不断地感受到，这一点，我毫不怀疑。每次当你自愿放弃成为士兵或水手的愿望，或任何其他你固执想做的事，你就能体会到这样的幸福感，但我并不指望这么快就看到你这样。我敢说，当贝多芬看到数百名听众正陶醉在他的音乐中，而他却一个音符都听不到的时候，他一定也曾痛苦了很久。”

7. “但他后来重新感受到幸福了吗？”休问道。

“如果他做到了，那一定比这世上所有最美妙的音乐所能带给他的幸福更强烈。”母亲回答道。

“我想知道，哦，我想知道，我是否能够感受到这样的幸福！”

“我们会向上帝祈祷，希望你能重新感受到。我们现在就祈祷，好吗？”休扣紧他的双手。母亲在他床边跪下，开始向上帝祈祷让休能够坦然承受他的不幸，保佑休的朋友们在上帝准许的范围内给予他帮助安慰。

8. 休觉得有时自己极易为痛苦现实感伤，这点，任何其他人或许无法完全理解，他害怕身边没有人去怜悯那些值得同情的人。有一次，休的母亲和姐姐艾格尼丝在聊天，休显得非常开心，可不一会儿，她们突然听到沙发那儿传来的抽泣声。她们找到了休，发现他正哭得十分伤心。

“亲爱的，你怎么了？”他的母亲说，“艾格尼丝，我们说过什么话伤害到休的感情了吗？”

“不，没有，”休抽泣着说，“我等会儿告诉你们。”

9. 过了一会儿，他告诉她们，他正认真倾听她们的聊天，忘了身旁的其他事情。突然，他觉得好像有什么东西在他的脚趾之间，他下意识地把手伸下去触摸，就好像那条腿还在似的！脚趾间的感受那么清楚真切，但是，当他伸过手却什么都没摸到的时候，那种感觉太糟糕了，他一下子回到了现实！幸运的是，母亲谙知他的心事。她走过来，跪在他的沙发前，对儿子说：许多失去肢体的人都把这当成最痛苦、最难以承受的事情。尽管这种感觉偶尔还会回来，但慢慢的，这种感觉最终将会消失。

10. 休心情黯然。一想到以后的几个月，几年，一直到他生命的终点，他都不能再奔跑玩耍，永远不

能像其他人那样，他就痛苦地巴不得现在就死去。

艾格尼丝想，休肯定是心里太难过绝望了，才对母亲说出心里话。她瞥了母亲一眼，母亲的脸上却没有丝毫的不快，相反，她说，这种感觉是很正常的。她曾经历过比这略小些的挫折，也曾产生过类似的感受。但她发现，虽然人生道路上总是挫折不断，但每一个单独到来的挫折，却并不是那么难以克服。

11. 母亲告诉休，当她还是一个小女孩的时候，她实在很懒，喜欢赖床不起，讨厌穿衣洗漱。

“什么，妈妈！你吗？”休惊呼起来。

“没错，我就是那样的孩子。是的，有一天，一想到每天早上我该去洗脸，该去刷牙，该去梳头，该去穿戴整齐，只要活着，就要千篇一律地该做这做那，我就觉得沮丧绝望。”

“你对别人说过这些吗？”休问道。

12. “没有，我那时羞于这么做，但我记得，我哭了。结果你看，现在我对这些事都习惯了。当我们已经习惯了某件事，我们就会自然而然地去做它，丝毫不会为它忧心自扰。有句俗话说得好，时钟虽然要嘀嗒工作数万亿次，但它其实也只不过每秒钟走一格罢了。你会发现，你也只需认真对待好每个场合，慢慢的，这样的练习就能让你以后轻松地克服困难，甚至

都不会意识到它。”

“但这根本就不是我的意思，半点都不沾边。”休说道。

13. “你说的对，亲爱的，我说的这些远远不及你所要经历的痛苦。我记得，你原本下定决心耐心承受这件事，但现在你承受不住了，你最害怕的是什么？”

“所有事情！我再也不能像其他人一样了。”

“并非所有事情，”他母亲回答道，“你永远不能像其他克罗夫顿镇上的男孩一样打板球了，你也永远不能在你姐姐的圣诞聚会中跳舞了。”

14. “哦，妈妈！”艾格尼丝叫起来，泪水在她的眼眶里打转，心想这样的谈话对弟弟来说实在是太残忍了。

“接着说！接着说呀！”休叫着，眼里闪着焦灼的光，“妈妈，你知道我的感受。您不像别人，包括姐姐艾格尼丝那样，反复告诉我这没什么，让我不要放在心上之类。他们总想让我知道，少了一条腿并不是什么不幸，可我知道它是，他们不理解！请接着说下去，妈妈，还有什么是我不能做的？”

15. “当其他男孩们蹦蹦跳跳，上攀下爬，与伙伴们一同玩耍，而你却不得不站在一边看着他们的时候，你的内心总会感到些许压抑，或者某种屈辱。有

些人会怜悯你，也许是用你不喜欢的方式，更有人会索性嘲笑你。”

“哦，妈妈，快别说了！”艾格尼丝喊着。

“嗯，还有什么？”休说。

16. “或早或迟，你总得遵守一些这起事故为你决定的生活方式，而不是你更喜欢的生活方式。”

“嗯，还有吗？”

“现在，我必须问你，我想不起来还有其他什么是你不能做的，我但愿没有更多的需要提醒。毕竟，对于一个男孩或对于任何人来说，你要承受的这些已经足够多了。”

“我会承受下去的，妈妈，您看着吧。”

17. “你会得到慷慨的帮助。这些不幸，能强化一个人的心灵，它们有着自身的价值。你的残疾将令你成为一个更杰出的学者，对此，我毫不怀疑。你会博览群书，头脑睿智敏锐，思想深邃丰富。你将赢得我们大家更多的爱戴，而你自己也将更敬靠上帝，因他出于他的旨意，给了你这些需要承受的苦难，上帝将一路帮助你接受你的试炼。你将逐个克服自己的困难，并通过这一连串微小的胜利，最终完全战胜人生的所有困难。”

（哈瑞特·马蒂诺）

- [1] Afflicted, overwhelmed, dejected.
- [2] Reckoned, calculated, counted.
- [3] Composer, an author of a piece of music.
- [4] Orchestra, a body of instrumental musicians.
- [5] Approve, sanction, allow.
- [6] Dejected, discouraged, low-spirited.

LESSON 102 THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE



幸福生活的特点

Sir Henry Wotton (b. 1568, d. 1639) was born at Bocton Hall, Kent, England. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford. About 1598 he was taken into the service of the Earl of Essex, as one of his secretaries. On the Earl's committal to the Tower for treason, Wotton fled to France; but he returned to England immediately after the death of Elizabeth, and received the honor of knighthood. He was King James's favorite diplomatist, and, in 1623, was appointed provost of Eton College. Wotton wrote a number of prose works; but his literary reputation rests mainly on some short poems, which are distinguished by a dignity of thought and expression rarely excelled.

1. How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
2. Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

3. Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:
4. Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;
5. Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.
6. This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

【中文阅读】

亨利·沃顿爵士（1568—1639）出生于英国肯特郡博克敦豪尔，他曾在温彻斯特大学和牛津大学接受教育。大约在1598年，他被纳入埃塞克斯伯爵麾下，作为伯爵的私人秘书之一。当伯爵因叛国罪被关押在伦敦古堡监狱时，沃顿逃往法国。伊丽莎白女王逝世后，他很快回到英国，并受封为骑士。他是詹姆斯国王最宠爱的外交官，并在1623年，被任命为伊顿公学的教务长。沃顿爵士写了许多散文作品，但他主要因他的短篇诗歌而建立起文学声誉，他的短篇诗歌因其高尚的思想和超凡脱俗的表达而著称。

1. 一个幸福的人，从出生起，
便学会不屈从于他人的意志。
诚挚思想，是他坚固的盔甲，
追求真理，是他最高的才华！
2. 激情，并不是他的主人，
他的灵魂，始终直面死亡。
他远离那些世俗追求，
无论是声名地位，还是物质财富。
3. 他从不嫉妒，他人的机遇，
也从不嘲笑，他人的困苦。
他从不吝惜赞美，指引他生活的，
不是社会的规则，而是善恶的标尺。
4. 谣言，在他面前止住，
良知，是他坚强的归属。
谄媚者，不会令他忘乎所以，
压迫者，也无法打断他的脊骨。
5. 他早晚祈祷上帝，
赐予他更多慈悲，而非礼物；
用一本好书或一位知己，
安享岁月静好的日子。
6. 一个幸福的人，远离世俗的蝇营狗苟，

既不渴望崛起，也不畏惧跌落。

他没有丰盛的财产，却是自己的主人。

看似一无所有，却永远内心富足。

LESSON 103 THE ART OF DISCOURAGEMENT



泼冷水的艺术

Arthur Helps (b. 1813, d. 1875) graduated at Cambridge, England, in 1835. His best known works are: “Friends in Council, a Series of Readings and Discourses,” “Companions of my Solitude,” and “Realmah,” a tale of the “lake dwellers” in southern Europe. He has also written a “History of the Spanish Conquests in America,” two historical dramas, and several other works. Mr. Helps was a true thinker, and his writings are deservedly popular with thoughtful readers. In 1859 he was appointed secretary of the privy council.

1. Regarding, one day, in company with a humorous friend, a noble vessel of a somewhat novel construction sailing slowly out of port, he observed, “What a quantity of cold water somebody must have had down his back.” In my innocence, I supposed that he alluded to the wet work of the artisans who had been building the vessel; but when I came to know him better, I found that this was the form of comment he always indulged in when contemplating any new and great work, and that his “somebody” was the designer of the vessel.

2. My friend had carefully studied the art of

discouragement, and there was a class of men whom he designated^[1] simply as “cold-water pourers.” It was most amusing to hear him describe the lengthened sufferings of the man who first designed a wheel; of him who first built a boat; of the adventurous personage who first proposed the daring enterprise of using buttons, instead of fish bones, to fasten the scanty raiment of some savage tribe.

3. Warming with his theme, he would become quite eloquent in describing the long career of discouragement which these rash men had brought upon themselves, and which he said, to his knowledge, must have shortened their lives. He invented imaginary dialogues between the unfortunate inventor, say of the wheel, and his particular friend, some eminent cold-water pourer. For, as he said, every man has some such friend, who fascinates him by fear, and to whom he confides his enterprises in order to hear the worst that can be said of them.

4. The sayings of the chilling friend, probably, as he observed, ran thus:—“We seem to have gone on very well for thousands of years without this rolling thing. Your father carried burdens on his back. The king is content to be borne on men’s shoulders. The high priest is not too proud to do the same. Indeed, I question whether it is not irreligious to attempt to shift from men’s shoulders their natural burdens.

5. “Then, as to its succeeding,—for my part, I see no chance of that. How can it go up hill? How often you have failed before in other fanciful things of the same nature! Besides, you are losing your time; and the yams^[2] about your hut are only half planted. You will be a beggar; and it is my duty, as a friend, to tell you

so plainly.

6. "There was Nang-chung: what became of him? We had found fire for ages, in a proper way, taking a proper time about it, by rubbing two sticks together. He must needs strike out fire at once, with iron and flint; and did he die in his bed? Our sacred lords saw the impiety of that proceeding, and very justly impaled^[3] the man who imitated heavenly powers. And, even if you could succeed with this new and absurd rolling thing, the state would be ruined. What would become of those who carry burdens on their backs? Put aside the vain fancies of a childish mind, and finish the planting of your yams."

7. It is really very curious to observe how, even in modern times, the arts of discouragement prevail. There are men whose sole pretense to wisdom consists in administering discouragement. They are never at a loss. They are equally ready to prophesy, with wonderful ingenuity, all possible varieties of misfortune to any enterprise that may be proposed; and when the thing is produced, and has met with some success, to find a flaw in it.

8. I once saw a work of art produced in the presence of an eminent cold-water pourer. He did not deny that it was beautiful; but he instantly fastened upon a small crack in it that nobody had observed; and upon that crack he would dilate^[4] whenever the work was discussed in his presence. Indeed, he did not see the work, but only the crack in it. That flaw,—that little flaw,—was all in all to him.

9. The cold-water pourers are not all of one form of mind. Some are led to indulge in this recreation from genuine timidity. They really do fear that all new

attempts will fail. Others are simply envious and ill-natured. Then, again, there is a sense of power and wisdom in prophesying evil. Moreover, it is the safest thing to prophesy, for hardly anything at first succeeds exactly in the way that it was intended to succeed.

10. Again, there is the lack of imagination which gives rise^[5] to the utterance of so much discouragement. For an ordinary man, it must have been a great mental strain to grasp the ideas of the first projectors^[6] of steam and gas, electric telegraphs, and pain-deadening chloroform. The inventor is always, in the eyes of his fellow-men, somewhat of a madman; and often they do their best to make him so.

11. Again, there is the want of sympathy; and that is, perhaps, the ruling cause in most men's minds who have given themselves up to discourage. They are not tender enough, or sympathetic enough, to appreciate all the pain they are giving, when, in a dull plodding way, they lay out argument after argument to show that the project which the poor inventor has set his heart upon, and upon which, perhaps, he has staked his fortune, will not succeed.

12. But what inventors suffer, is only a small part of what mankind in general endure from thoughtless and unkind discouragement. Those high-souled men belong to the suffering class, and must suffer; but it is in daily life that the wear and tear of discouragement tells so much. Propose a small party of pleasure to an apt discourager, and see what he will make of it. It soon becomes sicklied over with doubt and despondency; and, at last, the only hope of the proposer is, that his proposal, when realized, will not be an ignominious failure. All hope of pleasure, at least for the proposer,

has long been out of the question.

【中文阅读】

亚瑟·海普斯（1813—1875）于1835年毕业于英国剑桥大学。他最著名的作品有《枢密院之友：系列读物与论述》、《我的孤独伴侣》及《真诚的人》，后者是一个关于欧洲南部湖畔居者的故事。他还写了一部《西班牙美洲征服史》、两部历史剧及其他一些作品。海普斯是一名真正的思想家，他的作品在勤于思考的读者群中备受赞誉。1859年，他被任命为枢密院书记。

1. 有一天，我与一位个性幽默的朋友走在一起，看到一艘造型颇为新奇的宏伟巨轮缓缓驶出港口，他感慨道：“为了建筑这艘船，某些人的背脊上一定被泼下不少冷水。”那时我还不了解他，我想，他指的大概是建造这艘轮船的工匠们流下的辛勤汗水。但是，当更深入地了解他以后，我才理解，见到某种创新而伟大的作品时，他总是发出类似的评论，而他所说的“某些人”指的是这艘轮船的设计者。

2. 我这位朋友曾经仔细研究过打击别人的艺术，他将这群喜欢打击别人的人称为“泼冷水的人”。听他描述那些创新者们所承受的长久痛苦煎熬，总是很有趣的：那些最先设计出车轮的人，最先建造出船只的

人，那些在野蛮部落里，最先大胆提出用纽扣而不是用鱼骨来扣紧他们身上未能蔽体的衣服的人。

3. 一旦深入地聊起这个话题，朋友随即口若悬河，滔滔不绝地开始描述起这些冷漠的人是怎样进入这个泼冷水的长期职业的。而这份职业，他说，据他所知，一定缩短了他们的寿命。他假想了一段发生于一个不幸的设计师，譬如那位曾设计出车轮的人，与他身边的某个朋友，一位能干的泼冷水者之间的对话。我朋友说，每个人身边通常都会有这么个朋友，这个朋友用恐惧来萦绕发明者，而发明者也将他的全部构想与他的朋友分享，为的是听到所有最糟糕的情况。

4. 据我朋友的观察，这位泼冷水的人向发明者说的话，很可能是这样：“几千年来，我们都没有这个会滚动的家伙，但不照样活得好好的！你父亲肩扛背驮，国王坐在轿夫肩上自得其乐，而牧师神父也并非过于自傲，不能手提肩负。说真的，你竟然想把人类应承担的重担从他们的肩膀上移开，这难道不是在亵渎宗教的教义吗？”

5. “至于它成功的可能性——我觉得，这东西根本不可能成功。它该怎么爬山？你在这些异想天开的东西上，已经失败过多少次了！你根本就是在浪费时

间。有这闲工夫，你怎么不想想，你家旁边的地里番薯才种下一半。要是继续这么做，你一定会穷困潦倒，沦为乞丐。身为朋友，我有责任直截了当地提醒你这点。”

6. “历史上曾有过燧人氏：他后来怎样了？很久以来，我们都认真地花时间钻木取火，这是取得火种的最好办法。偏偏那个燧人氏，非要用铁和燧石一下子弄出火来！结果呢，他后来可曾安详地死在床上？我们神圣的上帝看到这种不敬神的、大逆不道的做法，于是公正地惩罚了那个试图模仿神的力量的人。要是你真的成功把这个新奇可笑的、滚动的东西造出来，我们这个国家一定会毁在你手上。那些用自己的肩膀承担起重担的人该怎么办？赶紧抛开这些徒劳的幼稚幻想，回家接着种你的番薯吧！”

7. 即使是在当代，也仍然有很多人喜欢泼冷水，真是件令人惊奇的事。有些人，他们唯一可夸口的智慧就在于往别人身上泼冷水，他们总是振振有词。一旦有人提出任何创见，他们总是胸有成竹地做出预言，指出这个点子可能遇上的种种不幸遭遇；一旦有人将这个创意付诸实施，并获得一定的成功，他们又会百般挑剔，找到它的缺陷。

8. 我曾经见过一件在一位著名的泼冷水者在场的

情况下所诞生的艺术品。他并不否认这件艺术品的精美绝伦，但是他立刻紧紧抓住一个别人都没注意到的小裂纹大做文章。从那以后，只要有人在他面前讨论那件艺术品，他就一定会加油添醋地描述那条裂纹。说实在的，他从未真正看见那件艺术品，他眼里所见的，只有那条裂纹罢了。那道瑕疵——那道微小的瑕疵，对他来说就是一切。

9. 这些泼冷水者心态也不一样。有些人之所以沉迷于以打击别人为乐，根源在于他们内心的恐惧，他们真心觉得所有的创新尝试都会失败。另一些人，只是出于单纯的嫉妒或恶意。另外，在预言失败的时候，预言者总能体会到一种权力感和智慧感。不管怎样，做出预言总是件最安全的事，毕竟，很少有什么事能从一开始就按它们被期待的那样获得成功。

10. 除此之外，很多人喜欢打击别人，是因为他们缺乏想象力。对于一个普通人来说，要让他理解那些发明了蒸汽、瓦斯、电报以及作为麻醉剂的氯仿的发明家们的思维方式，未免太异想天开。在旁观者眼里，创新者多少都有点走火入魔，而泼冷水的人往往会不遗余力，使创新者看上去显得很疯狂。

11. 最后，还有一个原因：缺乏同情心。这大概是绝大多数人纵容自己打击别人的最根本原因。他们

不够宽容，不够悲悯，无法感受到他们给被打击者带来的痛苦。他们用一种乏味无趣的方式，列举种种理由，来证明这个可怜的发明者全身心投入的，甚至倾家荡产投资的这个项目，一定会失败。

12. 但是，发明家们所承受的，只是整个人类从这种不顾及他人的、无情冷漠的泼冷水中所承受的痛苦的一小部分。那些灵魂高尚的人总是属于被打击的对象，也必须承受这样的责难。但是，那些日常生活中的打击抱怨带来的是更严重的后果。不妨向一个习惯打击别人的人提议举办一个小型欢乐聚会，观察他如何策划安排。这些快乐的事在他面前，很快就会被疑虑和泄气的话所取代。最后，你只能指望当你提出的建议被实现的时候，它们不会成为可耻的失败。只要在泼冷水者面前，提议者就不可能有任何快乐希望。

[1] Designated, called by a distinctive title, named.

[2] Yam, the root of a climbing plant, found in the tropics, which is used for food.

[3] Impaled, put to death by being fixed on an upright, sharp stake.

[4] Dilate, to speak largely, to dwell in narration.

[5] Rise, source, origin.

[6] Projector, one who forms a scheme or design.

LESSON 104 THE MARINER'S DREAM



水手的梦

William Dimond (b. 1780, d. 1837) was a dramatist and poet, living at Bath, England, where he was born and received his education. He afterwards studied for the bar in London. His literary productions are for the most part dramas, but he has also written a number of poems, among them the following:

1. In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;
His hammock^[1] swung loose at the sport of the
wind;

But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

2. He dreamed of his home, of his dear native
bowers,

And pleasures that waited on life's merry
morn;

While Memory each scene gayly covered with
flowers,

And restored every rose, but secreted the
thorn.

3. Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,

And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

4. The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in
the wall;

All trembling with transport^[2] , he raises the
latch,

And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

5. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled^[3] with a mother's warm
tear;

And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite

With the lips of the maid whom his bosom
holds dear.

6. The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses,—all his hardships
seem o'er;

And a murmur of happiness steals through his
rest,—

“O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no
more.”

7. Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his
eye?

Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums^[4] his
ear?

'T is the lightning's red glare painting hell on the
sky!

'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the

sphere!

8. He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the deck;

Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;

The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

9. Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;

In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

10. O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!

In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss!

Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,—

Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

11. O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again

Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;

Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,

Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

12. No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,

Or redeem form or fame from the merciless
surge;

But the white foam of waves shall thy winding
sheet be,

And winds in the midnight of winter thy
dirge^[5] .

13. On a bed of green sea flowers thy limbs shall be
laid,—

Around thy white bones the red coral shall
grow;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be
made,

And every part suit to thy mansion below.

14. Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;

Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye;

O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

【中文阅读】

威廉·戴蒙德（1780—1837）是一名剧作家、诗人。他出生于英国巴斯，在那里接受教育，后来前往伦敦研习法律，但他随后又返回巴斯，并在那里居住终生。他创作的文学作品大部分是戏剧，但也写了一些诗歌，下面就是其中一首。

1. 水手少年沉浸在午夜的梦乡里，

他的吊床在海风中轻轻摇摆。

褪下白天的忧虑与烦恼，
幸福画面，在他梦中盘旋流连。

2. 他梦到他的家，那绿荫下的房子，
年少时，对美好未来的期盼心情；
记忆中的每个场景都铺满鲜花，
藏匿所有的痛楚，留下玫瑰般的美好。

3. 幻想，张开它有魔法的翅膀，
带着这个快乐的梦中少年高高飞起；
在他们脚下，深邃的大海已渐渐遥远，
父辈们居住过的老屋已浮现在他眼前。

4. 茉莉花装点着茅屋屋顶，
屋檐下的燕巢，传来燕子甜美的啁啾；
惊喜若狂中，他伸手拉开门门，
亲爱的家人们应和着他的呼唤。

5. 父亲弯下腰，眼里充满欣喜，
母亲温暖的泪水湿润了他的脸颊；
少年炙热的嘴唇，
甜蜜地吻在他心爱少女的唇上。

6. 睡梦中，少年的心欢快地跳动，
喜悦令他脉搏加速——所有艰辛，似乎都一扫而
光；

一声喃喃细语幸福地滑出唇间：

“上帝啊！您如此眷顾我，我别无所求。”

7. 天哪！这时划过他眼前的那道火焰，是什么？

天哪！这时轰隆响彻他耳边的那个巨响，是什么？

仿佛来自地狱般的闪电，划破天空！

雷声轰鸣，像大地的怒吼呻吟！

8. 水手少年从吊床上一跃而起，飞奔到甲板上，
他惊愕地看到，可怖的景象：

狂风卷起滔天巨浪，撕裂着甲板，
桅杆断成数段，桅索燃起冲天火光。

9. 巨浪排山倒海般地压下来，
失事的船只徒劳地祈求上苍。
冥冥中，看不见的手敲响了他的丧钟，
死神张开宽大的翅膀，振翼掠过海浪！

10. 啊，水手少年，悲痛着梦中的幸福！
黑暗吞噬了那脆弱的梦想！
父母温柔的抚摸，爱人甜蜜的亲吻——
仿佛触手可及的画面，现在身在何方？

11. 啊，水手少年！水手少年！再也无法见到
家人、爱情、故乡，还有你的梦想。
没有人为你祈祷，没有人与你告别，
你就这样深深沉入海底，躯体在大海中腐烂。
12. 没有人树起怀念你的墓碑，
没有人纪念你面对无情浪涛时的尊严；
这些雪白的泡沫，便是你的寿衣，
夜空中的海风，将你的挽歌奏响。
13. 海底的鲜花，铺满你安详静躺的躯体，
红色珊瑚围着你的白骨生长。
你金黄色的发丝，凝结成琥珀丝线，
你身体的每个部位，都依稀保持原样。
14. 一天天，一月月，一年年，岁月穿梭流转，
吞噬了你的大海仍然波涛如常；
大地上，永远失去了你的身影，
啊，水手少年！水手少年！愿你的灵魂安息！

[1] Hammock, a hanging or swinging bed, usually made of netting or hempen cloth.

[2] Transport, ecstasy, rapture.

[3] Impearled, decorated with pearls, or with things resembling pearls.

[4] Larums (an abbreviation of alarums, for alarms), affrights, terrifies.

[5] Dirge, funeral music.

LESSON 105 THE PASSENGER PIGEON



过路的旅鸽

John James Audubon (b. 1780, d. 1851). This celebrated American ornithologist was born in Louisiana. When quite young he was passionately fond of birds, and took delight in studying their habits. In 1797 his father, an admiral in the French navy, sent him to Paris to be educated. On his return to America, he settled on a farm in eastern Pennsylvania, but afterward removed to Henderson, Ky., where he resided several years, supporting his family by trade, but devoting most of his time to the pursuit of his favorite study. In 1826 he went to England, and commenced the publication of the “Birds of America,” which consists of ten volumes—five of engravings of birds, natural size, and five of letterpress. Cuvier declares this work to be “the most magnificent monument that art has ever erected to ornithology.” In 1830 Audubon returned to America, and soon afterwards made excursions into nearly every section of the United States and Canada. A popular edition of his great work was published, in seven volumes, in 1844, and “The Quadrupeds of America,” in six volumes,—three of plates and three of letterpress, in 1846-50. He removed to the vicinity of New York about 1840, and resided there until his death.

1. The multitudes of wild pigeons in our woods are astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often, and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause and assure myself that what I am going to relate is a fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that, too, in the company of persons who, like myself, were struck with amazement.

2. In the autumn of 1813 I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardinsburgh, I observed the pigeons flying, from northeast to southwest, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed.

3. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in in countless multitudes, I rose, and, counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I traveled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose.

4. Whilst waiting for dinner at Young's inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech wood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They

consequently flew so high that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual; nor did the reports disturb them in the least.

5. I can not describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial^[1] evolutions when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the center. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

6. As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below. During their evolutions, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon^[2] suddenly presenting a mass of rich, deep purple.

7. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight; but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flappings of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground.

8. When alighted, they are seen industriously

throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast^[3] . The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on wing. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing; and so completely has it been cleared that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labor completely lost.

9. On such occasions, when the woods are filled with these pigeons, they are killed in immense numbers, although no apparent diminution ensues. About the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, they settle on the trees to enjoy rest and digest their food. As the sun begins to sink beneath the horizon; they depart en masse for the roosting place, which not unfrequently is hundreds of miles distant, as has been ascertained by persons who have kept an account of their arrivals and departures.

10. Let us now inspect their place of nightly rendezvous^[4] . One of these curious roosting places, on the banks of the Green River, in Kentucky, I repeatedly visited. It was, as is always the case, in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and, crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent^[5] to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset.

11. Many trees, two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had

given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception.

12. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth the general cry of, "Here they come!"

13. The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were lighted, and a magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself.

14. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses, as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak or even to shout to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

15. The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, accustomed to perambulate^[6] the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided; long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared.

NOTES.—The wild pigeon, in common with almost every variety of game, is becoming more scarce throughout the country each year. The last Passenger Pigeon died at the Cincinnati Zoo on September 1, 1914. Population estimates ranged up to 5 billion, comprising 40% of the total number of birds in North America in the 19th century.

【中文阅读】

约翰·詹姆斯·奥杜邦（1780—1851），这位著名的鸟类学家出生于美国路易斯安那州。年幼时，他便十分喜爱鸟类，以研究鸟类生活习性为乐。1797年，他的父亲，法国海军的一名海军上将，将他送到巴黎接受教育。回到美国后，奥杜邦定居在宾夕法尼亚州东部的一个农场上，但后来移居到肯塔基州亨德森。他在那里居住数年，以经营贸易维持生计，但同时将大部分时间花在他最喜爱的鸟类研究上。1826年，奥杜邦来到英国，着手进行《美国鸟类》一书的出版事宜。这套出版物共有十卷：其中五卷是对鸟类真实尺寸的凹

刻印刷，另外五卷是凸版印刷，居维叶宣称这项作品是“鸟类学研究史上最为恢弘的艺术纪念碑”。1830年，奥杜邦回到美国，不久便周游美国和加拿大，足迹几乎遍及美加所有地区。1844年，他出版了一套七卷版的前述作品，这个版本广为流传。1846年至1850年，他又出版了一套六卷版的《美洲的四足动物》——三卷是凹刻印刷，三卷是凸版印刷。1840年左右，奥杜邦迁到纽约州附近定居，直到最后去世。

1. 在我们这片树林中，野鸽的数量是相当惊人的。事实上，在如此众多的场合下这么频繁地见到它们以后，即使现在，我也忍不住要踌躇一下，以确保自己陈述皆为事实。是的，我的确看到了这一切。除我之外，当时身边还有许多人，也曾惊愕地目睹了这件事的发生。

2. 1813年的秋天，我离开了位于俄亥俄河岸汉德森的家，出发前往路易斯维尔。经过哈丁斯堡数英里后，当穿过拜伦斯的时候，我看见天空中从东北往西南方向飞过的鸽群。有生以来我从未见到数量这么惊人的鸽群，因此，我心血来潮，想统计下一小时内从我视线里飞过的鸽群数目。我下了马，在远处找了个地方坐下，开始用铅笔做记号，每次飞过一个鸽群便标记一个小圆点。

3. 很快我便发现，这个任务是不切实际的。无数的鸽群铺天盖地地飞过，根本难以数清。我站起身，

数了数刚才标记下的小圆点，发现就在短短的二十一分钟里，至少有一百六十三个鸽群从我眼前呼啸而过。我继续向前方进发，越往前走便见到越多的鸽群，整个天空密密麻麻地飞满了鸽子。鸽群掠飞，宛若日食遮天蔽日，正午的阳光也完全被遮住了。鸽群振翼发出的翕动声，竟让我有种昏昏欲睡的冲动。

4. 在当地青年旅馆就餐前的闲暇时间，站在盐河和俄亥俄州的交界处，我看到黑云压顶的庞大鸽群军团仍然连绵不绝地飞过。野鸽队伍前列早已长驱直入俄亥俄州西部，恰好抵达我所在位置东面的一片山毛榉森林。没有一只鸟儿停下来休息，因为，那一年的那片地区里，地上一颗坚果或橡实都看不到。这些鸽群飞得很高，有些人尝试了各种方法，甚至想用步枪将它们射下来，却徒劳无功，这些枪声甚至丝毫无法干扰它们。

5. 当一只老鹰从鸽群后方逼近它们的时候，鸽群中产生的队列变化是那么奇异壮观，我几乎无法用言语向你描述。那一瞬间，像一道狂涌的洪流，带着雷鸣般的轰响，巨型队列迅速聚集，翅膀叠着翅膀向中心聚拢，用棱角分明的线条像波浪般起伏着飞翔。鸽群以迅雷不及掩耳之势，时而俯冲直下，时而横扫而

过，时而又扶摇直上，犹如庞大柱体径直腾空而起。高空中，它们旋转着、飞旋着，汇成一条鸽群线条，像是一条盘绕着的粗壮巨蟒。

6. 一旦鸽群发现地上有丰富的食物吸引它们下落，便会在天空中盘旋不停，俯视着底下的村庄。在这样的盘旋中，随着鸽团变换方向，当它们的鸟背同时朝着我的时候，便展示出一片闪耀着的蔚蓝色背脊，旋即又变换成一片浑厚深沉的紫色，精美绝伦。

7. 接着，它们便低低地飞下，飞到树林上空。有那么一瞬间，鸽群消失在树叶间，但很快又再次出现，在空中高高地滑翔着。此刻，它们落到地面，但下一秒，仿佛受到什么惊吓似的，它们突然振翅高飞，双翼扑腾的声音就像远处传来的滚滚雷声。它们掠过森林，看危险是否临近，然而，饥饿很快便将它们再度吸引到地面上。

8. 当它们落下时，我们可以看到它们辛勤翻找着地上的枯枝残叶，试图找到一些掉落的橡树果实。队伍后方的鸽子不断飞上天空，越过地上的鸽团，然后降落在整个队伍的前头。整个鸽团就这样迅速前进着，就好像它们仍在不断飞翔着。它们以惊人的速度横扫过地面，整个地面被清扫得一干二净，倘若这时有个拾穗人跟在鸽团后面，他会发现自己将一无所

获。

9. 当树林间落满了鸽群的时候，野鸽遭遇捕杀的数量相当惊人，尽管一眼看去，你根本察觉不出鸽群在数量上有所减少。正午时分，当鸽群填饱了肚子以后，它们便栖停在树上休息，消化着肚里的食物。太阳渐渐西沉，鸽群们成群结队地起飞，飞往禽鸟群栖的大树，那通常是在几百英里以外的地方——这一点已经被一些记录着它们起飞与抵达过程的人们所确认。

10. 现在，让我们观察一下它们夜间的集结地。其中一处有趣的群鸟栖息地位于肯塔基州的格林河岸边，我曾多次去查勘过这个地方。这里就像通常的群鸟栖息地一样，在森林的一角，四周林木葱郁，林下灌丛稀少。我骑马向北走了四十多英里，穿过这块栖息地，穿越它的不同部位，发现这块地方的平均宽度超过三英里。我第一次到达这块栖息地大约是鸽群在这里停留栖息的两周后，我在日落前两小时赶到了那里。

11. 森林里巨树参天，我看到，许多直径两英尺的大树都在离地面很近的距离断开了，许多最高最粗壮的树枝也都断裂了，好似无情的龙卷风曾肆虐地掠过林中。这一切都向我表明，停留在这部分森林的鸟群数量惊人得超乎想象。

12. 在等待鸽群飞回栖息地的期间，许多猎鸽人焦急地做好准备迎接它们。有些人往枪管里装上硫磺，有些人举着松节火把，许多人都拿着步枪，剩下的拿着手枪。太阳已经没入西边边陲，但丝毫没有鸽子的踪影。一切都已经准备好了，所有人的眼睛都注视着清澈的天空，虽然天空只能在高大的树梢间隐约可见。突然，人群中迸发出喊声，“它们来了！”

13. 虽然鸽群离我们还有很长一段距离，但它们飞行时发出的喧嚷声却让我想起大海上，狂风呼啸着穿过一艘收起风帆的船只时绳索装备所发出的声音。当鸽群飞翔着越过我的头顶，我感受到一阵强劲的气流。很快，上千只鸽子就被举着步枪的猎人击落，鸽群仍然陆续蜂拥飞来。火把被点燃了，眼前是一幕宏伟壮观却又近乎可怖的景象。

14. 遮天蔽日的鸽子数千只数千只地飞来，雨点般叠落下来，后来的落在先来的鸽子身上，直到所有的树枝上都渐渐形成硬实的鸽团，大得像是猪头。到处都有不堪重负被鸽团压断的树枝，树枝落下时往往又会压死栖息在下方的数百只鸽子，带着它们一同坠落地面，现场极度喧闹混乱。我发现哪怕是对身旁最近的人说话甚或大吼，对方都听不见。我根本听不见手枪射击的声音，只有在看到猎手重新填装子弹的时

候，才意识到他曾经开过枪。

15. 这样的喧哗声持续了整整一夜，我急于知道这样的声音最远可以传到什么地方，便遣了一个对这片森林很熟悉的人去勘察。两小时后，他回来了，告诉我在三英里外仍然能清晰地听到这里的喧闹声。天将破晓时，鸽群的嘈杂声才逐渐平息下来。其实，森林仍然昏暗不清的时候，鸽子们就开始陆续起飞，朝着与前一个晚上它们飞来的方向完全不同的地方飞去。太阳冉冉升起，所有仍能飞翔的鸽子都已经飞得无影无踪了。

[1] Aerial, belonging or pertaining to the air.

[2] Anon, in a short time, soon.

[3] Mast, the fruit of oak and beech or other forest trees.

[4] Rendezvous, an appointed or customary place of meeting.

[5] Subsequent, following in time.

[6] Perambulate, to walk through.

LESSON 106
THE COUNTRY LIFE

乡村生活

Richard Henry Stoddard (b.1825, d. 1903) was born at Hingham, Mass., but removed to New York City while quite young. His first volume of poems, "Foot-prints," appeared in 1849, and has been followed by many others. Of these may be mentioned "Songs of Summer," "Town and Country," "The King's Bell," "Abraham Lincoln" (an ode), and the "Book of the East," from the last of which the following selection is abridged. Mr. Stoddard's verses are full of genuine feeling, and some of them show great poetic power.

1. Not what we would, but what we must,
 Makes up the sum of living:
 Heaven is both more and less than just,
 In taking and in giving.
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the plow,
 And laurels miss the soldier's brow.
2. Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
 Have worn its stony highways,
 Familiar with its loneliest street,—
 Its ways were never my ways.
 My cradle was beside the sea,

And there, I hope, my grave will be.

3. Old homestead! in that old gray town
Thy vane is seaward blowing;
Thy slip of garden stretches down
To where the tide is flowing;
Below they lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.
4. Dearer that little country house,
Inland with pines beside it;
Some peach trees, with unfruitful boughs,
A well, with weeds to hide it:
No flowers, or only such as rise
Self-sown—poor things!—which all despise.
5. Dear country home! can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window vines that clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian pipe?
6. Happy the man who tills his field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fullness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights—oh, can there be
A life more rational and free?

【中文阅读】

理查德·亨利·斯托达德（1825—1903）出生于美国马萨诸塞州欣厄姆，但在幼年时便迁往纽约市。他的第一部诗集《足迹》出版于1849年，随后大量作品相继问世，他最著名的作品包括《夏日歌谣》、《城镇与乡村》、《国王的大钟》、《亚伯拉罕·林肯颂》以及《东方之书》，下面这段诗歌删节自《东方之书》。斯托达德的诗充满了真情实感，其中一些不乏诗意美学的崇高力量。

1. 我们所必须做的事情，而非我们所能做的事情，

构成了生活的全部。

对于给予和付出，

生命无法做到不偏不倚的公平。

拿着犁锄的双手，握紧刀剑，

桂冠也未必戴在士兵的头上。

2. 我常居在城市里，双脚

已经习惯了这儿的青石公路。

我熟悉每条孤独的道路——

它们却从未融进我的血液。

我在大海边出生，

也希望，那儿将成为我的坟墓。

3. 哦，我的家乡！在那座古老灰暗的小镇上，

那儿的风向标朝着大海的方向。

花园里的枝桠垂下围墙，
波浪在墙角下轻柔摇荡。
那儿栖息的船只，已卷起风帆，
它们曾周游世界，到处远航。

4. 更亲切的，是那栋乡村小屋，
它立在内陆，旁边围绕着松树；
几株桃树，带着没有果实的硕枝，
井沿旁边，青草茂密森然。
花香难觅，只有野草恣意生长，
可怜的花儿！——它们都已凋谢。

5. 亲爱的乡村小屋！我怎能忘记
这儿蕴藏的那些甜美回忆？
我怎能忘记，窗口的葡萄藤爬上墙来，
藤蔓上绽开的花朵，吸引了忙碌的蜜蜂？
亦或是，路边的黑莓果日渐熟透，
还有树林间美丽的水晶兰？

6. 家乡的人们耕种着土地，
为质朴的乡村生活而快乐。
大地将富饶馈赠给他们，
也许还有他们的邻人。
充实的日子，香甜的夜晚——啊，
还有什么生活，比这更自由安宁？

LESSON 107 THE VIRGINIANS



弗吉尼亚人

William Makepeace Thackeray (b. 1811, d. 1863). This popular English humorist, essayist, and novelist was born in Calcutta. He was educated at the Charterhouse school in London, and at Cambridge, but he did not complete a collegiate course of study. He began his literary career as a contributor to “Fraser’s Magazine,” under the assumed name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and afterwards contributed to the column of “Punch.” The first novel published under Thackeray’s own name was “Vanity Fair,” which is regarded by many as his greatest work. He afterwards wrote a large number of novels, tales, and poems, most of which were illustrated by sketches drawn by himself. His course of “Lectures on the English Humorists” was delivered in London in 1851, and the following year in several cities in the United States. He revisited the United States in 1856, and delivered a course of lectures on “The Four Georges,” which he repeated in Great Britain soon after his return home. In 1860 he became the editor of “The Cornhill Magazine,” the most successful serial ever published in England.

1. Mr. Esmond called his American house Castlewood, from the patrimonial^[1] home in the old

country. The whole usages of Virginia, indeed, were fondly modeled after the English customs. It was a loyal colony. The Virginians boasted that King Charles the Second had been king in Virginia before he had been king in England. English king and English church were alike faithfully honored there.

2. The resident gentry were allied to good English families. They held their heads above the Dutch traders of New York, and the money-getting Roundheads of Pennsylvania and New England. Never were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British Crown.

3. The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation, each estate had a multitude of hands—of purchased and assigned servants—who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded their food, live stock, and game.

4. The great rivers swarmed with fish for the taking. From their banks the passage home was clear. Their ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James River, and carried it to London or Bristol,—bringing back English goods and articles of home manufacture in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate.

5. Their hospitality was boundless. No stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and traveled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the feelings of no Virginia gentleman; nor, in truth, was the despotism

exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty: the poor black people lazy and not unhappy. You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn bag were good for both.

6. Her father may have thought otherwise, being of a skeptical turn on very many points, but his doubts did not break forth in active denial, and he was rather disaffected^[2] than rebellious, At one period, this gentleman had taken a part in active life at home, and possibly might have been eager to share its rewards; but in latter days he did not seem to care for them. A something had occurred in his life, which had cast a tinge of melancholy over all his existence.

7. He was not unhappy,—to those about him most kind,—most affectionate, obsequious^[3] even to the women of his family, whom he scarce ever contradicted; but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, which his spirit never recovered. He submitted to life, rather than enjoyed it, and never was in better spirits than in his last hours when he was going to lay it down.

8. When the boys' grandfather died, their mother, in great state, proclaimed her eldest son George her successor and heir of the estate; and Harry, George's younger brother by half an hour, was always enjoined to respect his senior. All the household was equally instructed to pay him honor; the negroes, of whom there was a large and happy family, and the assigned servants from Europe, whose lot was made as bearable as it might be under the government of the lady of

Castlewood.

9. In the whole family there scarcely was a rebel save Mrs. Esmond's faithful friend and companion, Madam Mountain, and Harry's foster mother, a faithful negro woman, who never could be made to understand why her child should not be first, who was handsomer, and stronger, and cleverer than his brother, as she vowed; though, in truth, there was scarcely any difference in the beauty, strength, or stature of the twins.

10. In disposition, they were in many points exceedingly unlike; but in feature they resembled each other so closely, that, but for the color of their hair, it had been difficult to distinguish them. In their beds, and when their heads were covered with those vast, ribboned nightcaps, which our great and little ancestors wore, it was scarcely possible for any but a nurse or a mother to tell the one from the other child.

11. Howbeit, alike in form, we have said that they differed in temper. The elder was peaceful, studious, and silent; the younger was warlike and noisy. He was quick at learning when he began, but very slow at beginning. No threats of the ferule would provoke Harry to learn in an idle fit, or would prevent George from helping his brother in his lesson. Harry was of a strong military turn, drilled the little negroes on the estate, and caned them like a corporal, having many good boxing matches with them, and never bearing malice if he was worsted;—whereas George was sparing of blows, and gentle with all about him.

12. As the custom in all families was, each of the boys had a special little servant assigned him: and it was a known fact that George, finding his little wretch

of a blackamoor^[4] asleep on his master's bed, sat down beside it, and brushed the flies off the child with a feather fan, to the horror of old Gumbo, the child's father, who found his young master so engaged, and to the indignation of Madam Esmond, who ordered the young negro off to the proper officer for a whipping. In vain George implored and entreated—burst into passionate tears, and besought a remission of the sentence. His mother was inflexible regarding the young rebel's punishment, and the little negro went off beseeching his young master not to cry.

13. On account of a certain apish drollery and humor which exhibited itself in the lad, and a liking for some of the old man's pursuits, the first of the twins was the grandfather's favorite and companion, and would laugh and talk out all his infantine heart to the old gentleman, to whom the younger had seldom a word to say.

14. George was a demure, studious boy, and his senses seemed to brighten up in the library, where his brother was so gloomy. He knew the books before he could well-nigh carry them, and read in them long before he could understand them. Harry, on the other hand, was all alive in the stables or in the wood, eager for all parties of hunting and fishing, and promised to be a good sportsman from a very early age.

15. At length the time came when Mr. Esmond was to have done with the affairs of this life, and he laid them down as if glad to be rid of their burden. All who read and heard that discourse, wondered where Parson Broadbent of James Town found the eloquence and the Latin which adorned it. Perhaps Mr. Dempster knew, the boys' Scotch tutor, who corrected the proofs of the

oration, which was printed, by the desire of his Excellency and many persons of honor, at Mr. Franklin's press in Philadelphia.

16. No such sumptuous funeral had ever been seen in the country as that which Madam Esmond Warrington ordained for her father, who would have been the first to smile at that pompous grief.

17. The little lads of Castlewood, almost smothered in black trains and hatbands, headed the procession and were followed by my Lord Fairfax, from Greenway Court, by his Excellency the Governor of Virginia (with his coach), by the Randolphs, the Careys, the Harrisons, the Washingtons, and many others; for the whole country esteemed the departed gentleman, whose goodness, whose high talents, whose benevolence and unobtrusive urbanity^[5], had earned for him the just respect of his neighbors.

18. When informed of the event, the family of Colonel Esmond's stepson, the Lord Castlewood of Hampshire in England, asked to be at the charges of the marble slab which recorded the names and virtues of his lordship's mother and her husband; and after due time of preparation, the monument was set up, exhibiting the arms and coronet of the Esmonds, supported by a little, chubby group of weeping cherubs, and reciting an epitaph^[6] which for once did not tell any falsehoods.

【中文阅读】

威廉·梅克皮斯·萨克雷（1811—1863），这位极受欢迎的英国幽默作家、散文家及小说家出生于印度加尔各答。他

曾就读于伦敦的查特豪斯中学，随后进入剑桥大学，但并未完成他的大学学业。他以迈克尔·安吉洛·提玛斯的笔名向《弗雷泽》杂志投稿，后来为《重击》杂志撰写专栏，并由此开始了他的文学生涯。他第一部用真名出版的小说是《名利场》，被公认为他最伟大的作品。后来，他还写了大量的小说、短篇故事和诗歌，其中大部分作品里都附有他自己绘制的插画。1851年，萨克雷在伦敦发表了一系列“关于英语幽默作家的讲座”，并于次年在美国的几个城市巡回演讲。1856年，他再度访问美国，发表了一系列“四个乔治”的讲座，随后他返回英国并在国内演讲。1860年，他成为《康希尔》杂志编辑，这是英国有史以来最成功的杂志期刊。

1. 埃斯蒙德老先生将他在美国的房子称作卡斯尔伍德庄园，和他在英国的世袭祖产同样的名字。事实上，整个弗吉尼亚州都在热衷效仿大英帝国的各种惯例习俗，这是一个忠诚的殖民地。弗吉尼亚人甚至不惜吹嘘道，在英国登基前，英国国王查理二世就已在弗吉尼亚州被拥戴为王了，英国国王和英国教会也都同样受到弗吉尼亚人的虔诚爱戴。

2. 弗吉尼亚州的贵族家族往往都能追溯到英国上流社会的背景渊源，他们自恃甚高，看不起在纽约进行贸易的荷兰商人，以及宾夕法尼亚州和新英格兰地区那些拜金的圆颅党人。在北美的这些殖民地里，大概没有比弗吉尼亚人更不愿拥戴共和体制的了，但

是，在随后发生的反对英国统治的独立战争中，他们却冲锋在前。

3. 弗吉尼亚州的贵族世家拥有的地产通常颇为可观，他们管理财产的方式几乎是家族式的：每个庄园都有一定的人手，用来简单耕种土地——不管是购买来的或指派来的奴仆，他们都要听从主人的吩咐，土地为他们提供食物、家畜以及娱乐。

4. 这里的河流满是取之不竭的渔产，水路通畅方便。他们的船只载着烟草（这是弗吉尼亚上流社会唯一愿意种植的商品），从波托马克河或詹姆斯河岸边的私人码头出发，将货物运送到伦敦或布里斯托尔，然后回程运回那些英国家庭制造的产品，那些该州名望家族视其为可熏陶其家族子女贵族气质的众多商品。

5. 弗吉尼亚州贵族世家异常豪爽好客，他们从不会空手打发上门的陌生人。在这个近乎封建制的州里，上流社会的达官名媛经常互相登门拜访，彼此设宴款待。在我们写这篇文章的时候，奴隶制问题尚未见争端。弗吉尼亚的绅士们，并不会因为有人拥有黑奴或因为他们对黑奴的专制统治过于野蛮而感到震惊。食物总是丰盛的，黑奴们并不需要干多少活，过得也很滋润。如果你向卡斯尔伍德庄园的埃斯蒙德夫

人宣扬黑人解放思想，就像告诉她要把马从马厩中放出来，让它们自由奔跑那样。她会很笃定地告诉你：不管是对黑奴还是马匹，鞭打和玉米对它们来说都是有好处的。

6. 她的父亲很可能并不这么想。在许多问题上，他都是一个怀疑论者，但他的疑虑从来没有升格为积极反对。他向来都只是不满，而不是叛逆。有一段时期，这位老先生在家里极为活跃，好像想要积极与旁人分享生命带给他的馈赠，但后来他似乎又对此失去了兴趣。他的生活中发生了某些事，在他身上蒙上忧郁的色彩。

7. 老先生并不是不开心——对周围所有人，他都极为仁慈亲切，甚至到了顺从附和的地步，哪怕对家里的女流之辈亦不例外。对她们所说的话，他几乎从不反驳。但是，有什么东西令他的心破碎了，他再也没能恢复内心的意志。他逆来顺受屈从于生活，而不是自在地去享受它。直到临终之时，他终于能放下心中的负担，撒手人寰，那时他的精神反而显得更好些。

8. 男孩们的祖父去世后，他们的母亲便成为庄园的主人。她宣布，她的长子乔治是她的继任者及财产继承人；只比乔治晚半小时出生的弟弟哈利，则必须

服从哥哥的权威。整个庄园上下都收到同样的指示，要尊重乔治的继承人身份，包括那些黑奴，其中有一个丁旺盛、幸福和睦的黑奴家庭，还有那些来自欧洲指派的固定奴仆。在卡斯尔伍德庄园的埃斯蒙德夫人的统治下，他们的生活状态还是可以忍受的。

9. 整个庄园里几乎没发生过一次叛乱，这多亏了埃斯蒙德夫人的忠实朋友和伴侣的帮助：蒙尔汀女士。她是哈利的养母，一个忠心耿耿的黑女人。她从来不能理解，为什么她的养子不能成为继承人，他比他哥哥乔治相貌更英俊，身体更强壮，头脑也更聪明活络，这一点，那位黑人奶妈甚至赌咒发誓。不过，说真的，就相貌、力量或体格而言，这对双胞胎几乎没有任何差异。

10. 至于性情方面，这两兄弟显然大相径庭。但从外貌特征来看，兄弟俩实在过于相像，如果不是头发颜色有差异，外人的确很难分清兄弟俩。当小兄弟俩上了床，戴上他们的祖先们曾戴过的硕大的缎带睡帽，那么，除了他们的妈妈和保姆以外，再没有人能辨认出他俩谁是谁。

11. 虽然相貌如此相似，但是，正如方才提到的，他们的脾气秉性却大不相同。哥哥乔治温和好学，且沉默寡言，弟弟哈利却挑衅好战，沉湎嬉闹。

刚开始学习的时候，哈利总是学得很快，一旦进入课程，他就变得鲁钝缓慢。来自戒尺的惩戒，没法令游手好闲的哈利静下心来学习，同时，亦无法阻止乔治在学业上帮助他的弟弟。哈利的军事悟性极高，他在庄园里训练小黑奴们，像一名军士那样用藤杖鞭打他们，与他们进行激烈的拳击比赛；哪怕他被打倒，也绝不心怀怨恨。相反，乔治从不与人殴斗，对人总是温和友善。

12. 正如当地所有上流家庭那样，每个贵族男孩都有一个专门的伺童跟从伺候。乔治有件轶事在当地无人不晓：某天，当乔治发现他的小黑奴居然躺在主人的床上睡着了，他就在床边坐下，拿起一柄羽毛扇给那个小坏蛋拂去飞来的苍蝇。看到小主人手脚一直忙活不停的这一幕，那名小黑奴的父亲甘博的心里深感惊恐；而埃斯蒙德夫人则异常恼怒，命令将那名小黑奴带到房间里鞭打。乔治的祈求全然无用——他竟然号啕大哭，苦苦乞求母亲撤销这场鞭笞。但是，他的母亲压根不会放过对这个黑色小反骨的惩罚，反倒是那名小黑奴恳求他的少爷不要哭泣。

13. 由于乔治身上所展示出来的孩子般的诙谐和幽默，恰恰与老祖父的嗜好有些不谋而合，这对双胞胎中的哥哥向来是老祖父最喜欢的外孙，经常陪在他

左右。在老祖父面前，乔治总是向他尽情袒露孩子的天真和童言无忌，而弟弟哈利则与祖父几乎无话可说。

14. 乔治是一个娴静好学的孩子，一进入图书馆，他便看起来神采飞扬，而他弟弟却蔫头耷脑，甚为阴郁。在乔治能搬动那些厚重的书本之前，他便认识它们；甚至在无法理解文章内容的时候，便能高声朗读。与他相反，只有在马厩或树林里，哈利才活蹦乱跳，兴致高昂，他喜欢所有狩猎和捕鱼的活动，从小便信誓旦旦地宣称自己会成为一名优秀的体育健将。

15. 终于，埃斯蒙德老先生告别人世的时间到了，他撒手放下生活中的一切事务，如释重负的解脱似乎让他甚为高兴。凡是读过或听过埃斯蒙德老先生祭文的人，都很好奇詹姆斯镇上的布罗德本特牧师是从哪里找来这篇优美流畅，不时点缀着庄重典雅拉丁语的祭祷文。小兄弟俩的苏格兰家庭教师，登普斯特先生或许深谙其中奥秘。毕竟，是他对这篇祭祷文做了最后润笔，并在弗吉尼亚州州长和其他绅士名流们的授意下，将它拿到费城富兰克林先生的出版社印刷。

16. 沃灵顿·埃斯蒙德夫人为她父亲举办了葬礼，

有史以来，弗吉尼亚州还从未见识过如此盛大奢华的葬礼。在这么豪华的悲伤中，那位离去的逝者恐怕会最先笑出声来。

17. 卡斯尔伍德庄园的两位少年身穿黑色礼服，戴着缀有黑色缎带的礼帽，心情压抑得几乎喘不过气来。他们走在送葬队伍前面，后面跟随有来自格林威法院的费尔法克斯勋爵，弗吉尼亚州州长阁下（乘坐他的四轮马车赶来），伦道夫夫妇、卡瑞斯夫妇、哈里森夫妇、华盛顿夫妇以及其他众多宾客。全州上下对这位逝世的名流之士致以敬意，他高尚的品德、出众的才华、慷慨的善行和温文尔雅的态度，都为他赢得了乡邻们的尊敬。

18. 当埃斯蒙德老先生的继子、英国汉普郡卡斯尔伍德勋爵获悉该消息的时候，他主动请求承担继父大理石墓碑的所有费用。墓碑上刻着卡斯尔伍德勋爵的母亲和继父的名称与美德，经过一段时间的准备，这块大理石纪念碑被竖起来了，碑面上刻着埃斯蒙德夫妇的戎装照与爵位冠冕，碑脚下衬有一群胖乎乎的哭泣小天使，小家伙们正在朗诵这篇未见任何漏洞谎言的墓志铭。

[1] Patrimonial, inherited from ancestors.

[2] Disaffected, discontented.

[3] Obsequious, compliant to excess.

[4] Blackamoor, a negro.

[5] Urbanity, civility or courtesy of manners, refinement.

[6] Epitaph, an inscription on a monument, in honor or in memory of the dead.

LESSON 108
MINOT'S LEDGE

迈诺特的礁石

Fitz-James O'Brien (b. 1828, d. 1862) was of Irish birth, and came to America in 1852. He has contributed a number of tales and poems to various periodicals, but his writings have never been collected in book form. Mr. O'Brien belonged to the New York Seventh Regiment, and died at Baltimore of a wound received in a cavalry skirmish.

1. Like spectral hounds across the sky,
 The white clouds scud before the storm;
And naked in the howling night
 The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
The waves with slippery fingers clutch
 The massive tower, and climb and fall,
And, muttering, growl with baffled rage
 Their curses on the sturdy wall.
2. Up in the lonely tower he sits,
 The keeper of the crimson light:
Silent and awe-struck does he hear
 The imprecations of the night.
The white spray beats against the panes
 Like some wet ghost that down the air

Is hunted by a troop of fiends,
And seeks a shelter anywhere.

3. He prays aloud, the lonely man,
For every soul that night at sea,
But more than all for that brave boy
Who used to gayly climb his knee,—
Young Charlie, with his chestnut hair,
And hazel eyes, and laughing lip.
“May Heaven look down,” the old man cries.
“Upon my son, and on his ship!”
4. While thus with pious heart he prays,
Far in the distance sounds a boom:
He pauses; and again there rings
That sullen thunder through the room.
A ship upon the shoals tonight!
She cannot hold for one half hour;
But clear the ropes and grappling hooks,
And trust in the Almighty Power!
5. On the drenched gallery he stands,
Striving to pierce the solid night:
Across the sea the red eye throws
A steady crimson wake of light;
And, where it falls upon the waves,
He sees a human head float by,
With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,
And wild but fearless hazel eye.
6. Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
Adown the wind the long rope curls.
Oh! will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!

While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
A steady pull; it tightens now:
Oh! his old heart will burst with joy,
As on the slippery rocks he pulls
The breathing body of his boy.

7. Still sweep the specters through the sky;
Still scud the clouds before the storm;
Still naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
Without, the world is wild with rage;
Unkenneled demons are abroad;
But with the father and the son
Within, there is the peace of God.

【中文阅读】

菲茨-詹姆斯·奥'布莱恩（1828—1862）出生于爱尔兰，1852年来到美国。他为各类期刊杂志撰写了许多故事与诗歌，但他的作品从未被编集成册。奥'布莱恩服役于纽约第七军团，在巴尔的摩一次骑兵武装冲突中因伤离世。

1. 像潜行在天空中的幽灵，
暴风雨来临前，黑云低低压境；
裸露在嘶吼的夜晚，
透出红光的灯塔孤独地矗立在礁石上。
波浪张着滑腻的手指，一次次拍击着

高高的塔，又一次次失败滑下，
咕啾着，带着压抑的愤怒咆哮，
它们诅咒着这堵坚实的墙壁。

2. 在高高灯塔上，老人孤独地坐着，
他是这道深红色光芒的守护者。

他充满敬畏地安静倾听，
这暗夜大海的声声诅咒。
白浪一次次拍打着窗棂，
像空气中雾气凝成的鬼魂，
被身后的恶魔穷追不舍，
急切地寻求着藏身之所。

3. 他大声祈祷着，那个孤独的老人，
为这个夜晚所有仍在大海上的生命，
但是，这其中有个勇敢的少年
曾快乐地爬上他的膝盖——
年轻的查理，有着一头栗色头发，
淡褐色的眼睛，和爱笑的嘴唇。
“愿上帝保佑你，”老人高声祈祷着，
“愿上帝保佑我的儿子，和他的船只！”

4. 带着虔诚的心，他祈祷着，
突然，远方传来一声炸响：
他停下来，沉闷的滚滚雷声

再次穿过这个房间。

有艘船搁浅了！

它只能再坚持短短一段时间，

绳索和抓钩从船上纷纷抛下，

逃难的船员们将生命交给全能的上帝！

5. 老人站在湿透的瞭望台上，

急切地极目远眺，试图看穿这厚实的黑夜：

海面上，灯塔射出

一道坚定的红色亮光；

借着这红光，他看见海面上，

有个脑袋正漂浮而来。

脑袋上，正是那长长的湿透的栗色卷发，

和那双毫无畏惧的淡褐色眼睛。

6. 抛下抓钩！一下有力的抛掷！

长长的绳索飞出，顺着风势在海面上落下。

噢！他能抓到吗？一阵揪心的等待！

大海咆哮得更加肆无忌惮了。

突然，一下有力的拉扯，接着，绳索被扯紧了。

噢！老人的心狂喜地跳动着，

将那个喘着粗气的年轻人，

拉扯到湿润滑腻的岩石上。

7. 幽灵仍潜伏在天空，
乌云仍盘踞着昭示暴风雨的来临；
透着红光的灯塔仍孤独地矗立着，
裸露在嘶吼的暗夜里。
窗外的世界在愤怒地咆哮，
逃出牢笼的魔鬼在肆虐尖叫；
但是，灯塔里，父亲和儿子都安全地活着，
这里便有上帝赐予的平安喜乐。

LESSON 109 HAMLET



哈姆雷特

William Shakespeare (b. 1564, d. 1616), by many regarded as the greatest poet the world has ever produced, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, England. He was married, when very young, to a woman eight years his senior, went to London, was joint proprietor of Blackfriar's Theater in 1589, wrote poems and plays, was an actor, accumulated some property, and retired to Stratford three or four years before his death. He was buried in Stratford church, where a monument has been erected to his memory. This is all that is known of him with any degree of certainty.

Shakespeare's works consist chiefly of plays and sonnets. They show a wonderful knowledge of human nature, expressed in language remarkable for its point and beauty.

(ACT I, SCENE II. HAMLET alone in a room, of the castle.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.)

Hor . Hail, to your lordship!

Ham . I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forgot myself.

Hor . The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham . Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—

Marcellus?

Mar . My good lord—

Ham . I am very glad to see you. [To Ber.] Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor . A truant^[1] disposition, good my lord.

Ham . I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster^[2] of your own report
Against yourself: I knew you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor . My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham . I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor . Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.



Ham . Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father!—methinks I see my father.

Hor . Where, my lord?

Ham . In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor . I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham . He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor . My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham . Saw? who?

Hor . My lord, the king your father.

Ham . The king my father!

Hor . Season your admiration for a while
With an attent^[3] ear, till I may deliver^[4] ,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham . For God's love, let me hear.

Hor . Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your

father,

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pie^[5] .

march
Appears before them, and with solemn

march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he

walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his trucheon's^[6] length; whilst they,

distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to

me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the

watch:

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and

good,

The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham . But where was this?

Mar . My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham . Did you speak to it?

Hor . My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once
methought

It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham . 'T is very strange.

Hor . As I do live, my honor'd lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham . Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch tonight?

Mar . / *Ber* . We do, my lord.

Ham . Arm'd, say you?

Mar . / *Ber* . Arm'd, my lord.

Ham . From top to toe?

Mar . / *Ber* . My lord, from head to foot.

Ham . Then saw you not his face?

Hor . Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver^[7] up.

Ham . What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor . A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham . Pale or red?

Hor . Nay, very pale.

Ham . And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor . Most constantly.

Ham . I would I had been there.

Hor . It would have much amazed you.

Ham . Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor . While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar . / *Ber* . Longer, longer.

Hor . Not when I saw't.

Ham . His beard was grizzled,—no?

Hor . It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham . I will watch tonight;
Perchance 't will walk again.

Hor . I warrant it will.

Ham . If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable^[8] in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

【中文阅读】

威廉·莎士比亚（1564—1616），这位被公认为是世上有史以来最伟大的诗人，出生于英国埃文河畔的斯特拉特福。当还很年轻的时候，他便与一位比他大八岁的女人结

婚。婚后他去了伦敦，1589年，他成为黑衣修士剧院的合伙人之一。莎士比亚不仅创作诗歌和戏剧，而且参与演出，当他积累了一些财富后，便退休回到故乡斯特拉特福，三四年后在那里去世。莎士比亚死后被葬在斯特拉特福教堂，为了纪念他，教堂里设有纪念碑。有关他的生平，上述资料确凿可信。莎士比亚作品主要包括戏剧和十四行诗，展示了他把握人性的深切感悟，其中语言意向与美学境界无人堪比。

（ 第一幕，第二场。哈姆雷特单独在城堡一间屋内。霍雷修、马塞勒斯与勃那多同上。 ）

霍雷修： 向您致敬，殿下！

哈姆雷特： 见你身体健康，我很高兴。你不是霍雷修吗？或许我记忆有误。

霍雷修： 我也很高兴看到您，殿下，我永远是您谦卑的仆人。

哈姆雷特： 不，你是我的好朋友，我倒希望与你不受地位名分之拘。霍雷修，你怎么会从威登堡赶来了？——马塞勒斯呢？

马塞勒斯： 在，殿下——

哈姆雷特： 见到你真高兴。（对勃那多）晚上好，朋友，但究竟是什么风把你们从威登堡吹来了？

霍雷修： 无非是偷闲躲懒罢了，尊贵的殿下。

哈姆雷特： 我不愿听见你的仇敌说这样的话，你

也不能用这样的话来刺痛我的耳朵，好让我相信你对自己的诽谤：我知道你不是个偷闲懒散之徒。但是，你们来埃尔西诺究竟有何公干？你走之前，我们可得好好喝一杯。

霍雷修：殿下，我来参加您父王的葬礼。

哈姆雷特：拜托，请别取笑我，朋友，你大概是来参加我母后的婚礼吧。

霍雷修：是的，殿下，这两桩事确实靠得太近了。

哈姆雷特：节俭，这一切都是为了节俭，霍雷修！葬礼上剩下的残羹冷炙，正好用来宴请婚礼上的宾客。霍雷修，我宁愿在天堂里遇见我最痛恨的仇人，也不愿看到这样的一天！我的父王！——我仿佛看见我的父王。

霍雷修：在什么地方，殿下？

哈姆雷特：在我心灵的眼睛里，霍雷修。

霍雷修：我曾觐见过他一次，他是一位慈爱君王。

哈姆雷特：他是一个堂堂男子，整个说起来，我大概再也看不到像他那样的人了。

霍雷修：殿下，我想我昨晚见到他了。

哈姆雷特：见到？见到谁？

霍雷修：见到您的父王，殿下。

哈姆雷特：我的父王！

霍雷修：请您不要吃惊，仔细听我将这件奇事告诉您，身旁的这两位便是见证。

哈姆雷特：上帝啊，快告诉我。

霍雷修：这两位朋友，马塞勒斯与勃那多，在万籁俱寂的午夜守望的时候，曾经接连两个晚上见到一个很像您父王的身影。那个鬼魂全身披挂着盔甲出现在他们面前，用庄严的步伐缓慢地从他们身边走过。在他们惊骇恐惧的眼前，他三次走过，手中所握的权杖几乎能碰到他们的身上。他们吓得浑身瘫软，只是呆立着不动，一句话都说不出来。万分恐惧中，他们暗地里把这件事告诉了我，于是，我便在第三夜陪着他们一同守望。正如他们所说的一样，那个鬼魂又出现了，无论是时间上或形象上，都与他们所说的一字不差。我见过您的父王，这个鬼魂酷似他生前的模样，就连我这两只手都不及他们彼此的相似。

哈姆雷特：可这是在哪儿发生的？

马塞勒斯：就在我们守望的露台上，殿下。

哈姆雷特：你们有没有和他说话？

霍雷修：殿下，我问话了，可他没有回答我。不过有一次我觉得他好像抬起头来，仿佛要开口说些什

么。可就在这时，晨鸡高声啼叫起来，一听见鸡声，他的身形便很快隐去不见了。

哈姆雷特：这太奇怪了。

霍雷修：尊敬的殿下，我敢以性命担保，此事千真万确。我们认为，我们有责任让您知道这件事。

哈姆雷特：是的，是的，先生们，但这件事实实在令我困惑，你们今晚仍会去守望吗？

马塞勒斯 / 勃那多：是的，殿下。

哈姆雷特：你们说他穿着盔甲？

马塞勒斯 / 勃那多：是的，殿下，他穿着盔甲。

哈姆雷特：全身披挂？

马塞勒斯 / 勃那多：是的，殿下，从头到脚。

哈姆雷特：那么你们没有看见他的脸吗？

霍雷修：我们见到了，殿下。他的面甲是掀起的。

哈姆雷特：他看上去是什么表情，像是在发怒吗？

霍雷修：他的脸上悲伤胜过愤怒。

哈姆雷特：他面色苍白还是红润？

霍雷修：满脸惨白。

哈姆雷特：他的视线紧盯着你？

霍雷修：他直盯着我瞧。

哈姆雷特：我真希望当时我也在场。

霍雷修：那一定会使您吃惊万分的。

哈姆雷特：多半会的，多半会的，他停留得长久吗？

霍雷修：大概是一个人用不快不慢的速度从一数到一百的时间。

马塞勒斯 / 勃那多：还要长久些，还要长久些。

霍雷修：我见到它的那次，不过这么久。

哈姆雷特：他的胡须是斑白的吗？

霍雷修：是的，正如他生前我所见过的那样，乌黑的胡须里略有几根变成白色。

哈姆雷特：我今晚也要守夜去，也许它还会出现。

霍雷修：我敢保证，他一定会出现的。

哈姆雷特：倘若那魂灵以我尊贵的父王形象出现，我一定要对他说话，哪怕地狱裂开，撒旦令我噤言，也无法阻挡我。如果你们尚未将你们所见告知他人，那么就请求你们大家继续保持沉默。无论今夜发生什么事情，都请放在心上，万不可逞口舌之强，你们的忠诚会有回报的。好了，再会：今晚十一点钟到十二点钟之间，我会登临露台一探究竟。

[1] Truant, wandering from business, loitering.

[2] Truster, a believer.

[3] Attent, attentive, heedful.

[4] Deliver, to communicate, to utter.

[5] Cap-a-pie (from the French), from head to foot.

[6] Truncheon, a short staff, a baton.

[7] Beaver, a part of the helmet covering the face, so constructed that the wearer could raise or lower it.

[8] Tenable, capable of being held.

LESSON 110 DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG



Charles Lamb (b. 1775, d. 1834) was born in London. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he was a schoolfellow and intimate friend of Coleridge. In 1792 he became a clerk in the India House, London, and in 1825 he retired from his clerkship on a pension of 441 Pounds. Lamb never married, but devoted his life to the care of his sister Mary, who was at times insane. He wrote "Tales founded on the Plays of Shakespeare," and several other works of rare merit; but his literary fame rests principally on the inimitable "Essays of Elia" (published originally in the "London Magazine"), from one of which the following selection is adapted.

1. Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

2. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or

rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following:

3. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngers^[1] of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion till it was reduced to ashes.

4. Together with the cottage,—a sorry, antediluvian^[2] makeshift^[3] of a building, you may think it,—what was of much more importance, a fine litter of newborn pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods we read of.

5. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

6. What, could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage,—he had smelt that smell before,—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory^[4] moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip.

He knew not what to think.

7. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

8. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a retributory^[5] cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies.

9. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?”

“O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!”

10. The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed

his son, and he cursed himself that he should ever have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! only taste! Oh!" with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

11. Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

12. Bo-bo was strictly enjoined^[6] not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

13. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to

take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious^[7] food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

14. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which the judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of “Not Guilty.”

15. The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship’s townhouse was observed to be on fire.

16. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

17. Thus this custom of firing houses continued till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of

consuming a whole house to dress it.

18. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty^[8]. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

19. Without placing too implicit^[9] faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary^[10] object that pretext and excuse might be found in Roast Pig.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯·兰姆（1775—1834）出生于英国伦敦。他曾就读于教会医院，在那里，他与诗人柯勒律治成为同学和亲密好友。1792年，他成为一名伦敦东印度公司职员，1825年退休，每年领取四百四十一英镑的退休金。兰姆终生未婚，倾其一生照顾他的姐姐玛丽，玛丽患有精神错乱，时常发作。兰姆《莎士比亚戏剧故事集》以及其他一些作品都很出众，但独具一格的《伊利亚随笔集》（最初发表于《伦敦杂志》）奠定了他的文学声誉，下面这篇文章便改编自这本随笔集。

1. 人类，据我的朋友M曾体贴地为我朗读并详加解释的一本中国古代手抄书里说，在最初七万年里茹毛饮血，直接从活的动物身上撕扯咬下血淋淋的生肉

来充饥，与野蛮落后的阿比西尼亚^[11] 人所用的方法一样。

2. 中国伟大的圣人孔子在《春秋》一书第二章里清楚地提到一个人类的黄金时代，他将这个时代称为“庖房”，照其字面意思就是“厨师的节日”。这份抄本上还说，烤肉，或者更确切地说，烧肉（我认为它出现得更早）的手艺不过是人类不经意的发现，或许经过应该这样：

3. 一天早晨，猪倌何悌像往常一样，去树林里给猪采集橡树果实，留下他的大儿子宝宝看家。愚笨冥顽的儿子宝宝跟那些与他同龄的孩子一样，喜欢玩火。他不小心将火星子溅到一捆稻草上，稻草很快燃烧起来，火势迅速蔓延，舔舐着那间狭小茅屋，直到将其彻底烧成灰烬。

4. 不只是茅屋——抱歉，虽说是茅屋，但你可以想象的出，其实那只不过是一间远古时代潦草搭建的简陋窝棚。更糟糕的是，大火还将刚生下的一窝健健康康的小猪仔也都烧死了，至少有九只。据史料记载，中国猪在整个东方向来被尊为奢华的食品。

5. 因此，不难想象，宝宝当时吓得要死，倒不是因为烧掉了茅屋，而是因为烧死了小猪。那种茅屋，随便拈来三两根枯枝干柴，他父亲和他不管什么时

候，只消花上一两个小时就可重新铺盖完毕。他着急地绞着手，寻思着该怎么向他父亲交代，眼前一具烧焦的小猪崽冒出缕缕青烟，这时，一股生平从未曾闻到过的香味扑鼻而来。

6. 天哪，这么美味的香味是哪里飘来的？不是从烧毁的茅屋里——那种焦味他以前就曾闻到过。诚然，对这个喜欢玩火的倒霉孩子来说，这可绝不是他酿成的第一宗意外事件。这种味道，也一点都不像那些他所熟悉的草药、野草或鲜花的香味。像是有了什么预感似的，口水开始沿着他的下嘴唇流了下来，尽管他对眼前的一切仍丝毫摸不着头绪。

7. 他弯下腰，摸摸面前的小猪，想看看它是否还有一丁点气息。手指头被烫了一下，他赶紧将手指放进嘴里傻乎乎地舔着，让它凉下来。烧焦乳猪的零星碎皮碰巧沾到他的指头上，于是，他平生第一次（事实上，也是人类有史以来的第一次，因为在他之前，还从未有人体会过）尝到——焦脆烤猪皮的美味！然后，他再次探手在小猪身上摸了摸，炙热的烤猪不再那么灼烫，但他习惯性地又吮吸了一下手指。

8. 此刻，一向迟钝的他突然理解了事实真相：原来，这股奇妙无比的诱人香味来自这只火中乳猪，尝起来这么美味的，也是这只小猪。完全沉醉在这种前

所未有的快乐中，他一屁股坐在地上，大把大把地将这烤乳猪连皮带肉地撕下，像野兽般狼吞虎咽，忙不迭地只管往嘴里塞。这时，他父亲手里拿着根惩戒棒，走进仍在冒烟的椽木，看见家里变得这般惨不忍睹，举起手里的棍棒下冰雹一般狠命打在这个小混蛋的肩上。美味当前的宝宝浑然不觉，不过像被苍蝇叮了几口似的。

9. 他父亲不管如何棍棒不断，都无法令宝宝放下手里的烤猪肉。直到将那只小猪吃得一干二净，他才似乎略微明白了眼前的处境，接下来父子间没准有如下对话：

“你这不知羞耻的小兔崽子，你在那里吞吃什么？你那些混帐把戏把咱家房子烧毁了三次，还嫌不够吗？你这天杀的！你还非要吃火！你给我说，你到底在那儿吞吃什么？”

“啊，爸爸，小猪，是小猪！赶紧过来尝尝，烧过的小猪太好吃了！”

10. 何悌听到耳里，嗡的一声吓坏了。他咒骂着他的儿子，也责骂自己生了这么个儿子，竟然敢吃烧焦的猪。

宝宝的嗅觉从今早开始磨炼得特别敏锐，哗啦一声，很快便从火堆里刨出另一头烤猪。他猛地一撕两

半，将较小的那一半硬是塞到何悌的拳头里，大声说：“快吃，快吃，爸爸，快尝尝这烧焦的小猪！你先尝尝！天哪！”他一边粗野地喊叫着，一边乐不可支地猛塞猛嚼，也不怕噎着。

11. 何悌手里抓着这见鬼的东西，气得浑身关节都在发抖，琢磨着到底该不该将这儿子当作一个违天悖理的小怪物给弄死。这时，炙热的烤猪皮烫伤了他的手指，就像曾烫伤他儿子的手指那样；和他儿子一样，何悌也将手指放进嘴里吮吸。这下，他也尝到了烤猪皮的美味。虽然他装模作样地撇撇嘴，但心里却乐开了花。末了（手抄本在这里的描述有点冗长），父亲和儿子都安然坐在废墟上，拉开架势大吃特吃，直到将一群烤小猪风卷残云扫荡精光。

12. 何悌严厉叮嘱宝宝，绝不能吐露半点风声，否则，他们父子俩一定会被视为邪恶的怪物，死于那些街坊邻居的乱石棍棒之下，因为他们竟敢胡乱改变上帝赐下的好好的食物。尽管这样，奇怪的流言还是不胫而走。有人留意到，何悌家的茅屋隔三岔五的就被烧坍，火灾比往常更加频繁。从那时起，他们家的火灾似乎就没消停过：有时青天白日莫名失火，有时夜半三更火灾光临。何悌本人举止愈发让人狐疑，他不再严厉斥责他的儿子，反倒比以往任何时候都更纵

容他。

13. 后来，他们受到严密监控，这个可怕的秘密终于真相大白。这一对父子被传唤到北京严加审问，那时北京城的规模要比现在小得多，只是个不大的民间巡回审判的村落小镇。在法庭上，弥天大罪的证据被呈送至陪审团面前，这可憎的食物也被呈上法庭，判决即将宣判之前，突然，陪审团长老请求将犯罪嫌疑人据以被控诉的烤乳猪送到陪审席上审查。

14. 烤乳猪被呈上了，陪审团长老摸了摸它，陪审员们随之效仿。他们的手指都被烫疼了，就像宝宝和他父亲曾做过的那样，天性促使他们缩回手指，放在嘴里吮吸。接着，无视所有的事实证据，也无视法官清晰的指示——令法庭上所有人，包括围观的市斤小民，过往路人，嚼舌之徒，以及所有在场的人瞠目结舌的是：陪审团既不退席讨论，也未经任何形式的磋商咨询，就一致做出了“无罪”判决。

15. 法官是个精明的家伙，在这种明显有违常理的判决面前琢磨起心思。带到散庭后，他偷偷摸摸到市场上，连买带要地买下了所有小猪。几天后，法官大人的宅邸眼看着就起火了。

16. 这种稀罕事简直长了翅膀，这下好了，到处都有此起彼伏的火光冒出。这片地区的柴木和小猪价

格都大为上涨，保险公司一家接一家地关门大吉。日复一日，人们建的屋舍越发潦草简陋，到后来有人开始担心，盖房这门技艺无须良久就会失传，无人继承。

17. 这本手抄本里说，于是，点房子烧小猪的习俗就这样流传下来，直到一位类似我国的洛克那样的哲人出世。他发现：不管是猪肉，还是其他动物的肉类，无需烧掉整栋房子，就能烹制为食物（或者，用他们的说法，烧熟）。

18. 就这样，粗陋的烤架最先问世。一两百年后，出现了用绳子挂着或用铁叉叉着的烧烤方式，我可真忘了这事发生在哪朝哪代。这部手抄本总结道，人类生活中最为实用、看起来最显而易见的技艺，就是这样一步步慢慢发展起来的。

19. 无须对上述的历史记载太信以为真，但是，我们必须同意：对于那些放火烧屋的危险实验（尤其是在那个时候），如果我们想找一个烹饪目的为它们开脱，那么，烤乳猪无疑是个正当合适的理由和借口。

[1] Younkers, young persons.

[2] Antediluvian (literally, existing before the flood), very ancient.

[3] Makeshift, that which answers a need with the best means at hand.

[4] Premonitory, giving previous warning.

[5] Retributory, rewarding, retaliating.

- [6] Enjoined, ordered, commanded.
- [7] Obnoxious, liable to censure, offensive.
- [8] Dynasty, sovereignty, reign.
- [9] Implicit, trusting without doubt.
- [10] Culinary, relating to the kitchen.
- [11] 译注：即现在的埃塞俄比亚联邦民主共和国。

LESSON 111 A PEN PICTURE



北极素描

William Black (b.1841, d.1898) is one of the leading modern novelist of England. The scenes of his stories are for the most part laid in Scotland, and he excels in the delineation of Scotch character. But his most remarkable power is seen in those vivid, poetical descriptions of scenery, of which the following selection, adapted from “The Princess of Thule,” is a good example. Mr. Black’s most noted works, in addition to the one named, are: “A Daughter of Heth,” “The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,” “Kilmeny,” and “McLeod of Dare.”

1. Lavender had already transformed Sheila into a heroine during the half hour of their stroll from the beach and around the house; and as they sat at dinner on this still, brilliant evening in summer, he clothed her in the garments of romance.

2. Her father, with his great, gray beard and heavy brow, became the King of Thule, living in this solitary house overlooking the sea, and having memories of a dead sweetheart. His daughter, the Princess, had the glamour^[1] of a thousand legends dwelling in her beautiful eyes; and when she walked by the shores of the Atlantic, that were now getting yellow under the

sunset, what strange and unutterable thoughts must appear in the wonder of her face!

3. After dinner they went outside and sat down on a bench in the garden. It was a cool and pleasant evening. The sun had gone down in red fire behind the Atlantic, and there was still left a rich glow of crimson in the west, while overhead, in the pale yellow of the sky, some filmy clouds of rose color lay motionless. How calm was the sea out there, and the whiter stretch of water coming into Loch^[2] Roag! The cool air of the twilight was scented with sweetbrier. The wash of the ripples along the coast could be heard in the stillness.

4. The girl put her hand on her father's head, and reminded him that she had had her big greyhound, Bras, imprisoned all the afternoon, and that she had to go down to Borvabost with a message for some people who were leaving by the boat in the morning.

"But you can not go away down to Borvabost by yourself, Sheila," said

Ingram. "It will be dark before you return."

"It will not be darker than this all the night through," said the girl.

5. "But I hope you will let us go with you," said Lavender, rather anxiously; and she assented with a gracious smile, and went to fetch the great deerhound that was her constant companion. And lo! he found himself walking with a Princess in this wonderland, through the magic twilight that prevails in northern latitudes. Mackenzie and Ingram had gone to the front. The large deerhound, after regarding him attentively, had gone to its mistress's side, and remained closely there.

6. Even Sheila, when they had reached the loftiest

part of their route, and could see beneath them the island and the water surrounding it, was struck by the exceeding beauty of the twilight; and as for her companion, he remembered it many a time thereafter, as if it were a dream of the sea.

7. Before them lay the Atlantic—a pale line of blue, still, silent, and remote. Overhead the sky was of a clear, thin gold, with heavy masses of violet cloud stretched across from north to south, and thickening as they got near the horizon. Down at their feet, near the shore, a dusky line of huts and houses was scarcely visible; and over these lay a pale blue film of peat^[3] smoke that did not move in the still air.

8. Then they saw the bay into which the White Water runs, and they could trace the yellow glimmer of the river stretching into the island through a level valley of bog and morass. Far away towards the east lay the bulk of the island,—dark green undulations of moorland and pasture; and there, in the darkness, the gable of one white house had caught the clear light of the sky, and was gleaming westward like a star.

9. But all this was as nothing to the glory that began to shine in the southeast, where the sky was of a pale violet over the peaks of Mealasabhal and Suainabhal. There, into the beautiful dome, rose the golden crescent of the moon, warm in color, as though it still retained the last rays of the sunset. A line of quivering gold fell across Loch Roag, and touched the black hull and spars of the boat in which Sheila had been sailing in the morning.

10. That bay down there, with its white sands and massive rocks, its still expanse of water, and its background of mountain peaks palely covered by the

yellow moonlight, seemed really a home for a magic princess who was shut off from all the world. But here, in front of them, was another sort of sea, and another sort of life,—a small fishing village hidden under a cloud of pale peat smoke, and fronting the great waters of the Atlantic itself, which lay under a gloom of violet clouds.

11. On the way home it was again Lavender's good fortune to walk with Sheila across the moorland path they had traversed some little time before. And now the moon was still higher in the heavens, and the yellow lane of light that crossed the violet waters of Loch Roag quivered in a deeper gold. The night air was scented with the Dutch clover growing down by the shore. They could hear the curlew^[4] whistling and the plover^[5] calling amid that monotonous plash of the waves that murmured all around the coast.

12. When they returned to the house, the darker waters of the Atlantic and the purple clouds of the west were shut out from sight; and before them there was only the liquid plain of Loch Roag, with its pathway of yellow fire, and far away on the other side the shoulders and peaks of the southern mountains, that had grown gray and clear and sharp in the beautiful twilight. And this was Sheila's home.

NOTES.—Of the characters mentioned in this selection, Sheila is a young Scotch girl living on the small island of Borva, which her father owns; it lies just west of Lewis, one of the Hebrides. Ingram is an old friend and frequent visitor, while Lavender, a friend of Ingram's, is on his first visit to the island.

【中文阅读】

威廉·布莱克（1841—1898）是现代英国小说家的领军人物之一。他笔下大部分的故事都以苏格兰为背景，且极为擅长刻画苏格兰人物个性。然而，他生动而富有诗意的风景描写最为世人推崇，下面这篇节选自他的名作《极北之地的公主》便是极好佐证。除此之外，布莱克最著名的作品还有《赫斯的女儿》、《四轮敞篷马车里的奇异冒险》、《基尔门尼》以及《勇猛的麦克劳德》。

1. 在海滩以及住处周边半小时的散步途中，拉文德紧随希拉左右，对她百依百顺。夏季的黄昏，周围寂静极了，天空明亮依旧，当两人准备坐在桌前吃晚餐时，拉文德为希拉披上浪漫色调的外套。

2. 希拉的父亲，长有一副浓密的灰色胡须，眉头粗黑，住在这处可以俯瞰大海的孤零零房舍里，心里珍藏着对爱人的美好回忆，俨然一位威严的极地之王。他的女儿希拉，极地公主，她那美丽深邃的眼睛，像是闪烁着千年传说的光芒；夕阳西下，天空金光夺目四溢，她信步走在大西洋的海岸边，漂亮脸庞上露出的是多么奇异又难以言说的神秘！

3. 晚餐后，他们走到屋外，在花园的长椅上坐了下来。凉风送爽，夏季的傍晚令人心旷神怡。太阳裹着一团红色烈焰，已经落入寥廓的大西洋，但西边天

陲仍残留着饱满绚烂的艳红。他们头顶上浅黄色的天空中，几朵朦胧的玫瑰色云彩静静地停在那里。身边大海安然若素，粼粼银光的海面绵逶迤绵延到远处的洛赫罗格海湾！暮色里凉风袭人，多花蔷薇暗香浮动。静谧中，你能听到细浪拍打沙滩的声音。

4. 姑娘将手放在父亲头上，提醒他，她的大型猎犬布莱丝已经被关了整整一个下午，而她必须要去博沃波斯特给人送信，那些人第二天一早就要乘船离开。

“可你不能一个人去博沃波斯特，希拉，”英格拉姆说，“回来的路上，恐怕你还没到家，天就会黑了。”

“不会的，整个夜里都不会比现在更黑。”姑娘说。

5. “最好还是让我们和你一起去吧。”拉文德焦急地说。希拉对他露出一个亲切的微笑，表示赞同，接着便去牵她那头体型庞大的猎鹿犬，这条猎犬总是与她形影不离。嘿！拉文德发现自己在这块梦幻之地与公主一起，穿越北纬奇异的暮光。麦肯齐和英格拉姆已经走到前面去了，那头大型猎犬警觉地嗅了嗅他，接着便走到女主人身旁，紧紧依偎着她。

6. 当他们到达途中海拔最高处，可以看到脚下的

整座岛屿和周边大海时，即使是希拉，也被这精美绝伦的暮光所震撼。至于她的同伴，他事后曾无数次回想起这一幕，仿佛那是一片梦幻的海洋。

7. 大西洋横卧眼前——那是寂静遥远的一抹蓝色海平线。他们头顶上是清澈的淡金色天空，紫罗兰般饱满的云朵从南往北横铺苍穹，越接近地平面，云朵便越丰满。在他们脚下，那块毗邻海岸的地方，成排的房屋村舍隐约可见；一炷蓝色泥煤烧出的炊烟淡淡升起，在静谧的空气中停留不散。

8. 然后，他们看见白色海水奔流进入海湾。目光追随着湾流，他们看到河水金色的波光粼粼，流过同一水平面的山谷间的沼泽与泥塘，最后流入那座小岛。岛屿大半向东边延伸很远，很远，墨绿色的沼泽地和牧场像波浪般起伏。在远处的黑暗中，一栋白色房子的三角墙反射着天空的亮光，亮光闪烁着向西移动，宛若一颗明亮的半空星辰。

9. 不过，和东南方开始闪耀的光辉相比，上述风景委实不算什么。此刻的东南方，美娜沙巴和苏恩那巴山巅上，天空洇出一抹浅淡紫色。在那美丽的天穹中，一轮金色的新月正缓缓升起，色调温暖，仿佛挽住了夕阳最后一缕光辉。一道金光泻落，颤抖地粼粼扫过洛赫罗格海湾，扫过黧黑的船身和桅杆——那条

当天清晨希拉扬帆出海的小船。

10. 脚下的那道海湾沙滩洁白，巨石嶙峋，水面宽阔；在它背后，山峰淡淡地披着金黄色的月光，好一处与世隔绝中极地公主的奇妙家园。眼前大海自有别样迷人风情，别有不同特色生活——一个小渔村藏匿在朦胧的泥煤烟雾当中，面朝着波涛壮阔的大西洋。而此时的大西洋，正静静躺在铺满紫色云团的苍穹下。

11. 对拉文德来说，回家路上的他，真是幸运再度光临，能与希拉携手走过不久前他们才刚颇为艰难穿越过的沼泽地。此时，月亮在空中升得更高，在洛赫罗格海湾紫色的水面上，那条黄色狭长的倒影颤动成深金色。夜风习习，弥漫出岸边荷兰三叶草的清新芬芳。沙滩四周，海浪单调如一的拍打声细碎呢喃，拉文德和希拉甚至还能听到麻鹬的啁啾和凤头麦鸡的鸣啼。

12. 当他们回到家里，大西洋深暗的海水和西边天空中紫色的云彩都已经看不到了。在他们面前，是偌大清澈的洛赫罗格海湾，延伸出一条金黄似火的水道。远处，南部绵亘山脊的山脊或巅峰在美丽的暮光中变成灰色，轮廓清晰，棱角分明。这，就是希拉的家园。

- [1] Glamour, witchery, or a charm on the eyes, making them see things differently from what they really are.
- [2] Loch, a lake, a bay or arm of the sea.
- [3] Peat, a kind of turf used for fuel.
- [4] Curlew, an aquatic bird which takes its name from its cry.
- [5] Plover, a game bird frequenting river banks and the sea-shore.

LESSON 112
THE GREAT VOICES

伟大的声音

Charles T. Brooks (b. 1813, d. 1883) was born at Salem, Mass., and was the valedictorian of his class at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1832. He shortly afterwards entered the ministry, and had charge of a congregation at Newport, R.I. He was a great student of German literature, and began his own literary career by a translations of Schiller's "William Tell." This was followed by numerous translations from the German, mainly poetry, which have been published from time to time, in several volumes. Of these translations, Goethe's "Faust," Richter's "Titan" and "Hesperus," and a humorous poem by Dr. Karl Arnold Kortum, "The Life, Opinions, Actions, and Fate of Hieronimus Jobs, the Candidate," deserve especial mention. Mr. Brooks also published a number of original poems, addresses, etc.

1. A voice from the sea to the mountains,
From the mountains again to the sea;
A call from the deep to the fountains,—
"O spirit! be glad and be free."
2. A cry from the floods to the fountains;

And the torrents repeat the glad song
As they leap from the breast of the
mountains,—
“O spirit! be free and be strong.”

3. The pine forests thrill with emotion
Of praise, as the spirit sweeps by:
With a voice like the murmur of ocean
To the soul of the listener they cry.

4. Oh! sing, human heart, like the fountains,
With joy reverential and free,
Contented and calm as the mountains,
And deep as the woods and the sea.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯·T·布鲁克斯（1813—1883）出生于美国马萨诸塞州塞勒姆。1832年，他从哈佛学院毕业，并在毕业典礼上作为学生代表演讲。毕业后不久，他进入政府机关任职，并负责筹办了一场罗德岛州纽波特的教友集会。查尔斯在德国文学上造诣深厚，并通过翻译席勒的《威廉·泰尔》开始了自己的文学生涯，此后开始陆续翻译了许多德国文学作品，其中大部分是诗歌，并以数本专集形式持续出版，这些翻译作品中，歌德的《浮士德》、里克特的《泰坦》与《金星》，以及卡尔·阿诺德·科蒂姆博士的一首幽默诗《候选人海诺尼姆斯·乔布斯的生活、观点、行动与命运》都值得一提。除此之外，布鲁克斯还发表了大量的原创诗歌与演讲。

1. 一个声音，从海洋越过群山，
接着，又从山脉荡回海洋。
一声呼喊，从泉眼深处喷出——
“啊，精神！愿你欢欣自由！”
2. 一声呐喊，从洪荒传到喷泉，
激流从山间飞跃而下，
快乐地重复歌唱——
“啊，精神！愿你自由强健！”
3. 精神在林间呼啸而过，
松林在敬仰中兴奋震颤。
那个呐喊像大海的低声呢喃，
直抵聆听者的灵魂。
4. 噢！唱吧，泉眼般纯真的心，
带着虔诚而自由的喜悦，
如群山峻岭，知足宁静，
如森林大海，深邃宽广。

LESSON 113 A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE



人生的一幕

Samuel Johnson (b. 1709, d. 1784). This remarkable man was born in Lichfield, Staffordshire, England. He was the son of a bookseller and stationer. He entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728; but his poverty compelled him to leave at the end of three years. Soon after his marriage, in 1736, he opened a private school, but obtained only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick, afterwards a celebrated actor. In 1737, he removed to London, where he resided most of the rest of his life. The most noted of his numerous literary works are his “Dictionary,” the first one of the English language worthy of mention, “The Vanity of Human Wishes,” a poem, “The Rambler,” “Rasselas,” “The Lives of the English Poets,” and his edition of Shakespeare. An annual pension of 300 pounds was granted him in 1762. In person, Johnson was heavy and awkward; in manner, boorish and overbearing; but his learning and his great powers caused his company to be sought by many eminent men.

1. Obidah, the son of Abnesina, left the caravansary^[1] early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he

was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring; all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3. Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was traveling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

4. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with picking the flowers that covered the banks on each side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among

the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls.

5. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it was longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders^[2] , in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

6. Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions^[3] .

7. In these amusements, the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations^[4] had perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

8. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek

shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

9. He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his saber in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and expiration^[5] ; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

10. Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild without knowing whither he was going or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labor began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

11. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before."

Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation^[6] .

12. “Son,” said the hermit, “let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes, of this day, sink deep into your heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety toward the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation^[7] of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

13. “We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance can not be made, and whether we may not at least turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return.

14. “But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate^[8] object of rational desire. We entangle

ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths^[9] of inconstancy till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, and with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the paths of virtue.

15. “Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose: commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.”

【中文阅读】

塞缪尔· 约翰逊（1709—1784），这位非凡卓越的伟人出生于英国斯塔福德郡利奇菲尔德，父亲是名书商兼文具商。1728年，他被牛津大学彭布罗克学院录取，但三年后因贫穷被迫离开学校。1736年，塞缪尔结婚后不久，便开了一所私立学校，但只招收到三名学生，其中就有后面成为著名演员的大卫· 加里克。1737年，他迁至伦敦，并在那里度过了他随后人生的大半时光。他创作过许多文学作品，其中最著名的是他编的《词典》，这是第一部值得一提的英语词典。除此之外，诗歌《人类欲望的虚荣》及作品《漫步

者》、《拉塞拉斯》、《英国诗人的生活》以及他汇编的莎士比亚作品集都颇受好评。1762年，他获得文学年金嘉奖，每年可领取三百英镑。约翰逊相貌肥胖笨拙，为人粗野傲慢，但他的学识及超凡能力仍吸引了不少贤达名流。

1. 奥拜德，阿比内斯纳的儿子，清早离开了商队旅馆，继续他穿越印度斯坦大平原的旅程。一宿安睡后，他神清气爽，精力充沛，心中充满了希望。他被内心的欲望所激励着，快步地穿山越谷，一片山峦渐渐地耸立眼前。

2. 奥拜德沿路前行，耳边传来清晨鸟儿悦耳的啁啾声，像是来自天堂的歌声；微风轻柔阵阵拂面，灌木丛林露水清凉。有时，他会停下脚步，惊叹那树冠遮日的高大橡树，穆然耸立彰显山岭帝王的大家风范；有时，他又会沉浸在蓬勃怒放的迎春花温柔的馨香中，那是春天初生的女儿。他的身心被眼前美景轻轻抚慰，所有的忧虑一股脑儿烟消云散。

3. 他就这样不停地走着，直到太阳慢慢升到头顶，酷日灼热不断地消耗他的力气。于是，他四处打量，看是否能找到一条更凉爽的路径。就在那时，他看到右手边一片枝繁叶茂的小树林仿佛正在招手呼唤他。他随即走进这片树林，这里的凉爽和绿意几乎令人难以抗拒。当然，他并没有忘记前方行程，眼前一

条狭窄的小径，路边点缀着鲜花，和他要去的方向大致不差。他倍感欣喜，通过这条美丽的小径，他完全可以将工作和愉悦结合在一起，既能达到目的，又无需经历辛劳痛苦。

4. 于是，他又兴致盎然地迈步前行。有时，他会被鸟儿们的鸣啾声吸引驻足，烈日的暑气将它们都聚集到树荫里；有时，他会弯腰采摘路边的花朵，或是枝头上荡悠的野果，怡然自得。末了，这条翠绿的小径从此处径直往下延伸，蜿蜒在山岭和灌木丛间，一路有溪水凉爽叮咚，隐约还能听见瀑布潺潺的声音。

5. 奥拜德在这里停下脚步，思忖着离开那条已知的大路是否安全，但转念一想，此刻阳光炙热灼人，而大路上尘土飞扬，崎岖不平，他还是决心沿着这条新发现的小径往前走。他想，也许会绕几个弯，但最终总会拐回大路上来。

6. 想到这里，他不再焦虑，重新迈开步伐，虽然心里仍隐隐有些担心，不知道这条小径是否真的能拐回到大路上。心中的忐忑不安，使他仔细打量周边的景物，沉溺于这些能令他放松心情或转移注意力的感官享受。他仔细倾听每一个回声，攀爬每一座山丘来查看方位。他朝着每个瀑布的方向走去，然后跟着静静流淌的溪流向前走，它盘旋着穿过树林，浇灌到一

片很大的区域，又延伸出无数的分支。

7. 在这些趣味盎然的漫步中，时间已经无声无息地流逝了。他已经记不清自己绕了多少个弯，也已经不知道该往哪个方向走。他木木地站在那里，陷入了迷惘，不敢继续往前迈步，生怕再走错了路；但他又很清楚，已经没有时间再闲逛了。正当他百般纠结的时候，天空布满了乌云，天色旋即黯淡下来，一团突如其来的暴雨云团在他头顶急遽积聚起来。

8. 现在，眼前的危险处境已经令他彻底清醒，他痛苦地回想起自己的愚蠢。他已经看到，幸福在他拈轻怕重的时候悄然失去；他痛悔着当时的怯懦和缺乏耐心，以至于在树林间寻求庇荫；他鄙弃着自己一路上微不足道的好奇心，令他走进一条又一条的小路。正当他后悔不迭之时，天色越来越黑，一道霹雳闪电打断了他的思路。

9. 他决定用仅存体力沿原路返回，并试着找到树林通往平原的出口。他俯伏在地面上向神祈祷，将自己的生命放在神的手中。当重新站起来的时候，他充满自信，内心格外安宁，他拔出军刀，紧紧抓在手里。树林间的野兽已经开始活动，嘶吼声从四面八方传来，夹杂着愤怒、恐惧、狂暴和死亡的气息。对黑暗的恐惧和孤独包围了他，风呼啸着穿过树林，激流

从山峰上湍急而下。

10. 就这样，他孤独而又紧张地在树林间跌跌撞撞地前行，丝毫不知道自己走往何方，亦不知每时每刻是在接近安全还是死亡。终于，辛劳，而不是恐惧，征服了他。他的呼吸短促沉重，膝盖颤抖着，几乎快要瘫倒在地，屈服于自己的命运。就在这时，透过眼前的荆棘，他突然看到一道锥形光亮。他朝着那光的方向走去，发现那道光是从一间隐居者的小屋里发出的。他怯怯地叫了门，得到许可后进入屋里。屋里老人将自己的食物摆在他面前，奥拜德忙不迭地吃了起来，满心感激难以表述。

11. 奥拜德吃完饭后，那位隐居的老人问道：“告诉我，你怎么来到这里的？二十多年来，我一个人住在这片渺无人烟的荒野里，还从未见到过一个人。”于是，奥拜德将自己旅途中的经历详细告诉了老人，没有丝毫的隐瞒或辩解。

12. “孩子，”隐居的老人说道，“就让今天这些错误和愚蠢、危险和逃脱，深深沉入你心底吧。请记住，我的孩子，人的生命就像是一天的旅程。我们在青春的早晨起床，充满活力，满怀期待；然后，带着高昂的情绪和热切希望，我们踏上人生征途，步履轻快，勤劳奋发，心怀虔诚地走在那条笔直的阳光大道

上，朝着天国的方向。没过多久，我们的炽烈热情便退却了，开始试图找到可以减轻我们职责的方法，一些更为简单可抵达同样目的的途径。

13. “接着，我们的斗志开始松懈，告诉自己罪恶离我们很遥远，无需惧怕，并决心依靠自己的坚定，来试着靠近我们曾坚决永远不去触及的事物。就这样，我们进入安逸的凉亭，在自以为安全的阴凉地带休息。渐渐的，我们的心在安乐享受中变得柔软，警惕性随之减退。然后，我们开始自问，为什么不能往前再多走一步？为什么我们不能将目光停留在这充满愉悦的花园里？于是，我们带着忧虑和迟疑，靠近这座花园；然后，胆怯地、颤抖着走进它，内心却仍然希望能通过这座花园，又不丧失自己内心的美德。这条美德之路，我们一直将它放在心里，也希望能最终返回。

14. “但是，诱惑接踵而来，满足了一个，就忍不住想满足第二个。渐渐的，我们失去了纯真的快乐，用肉欲上的满足来抚慰自己的不安。最后，我们抛却了最初的目标，丧失了理性思考的能力。我们在金钱中挣扎，在奢华中沉迷，在软弱意志的迷宫中反复徘徊；直到风烛残年，黑暗开始侵蚀我们，我们忧心忡忡，疾病缠身。到那个时候，我们回想过去的一生，

心中充满惊恐、悲伤和悔恨。到那时，我们只希望——往往是徒劳地希望，我们从没有背弃过那条美德之路。

15. “我的孩子，那些能从你的经历中获得教训的人，是幸福的。不要绝望，但你应该记住：虽然错误已经铸成，辛劳也已经付出，但是，你仍然可以做出努力。改变，永远不会太迟，真诚的努力也绝不会空手而归。一个流浪者，在犯下种种错误之后，仍然可以浪子回头。一个在自身错误中探求力量和勇气的人，艰难险阻会在他面前退让。现在，去吧，我的孩子，去好好休息一下，将自己交予全能的上帝眷顾；当晨钟呼唤你再度踏上辛劳的征途，不妨开始你全新的生命与崭新的旅程吧。”

[1] Caravansary, a kind of inn in the East, where caravans (or large companies of traders) rest at night.

[2] Meanders, windings, turnings.

[3] Circumvolutions, windings or flowings around.

[4] Deviations, wanderings from one's course.

[5] Expiration, death.

[6] Palliation, concealment of the most blamable circumstances of an offence.

[7] Mitigation, abatement, the act of rendering less severe.

[8] Adequate, fully sufficient.

[9] Labyrinth, a place full of winding passages.

LESSON 114
A SUMMER LONGING

夏天的渴望

George Arnold (b. 1834, d. 1865) was born in New York, but removed with his parents to Illinois while yet an infant. There he passed his boyhood, being educated at home by his parents. In 1849 the family again removed to Strawberry Farms, Monmouth County, N.J. When eighteen years old he began to study painting, but soon gave up the art and devoted himself to literature. He became a journalist of New York City, and his productions include almost every variety of writings found in the literary magazines. After his death, two volumes of his poems, “Drift: a Seashore Idyl,” and “Poems, Grave and Gay,” were edited by Mr. William Winter.

1. I must away to the wooded hills and vales,
Where broad, slow streams flow cool and
silently
And idle barges flap their listless sails.
For me the summer sunset glows and pales,
And green fields wait for me.
2. I long for shadowy founts, where the birds
Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree;

I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds;
And Nature's voices say in mystic words,
"The green fields wait for thee."

3. I dream of uplands, where the primrose shines
And waves her yellow lamps above the lea;
Of tangled copses, swung with trailing vines;
Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines,
Where green fields wait for me.

4. I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I
May lie and listen to the distant sea,
Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh,
Or insect voices chirping shrill and dry,
In fields that wait for me.

5. These dreams of summer come to bid me find
The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody,
While summer's rosy wreaths for me are
twined,
While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,
And green fields wait for me.

【中文阅读】

乔治·阿诺德（1834—1865）出生于美国纽约。仍在襁褓里的时候，他便随父母迁往伊利诺伊州，在那里度过了童年时代，由父母授予家庭教育。1849年，他们全家重新搬回新泽西州蒙茅斯县的草莓农场。乔治十八岁开始学习绘画，但很快就放弃艺术投身于文学事业，成为《新纽约城》杂志记者，他的作品几乎涵盖了文学杂志所有文体。去世后，他

的两本诗集《漂泊：海边的牧歌》和《诗歌、坟墓与快乐》
由威廉·温特先生编辑出版。

1. 我要离开这里，到树木繁茂的山岭溪谷中去，
在那里，宽阔的河水宁静流淌着沁凉，
船只停泊，卷起的白帆在风中发出声响，
夏日的暖阳西下，渐渐暗淡，
绿色的田野在等待着我。
2. 我向往着树荫遮蔽的清泉，鸟儿
在正午的林间叽喳啁啾；
我向往着绿叶繁花，低头吃草的牛羊；
大自然用神秘温柔的天籁之音告诉我：
“绿色的田野在等待着你。”
3. 我梦想着高地上，樱草花盛开，
草地上轻轻摇摆着它们的嫩黄花瓣；
我梦想着灌木丛里，交错着葡萄藤蔓；
高大的松林边上，视野开阔，
在那里，绿色的田野在等待着我。
4. 我幻想着漫长舒适的夏日午后，当我
躺卧在地，倾听远处海浪呼吸，
微风在芦苇丛中轻轻拂过叹息，
虫鸣四起，声声锐利饥渴难耐，

在那片等待我的绿色田野上。

5. 夏日的梦想纷至沓来，让我寻找
林间的树荫，鸟儿们婉转的旋律，
当夏天的玫瑰花环已为我缠好，
当夏天的芬芳在风中徘徊萦绕，
在那片等待我的绿色田野上。

LESSON 115

FATE



命运

Francis Bret Harte (b.1839, d.1902) was born in Albany, N.Y. When seventeen years old he went to California, where he engaged in various employments. He was a teacher, was employed in government offices, worked in the gold mines, and learned to be a compositor in a printing office. In 1868 he started the “Overland Monthly,” and his original and characteristic poems and sketches soon made it a popular magazine. Mr. Harte has been a contributor to some of the leading periodicals of the country, but principally to the “Atlantic Monthly.”

1. “The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea today.
2. “The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion’s whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase today.”

3. But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

【中文阅读】

弗朗西斯·布雷特·哈特（1839—1902）出生于美国纽约州奥尔巴尼市。十七岁时，他去了加利福尼亚州，曾从事多种职业，做过教师、政府公务员、金矿矿工，还在印刷间做过印刷工人。1868年，他开始创办杂志《陆路月刊》，他写的极具特色的原创诗歌和散文迅速使得杂志名声大噪。哈特一直为美国数家主流期刊撰稿，但《大西洋月刊》为他的主要文学阵地。

1. “天空中浓云密布，岩石嶙峋赤裸，
暴风雨倾袭出一片白茫茫的世界；
风卷浪涌，尽情飞溅追逐，
今天，我可不愿冒险出海。
2. “小径狭窄，丛林中阴森晦暗，
黑豹伸展着肢体，慵懒地攀附在树上，
狮子的幼崽们四处嬉戏，
今天，我可不愿冒险打猎。”
3. 但出海的船舶安全返航，
勇敢的猎手们也满载而归；

倒是那建在石头上的安全城镇
在地震中被意外吞噬。

LESSON 116 THE BIBLE THE BEST OF CLASSICS



《圣经》——最好的经典

Thomas S. Grimke (b. 1786, d. 1834). This eminent lawyer and scholar was born in Charleston, S.C. He graduated at Yale College^[1] in 1807. He gained considerable reputation as a politician, but is best known as an advocate of peace, Sunday schools, and the Bible. He was a man of deep feeling, earnest purpose, and pure life.

1. There is a classic^[2] the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of “God, manifest in the flesh,” of “God blessed forever.”

2. If we consider its authenticity^[3], no other pages have survived the lapse of time that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover that it came from heaven

in vision and prophecy under the sanction^[4] of Him who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

3. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile^[5] as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom.

4. If we inquire who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated^[6] its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer: "The patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist^[7] and the martyr."

5. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity are its blessings upon earth.

6. And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity; from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect; from the visible creation, marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs^[8] ; from the footstool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the

blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

7. Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

【中文阅读】

托马斯·S·格里姆克（1786—1834），这位著名的律师和学者出生于美国南卡罗来纳州查尔斯顿市，1807年，毕业于耶鲁学院。他以政治家的身份获得了广泛的知名度，但人们更熟知的是他积极倡导和平、主张日学并弘扬《圣经》。他情感深厚，意愿真切，是一个纯粹而高尚的人。

1. 这是世上所曾见过的最伟大的杰作，这是有史以来用人类语言所表达出的最高贵、最庄严的文字。如果我们审视它的古老，我们会发现，在人类文学史上还从未有过一本书得到的尊重能与它媲美。如果我们检视它的可靠性，这也已经在大量的神迹和预言中，在对人类、对自然、对天使所行的事中，是的，甚至是在“神，在肉身显现”、“上帝，赐福永远”当中，得到证实。

2. 如果我们验证它的真实性，我们会看到，除此之外没有任何一本书曾经历过这么漫长的时间考验而留存下来。如果我们查核它的权威性，因它上面所说

的话，是任何人都不曾说过的，我们会发现，这些话来自对天国的愿景，以及上帝所认可的预言。上帝是这世间万物的造物主，是所有仁爱善行和美好礼物的馈赠者。

3. 如果我们反思《圣经》的真理，它们如此可爱，纯净无瑕，崇高圣洁，正如上帝本身；它们像上帝的大爱一样永不改变，像他公正的统治一样永续持久，又像人类的道德状况一样复杂多变。如果我们要衡量《圣经》中所蕴藏财富的价值，我们不能像对待一件古董遗迹似的，用这世上那些易衰败的荣耀、美丽、美德或快乐去估量它，而必须用那永恒天国中永续的完美和至高无上的完满去估量它。

4. 如果我们要探询究竟是谁记录下《圣经》里的故事、验证过它的确实、阐释过它的崇高主题——从源远流长的历史到凡世红尘的现世，从人口稠密的大陆到海上的孤岛，所及之处的答案向我们昭示：“上帝是世界创始人与预言者，人类福音的传道者及殉道者。”

5. 如果我们纵览整个人类世界，目睹那些愚行或恶习的受害者，残虐暴行或非正义的牺牲者，然后问问他们，即使是在这短暂的现世中，《圣经》给我们带来了什么？所有人——伟大抑或谦卑者，富人抑或

穷人，强壮的和软弱的，饱学之士抑或无知之徒，他们都会异口同声地说：谦卑、顺服、纯洁、守序、平和、信仰、希望以及善行皆为《圣经》所赐给世人的福音。

6. 如果我们将视线从现世转向永恒，从这易朽坏的凡俗世间，转向那公义者所在的完美天国；从这眼睛能见着的造物，不管它们有多奇妙、多美丽、多荣耀，转向那看不见的天使和大天使；从上帝的脚凳，转向他的宝座本身——我们要问，从这人类唯一卷帙浩繁的《圣经》中流传出来的福音究竟是什么？不妨追溯传道士手中的蘸笔，先知吟唱的竖琴，以及这本人类生命大书上的誊撰记录，答案自会揭晓。

7. 这，便是这个世界迄今为止高山仰止的古典精粹；这，便是人类用来作为指引的最高贵著作。

[1] 译注：Yale College，耶鲁学院，耶鲁大学的前身。

[2] Classic, a work of acknowledged excellence and authority.

[3] Authenticity, of established authority for truth and correctness.

[4] Sanction, authority, support.

[5] Versatile, readily applied to various subjects.

[6] Vindicated, defended, justified.

[7] Evangelist, a writer of the history of Jesus Christ.

[8] Seraph, an angel of the highest order.

LESSON 117
MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

母亲的《圣经》

George P. Morris (b. 1802, d. 1864) was born in Philadelphia. In 1823 he became one of the editors of the “New York Mirror,” a weekly literary paper, In 1846 Mr. Morris and N. P. Willis founded “The Home Journal.” He was associate editor of this popular journal until a short time before his death.

1. This book is all that's left me now,—
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.
2. Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,

Here are they living still!

3. My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face,—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home!

4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

【中文阅读】

乔治·P·莫里斯（1802—1864）出生于美国费城。1823年，他担任《纽约镜像》的编辑，这是一份文学周刊报纸。1846年，莫里斯和N. P.威利斯先生共同创办了《家庭期刊》。此后他一直担任这本流行杂志的副主编，直到他去世前不久。

1. 这本《圣经》，母亲留给我的唯一遗产——

想到这点，我便禁不住泪流满面。
嘴唇颤抖着，眉毛耸动着，
我将它紧紧抱在胸前。
一代代的祖先逝去了，
这本书慢慢流传下来。
母亲紧握着这本《圣经》，
在她临死前，将它递给我。

2. 啊！我清晰地记得

《圣经》里，那么多鲜活回忆；
家人围坐在壁炉旁，
晚间祷告后，
便开始讨论《圣经》上的话语，
听到他们的声音，我的心便欢欣！
虽然他们已沉默谢世，
但那些回忆却仍生动清晰！

3. 父亲朗读着这本《圣经》，

为我亲爱的兄弟姐妹们；
困窘中的母亲，面容多么平静，
渴求地聆听着上帝的话语。
我仿佛又看到——她天使般的脸！
回忆像走马灯般闪回。
现在，我能感觉到你们又再度团聚

在这温暖的家里！

4. 《圣经》，我最信任的朋友，
我曾试验过你的坚贞；
虽然世界充满谎言欺骗，你仍如此真实，
我的向导，我的指引。
这世上所有的金银财富，
都无法买下你的珍贵价值。
它教会我如何处事豁达，
也教会我怎样直面死亡。



美国国会图书馆 塑造美国的
Library of Congress 88本书*

美国语文读本

6

〔美〕威廉·H·麦加菲 / 编

中国青年出版社

The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

〔美〕威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

（英汉双语图文版）

6

McGuffey's Sixth Eclectic Reader

最纯粹的美德读本、最纯正的美语阅读、最经典的美式教育
一本影响了美国五代人的经典课本
了解美国，从启蒙读本开始



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



中西文对照



The Eclectic Readers

美国语文读本

[美] 威廉·H·麦加菲 William H. McGuffey / 编

(英汉双语图文版)

6

McGuffey's Eclectic Primer

McGuffey's First Eclectic Reader



中国青年出版社
CHINA YOUTH PRESS



图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

美国语文读本. 6: 汉英对照 / (美) 麦加菲 (McGuffey, W. H.) 编; 赵欣, 王海颖, 李明霞译. —北京: 中国青年出版社, 2013.6 (塑造美国的88本书)

ISBN 978-7-5153-1651-2

I. ①美... II. ①麦... ②赵... ③王... ④李... III. ①英语 - 阅读教学 - 中小学 - 美国 - 课外读物 IV. ①G634.413

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2013) 第101765号

美国语文读本6

作 者: [美] 威廉·H·麦加菲

译 者: 赵欣 (第1-46课) 王海颖 (第47-92课) 李明霞 (第93-138课)

策划编辑: 陈 晨 李玲香

责任编辑: 肖 佳 孙 明

美术编辑: 夏 蕊 张 建

出 版: 中国青年出版社

发 行: 北京中青文文化传媒有限公司

电 话: 010-65516873/65518035

公司网址: www.cyb.com.cn

购书网址: zqwts.tmall.com www.diyijie.com

制 作: 中青文制作中心

印 刷: 北京盛源印刷有限公司

版 次: 2013年6月第1版

印 次: 2013年6月第1次印刷

开 本: 787×1092 1/16

字 数: 650千字

印 张：36.5

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5153-1651-2

定 价：59.00元

我社将与版权执法机关配合大力打击盗印、盗版活动，敬请广大读者协助举报，经查实将给予举报者重奖。

举报电话：

北京市版权局版权执法处

010-64081804

中国青年出版社

010-65516873

010-65518035

中青版图书，版权所有，盗版必究

编者的话

1910年，年仅19岁的胡适考取“庚子赔款”第二期官费生赴美留学，就读于康奈尔大学。偶遇美国小学新生开学，胡适难抑好奇跑去旁听，内心受到极大震动。美国启蒙第一课只有一个内容，便是令全体学生宣读誓词：“我保证善用我的思辨才能；我保证发展我独立的思想；我保证接受教育，从而使自己能够独立判断。”正是这段誓词，让胡适深刻体会到：美国之所以成为美国，全在于其“独立之精神，自由之思想”，而这一理念成了胡适先生一生坚守的信念。

美国，距其建国不过200余年，却已是世界强国。我们不禁要问：这个民族，究竟是如何在这么短的时间内做到经济上飞速发达，政治上游刃有余的？更为重要的是，它如何将这关系国本的“思想与精神”赋予它的民众，令他们秉持信仰，坚守信念？

2012年5月，美国馆藏量最大、历史最悠久的国会图书馆遴选出88部对美国社会最具影响力的书籍，定名为“塑造美国的书”（Books That Shaped America）。《飘》、《麦田守望者》、《了不起的盖茨比》、《第22条军规》、《汤姆叔叔的小屋》等历久弥新、耳熟能详的经典名著均入选。这些书籍或曾在当时社会引发争议，或甫一亮相即引起极大轰动，或令人愤慨，或引人怒骂，或发人深思，但仍对美国乃至全世界读者了解美国社会发挥了重要作用。

为此，我们引进并翻译出版了这套“塑造美国的88本书”丛书。力争客观、原生态地呈现美国的人文社会、政治制度以及美国历史发展和民主进程，在一个个美国故事中，讲述真实的美国和美国人，宏观展示美国的诞生、成长和强大，美国人自我意识的觉醒和认同。它们

包括：推动北美人民走上公开独立道路的战斗缴文《常识》；成就美国宪法和联邦制度的政治经典《联邦党人文集》；激励无数年轻人的世界上最著名的自传《富兰克林自传》；影响美国五代人的经典教科书《美国语文读本》；美国哲学和美式生活方式的代表之作《实用主义》；美国移民人手一册的人生指南《穷理查智慧书》；点燃美国20世纪60年代性解放运动的性学经典《金赛性学报告》；来自美国总统世家的对教育的反思与批判《亨利·亚当斯的教育》；出版史上的奇迹、永远的励志畅销书《人性的弱点》，等等。

这套“塑造美国的88本书”丛书将自始至终贯彻严肃认真的学风和生动活泼的文风，分辑陆续推出。

约四百年前，弗朗西斯·培根在《伟大的复兴》一书序言中，曾经这样谈到书中描述的对象，他“希望人们不要把它看作一种意见，而要看作是一项事业，并相信我们在这里所做的不是为某一宗派或理论奠定基础，而是为人类的福祉和尊严……”我们怀着真挚的感情，把这段话献给“塑造美国的88本书”丛书的读者，希望广大读者关心她、批评她、帮助她。

让她成为我们共同的事业。

中青文传媒

“塑造美国的88本书”丛书编委会

2013年6月

目录

CONTENTS

编者的话

LESSON 1 ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE 纽卡斯尔公爵轶事

LESSON 2 THE NEEDLE 银针

LESSON 3 DAWN 黎明

LESSON 4 DESCRIPTION OF A STORM 风暴之歌

LESSON 5 AFTER THE THUNDERSTORM 暴雨过后

LESSON 6 HOUSE CLEANING 清扫家居

LESSON 7 SCHEMES OF LIFE OFTEN ILLUSORY 人生：计划不如变化快

LESSON 8 THE BRAVE OLD OAK 勇敢的老橡树

LESSON 9 THE ARTIST SURPRISED 艺术家之惊喜

LESSON 10 PICTURES OF MEMORY 追忆如画

LESSON 11 THE MORNING ORATORIO 晨歌

LESSON 12 SHORT SELECTIONS IN POETRY 诗海拾贝

- LESSON 13 DEATH OF LITTLE NELL 耐儿之死
- LESSON 14 VANITY OF LIFE 生之虚无
- LESSON 15 A POLITICAL PAUSE 政治性的暂时休战
- LESSON 16 MY EXPERIENCE IN ELOCUTION 我的演说经验之谈
- LESSON 17 ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD 墓园挽歌
- LESSON 18 TACT AND TALENT 机智与才能
- LESSON 19 SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION 弗吉尼亚州制宪大会上的演讲
- LESSON 20 THE AMERICAN FLAG 国旗颂
- LESSON 21 IRONICAL EULOGY ON DEBT 债务讽诵
- LESSON 22 THE THREE WARNINGS 三个警告
- LESSON 23 THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS 缅怀先辈
- LESSON 24 SHORT SELECTIONS IN PROSE 散文节选
- LESSON 25 THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE 快活的老先生
- LESSON 26 THE TEACHER AND SICK SCHOLAR 老师和病倒的学生
- LESSON 27 THE SNOW SHOWER 下雪
- LESSON 28 CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE 拿破仑·波拿巴之品性
- LESSON 29 NAPOLEON AT REST 长眠的拿破仑

LESSON 30 WAR 战争

LESSON 31 SPEECH OF WALPOLE IN REPROOF OF MR. PITT 沃波尔责斥皮特先生的演讲

LESSON 32 PITT'S REPLY TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE 皮特对罗伯特·沃波尔爵士的回应

LESSON 33 CHARACTER OF MR. PITT 皮特先生的品格

LESSON 34 THE SOLDIER'S REST 战士的休息

LESSON 35 HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS 亨利五世致部队士兵

LESSON 36 SPEECH OF PAUL ON MARS HILL 保罗在玛斯山上的演说

LESSON 37 GOD IS EVERYWHERE 上帝无处不在

LESSON 38 LAFAYETTE AND ROBERT RAIKES 拉斐德和罗伯特·莱格斯

LESSON 39 FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY 沃尔西主教的垮台

LESSON 40 THE PHILOSOPHER 哲学家

LESSON 41 MARMION AND DOUGLAS 马米恩和道格拉斯

LESSON 42 THE PRESENT 今朝

LESSON 43 THE BAPTISM 洗礼

LESSON 44 SPARROWS 麻雀

LESSON 45 OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH 守安息日

LESSON 46 GOD'S GOODNESS TO SUCH AS FEAR HIM 上帝的善
让人心怀敬畏

LESSON 47 CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS 哥伦布的性格

LESSON 48 "HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP" “耶和华让他的所
爱安然入睡”

LESSON 49 DESCRIPTION OF A SIEGE 围攻详述

LESSON 50 MARCO BOZZARIS 马尔科·博萨里斯

LESSON 51 SONG OF THE GREEK BARD 希腊游吟诗人之歌

LESSON 52 NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS 北美印第安人

LESSON 53 LOCHIEL'S WARNING 洛琪尔的警告

LESSON 54 ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER 快乐的性情

LESSON 55 THE FORTUNE TELLER 算命先生

LESSON 56 RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS 黎恩济对罗马
人的演讲

LESSON 57 CHARACTER OF THE PURITAN FATHERS OF NEW
ENGLAND 新英格兰清教徒先辈的品质

LESSON 58 LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHER 清教徒先辈们
的登岸

LESSON 59 NECESSITY OF EDUCATION 教育的必要性

LESSON 60 RIDING ON A SNOWPLOW 乘坐扫雪机

LESSON 61 THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS 布鲁特斯和卡西乌斯的争执

LESSON 62 THE QUACK 江湖庸医

LESSON 63 RIP VAN WINKLE 瑞普·凡·温克尔

LESSON 64 BILL AND JOE 比尔和乔

LESSON 65 SORROW FOR THE DEAD 对逝者的哀思

LESSON 66 THE EAGLE 鹰之歌

LESSON 67 POLITICAL TOLERATION 政治信仰自由

LESSON 68 WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE? 是什么构成了国家

LESSON 69 THE BRAVE AT HOME 家中的勇士

LESSON 70 SOUTH CAROLINA 南卡罗来纳州

LESSON 71 MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA 马萨诸塞州和南卡罗来纳州

LESSON 72 THE CHURCH SCENE FROM EVANGELINE 伊凡吉林眼中的教堂一幕

LESSON 73 SONG OF THE SHIRT 衬衫之歌

LESSON 74 DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND 棋逢对手

LESSON 75 THANATOPSIS 死亡观

LESSON 76 INDIAN JUGGLERS 印度杂耍艺人

LESSON 77 ANTONY OVER CAESAR'S DEAD BODY 凯撒遗体前

的安东尼

LESSON 78 THE ENGLISH CHARACTER 英国人的品格

LESSON 79 THE SONG OF THE POTTER 陶工之歌

LESSON 80 A HOT DAY IN NEW YORK 纽约酷热的一天

LESSON 81 DISCONTENT.—AN ALLEGORY 人心不足——一则寓言

LESSON 82 JUPITER AND TEN 朱庇特和十

LESSON 83 SCENE FROM "THE POOR GENTLEMAN" 《可怜的绅士》中的一场

LESSON 84 MY MOTHER'S PICTURE 母亲的画像

LESSON 85 DEATH OF SAMSON 参孙之死

LESSON 86 AN EVENING ADVENTURE 夜晚奇遇

LESSON 87 THE BAREFOOT BOY 赤脚男孩

LESSON 88 THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS 手套与狮子

LESSON 89 THE FOLLY OF INTOXICATION 酒后荒唐

LESSON 90 STARVED ROCK 饥饿岩

LESSON 91 PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF 亨利亲王和福斯塔夫

LESSON 92 STUDIES 论读书

LESSON 93 SURRENDER OF GRANADA 格拉纳达之降

LESSON 94 HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY 哈姆雷特的独白

LESSON 95 GINEVRA 金妮维亚

LESSON 96 INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES 发明与发现

LESSON 97 ENOCH ARDEN AT THE WINDOW 窗前的伊诺克·雅顿

LESSON 98 LOCHINVAR 洛钦瓦尔

LESSON 99 SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER 关于审判一个谋杀犯的演讲

LESSON 100 THE CLOSING YEAR 逝年

LESSON 101 A NEW CITY IN COLORADO 科罗拉多的新城

LESSON 102 IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION 联邦的重要性

LESSON 103 THE INFLUENCES OF THE SUN 日光的影响力

LESSON 104 COLLOQUIAL POWERS OF FRANKLIN 富兰克林的话语感染力

LESSON 105 THE DREAM OF CLARENCE 克拉伦斯的梦

LESSON 106 HOMEWARD BOUND 返航

LESSON 107 IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS 控告沃伦·哈斯廷斯

LESSON 108 DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC 卡纳提克的毁灭

LESSON 109 THE RAVEN 乌鸦

- LESSON 110 A VIEW OF THE COLOSSEUM 罗马竞技场的风景
- LESSON 111 THE BRIDGE 桥
- LESSON 112 OBJECTS AND LIMITS OF SCIENCE 科学的目标与局限
- LESSON 113 THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND 波兰的衰落
- LESSON 114 LABOR 劳动
- LESSON 115 THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM 赫库兰尼姆的末日
- LESSON 116 HOW MEN REASON 人是如何推理的
- LESSON 117 THUNDERSTORM ON THE ALPS 阿尔卑斯山上的暴风雨
- LESSON 118 ORIGIN OF PROPERTY 财产起源
- LESSON 119 BATTLE OF WATERLOO 滑铁卢之战
- LESSON 120 "WITH BRAINS, SIR" “动动脑筋，阁下”
- LESSON 121 THE NEW ENGLAND PASTOR 新英格兰牧师
- LESSON 122 DEATH OF ABSALOM 押沙龙之死
- LESSON 123 ABRAHAM DAVENPORT 亚伯拉罕·达文波特
- LESSON 124 THE FALLS OF THE YOSEMITE 约塞米蒂大瀑布
- LESSON 125 A PSALM OF LIFE 人生颂
- LESSON 126 FRANKLIN'S ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA 富兰克

林入费城

LESSON 127 LINES TO A WATERFOWL 致水鸟

LESSON 128 GOLDSMITH AND ADDISON 格尔斯密斯与艾迪生

LESSON 129 IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL 灵魂不朽

LESSON 130 CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON 华盛顿之品格

LESSON 131 EULOGY ON WASHINGTON 华盛顿颂

LESSON 132 THE SOLITARY REAPER 孤独的割麦女

LESSON 133 VALUE OF THE PRESENT 现在的价值

LESSON 134 HAPPINESS 幸福

LESSON 135 MARION 马里恩

LESSON 136 A COMMON THOUGHT 共同的思想

LESSON 137 A DEFINITE AIM IN READING 明确的阅读目标

LESSON 138 ODE TO MT. BLANC 咏白朗峰

返回总目录

LESSON 1

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

纽卡斯尔公爵 (1) 轶事

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word. This sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassment; and it was this proneness to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the following anecdote:

At the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance. This object the Duke, by well applied argument and personal application, at length attained; and the gentleman he recommended, gained the election. In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested, that he should

consider himself as forever indebted to him; and that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, who was an honest fellow, and would not have thought himself entitled to any reward, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the Duke for his kindness, and told him the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and, if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render his grace every assistance in their power, on any future occasion.

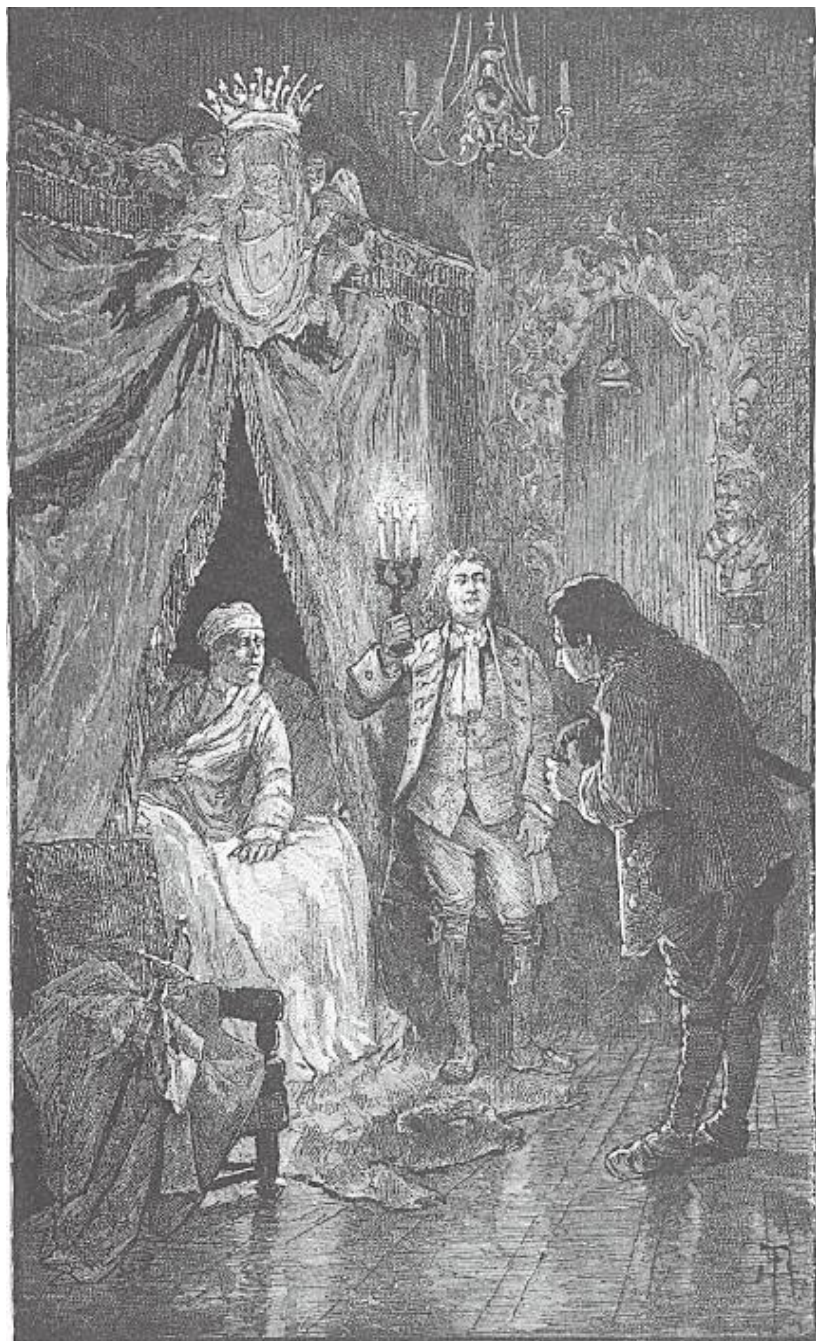
"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace; "your relative shall have it the moment the place is vacant, if you will but call my attention to it."

"But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? For in London, I understand, it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country."

"The instant the man dies," replied the Duke, "set out posthaste for London; drive directly to my house, and, be it by night or by day, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you upstairs directly; and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes."

The parties separated; the Duke drove to a friend's house in the neighborhood, without a wish or desire to see his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of the Cornish elector, not being burdened with such a variety of objects, was more retentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the Duke's humble

friend, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London posthaste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of that nobleman's palace.



The reader should be informed, that just at this time, no less a

person than the King of Spain was expected hourly to depart this life, an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned; and the Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote arrived at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired that he might be shown upstairs, the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep; and the porter, settled for the night in his armchair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers. To his first question, "Is the Duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed; but has left particular orders that, come when you will, you are to go up to him directly."

"Bless him, for a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applicant for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation at the prime minister's kindness, "how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I verily believe they are as honest, and mean as well as any other folks." Having ascended the stairs as he was speaking, he was ushered into the Duke's bedchamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awakened from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find

the election promise, with all its circumstances, so fresh in the nobleman's memory.

"When did he die?"

"The day before yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff; and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time; and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain: "Is the man drunk, or mad? Where are your dispatches?" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; where, instead of a royal courier, he recognized at the bedside, the fat, good-humored countenance of his friend from Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make, in favor of his son-in-law, at the last election."

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, the Duke frowned for a moment; but chagrin soon gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a combination of circumstances, and, yielding to the impulse, he sunk upon the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little narrative, concludes, with observing, "Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relative of his old acquaintance on the throne of His Catholic Majesty, he

advanced him to a post not less honorable—he made him an exciseman."

(Blackwood's Magazine)

【中文阅读】

在纽卡斯尔老公爵施政期间，流传着一个让人捧腹的故事，在众人口耳相传之下有多个版本。这位贵族的优点数不尽数，他的突出优点是擅长夸口许诺，且不分何时何地——无论三教九流有事来求他，不等他们开口，他就能道出他们的心里话，满足他们的需要，对此他也特别引以为傲。这么做有时会让他陷入荒唐可笑、进退两难的境地，正是这种到处许诺的嗜好，才引出了如下这桩轶事：

康沃尔郡某个自治区选举，竞选的两派所得票数不相上下，到了一票定胜负的关键时刻。公爵通过滔滔不绝的雄辩，私底下又做了许多工作，终于争取到这一票；而他所力荐的年轻人赢得了这次选举。公爵满怀感激之情，对这个投出最后一票的幸运者不停地致谢，信誓旦旦地许诺，称他为自己最亲近的朋友。公爵声称从此以后都认为自己对有所亏欠，无论日夜都愿为他效劳。

康沃尔郡的这个投票者是个老实人，他本来不觉得自己应为此获得什么奖赏，但在公爵如洪水般倾泻的致谢辞中，他回谢了公爵的好意，并告诉公爵税务官年事已高，身体虚弱；万一这老家伙故去，若公爵能大发善心推荐他的女婿接任，那么他和他的家人将来一定会不遗余力地报答他的恩情。

“我亲爱的朋友，你为什么想要谋得这么卑微的差事呢？”公爵大人惊叫道：“这个职位一空出来，保管就是你亲戚的了。只要你到时候跟我说一声。”

“但尊敬的阁下，我怎么才能见到您呢？我知道，虽然在乡下您对我们都非常友善亲切，但在伦敦，要见到您这样的大人物可是难上加难啊。”

“那人一死，”公爵答道：“你就立马前往伦敦，直接让马车来到我家，不管白天黑夜，你只管用力敲门。我会留话给我的门房，让他直接把你带到楼上，这个职位自会如你所愿地安排好。”

两人就此分别；公爵乘马车去了附近的一位朋友家。此后七年，他从未想起来要去看看这位新相识。但康沃尔郡的选举人尽管诸事繁杂，记性可是真不赖。数月后那位税务官去世，公爵这位谦卑的朋友谨记着公爵阁下的话，火速赶往伦敦，飞快地来到了大人的宅邸门前。

此处要告知诸位读者：就在此时，西班牙国王已经奄奄一息，随时即可驾鹤西去，这是大不列颠的大臣最为关心的事情。就在那个曾投下关键一票的选举人来到纽卡斯尔公爵门前的那个夜晚，公爵正焦急地等待着来自马德里的急件。他公事繁忙，加上心情焦虑，此刻已是疲惫不堪，于是便回房休息。休息前他特别交代门房不要睡觉，因为有一位携带极重要信息的信使随时会到，他一直在等着。他嘱咐说信使一到就叫他上楼。

公爵阁下睡熟了，门房这一夜就坐在他的靠椅里，他也开始打盹了，发出响亮的呼噜声，此时康沃尔郡的选举人用强壮的胳膊把他摇醒了。劈头盖脸就是一个问题：“公爵在家吗？”门房回答：“是的，他在睡觉。但他特别交代我说，你来到时就直接过去找他。”

“上帝保佑他，他真是个诚实的绅士、真正的绅士！”首相大人的仁慈体贴，让这个前来谋求职位的人笑了，赞许地点点头：“大人是多么守信啊！我就知道他不会骗我，人们总说勋爵和公爵的诺言如同儿戏，这种话我再也不要听了。我坚信他们是诚实的，他们和其他人

一样言出必行。”他边说边走上楼去，门房把他带到公爵的卧室里。

“他死了吗？”公爵大人正梦见西班牙国王呢，他边揉着眼边喊道，还未完全清醒过来：“他死了吗？”

“是的，大人。”这位满心急切的期待者回答他，他高兴地发现，对选举时许下的承诺，公爵大人可是全部记得一清二楚。

“他什么时候死的？”

“前天，确切时间是1点半。他之前已卧床不起三个星期，吃了好些医生开的药。我希望大人能兑现诺言，让我的女婿接任他的职位。”

此时公爵已完全清醒过来，这么短的时间就收到了来自马德里的消息，他感到很吃惊；而国王的信使竟请求让自己的女婿接任西班牙国王，这种荒唐事让他脑子也糊涂了：“这人是醉了还是疯了？你的信件在哪里？”公爵大人喊道，他急匆匆地拉起帘子，认出了床边站的并非是皇家信使，而是一张胖胖的、表情愉悦的脸——分明是他来自康沃尔郡的老朋友，正深深地鞠着躬，手里捧着帽子说：“希望大人不要忘了当初好意许下的慷慨诺言——您上次选举时说要照顾我的女婿。”

对这个如此不合时宜的打扰，公爵不禁皱起了眉头，也对西班牙还未传来消息感到失望。但在这个奇特而荒谬的巧合面前，他的不快马上就被欢乐冲散，不禁倒在床上哈哈大笑起来，他的随从于是也受到感染齐声大笑起来。

讲述这个故事的人最后发了一通议论，总结道：“尽管纽卡斯尔公爵无法将老相熟的亲戚送上天主教国王的宝座，他还是把那人擢升到了一个不失尊贵的职位上——那人当上了税务官。”

（《布莱克伍德》杂志）

-
- (1) 公爵，英国贵族称号。本文中纽卡斯尔公爵指英国第四位首相托马斯·佩勒姆·霍利斯。

LESSON 2

THE NEEDLE

银针

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling

In waltz or cotillon, at whist or quadrille;

And seek admiration by vauntingly telling

Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill:

But give me the fair one, in country or city,

Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,

Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,

While plying the needle with exquisite art:

The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,

The needle directed by beauty and art.

If Love have a potent, a magical token,

A talisman, ever resistless and true,
A charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue,
'T is this; and his armory never has furnished
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;
Let beauty direct it, so polished and burnished,
And oh! it is certain of touching the heart:
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;
You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
As gayly convened at the work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active, playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art:
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,

The needle directed by beauty and art.

(Samuel Woodworth)

【中文阅读】

时尚的欢快佳人也许在吹嘘
擅长华尔兹或方步舞，牌术也无人能及
又炫耀着绘画和音乐的技艺，
靠到处吹嘘赚取赞美之词，
但请给我一位佳人，无论乡村或城市，
她珍视她的家，亦爱干家里的活，
欢快地哼着乡下小调，
娴熟优雅地引线穿针：
光闪闪的小银针，穿梭飞舞的银针，
美和艺术是它的主宰。

倘若爱有一种别具魔力的象征，
一个万灵符，灵验得永无抵挡，
这魅力从不落空，无法招架，
如巫术般铁定无疑地俘获人心，

就是这银针了，他永远无法设防，
这迅疾的小飞镖百发百中、闪闪发亮；
让美来指引它吧，光洁锃亮，
啊！毋庸置疑，它已触及心房：
光闪闪的小银针，穿梭飞舞的银针，
美和艺术是它的主宰。

要懂得明智，姑娘们呀，不要贪图夸耀，
花枝招展地俘虏人心，钓得众人心；
无论你富有或贫穷，高贵或卑微，
最可爱的时刻不是在舞会上，
而是愉悦地围在堆满针线活儿的桌旁，
各司其职，快活地劳作，
哼着小曲讲着故事，醉心于手中的活儿，
银针在手里娴熟地穿梭：
光闪闪的小银针，穿梭飞舞的银针，
美和艺术是它的主宰。

（塞缪尔·伍德沃斯）

LESSON 3

DAWN

黎明

Edward Everett, 1794-1865. He was born at Dorchester, Mass., now a part of Boston, and graduated from Harvard College with the highest honors of his class, at the age of seventeen. While yet in college, he had quite a reputation as a brilliant writer. Before he was twenty years of age, he was settled as pastor over the Brattle Street Church, in Boston, and at once became famous as an eloquent preacher. In 1814, he was elected Professor of Greek Literature in his Alma Mater; and, in order to prepare himself for the duties of his office, he entered on an extended course of travel in Europe. He edited the "North American Review," in addition to the labors of his professorship, after he returned to America.

In 1825, Mr. Everett was elected to Congress, and held his seat in the House for ten years. He was Governor of his native state from 1835 to 1839. In 1841, he was appointed Minister to England. On his return, in 1846, he was chosen President of Harvard University, and held the office for three years. In 1852, he was appointed Secretary of State. February 22, 1856, he delivered, in Boston, his celebrated lecture on Washington.

This lecture was afterwards delivered in most of the principal cities and towns in the United States. The proceeds were devoted to the purchase of Mt. Vernon. In 1860, he was a candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States, He is celebrated as an elegant and forcible writer, and a chaste orator.

This extract, a wonderful piece of word painting, is a portion of an address on the "Uses of Astronomy," delivered at the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, N, Y, Note the careful use of words, and the strong figures in the third and fourth paragraphs.

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night,—the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we

proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hilltops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told, that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

【中文阅读】

几周以前，我有机会乘坐早班火车从普罗维登斯去波士顿，为此要在凌晨两点起床。周围的一切都包裹在黑暗沉寂之中，只有火车忽然启动向前驶去时，那神秘的轰隆声才会打破这静谧。这是个温暖宁静的仲夏夜，万里无云，微风轻抚。那时下弦月刚刚升起，星星在她面前并不逊色，仍然闪烁着，散发出幽魂般的光芒。

木星悬挂在天边已经两个钟头了，预示黎明将至；昴宿星刚刚从地平线上升起，在东方挥洒着它们恬静的光芒；天琴座在天顶附近闪烁；南方的仙女座在肉眼的注视下半遮半掩着它的光辉；两颗指极星一如既往地闪耀，远远地在北极点之下向北方望去，指向北极星——它们的君王。

这正是我登上火车时所看到的奇美之景。随着火车前行，羞涩展露的微光渐明，天穹的深蓝开始变得柔和；小星星们就如同孩童一般，先回去睡觉了。七星姐妹的光芒很快模糊成一片；但西方和北方那些明亮的恒星仍然高高悬挂。星云继续奇妙的变幻。天使的双手躲开凡人的眼睛，变化着天国的景色。夜晚的光华消融在黎明的曙光中。

蓝色的天幕现在渐变成柔和的灰白；大大的守夜星们合上了神圣的双眼。东方开始天色发亮。一抹抹淡淡的紫红很快染红了天际。晨光如潮水般满溢了整个天国的苍穹，它们从天上喷涌而出，汇成一个无边的光之海洋。最后，当我们抵达特克斯和凯斯特群岛时，一束紫红的火焰在地平线之上熊熊燃烧，把繁花绿叶上纯洁的泪珠映照成红宝石和闪钻。顷刻间，永恒的清晨之门一扇扇赫然洞开，白日的主宰开始出场，它射出光芒万丈，让人无法直视。

古波斯的教徒在世间清晨登上中亚的高山之巅，无视真正的上帝，却顶礼膜拜上帝之手所创造的光辉璀璨之景；这并不令我感到惊

奇。但让我诧异无比的是：人们告诉我，在这启蒙时代，基督教世界的中心，有人亲眼目睹着造物主力量 and 智慧的日日展示，却发自内心地说：“世上根本就没有上帝。”

LESSON 4

DESCRIPTION OF A STORM

风暴之歌

Benjamin Disraeli. 1805-1881, was of Jewish descent. His ancestors were driven out of Spain by the Inquisition, and went to Venice. In 1748, his grandfather came to England. His father was Isaac Disraeli, well known as a literary man. Benjamin was born in London, and received his early education under his father. He afterwards studied for a lawyer, but soon gave up his profession for literature. His first novel, "Vivian Grey," appeared when the author was twenty-one years of age; it received much attention. After several defeats he succeeded in an election to Parliament, and took his seat in that body, in the first year of Victoria's reign. On his first attempt to speak in Parliament, the House refused to hear him. It is said that, as he sat down, he remarked that the time would come when they would hear him. In 1849, he became the leader of the Conservative party in the House. During the administration of W. E. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli was leader of the opposition. In 1868, he became prime minister, holding the office for a short time. In 1874, he was again appointed to the same office, where he remained until 1880. His wife was made

Viscountess of Beaconsfield in 1868. After her death, the title of Earl of Beaconsfield was conferred on Disraeli. He ranked among the most eminent, statesmen of the age, but always devoted a portion of his time to literature. "Lothair," a novel, was published in 1870.

They looked round on every side, and hope gave way before the scene of desolation. Immense branches were shivered from the largest trees; small ones were entirely stripped of their leaves; the long grass was bowed to the earth; the waters were whirled in eddies out of the little rivulets; birds, leaving their nests to seek shelter in the crevices of the rocks, unable to stem the driving air, flapped their wings and fell upon the earth; the frightened animals of the plain, almost suffocated by the impetuosity of the wind, sought safety and found destruction; some of the largest trees were torn up by the roots; the sluices of the mountains were filled, and innumerable torrents rushed down the before empty gullies. The heavens now open, and the lightning and thunder contend with the horrors of the wind.

In a moment, all was again hushed. Dead silence succeeded the bellow of the thunder, the roar of the wind, the rush of the waters, the moaning of the beasts, the screaming of the birds. Nothing was heard save the splash of the agitated lake, as it beat up against the black rocks which girt it in.

Again, greater darkness enveloped the trembling earth. Anon, the heavens were rent with lightning, which nothing could have quenched but the descending deluge. Cataracts poured down from

the lowering firmament. For an instant, the horses dashed madly forward; beast and rider blinded and stifled by the gushing rain, and gasping for breath. Shelter was nowhere. The quivering beasts reared, and snorted, and sank upon their knees, dismounting their riders.

He had scarcely spoken, when there burst forth a terrific noise, they knew not what; a rush, they could not understand; a vibration which shook them on their horses. Every terror sank before the roar of the cataract. It seemed that the mighty mountain, unable to support its weight of waters, shook to the foundation. A lake had burst upon its summit, and the cataract became a falling ocean. The source of the great deep appeared to be discharging itself over the range of mountains; the great gray peak tottered on its foundation!—It shook!—it fell! and buried in its ruins the castle, the village, and the bridge!

【中文阅读】

它们环顾四处，希望在这一片荒芜之地找到退路。就连最粗壮的树上那繁茂的枝叶也在抖动，而小树的叶子已落得一干二净，高高的野草弯腰贴地；小溪里的溪水打着漩涡溢出，小鸟们离开了巢穴，到石缝里寻找栖身之处，无法顶着强劲的大风飞行，扑打着翅膀跌倒在地。草原上受惊的动物们在这猛烈的风中几乎无法喘气，它们找寻着安全的容身之所，却发现到处都是一片狼藉。林间有些最粗壮的树木连根拔起，山上的蓄水满溢，无数洪流沿着原本干涸的沟壑滚滚而下。天空开裂，电闪雷鸣与狂暴骇人的大风斗得难解难分。

过了一会儿，一切又安静下来。雷霆怒吼，烈风咆哮，洪流滚滚，野兽呼号，小鸟尖叫——紧接着是死一样的沉寂。听不见任何的

声音，只有湖水翻腾，撞击着四周的黑乎乎的岩石哗哗作响。

更浓稠的黑暗再次笼罩了颤抖的大地。顷刻间，闪电撕破苍穹，威力无穷，只有倾泻如注的大雨才能与之匹敌。瀑布般的水流从阴沉的天空中奔涌而下。一时间马儿发疯一般向前猛冲，这些马儿和它们的骑手都让这滂沱大雨迷住了眼睛、扼住了喉咙，只得大口地喘气呼吸。无处藏身。浑身战栗的马儿们后腿直立，打着响鼻，膝盖打了弯，把骑手掀下马来。

他一直保持沉默，此时爆发了一阵可怕的巨响，人们并不知道是怎么回事。洪水气势汹汹，他们猝不及防；忽然地动山摇，他们在马背上惊得目瞪口呆。在大瀑布的怒吼面前，每个人心里都充满了恐惧。似乎那巍峨的群山再也无法承受水流的重量，整个摇晃起来。高涨的湖水终于泛滥而出，瀑布成了倾倒的海洋。最深处的水源仿佛漫流在群山之间，那灰白的巨峰也摇摇欲坠起来！它晃着！它倒了！山崩地裂，城堡、山村和桥梁都夷为平地了！

LESSON 5

AFTER THE THUNDERSTORM

暴雨过后

James Thomson, 1700-1748, the son of a clergyman, was born in Scotland. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and intended to follow the profession of his father, but never entered upon the duties of the sacred office. In 1724 he went to London, where he spent most of his subsequent life. He had shown some poetical talent when it boy; and, in 1826, he published "Winter," a part of a longer poem, entitled "The Seasons," the best known of all his works. He also wrote several plays for the stage; none of them, however, achieved any great success. In the last year of his life, he published his "Castle of Indolence," the most famous of his works excepting "The Seasons." Thomson was heavy and dull in his personal appearance, and was indolent in his habits. The moral tone of his writings is always good. This extract is from "The Seasons."

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds

Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky

Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure.

Through the lightened air
A higher luster and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and nature smiles revived.

'T is beauty all, and grateful song around,
Joined to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clovered vale:
And shall the hymn be marred by thankless man,
Most favored; who, with voice articulate,
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?

Shall man, so soon forgetful of the Hand
That hushed the thunder, and serenest the sky,

Extinguished fed that spark the tempest waked,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

【中文阅读】

天国的脸庞上飘落，支离破碎的云朵
四处飘忽不定，一望无垠的苍穹
云浪升华起伏，天上的世界延展成
纯净的碧空。

透过轻盈的空气
更高处光芒四射，更清澈的平静，
四散、颤抖，仿佛暗示着
危险重重的过去，闪亮的欢乐长袍，
金色光芒变幻出色彩阑珊，
倾泻在田野之上，大自然重现微笑。

这就是全部的美，感恩的歌儿四处回荡，
牛群低头吃草，羊儿咩咩叫——

长满三叶草的山谷里，牲畜们吃着茂密的草：

这样的圣歌是否会被不知感恩的人所玷污？

那些得到上天最多的眷顾，能清晰有力表达之人，

是否能带领这个卑微的世界齐声合唱？

人是如此飞快地遗忘了造物主之手——

它沉寂了雷声，晴朗了天空，

熄灭了激起暴风雨的火花，

它威力无穷，

那颗脆弱的人心却已不再恐惧？

LESSON 6

HOUSE CLEANING

清扫家居

Francis Hopkinson, 1737-1791. He was the son of an Englishman; born in Philadelphia, and was educated at the college of that city, now the University of Pennsylvania. He represented New Jersey in the Congress of 1776, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was one of the most sensible and elegant writers of his time, and distinguished himself both in prose and verse. His lighter writings abound in humor and keen satire; his more solid writings are marked by clearness and good sense. His pen did much to forward the cause of American independence. His "Essay on Whitewashing," from which the following extract is taken, was mistaken for the composition of Dr. Franklin, and published among his writings, It was originally in the form of "A Letter from a Gentleman in America to his Friend in Europe, on Whitewashing."

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not, if she pleases, claim her privilege; but the latter end of May is generally

fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is at hand. If the lady grows uncommonly fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of everything about her, these are symptoms which ought not to be neglected, yet they sometimes go off without any further effect.

But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets filled with a solution of lime in water, there is no time for hesitation. He immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers and private property are kept, and, putting the key into his pocket, betakes himself to flight. A husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage. His authority is superseded, his commission suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more importance than he. He has nothing for it but to abdicate for a time, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are stripped of their furniture—paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie huddled in heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows, chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles, crowd the yard, and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, under petticoats, and ragged breeches. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, joint stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There a

closet has disgorged its bowels—riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wineglasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters—from the rag hole in the garret, to the rat hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom had come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment.

In this tempest, the words of King Lear unavoidably present themselves, and might, with little alteration, be made strictly applicable.

"Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pothor o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipp'd of justice.
Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace."

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings

with brushes dipped into a solution of lime, called whitewash; to pour buckets of water over every floor; and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes, charged with soft soap and stonecutters' sand.

The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the penthouse, at the risk of her neck, and, with a mug in her hand and a bucket within reach, dashes innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation: but after long argument, it was determined that no damages could be awarded; inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences. And so the poor gentleman was doubly non-suited; for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law.

These smearings and scratchings, these washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house raising, or a ship launch—recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleansing match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things clean. It matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles suffer mutilation or death under the operation. A mahogany chair and a carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made clean at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention.

For instance: a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; a number of smaller prints are piled upon it, until the superincumbent weight cracks the lower glass—but this is of no importance. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, till the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvas of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak through and deface the engraving—no matter. If the glass is clean and the frame shines, it is sufficient—the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician hath made a calculation, founded on long experience, and proved that the losses and destruction incident to two white washings are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

This cleansing frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance: the storm abates, and all would be well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community should pass over without producing some consequences. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes, sore throats, or severe colds, occasioned by exhalations from wet floors and damp walls.

I know a gentleman here who is fond of accounting for everything in a philosophical way. He considers this, what I call a custom, as a real periodical disease peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but after much study, he thought he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he

caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort. His hope was, that when the whitewashing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of the disease in this outpost, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at headquarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should, since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband at least once in every year; to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher's; which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper. This is generally done. And though it does not abolish, it at least shortens the period of female dominion. This paper is decorated with various fancies; and made so ornamental that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation to the husband's distress. He generally has the sole use of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, even in the whitewashing season, and stands like the land of Goshen amidst the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever upon his guard; for, should he inadvertently go abroad and leave the key in his door, the housemaid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms, and brushes—takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts

an his books and papers "to rights," to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment.

【中文阅读】

一年中没有哪个季节，女士们会大发善心而不去行使她们的特权；但一般而言，五月末就是她们固定行使权力的日子。警惕的丈夫可要从一些蛛丝马迹中预感风暴来临的时间。要是女主人愈发烦躁，老是挑仆人的毛病，不满孩子的表现，抱怨着所有的一切都肮脏不堪——这些都是不可忽视的征兆，不过有时这些征兆也会莫名地消失，没有引发进一步的举措。

不过，要是丈夫清早起床时发现，院子里停了辆装着许多石灰的手推车，或看到一些盛满石灰水的水桶，那就再也不能有片刻迟疑了。他立刻锁起了放置文件和私房物品的柜子或贮藏室，把钥匙放到口袋里，然后逃之夭夭。无论如何受夫人爱戴，在这个女人大发雷霆的季节，丈夫都不是个眼中钉。他的威严一落千丈，他的职权暂时中止，而那个在厨房里洗着铜碗铜碟的佣人却变得比他还要重要。他无计可施，只能姑且退居二线，面对这桩他既无法阻止、也不能设法减轻的“罪恶”，唯有一走了之。

丈夫走了，清扫仪式开始。墙壁上的装饰一扫而空，油画、印刷品和镜子杂乱地堆在地上；窗帘扯了下来，床快要塞到窗户里去，椅子、桌子、床架和托架把院子里塞得满满的。花园的围栏不堪重负，被堆在上面的地毯、毛巾、斗篷、旧大衣、衬裙和短裤压弯。你可能还会看到厨房里的各式杂物，黑乎乎的一大堆，在这幅图景中，首先跳入你眼帘的是：折凳、烤架和煎锅，锈迹斑斑的锅铲和坏掉的火钳，还有那残缺破烂的灯心草椅垫。那儿有个橱柜已经吐得一干二净：铆钉钉住的盘碟，碎成两半的瓷碗，有裂纹的大玻璃杯子，打碎的葡萄酒杯，不知装了什么药的小瓶，包着不知名粉末的纸张，种子

和干草，茶壶盖子，早已扔掉的瓶塞——从阁楼上的破孔，到天花板的老鼠洞，没有地方能幸免于难，全都被翻个底朝天。看起来仿佛是末日审判的那一天已经来临，这屋子里的东西都被拉出来受审。

在这场暴乱之中，李尔王的话语无疑能代表它们的心声，只要稍作改变，大概就再妥帖不过。

掀起这场可怕的骚动，
让他们现在找到他们的敌人吧。
战栗吧，你尚未被人发觉，
逍遥法外的罪人！
躲起来吧，你杀人的凶手，
你用伪善欺人的骗子，
你道貌岸然的逆伦禽兽。
魂飞魄散吧，你用正直的外表
遮掩杀人阴谋的大奸巨恶！
撕下你们包藏祸心的伪装，
显露你们罪恶的原形，
向那些可怕的天使哀号乞命吧！

这个仪式就此完成，房子被打扫一空，第二项工作是用蘸了石灰

水的刷子涂抹墙壁和天花板，这叫“粉刷”；把一桶桶的水倒在每块地板上；再用蘸满软皂和石匠用的沙子的硬刷子，把所有隔墙和壁板刮干净。

窗户肯定逃脱不了一场洪水泛滥。一个仆人攀爬在屋檐外面，冒着扭脖子的危险，手里拿着个大杯子，手边放着个大桶，把那么多的水猛泼到窗玻璃上，对街上的行人完全熟视无睹。

我曾听说，有个人于是对其中一位水神提起法律诉讼，因为他被水神的行动糟蹋了一套新衣服。但在漫长的诉讼过后，法官裁定对造成的损失不需做任何赔偿。因为被告人是在行使她的法定权利，无需对其后果负责。于是那可怜的绅士全盘皆输：既丢了他的衣服，又丢了他的官司。

涂抹刮擦，清洁冲洗，一切有条不紊地进行着，接着是下一个仪式：把移位的家具清理干净、重新摆放。你也许见过一座房子拔地而起，或是一条船下水起航——要是可能，请你回忆一下当时场景的匆忙、喧闹和混乱，你就对这场清洁比赛大概有个了解了。不幸的是，比赛的唯一目标就是把东西弄干净。在这项活动中，无论多少日用品、装饰品或值钱的玩意儿遭到损坏，甚或就此报销，都是不值一提。一把红木椅子和一个精雕细琢的架子受到一视同仁的对待，无论如何都要把它们清理干净，而它们的保养则无需关心。

比如说，有一大幅精美的雕刻画平放在地板上，上面擦着好些小幅的版画，这些版画的重量太大，终于压坏了下面的玻璃——但这是无关紧要的。一幅名贵的油画就靠放在尖利的桌角旁；其他东西又靠放在油画旁边，于是这全部的重量终于逼迫着桌角把那幅油画的画布戳穿。每一幅精美的版画，其画框和镶画的玻璃都要擦拭干净，而清洁所用的酒精和涂油就只好渗进画里，破坏了雕刻的图案——这也没关系。只要玻璃一尘不染，画框光亮可鉴，这就够了；其他的都不必考虑。一位高超的算术家通过长期的经验，做了一个估算，证明两次

粉刷墙壁所造成的损失和破坏等同于一次搬家，而三次搬家的后果则不亚于一场火灾。

这场清洁游戏结束了，物品开始恢复它们本来的面目：风暴平息了，一切都会好起来的；但这小小的世界里经受了如此声势浩大的一场动乱，没有造成任何后果就风平浪静却是断无可能的。这场行动过去两三周以后，家人通常都被眼睛酸痛和嗓子发干所折磨，要不就患上严重的感冒，这是由于潮湿的地板和墙壁挥发气味所致。

我认识一位绅士，他喜欢用哲学的方法考虑所有问题。他把我叫作“习俗”的行动看成是一种真正的周期性疾病，与气候密切相关。他的一连串推理异想天开、富于创见，但恕我无暇详述。总之，结果是他发现这种粉刷疾病是无法治愈的；不过在经过大量钻研以后，他自信已发现了一种方法，能让这桩他无法制服的罪行改头换面、获得新生。为此他建了一座面积12平方英尺的房屋，就竖立在他的花园里，房中摆了一些日常用的桌椅，还有几幅最不值钱的图画。他所希望的是，当这种粉刷墙壁的狂热症控制了家里的女性时，她们可以来翻新这座房子，随心所欲地擦洗冲刷涂抹；把这病态的暴力宣泄在“前哨基地”之中，而他就在“总部”安享宁静。但他的试验结果并未如他所愿。这办法断不可行，因为女士们获得快乐的其中一个重要来源，就是每年至少要折磨她的丈夫一次，这是她绝对自由的权力：把丈夫关在门外，一人独揽执政大权。

还有一种妙计，比这哲学家的方法要好得多：把房子里的所有墙壁都用墙纸糊上。很多家里都这么做。尽管它无法根除女性统治的现象，至少还是缩短了期限。这种纸图案多样、画面精美，把房屋打扮得焕然一新，于是女士们欣然接受了这一潮流，却没有觉察设计它的初衷。

还有一种办法能减轻丈夫们的不幸。他通常会拥有一个小房间或一个壁橱的单独使用权，用来放置他的书本文件，其钥匙他准许能自

己掌管。这地方可以当作私人禁地，即便是在粉刷季节，它仍然安然无恙地屹立，如同瘟疫肆虐的埃及中的歌珊地⁽¹⁾。但他必须极为小心，随时保卫着他的领地。因为假如他不慎走开，把钥匙忘在了门上，那么总是在窥伺这一机会的女仆就会马上以胜利者的姿态闯入，手里拿着水桶、扫帚和刷子——马上占领了这一处建筑，毫不犹豫地把他的书本和文件“整理妥当”，让他完全陷入混乱之中，有时还损失惨重。

(1) 语出《圣经》，出埃及前以色列人住的埃及北部肥沃的牧羊地。——译注

LESSON 7

SCHEMES OF LIFE OFTEN ILLUSORY

人生：计划不如变化快

Samuel Johnson, 1700-1784. This truly remarkable man was the son of a bookseller and stationer; he was born in Lichfield, Staffordshire, England. He entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728; but, at the end of three years, his poverty compelled him to leave without taking his degree. In 1736, he married Mrs. Porter, a widow of little culture, much older than himself, but possessed of some property. The marriage seems to have been a happy one, nevertheless; and, on the death of his wife, in 1752, Johnson mourned for her, most sincerely. Soon after his marriage, he opened a private school, but, obtained only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick, afterward the celebrated actor. In 1737, he removed to London, where he lived for most of the remainder of his life. Here he entered upon literary work, in which he continued, and from which he derived his chief support, although at times it was but a meager one. His "Vanity of Human Wishes" was sold for ten guineas. His great Dictionary,

the first one of the English language worthy of mention, brought him 1575 Pounds, and occupied his time for seven years. Most of the money he received for the work went to pay his six amanuenses. The other most famous of his numerous literary works are "The Rambler," "Rasselas," "The Lives of the English Poets," and his edition of Shakespeare. In person, Johnson was heavy and awkward; he was the victim of scrofula in his youth, and of dropsy in his old age. In manner, he was boorish and overbearing; but his great powers and his wisdom caused his company to be sought by many eminent men of his time.

Omar, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive caliphs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance, The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the caliph the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remainder of life than the converse of the wise and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caleb, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was

beautiful and eloquent; Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility.

"Tell me," said Caleb, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me, how I may resemble Omar the prudent? The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

"Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar which spread its branches over my head: 'Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining.

"Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore I shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images which I shall be busy through the rest of my life in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself.

"I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife as beautiful as the houries, and wise as Zobeide; and with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdad, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent.

"I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend on the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.' Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

"The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passion within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor, and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

"I now postponed my purpose of traveling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges: I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and I was commanded to stand at the footstool of the caliph. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

"I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relations of travelers, and resolved some time to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes, I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

"In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of my traveling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But, at fifty, no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

"Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with an unalterable resolution of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad."

【中文阅读】

哈桑的儿子奥马尔已过了75岁高寿，尽享荣华富贵。接连三任的哈里发（对穆斯林国家政教领袖的尊称）都对他十分倚重，因而他的家里堆满了金银财宝；只要他一出现，所到之处必是一片欢呼，人们纷纷为他祝福。

世俗的幸福稍纵即逝，明亮的火焰正在消耗它的燃料，芬芳的花朵在四溢的香气之中渐渐凋零。奥马尔的身体开始衰弱了。一络卷发从他的头上掉落，他的双手没有了力气，双腿也不再矫健敏捷。他向时任的哈里发交还了信任之匙和秘密印章，从此只和睿智之人交谈、得到良善之人感恩，这便是他余生的乐趣，此外别无所求。

他的思维却仍然敏捷过人。他的家里宾客如云，渴望听他亲自讲

述种种经历，人们对他交口称颂、赞美不绝。埃及总督的儿子凯勒每天一大早就来到他家，一直到很晚才离去。他风流倜傥、能言会道，奥马尔既欣赏他的才智，也喜欢他的恭顺。

“请您告诉我——”凯勒说：“您的声音有许多国家都曾聆听，您的睿智已传至亚洲最边远的角落——请您告诉我，我如何才能效仿智慧的奥马尔阁下？你赢得大权，又能持盈保泰，而这其中的秘诀对您来说已不再必需。告诉我您行为处事的奥秘吧，您的智慧为您赢得了巨大成功，请教授我您的人生规划吧。”

“年轻人，”奥马尔说：“提前规划人生毫无用处。我20岁那年初次审视世间，独自思考了人类的各种境遇，我靠在一棵枝繁叶茂的雪松上，暗暗对自己说道：‘人一般有70年的寿命，我现在还剩下50年。’”

“我要用十年的时间学习学问，用十年的时间游历各国。我将成为一个博学的人，我会因此受到人们的尊敬。每个城市都会为我的到来而欢呼，每位学者都渴求我的友谊。在我的想象里，这样过去20年以后，我的余生都将在整合知识、比较见闻中度过。我将沉浸在源源不断的智慧积累之中，我会每时每刻都发现新的快乐，永远不会对人生感到厌倦。

然而我不会离经叛道，我也会尝试去发现女性之娇美，追寻其中的奥妙。我将要娶一位美若天仙、智慧过人的妻子，我将与她一道住在巴格达城郊20年，尽享荣华富贵，尝遍人间欢乐。

随后我将退隐山林，隐姓埋名，在沉思冥想中度日；到了大限到来之日，便静静地躺在床上。这将是我的最终归宿，我从此不再依仗王公贵族的笑脸，不再胆战心惊地参与宫中的争斗，不再渴望荣耀加身，不再被国家的事务扰乱我的平静。’这就是我当初对人生的规划，现在回忆起来还历历在目。

随后我就把时间用于追求学问，但我不知不觉就违背了初衷。我既没有外在事物的阻挠，内心也没有被任何无法驾驭的激情所打扰。我把获取知识看作是最高的荣耀和最快乐的事，然而光阴似箭、日月如梭，等到我发现第一个十年规划中的七年已过去，我却仍然一无所获。

于是我推迟了游历的计划，我在故乡还有很多未曾学习的事物，为何还要到国外去呢？我隐居了四年，学习国家的法律。我的才华声名远播，能与法官媲美；宫廷发现我能就棘手的难题侃侃而谈，我奉命在国王哈里发的王座前伺候。我的话一言九鼎，人们信任我的意见，赞美之词让我的心里充满快乐。

我仍然希望去见识一下遥远的国度，我入迷地聆听出游者的故事，决心有朝一日要辞去官职，让灵魂享受新奇的盛宴。但我位高权重、身不由己，总是被繁杂的公务缠身。有时，我放弃游历的想法，是生怕人们觉得我忘恩负义。但我仍然有这个计划，因此一直独身，不愿受婚姻约束。

到五十岁的时候，我开始觉得自己年纪渐长、出外游历的心愿恐怕要落空，我想最好还是抓住我仍有能力去把握的幸福，享受家庭的乐趣。然而，五十岁的男人要找一位美若天仙、智慧过人的妻子并不容易。我四处打听，一次次拒绝别人的好意；我深思熟虑，为此多次与人长谈商议。一直到了六十二岁，此时再有结婚的想法已经让我感到难为情了。我的心愿全盘落空，只剩下归隐山林了。但我一直没有时间退隐，直到疾病缠身，不得不卸下公职。

这就是我的人生规划，这就是它的结局。我有永不满足的求知欲，却白白地虚度了提升自我的时光；我一直渴望见识各个不同的国家，却总是住在同一座城市；我对婚姻生活的幸福怀有最高的期待，却终身未娶；我痛下决心要独自归隐山林，却将要在这巴格达的城墙里了此一生。”

LESSON 8

THE BRAVE OLD OAK

勇敢的老橡树

Henry Fothergill Chorley, 1808-1872. He is known chiefly as a musical critic and author; for thirty-eight years he was connected with the "London Athenaeum." His books are mostly novels.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
 Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,
 To gather the dews of May.
And on that day, to the rebec gay
 They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
 But the tree—it still remains.

He saw rare times when the Christmas chimes
 Were a merry sound to hear,
When the Squire's wide hall and the cottage small
 Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,

Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

【中文阅读】

为橡树高唱一曲，勇敢的老橡树，
这长久的森林之主；
宽阔的绿色王冠代表健康与名望，
一条条胳膊那么粗壮。

太阳下山，他皱起的眉间藏了恐惧，
西边的火焰渐渐熄灭；
而他在狂暴的午夜展露威严，
风暴怒吼在他的枝叶之间。

昔日春寒料峭，
光耀他灰白的枝条，
橡树脚下的青草，就像甜美的少女，
采集五月的露珠。

那天三弦琴欢唱，
她们与可爱的情郎欢闹，
她们离开了，他们也魂归他乡，就埋葬在教堂墓地，
但只有那老橡树——挺立依然。

他见证那珍贵瞬间——
当圣诞的钟声敲响，欢乐的声音回荡，
乡绅的厅堂和小小的农舍里，
都充满了欢呼的声音。

现在我们把金钱看得至高无上，
他是冷酷无情的君王；
但他永不会让我们古代的朋友，
在风暴的海洋中起伏跌宕。

为橡树高歌吧，勇敢的老橡树，
傲然挺立，守候孤独；
百年过后依然繁茂，
这老当益壮的绿树。

LESSON 9

THE ARTIST SURPRISED

艺术家之惊喜

It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albert Durer, that that famous engraver was endowed with a "better half," so peevish in temper, that she was the torment not only of his own life, but also of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves by conciliating the common tyrant, but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared only by having their offenses visited upon a scapegoat.

This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Durer had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarser tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly, and humpbacked; he was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, and was picked out as an object of especial dislike by Madame Durer. But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously.

Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He

would, at any time, have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont oftenest to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True, he had not the qualities of social humor or wit, but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak, and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being of the paintings he had produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp. But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There was none sufficiently interested in the poor artist, to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his misshapen frame.

None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his midday repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore with the same meekness the gibes of his fellow-pupils, or the taunts of Madame Durer, and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused, a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

One morning Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this, and another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton, and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary, or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to

stand open. No on thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains.

Meanwhile, the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In his days of health, poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists, rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune; the height of his ambition or hope was, to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means enough to purchase one comfortable meal per day.

Now, alas! however, even that one hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him, without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by fiendish faces, grinning at his sufferings, and taunting his inability to summon power to disperse them. At length the apparition faded away, and the patient sunk into an exhausted slumber.

He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay for a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want if he remained there alone; but to

whom could he apply for aid?

An idea seemed, at last, to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other side of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life for a week longer. Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burden. On his way, he passed a house, about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh, asked what was going on, and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art, collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It has often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, have been sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

Something whispered to the weary Duhobret, that here would be the market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and, after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gesture and language.

"What do you call your picture?" at length, said he, carefully looking at it.

"It is a view of the Abbey of Newburg, with its village and the surrounding landscape," replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked

what it was worth. "Oh, that is what you please; whatever it will bring," answered Duhobret.

"Hem! it is too odd to please, I should think; I can promise you no more than three thalers."

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered would give bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and retiring took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited. "Who bids at three thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. "Will it find a purchaser?" said he despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up; for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist, who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a public sale.

"What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry. "That work is certainly my best;" and he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs and moves those leaves! How transparent is the water! What life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

"Twenty-one thalers!" murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied

painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture dealer, to whom he had first thought of applying.

"Fifty thalers," cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker. There was a silence of hushed expectation. "One hundred thalers," at length thundered the picture dealer.

"Three hundred!" "Five hundred!" "One thousand!" Another profound silence, and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

"Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly, when he saw his adversary hesitate. "Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clinched convulsively. The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out "Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace was at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he in desperation. It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted "One hundred thousand!" The crestfallen picture dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobret, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed

his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, "After such a dream, my misery will seem more cruel!" When the contest ceased, he rose up bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a decrepit, lame, and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks. "May it please your honor," said the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture!" and again he rubbed his eyes.

The tall mall was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocketbook, took out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend," said he; "it is a check for your money. Adieu."

Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle, sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. But, alas, for the vanity of human expectation! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback, and afterward passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

【中文阅读】

对于所有崇拜艾伯特·丢勒才华的人来说，他们也许并不知道这个著名的雕刻家是“家有贤妻”，这位夫人性情喜怒无常，不只让丢勒的

生活饱受折磨，还殃及池鱼，连他的学生和家里人也不能幸免。有些人处事圆滑，懂得取悦这位蛮横跋扈的夫人，于是能与她和平共处。但那些不愿意或不懂得察言观色的人就倒霉了。即便是那些聪明的人，一旦被找茬时也只能找个替罪羊来顶罪。这个不幸的家伙叫塞缪尔·杜霍布雷特，他是丢勒的学徒，丢勒出于怜悯才把他破格录入门下。塞缪尔负责绘制标牌和粗制挂毯，这些产品随后会运往德国。他四十岁上下，小个子，驼背，相貌丑陋。其他的学徒老是捉弄他，向他开恶毒的玩笑；丢勒夫人特别讨厌他，简直把他视为眼中钉。但他一言不发地忍受着这一切，每天晚上吃饭时都毫无怨言，默默地吃完那少得可怜的面包皮，而他的同伴却常常享用丰盛的晚餐。

可怜的塞缪尔心里却没有一丝嫉妒或怨恨。他总是埋头苦干至深夜，那些笑他笑得最厉害、放肆地骂他是蠢驴的人，在他的伺候或协助下干活。确实，他是个缺乏幽默感和才智的人，但他却是不屈不挠、勤奋刻苦的榜样。他每天黎明时分就来到他的工作室，一直干到太阳西下。随后他就回到自己那孤独的小房间里，精心绘画自己的作品，从中寻找乐趣。

塞缪尔就这样辛苦劳作了三年，无暇锻炼身体，更没有消遣娱乐。他独自一人呆在房里的时候，靠着油灯的微光绘成了一些画作，这件事他一个字也没和别人提起。但长年累月的苦工耗费了他的体能，他的身体也渐渐衰弱。没有人会特意关注这位可怜的艺术家的，注意到他刻满皱纹的脸颊上泛起了热病的红晕，而他那佝偻的身体正日渐消瘦下去。

分配给他的午餐少得可怜，且看起来让人毫无食欲——没有人留意到他已经好些天没有动过这份午餐了。塞缪尔像往常一样按时出现，仍然一声不吭地忍受着同伴们的嘲弄和丢勒太太的奚落，还是一样不知疲倦地勤奋工作。不过他的双手有时会颤抖，他的眼睛开始模糊，这大概是他用眼过度落下的毛病。

有一天早上，画室里不见了塞缪尔平常工作的身影。他的缺席让大家议论纷纷，很多人拿他开玩笑。人们猜测着他没来的原因，一个猜是这样，另一个猜是那样。最后人们一致认为这个可怜虫肯定是过于拼命，累得只剩下骨头架子，正在某个药商的橱窗里做最后的展示；要不就是他住所的门打开时，刚好来了一阵风，把他给吹走了。没有人想到要去他的住所找找他——或者是说找找他的骸骨。

此时，逗得众人哄堂大笑的对象正辗转病床。疾病已慢慢毁掉了他的身体，耗尽了他的心血。他翻着白眼，神志不清，他那平常总是紧闭着的双唇，如今正喃喃地说着胡话，前言不搭后语。在身体还健硕的时候，可怜的塞缪尔也有他的梦想，这是普天下所有的艺术家都曾经拥有的，无所谓贫富贵贱。他曾梦想多年的辛劳终将会获得回报，也许会给他带来经济利益，让他有足够的力量安度余生。他从未期盼会获得声名或财富，他最大的野心和希望就是能住进一间免受风吹日晒的廉价公寓，同时每天能吃上一顿丰盛的饭菜。

啊，现在他落得如此境地！即便连唯一的希望也落空了。他觉得自己快要死了。而在弥留之际，却没有一个人能对他稍稍友善一些，没有一句安慰的话能伴他走向另一个世界，让他觉得死是一件多么难受的事。他产生了幻觉，看见床边围着一张张恶魔的脸，狞笑着看他饱受折磨，嘲笑他无法振作起来驱散它们。最后那些幻象终于消失了，这个病魔缠身的人筋疲力尽地睡了过去。

他醒来的时候仍是昏昏沉沉的。他独自躺在病榻上已经五天了，一个人也没来看他一眼。他嗓子渴得冒烟，转了个身，无力地伸手去够盛水的泥壶，从病倒的第一天开始，他就是从泥壶里取水来喝，润润干渴的喉咙。天啊！泥壶已经空了！塞缪尔静静地躺了一会儿，思索着该怎么办。他知道如果再这样独自困在病床上，自己肯定会死的。但他又能向谁求助呢？

最后，他的脑子里忽然闪过了一个念头。他慢慢地爬起身，艰难

地从床边挪到房子的另一头，拿起他最后绘制的那幅画作。他决定要把画拿到画商那儿，希望能拿它卖点儿钱，换回来一周的生活必需品。绝处求生的欲望给了他行走的力气，他扛着那幅画出了门。在路上，他经过了一栋房子，看见那儿围着一堆人。他凑上前去，询问发生了什么事情。有人告诉他说，里面正在举行艺术品大拍卖，是一位业余爱好者花了三十年时间收集而来的。收藏家历尽千辛万苦谋得的收藏品，去世后却被不分优劣地无情拍卖，这也是司空见惯的事情。

塞缪尔此时已精疲力竭，耳边似乎响起了一个声音，悄悄地对他说他应该在这儿卖出他的画作。到画商的店里还有很长一段路，于是他马上改变了原来的主意。他挤进人群之中，奋力爬上台阶，问了一个又一个人，最后找到了拍卖者。他正忙着，手里捧着一摞画。此时来人贸然打断了他的忙碌，他看见这是个骨瘦如柴、脸色灰黄的驼背家伙，低声下气地在哀求着什么。

“你的画是什么内容？”他仔细地看那幅画，终于开口了。

“画的是纽堡修道院的景色，还有它周围的村庄和田野。”这位急切的艺术家的战战兢兢地回答道。

拍卖者又轻蔑地扫视了一眼画作，问塞缪尔这画卖多少钱。“啊，您卖多少钱都行，能卖多少就卖多少吧。”塞缪尔答道。

“哎！这画太古怪了，我觉得很难卖掉。我向你保证，不会超过三个银币 (1) 。”

可怜的塞缪尔深深地叹了一口气。他为了绘制那幅画，花了好几个月时间，每天都画至深夜。但他如今正饿得头晕眼花，那少得可怜的三个银币可以让他吃上几天面包了。他朝拍卖者点点头，就退到角落里头坐下了。

拍卖开始了。在卖出几幅油画和版画后，拍卖者展示了塞缪尔的

画作。“谁出三个银币？有人买吗？”他叫喊道。塞缪尔伸长了脖子聆听着，但没有人回应。“这幅画会有买家吗？”他失望地自语。会场上仍然是一片安静。他不敢再抬头了，似乎所有人都在讥笑这位画家的荒唐，竟然拿了一幅不值一文的作品在拍卖场上出售。

“我会落得怎样的下场？”他扪心自问。“那幅画无疑是我出色的作品。”他鼓起勇气瞥了一眼。“大风吹得枝条摇摆、树叶晃动，难道不是很逼真吗！看那水流，简直是清澈见底！看那正在清泉边上饮水的动物，是多么栩栩如生！教堂的尖顶闪耀着光辉！那一丛丛的绿树多么动人！”艺术家的最后一丝自负在做垂死挣扎。周围仍然是一片不妙的寂静。塞缪尔心如刀割，把脸埋到了双手之间。

“21个银币！”就在拍卖者要落槌示意流拍之际，响起了一个微弱无力的声音。画家目瞪口呆，一脸惊喜。他抬起头，想看看是谁发出了如此慈悲之言。叫价的是画商，他起初就是想把画拿给他的。

“50个银币！”一个洪亮的声音喊道。这次叫价的是个身穿黑衣的高个子男人。会场一片沉默，大家都在安静地等待着。“100个银币！”画商终于大吼道。

“300！”“500！”“1000！”接下来又陷入了长长的沉默。人们纷纷上前，把这两个竞争对手围在中间；两人面对面地站着，怒容满面，一副志在必得的样子。

“2000！”画商喊道，他看见对手有些犹豫，便得意扬扬地打量着他。“一万！”高个子男人嚷着，他的脸愤怒得涨成了猪肝色，双手紧紧地绞在一起。画商的脸色变白了，身子激动得直打战。他两次三番地张嘴，终于喊出声：“两万！”

他的高个子对手是绝不能忍受失败的。他出价4万。画商沉默了，对手发出低沉的笑声，充满了胜利的傲慢，人群中议论纷纷，一片赞叹之声。画商忍无可忍，终于爆发了。“5万！”他不顾一切地喊

道。轮到高个子男人犹豫了。人群再次屏住呼吸。最后他毅然迎接挑战，振臂高呼道：“10万！”画商败下阵来，一副垂头丧气的样子；高个子男人则胜利夺得了奖品。

此时，在这番激动人心的场景之下，塞缪尔怎样了呢？他几乎不敢相信眼前的一切是真的。他不停地揉着双眼，自言自语道：“做了这么一场美梦，我的人生就显得更悲惨了！这对我太残忍了！”那场竞价大赛结束了，他不知所措地站起身来，问了一个人画作卖出的价钱，然后又问了另一个。看起来他的理解能力有限，似乎无法立刻领会那个天文数字。

买下画的人回家了，这虚弱而驼背的家伙跛着脚，拄着一根棍子踉踉跄跄地追上去，拦住了他的去路。他扔了些钱给这个家伙，又摆了摆手，示意不用道谢。“但愿您会喜欢它，”被当作乞丐的家伙说到：“我就是那副画作的作者！”他又揉了揉双眼。买下画的高个子男人是敦克尔斯巴克伯爵，是整个德国最富有的贵族之一。他停下脚步，拿出他的支票本，撕下了其中一张，在上面写了几行字。“朋友，把它拿去吧。”他说，“这是你的支票。再会。”

塞缪尔终于能说服自己，这一切并不是做梦。他成了一座城堡的主人，又把城堡卖掉，并决心从此要好好享受人生，只把绘画作为一种消遣。啊，然而人的愿望总是转眼成空啊！他习惯了忍饥挨饿、辛苦劳作，竟享用不了这样的财富。就像要验证他就是薄命之人一样，不久他就由于消化不良而一命呜呼了。他的画作一直扔在敦克尔斯巴克伯爵的橱子里，后来又辗转到了巴伐利亚国王的手里。

(1) 德国15至19世纪的银币。——译注

LESSON 10

PICTURES OF MEMORY

追忆如画

Alice Cary, 1820-1871, was born near Cincinnati. One of her ancestors was among the "Pilgrim Fathers," and the first instructor of Latin at Plymouth, Mass. Miss Cary commenced her literary career at her western home, and, in 1849, published a volume of poems, the joint work of her younger sister, Phoebe, and herself. In 1850, she moved to New York. Two of her sisters joined her there, and they supported themselves by their literary labor. Their home became a noted resort for their literary and artistic friends. Miss Cary was the author of eleven volumes, besides many articles contributed to periodicals. Her poetry is marked with great sweetness and pathos. Some of her prose works are much admired, especially her "Clovernook Children."

Among the beautiful pictures

That hang on Memory's wall,

Is one of a dim old forest,

That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest,
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,

Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother,
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saintlike beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest

Seemeth the best of all.

【中文阅读】

那些美丽的图画
悬挂在记忆之墙，
一幅幽暗的老树林，
最让我喜欢；
不为那盘根错节的老橡树，
与榭寄生一道遮天蔽日；
不为那紫罗兰闪着金光，
星星点点绽放在深谷中；
不为那依偎着芬芳树篱的
奶白色百合花，
整日与阳光眉来眼去，
又偷走它们的金色锋芒；
不为那高地上的葡萄藤，
缀着鲜红的浆果，
不为石竹花，也不为洁白芳香的报春花，
让我觉得最是喜欢。

我曾有个小弟弟，
双眼乌黑深亮；
在那幽暗的老树林怀里，
他躺下安然熟睡：
身轻如蓟的冠毛，
自由如清风吹拂，
美丽的夏日我们漫游于此，
那是许久以前的夏天；
但他踏在山上的脚步渐衰弱无力，
就在某个秋天即将到来之际，
我为我的小弟弟，
用黄叶铺了一张床。

他苍白的双臂亲切地合拢
温柔地抱住我的脖颈，
神圣之美的光芒
静静地洒落在他脸上；
当落日霞辉如箭
斜插树梢之上，

他在那神圣的美中倒下，

依偎着光芒之门安眠。

于是，所有的图画

悬挂在记忆之墙上，

那幽暗的老树林，

最让我喜欢。

LESSON 11

THE MORNING ORATORIO

晨歌

Wilson Flagg, 1806-1884, was born in Beverly, Mass. He pursued his academical course in Andover, at Phillips Academy, and entered Harvard College, but did not graduate. His chief Works are: "Studies in the Field and Forest," "The Woods and Byways of New England," and "The Birds and Seasons of New England."

Nature, for the delight of waking eyes, has arrayed the morning heavens in the loveliest hues of beauty. Fearing to dazzle by an excess of delight, she first announces day by a faint and glimmering twilight, then sheds a purple tint over the brows of the rising morn, and infuses a transparent ruddiness throughout the atmosphere. As daylight widens, successive groups of mottled and rosy-bosomed clouds assemble on the gilded sphere, and, crowned with wreaths of fickle rainbows, spread a mirrored flush over hill, grove, and lake, and every village spire is burnished with their splendor.

At length, through crimsoned vapors, we behold the sun's broad disk, rising with a countenance so serene that every eye may

view him ere he arrays himself in his meridian brightness. Not many people who live in towns are aware of the pleasure attending a ramble near the woods and orchards at daybreak in the early part of summer. The drowsiness we feel on rising from our beds is gradually dispelled by the clear and healthful breezes of early day, and we soon experience an unusual amount of vigor and elasticity.

During the night, the stillness of all things is the circumstance that most powerfully attracts our notice, rendering us peculiarly sensitive to every accidental sound that meets the ear. In the morning, at this time of year, on the contrary, we are overpowered by the vocal and multitudinous chorus of the feathered tribe. If you would hear the commencement of this grand anthem of nature, you must rise at the very first appearance of dawn, before the twilight has formed a complete semicircle above the eastern porch of heaven.

The first note that proceeds from the little warbling host, is the shrill chirp of the hairbird,—occasionally vocal at an hours on a warm summer night. This strain, which is a continued trilling sound, is repeated with diminishing intervals, until it becomes almost incessant. But ere the hairbird has uttered many notes, a single robin begins to warble from a neighboring orchard, soon followed by others, increasing in numbers until, by the time the eastern sky is flushed with crimson, every male, robin in the country round is singing with fervor.

It would be difficult to note the exact order in which the different birds successively begin their parts in this performance; but the bluebird, whose song is only a short, mellow warble, is heard nearly at the same time with the robin, and the song sparrow

joins them soon after with his brief but finely modulated strain. The different species follow rapidly, one after another, in the chorus, until the whole welkin rings with their matin hymn of gladness.

I have often wondered that the almost simultaneous utterance of so many different notes should produce no discords, and that they should result in such complete harmony. In this multitudinous confusion of voices, no two notes are confounded, and none has sufficient duration to grate harshly with a dissimilar sound. Though each performer sings only a few strains and then makes a pause, the whole multitude succeed one another with such rapidity that we hear an uninterrupted flow of music until the broad light of day invites them to other employments.

When there is just light enough to distinguish the birds, we may observe, here and there, a single swallow perched on the roof of a barn or shed, repeating two twittering notes incessantly, with a quick turn and a hop at every note he utters. It would seem to be the design of the bird to attract the attention of his mate, and this motion seems to be made to assist her in discovering his position. As soon as the light has tempted him to fly abroad, this twittering strain is uttered more like a continued song, as he flits rapidly through the air.

But at this later moment the purple martins have commenced their more melodious chattering, so loud as to attract for a while the most of our attention. There is not a sound in nature so cheering and animating as the song of the purple martin, and none so well calculated to drive away melancholy. Though not one of the earliest voices to be heard, the chorus is perceptibly more loud and effective when this bird has united with the choir.

When the flush of the morning has brightened into vermilion, and the place from which the sun is soon to emerge has attained a dazzling brilliancy, the robins are already less tuneful. They are now becoming busy in collecting food for their morning repast, and one by one they leave the trees, and may be seen hopping upon the tilled ground, in quest of the worms and insects that, have crept out during the night from their subterranean retreats.

But as the robins grow silent, the bobolinks begin their vocal revelries; and to a fanciful mind it might seem that the robins had gradually resigned their part in the performance to the bobolinks, not one of which is heard until some of the former have concluded their songs. The little hairbird still continues his almost incessant chirping, the first to begin and the last to quit the performance. Though the voice of this bird is not very sweetly modulated, it blends harmoniously with the notes of other birds, and greatly increases the charming effect of the combination.

It would be tedious to name all the birds that take part in this chorus; but we must not omit the pewee, with his melancholy ditty, occasionally heard like a short minor strain in an oratorio; nor the oriole, who is really one of the chief performers, and who, as his bright plumage flashes upon the sight, warbles forth a few notes so clear and mellow as to be heard above every other sound. Adding a pleasing variety to all this harmony, the lisping notes of the meadowlark, uttered in a shrill tone, and with a peculiar pensive modulation, are plainly audible, with short rests between each repetition.

There is a little brown sparrow, resembling the hairbird, save a general tint of russet in his plumage, that may be heard distinctly

among the warbling host. He is rarely seen in cultivated grounds, but frequents the wild pastures, and is the bird that warbles so sweetly at midsummer, when the whortleberries are ripe, and the fields are beautifully spangled with red lilies.

There is no confusion in the notes of his song, which consists of one syllable rapidly repeated, but increasing in rapidity and rising to a higher key towards the conclusion. He sometimes prolongs his strain, when his notes are observed to rise and fall in succession. These plaintive and expressive notes are very loud and constantly uttered, during the hour that precedes the rising of the sun. A dozen warblers of this species, singing in concert, and distributed in different parts of the field, form, perhaps, the most delightful part of the woodland oratorio to which we have listened.

At sunrise hardly a robin can be heard in the whole neighborhood, and the character of the performance has completely changed during the last half hour. The first part was more melodious and tranquilizing, the last is more brilliant and animating. The grass finches, the vireos, the wrens, and the linnets have joined their voices to the chorus, and the bobolinks are loudest in their song. But the notes of the birds in general are not so incessant as before sunrise. One by one they discontinue their lays, until at high noon the bobolink and the warbling flycatcher are almost the only vocalists to be heard in the fields.

【中文阅读】

自然，为刚刚睁开的双眼带来欢悦，用最动人的美丽色调涂抹了清晨的天空。她生怕这欢悦太多，会让人眼花缭乱，起初便只用微微

的晨光宣告白日的来临，随后在渐升的曙光之上倾注了一抹紫色，又往整个天空泼洒了轻透的嫣红。随着天色渐亮，彤云不断涌入镀金的天空中，变幻莫测的彩虹编成花环，仿佛为它们加冕；山林湖泊之间映照出一片红光，每个村庄的教堂尖顶都在曙光的精心打磨下闪闪发亮。

终于，在一片绯红的氤氲之中，我们注视着太阳那大大的圆盘冉冉升起，如此庄严沉静，不等它完全释放出所有的光芒，世间的每双眼睛都已留意到它的存在。在初夏的拂晓来到丛林和果园附近漫步，这其中的愉悦，住在城镇里头的人们鲜少能体会。清爽宜人的晨风吹来，渐渐驱散了我们晨起时的昏沉睡意，很快我们就感到神清气爽、活力十足。

夜里，大自然的万籁俱寂最让我们震撼，我们的听觉变得异样灵敏，每一个不经意的声响都逃不过我们的耳朵。而每年这个时节的清晨，情况则恰恰相反，打动我们的是百鸟啁啾，是那声势浩大的朝歌。这是首盛大的自然礼赞，若是你不想错过倾听它的开场，你就得赶在拂晓初至时起床，切莫等到微微的晨光在东方的天际画出明亮的半圆。

这些大自然的小主人们即将一展歌喉，黄道眉细而亮的一声脆啼唱响了它们的第一个音符——这样的歌唱，在温暖的夏夜里偶尔也会响上一会儿。这一段乐曲是一连串颤音，一次次地重复着，间隔越来越短，直到最后几乎连成了一片音。但不等那黄道眉哼出更多的旋律，一只独身的知更鸟就开始在邻近的果园里婉转歌唱，很快其他的伙伴也纷纷加入其中，直到东方的天空焕发出绯红的光芒，乡间的每一只雄性知更鸟都热情万丈地欢唱起来。

要想辨清整场演出中各种鸟儿们开唱的先后顺序，那可绝非易事。而蓝鸫的歌声短促而柔和，它几乎与知更鸟一同亮嗓；还有不甘居后的歌雀，在一小段悠扬的变调后便加入了合唱之中。其他各种鸟

儿也争先恐后地一展歌喉，直到这一曲欢乐的清晨颂歌，响彻云霄。

常常让我惊叹的是，这千百种不同的音符几乎是同时奏响，听起来却没有一丝杂音，恍若浑然天成。在这纷繁的多声部大融合之中，没有哪两个音符互相抵触，也没有谁的声音一直持续到让人觉得刺耳突兀。尽管每位表演者只演唱一个小乐段便稍作停歇，但其他歌手会立即接上，一个接一个地轮番登场，于是我们听到的乐曲始终源源不断如行云流水，直到日光渐炽，歌唱家们转而为其他事情奔忙去了。

当黎明的微光足以分辨各种鸟儿之时，也许我们便会看到一只单身的燕子飞落在谷仓或木棚的顶上，他不停地重复着两个颤音，每蹦出一个音符，都伴随着一个小跳和转身。这仿佛是鸟儿故意要用这动作吸引雌鸟的眼光，让她能轻易发现求爱者所在的方向。一到天色渐明，召唤他展翅高飞，当他穿行在云天之间，这啁啾的乐段便让他唱成了连绵不断的歌谣。

然而过了一刻，紫色的圣马丁鸟便亮开嗓子，唱出更为优美动听的歌声，这歌声如此嘹亮，有好一会儿，我们的注意力都被它们吸引过去了。自然界里再也没有哪种声音能像紫崖燕的歌声那样令人欢喜鼓舞，所有的忧愁都会在这歌声里消散。尽管这不是我们最早听到的歌声，但当这种鸟儿加入唱诗班之时，这大合唱的圣歌便陡然变得更嘹亮动人了。

当晨曦中的红晕颜色渐浓，太阳初升之地披上万丈霞光，知更鸟的鸣叫已经有些漫不经心了。它们一个接一个地飞离了树梢，开始为早餐搜寻食物而奔忙；也许你能在犁过的田地上看到它们跳跃的身影，它们在那里搜寻着，想找到那些夜里从藏身之所悄悄爬出来的蚯蚓和小虫。

但知更鸟的歌声刚刚沉寂，稻雀便开始骄纵狂歌了。在想象丰富的人眼里，这仿佛是知更鸟准备退居幕后，把表演的舞台拱手相让，

而稻雀亦耐心待到众位前辈一曲唱毕才放声高歌。小小的黄道眉唱得最为卖力，从开场到落幕，它那不知停歇的歌声贯穿始终。尽管这鸟儿的声音不够甜美柔和，但却与其他鸟儿的歌声融合得天衣无缝，让这合唱之歌大为增色。

要把合唱团里的所有成员一一道来，恐怕会冗长得令人生厌；但我们不得不提一下京燕，整首赞歌里它只是间或哼上一小段旋律，可那小调却能唱得让人愁肠百转；我们也不能遗漏黄鹂的名字，它是名副其实的主唱之一，它的羽衣鲜艳夺目，它的歌喉清亮圆润，在众多声音中显得如此卓尔不群。还有野云雀的清脆乐音，为这所有的和声加入了一种欢快的变调；它的音色尖细，歌声里带有一种特别的幽怨，稍稍停歇后复又重唱，声声悦耳。

还有一种褐色的小麻雀，除了羽毛上星星点点的黄褐色以外，与黄道眉的样子并无二致。它的歌声在群鸟的鸣啭中清晰可闻。它极少出现在业已耕作的田间，而在荒野上却到处可见它的身影。在越橘饱满成熟、田野缀满红百合的仲夏，你就会听到它格外甜美的歌声。

它的歌声里没有混杂繁复的音符，只有一个不断重复的音节，它越唱越快，音调越来越高，一口气唱至曲终。有时它会放缓节奏、拉长乐段，歌曲的旋律听起来就变得时高时低、跌宕起伏。在日出前的一小时里，这哀怨动人的曲调持续不断，富有穿透力的歌声余韵悠长。演唱会里有十几个这样的歌手，它的歌声飞散田野，也许是我们聆听的这场林间清唱剧里最为华美的乐章。

到了日出时分，整片树林几乎听不到一只知更鸟的鸣叫，这场演出在最后半小时全部换了角色。第一幕的清唱剧更柔和悠扬，而最后一幕听起来更为辉煌壮丽、动人心魄。草地雀、绿鹇、鹌鹑和朱顶雀都亮开嗓门加入了合唱，其中要数稻雀的歌声最为嘹亮。但鸟儿们的演唱听起来已没有日出前那么踊跃了。它一个接一个地安静下来，到了正午太阳高照的时候，田间几乎只剩下稻雀与捕蝇鸟这两位歌唱家

还在低吟浅唱了。

LESSON 12

SHORT SELECTIONS IN

POETRY

诗海拾贝

I. THE CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,

And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gate of heaven,
While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

(John Wilson)

II. MY MIND.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

III. A GOOD NAME.

Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'T is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 'T is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Shakespeare .—Othello, Act III, Scene III.

IV. SUNRISE.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with liquid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colored air
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day that, burnished, plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar.

(Thomson)

V. OLD AGE AND DEATH.

Edmund Waller, 1605-1687, an English poet, was a cousin of John Hampden, and related to Oliver Cromwell. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. Waller was for many years a

member of Parliament. He took part in the civil war, and was detected in a treasonable plot. Several years of his life were spent in exile in France. After the Restoration he came into favor at court. His poetry is celebrated for smoothness and sweetness, but is disfigured by affected conceits.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;

So calm are we when passions are no more.

For then we know how vain it was to boast

Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes

Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,

Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,

As they draw near to their eternal home.

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

VI. MILTON.

John Dryden, 1631-1703, was a noted English writer, who was made poet laureate by James II. On the expulsion of James, and the accession of William and Mary, Dryden lost his offices and pension, and was compelled to earn his bread by literary work. It was during these last years of his life that his best work was done. His "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is one of his most, celebrated poems. His prose writings are specimens of good, strong English.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third she joined the other two.

【中文阅读】

1 . 白云

一朵白云在落日旁安睡，
雪白的边缘镶上一线深红；
我久久地凝视着这飘浮着的壮丽，
湖水亦映着它的光静静闪烁：

它的内心宁静，缓缓飘移，
甚至它的所有动静都从容不迫，
傍晚恰巧刮来一阵风，
吹荡着旅行者前往美丽的西方。
我以为这是仙逝的魂魄，
光芒福佑的白袍披身，
在恩慈的呼吸中起伏
向上直抵天堂的金色大门，
它在信念的注视下安息，
向人们诉说他光辉的命运。

（约翰·威尔逊）

2. 我的心 (1)

对我来说我的心就是一个王国：
我在此间觅得全然的欢乐，
上帝或自然所赐的人世福泽
我的王国要远胜其多。
尽管我想要的大多能如愿，
但我的心决不会去苛求。

3 . 名誉 (2)

我的好主帅，无论男人女人，名誉

是他们灵魂里面最切身的珍宝。

谁偷窃我的钱囊，不过偷窃到一些废物，一些虚无的东西，

它只是从我的手里转到他的手里，而它也曾做过千万人的奴隶；

可是谁偷去了我的名誉，

那么他虽然并不因此而富足，

我却因为失去它而成为赤贫了。

4 . 日出

远处来的是主宰白昼的王，

狂欢在东方。飘散的云朵，

燃烧的碧空，还有悬崖峭壁，

流金映照，他翩翩而至

是欢乐的预示。瞧！如今万物彰显

朝露欲滴的大地倾斜着，还有五彩的天

他散发着无上的威严

把灿烂的日光泼洒，打磨了

岩石、青山、高塔和蜿蜒的溪流，
远远地闪着光芒。

（汤姆森）

5．老年与死亡

大风过后海面波澜不惊，
激情过后我们如此平静。
于是我们清楚，吹嘘转瞬即逝的一切
是多么徒劳，早已注定要失去。
年轻的双眼曾迸发出何等的爱慕
隐藏的是未来岁月带来的空洞。

灵魂的黑暗囚所，飘摇而凋敝，
让新的光芒穿过时光的缝隙
衰弱却带来灵魂的强壮，那是睿智的人，
当他们靠近那永恒的家园。
告别残年，他们立刻看到了两个世界
就站在那新世界的大门之前。

6．弥尔顿 (3)

三位诗人，生于三个相隔遥远的年代，
为希腊、意大利和英格兰倍极尊奉，
第一位才思高妙无人能及，
第二位笔锋雄健，第三位两者皆备。
大自然的鬼斧神工不过如此，
前两位诗人的结合造就了第三位。

- (1) 节选自英国作曲家威廉·伯德（1543—1623）的某诗中的第一节。
- (2) 节选自莎士比亚《奥赛罗》第三幕第三场。
- (3) 弥尔顿以外的两位诗人指的是荷马和但丁。

LESSON 13

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

耐儿之死

Charles Dickens. 1812-1870, one of the greatest novelists of modern times, was born in Portsmouth, but spent nearly all his life in London. His father was a conscientious man, but lacked capacity for getting a livelihood. In consequence, the boy's youth was much darkened by poverty. It has been supposed that he pictured his father in the character of "Micawber." He began his active life as a lawyer's apprentice; but soon left this employment to become a reporter. This occupation he followed from 1831 to 1836. His first book was entitled "Sketches of London Society, by Boz." This was followed, in 1837, by the "Pickwick Papers," a work which suddenly brought much fame to the author. His other works followed with great rapidity, and his last was unfinished at the time of his death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Dickens visited America in 1842, and again in 1867. During his last visit, he read his works in public, in the principal cities of the United States.

The resources of Dickens's genius seemed exhaustless. He copied no author, imitated none, but relied entirely on his own

powers. He excelled especially in humor and pathos. He gathered materials for his works by the most careful and faithful observation. And he painted his characters with a fidelity so true to their different individualities that, although they sometimes have a quaint grotesqueness bordering on caricature, they stand before the memory as living realities. He was particularly successful in the delineation of the joys and griefs of childhood. "Little Nell" and little "Paul Dombey" are known, and have been loved and wept over, in almost every household where the English language is read. His writings present very vividly the wants and sufferings of the poor, and have a tendency to prompt to kindness and benevolence. His works have not escaped criticism. It has been said that "his good characters act from impulse, not from principle," and that he shows "a tricky spirit of fantastic exaggeration." It has also been said that his novels sometimes lack skillful plot, and that he seems to speak approvingly of conviviality and dissipation. "The Old Curiosity Shop," from which the following extract is taken, was published in 1840.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes! the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile; the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now, and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in this world that heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped them, and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor.

Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face, such, they said, as they had never seen, and could never forget, and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used

to be. He begged hard to see her: saying, that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long, when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once, except to her, or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came, on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell, the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy,—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life, gathered round her. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing, grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old, the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead, in

many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

【中文阅读】

她死了。这是最为静美的睡眠，没有一丝苦痛，看上去楚楚动人。她犹如上帝刚刚亲手创造的生灵，等待着生命的气息；而并非曾经活在世上的人，又落入了死亡的魔掌。她的栖息之处撒满了冬青果和绿叶，都是从她以前喜爱的地方采摘而来的。“我死的时候，请让我靠近热爱光明的事物，且让它永远留在蓝天之下。”这就是她的遗言。

她死了。温柔可爱、耐心待人、心地高尚的耐儿死了。她的小鸟儿，那可怜的小东西，一个指头就可以把它捏碎，却仍然在它的笼子里轻快地跳跃，而它的小女主人那颗强壮的心，却了无声息，永远地停止了跳动！她早日的忧愁、苦痛和困乏去了哪里呢？都消失了。的确，她内心的悲伤永远消失了；而安详美满由此诞生，映照在她静谧的美丽和甜甜的睡梦之中。

她仍然躺在那儿，一如往昔的模样，并未因这样的变故而改变。是啊！昔日的炉火，在同一张甜美的脸庞上映出微笑。这脸庞如同幻梦般，穿越愁云惨雾的笼罩，在仲夏之夜来到那可怜的老师家门，在湿冷的夜晚靠在炉火前面，当那小男孩濒死之际静静地站在床边，就是这同一副温柔可爱的容颜。于是我们看到了高贵的天使——在它们离开这人间之后。

老人握着她一只软绵绵的胳膊，把那只蜷缩成团的小手贴在胸前暖着。就是这只手，她带着最后一抹笑容伸向他；就是这只手，在他们颠沛流离的生活里牵着他往前走。老人不时把这只手放在双唇上，又紧紧拥入怀中，喃喃地说着“它现在暖和点儿了”，边说边悲恸地看着簇拥在四周的人们，仿佛在哀求他们给予援助。

她死了，任何努力都已无济于事，她也不再需要了。那由于她的存在而充满生气的古旧房间——尽管她自己的生命却在迅速地凋谢；那个她悉心照料的花园；那一双双因为她而焕发喜悦的眼睛；那许多个静思的时辰里无言的徘徊；那走过的一条条小径；一切宛如昨日，但她已全然不知。

“不会的，”老师弯下腰亲吻她的脸颊，泪水不住地往下淌：“天国的正义不会在这世间了却。想想吧，她那年轻的灵魂张开翅膀飞往的世界，与这人间相比，是孰优孰劣？又倘若我们在这床前，真要特意用庄严的语调表白，就可以唤回她的生命，我们之中谁又有资格能开口呢？”

她离开人世两天了。她弥留之际，他们都在周围，清楚她要离开。日出后不久她就死了。前半夜，他们为她读书，跟她说话；然而随着时间分分秒秒地流逝，她渐渐沉入了梦乡。她在梦里发出微弱的呓语，他们能分辨出其中的内容，是说她正在和老人一道流浪的事，其中没有悲痛的场面，只有人们如何施以援手、如何仁慈；在梦里，她无比诚挚地反复念叨着：“上帝保佑你们！”

她醒着的时候，神智一直保持清醒，只有一次，她说空中飘过一阵优美的音乐。上帝才晓得。也许是真的。最后，她从安详的睡梦中醒来，睁开双眼，请求他们再次亲吻她。吻过之后，她转向老人，脸上浮现出动人的微笑。他们说，这笑容他们从未见过，也永不能忘怀。她就带着这样的笑容伸出双臂，紧紧环绕着老人的脖子。她从未有过任何怨言，只带着一颗宁静的心，举止从容不变，只是一天天地

对他们更为诚挚和感恩，而她自己正如同夏日傍晚的阳光般渐渐消逝。

那个和她做了好朋友的孩子，天刚亮就赶来了，手里拿着一束干花，请求他们把花放在她的胸前。孩子又告诉他们自己所做的梦：她一如往日又回到大家中间。他苦苦哀求要看她一眼。他保证自己会安安静静的，他们也不必担心他会惊慌，因为他弟弟死的时候，他一整天都独自坐在弟弟身边，能如此亲密地陪伴着弟弟让他感到宽慰。他们应许了，于是孩子得偿所愿。孩子确实信守诺言，且以孩子特有的方式给他们都上了一课。

直到那时老人都不曾开口说话——除了对她以外，又在她的床边徘徊。然而，看到她亲密的小朋友，老人就被深深地打动了，那样子人们都未曾见过。他的神态似乎是想要孩子再靠近一些。随后，老人指了指床，眼里第一次涌出了泪水。站在一旁的人们知道看到这孩子能给老人带来些慰藉，于是就把他们单独留了下来。

孩子用天真无邪的话语谈论着耐儿，安慰着老人，借此说服他休息一会儿，走到外头去散散步。老人几乎都依了孩子的话。太阳升起了，人们必须把她抬走了，她这副尘世的躯壳，就要永远地离开那些世人的眼睛了。孩子领着老人到别处去，免得老人看着她从自己身边离开。人们采来了新鲜的树叶和浆果，给她铺好灵床。

而那钟声，那白天黑夜都会响起的钟声，她常常带着庄严的愉悦去聆听的钟声，几乎如同一把具有生命的声音，现在就要残忍地为她而敲响——这如此年轻、美丽而善良的小女孩。衰弱的老者，强壮的成年人，容光焕发的青年，懵懂无助的孩子——拄着拐杖的，以健壮身体为傲的，充满希望的红脸蛋儿，还有那新生命伊始的，都簇拥在她周围。老爷爷在那儿，他们老眼昏花、感官衰退；老奶奶在那儿，十年前就该寿终正寝的，现在仍是一副老朽之躯；还有各式各样的聋子、盲人、瘸子以及行尸走肉的人们，都来见证那新坟垒起。他

们抬着她，沿着挤满人的小径走来，她在人世的日子如此短暂，如今身上恰似覆盖一片落下的新雪，而她亦如同这雪花般纯洁。那门廊——上天曾慈悲地引领她去那平静之地，她从前常在底下安坐；如今她再次从那儿经过，让古老的教堂静静地把她拥入怀中。

LESSON 14

VANITY OF LIFE

生之虚无 (1)

Johann Gottfried von Herder, 1744-1803, an eminent German poet, preacher, and philosopher, was born in Mohrunen, and died in Weimar. His published works comprise sixty volumes. This selection is from his “Hebrew Poetry.”

Man, born of woman,

Is of a few days,

And full of trouble;

He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down;

He fleeth also as a shadow,

And continueth not.

Upon such dost thou open thine eye,

And bring me unto judgment with thee?

Among the impure is there none pure?

Not one.

Are his days so determined?

Hast thou numbered his months,

And set fast his bounds for him

Which he can never pass?

Turn then from him that he may rest,

And enjoy, as an hireling, his day.

The tree hath hope, if it be cut down,

It becometh green again,

And new shoots are put forth.

If even the root is old in the earth,

And its stock die in the ground,

From vapor of water it will bud,

And bring forth boughs as a young plant.

But man dieth, and his power is gone;
He is taken away, and where is he?
Till the waters waste from the sea,
Till the river faileth and is dry land,
Man lieth low, and riseth not again.
Till the heavens are old, he shall not awake,
Nor be aroused from his sleep.

Oh, that thou wouldest conceal me
In the realm of departed souls!
Hide me in secret, till thy wrath be past;
Appoint me then a new term,
And remember me again.
But alas! if a man die
Shall he live again?

So long, then, as my toil endureth,
Will I wait till a change come to me.
Thou wilt call me, and I shall answer;

Thou wilt pity the work of thy hands.

Though now thou numberest my steps,

Thou shalt then not watch for my sin.

My transgression will be sealed in a bag,

Thou wilt bind up and remove my iniquity.

Yet alas! the mountain falleth and is swallowed up,

The rock is removed out of its place,

The waters hollow out the stones,

The floods overflow the dust of the earth,

And thus, thou destroyest the hope of man.

Thou contendest with him, till he faileth,

Thou changest his countenance, and sendeth him away.

Though his sons become great and happy,

Yet he knoweth it not;

If they come to shame and dishonor,

He perceiveth it not.

【中文阅读】

呱呱坠地的人，
只是短暂的几天，
充满愁烦，
他初如鲜花哪堪折；
他的肉身如同影子，
亦要消失不见。

你睁眼凝望，
让我与你一道接受审判？
堕落的人间是否有纯洁？
一个也没有。

是否他时日已定？
你已数过他的年月，
牢牢划定他的大限，
让他绝无方法逾越？
那就离开吧，让他歇一歇，
如佣工般享受不由主宰的岁月。

树被砍倒了，尚有希望，
重绿的时候，
还有新芽长出。

甚至根已老朽在泥土，
埋于地下的树干已枯，
它还能吸收水汽发芽，
如同小树般抽出新枝。

然而人死灯灭，力量全失，
他被带往何处？

直到海水流尽，
直到河床干枯，
人躺在底下，再也不能站起。
直到天空亦老，他也不会睁眼，
被唤醒在熟睡中。

啊，你将会把我藏在，
这亡者之灵的国度！

偷偷地藏起我，直到你的愤怒平息，
然后指派我新的期限，
再次把我忆起。
啊！但人死了，
还能复生吗？

艰难困苦，我久久地忍受，
等待新的改变，降临我身边。
你会召唤，我将回答，
你会怜悯我亲手的劳作。
尽管你如今已算好我的脚步，
但你将不会翻查我的失误。
我的罪行将封存在袋子里，
你捆扎起来，把它们扔走。

啊！然而高山倒塌，
被海洋吞没，巨石挪动，
激流冲刷岩石，把它掏空，
洪水漫过了大地的尘土，

你就这样摧毁了人之希望。

你与他争斗，直到他倒下，

你改变他的容貌，又把他送走。

即使子孙美满幸福，

他也全然不知。

倘若后代使他蒙羞，

他亦浑然不觉。

(1) 《圣经·约伯记》第14卷中有同一首诗的不同英译本，可作比较阅读。
——译注

LESSON 15

A POLITICAL PAUSE

政治性的暂时休战

Charles James Fox, 1749-1806, a famous English orator and statesman, was the son of Hon. Henry Fox, afterward Lord Holland; he was also a lineal descendant of Charles II. of England and of Henry IV, of France. He received his education at Westminster, Eton, and Oxford, but left the University without graduating. He was first elected to Parliament before he was twenty years old. During the American Revolution, he favored the colonies; later, he was a friend and fellow-partisan both with Burke and Wilberforce. Burke said of him, "He is the most brilliant and successful debater the world ever saw." In his later years, Mr. Fox was as remarkable for carelessness in dress and personal appearance, as he had been for the opposite in his youth. He possessed many pleasing traits of character, but his morals were not commendable; he was a gambler and a spendthrift. Yet he exercised a powerful influence on the politics of his times. This extract is from a speech delivered during a truce in the long war between England and France.

"But we must pause," says the honorable gentleman. What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out, her best blood spilt, her treasures wasted, that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves—Oh! that you would put yourselves on the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors you excite. In former wars, a man might at least have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and death must inflict.

But if a man were present now at the field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting—"Fighting!", would be the answer; "they are not fighting; they are pausing." "Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?" The answer must be, "You are quite wrong, sir, you deceive yourself,—they are not fighting,—do not disturb them,—they are merely pausing! This man is not expiring with agony,—that man is not dead,—he is only pausing! Bless you, sir, they are not angry with one another; they have now no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a pause. All that you see is nothing like fighting,—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it; it is nothing more than a political pause. It is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and, in the meantime, we have agreed to a pause, in pure friendship!"

And is this the way that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world, to destroy order, to trample on religion, to stifle in the heart not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system,

you spread terror and devastation all around you.

【中文阅读】

“我们一定要暂时休战。”那位德高望重的绅士说。何其乃尔！一定要掏出大不列颠的心脏，让她高贵的子民鲜血飞溅，让她的珍宝白白消耗，这是你的一场实验吗？请你设身处地啊！请你自己亲自上战场，去评价一下因你煽动而起的那种种惨状。在过去的战争中，人至少还有些同情心，有点关怀之情，尽管受到了血腥屠杀、尸横遍野的景象刺激，至少不至于精神失常。

但如果现在有一个人置身于大屠杀的现场，你问他们为什么而战斗——“就是战斗！”这就是回答。“他们不是在战斗，他们是在暂时休战。”“为什么那人奄奄一息？还有另一个痛得满地打滚？这不共戴天的愤怒意味着什么？”回答一定是这样：“你错了，先生。你蒙蔽了自己的眼睛。他们不是在战斗，你不要打扰他们。他们只是暂时休战而已！这个人不是在垂死挣扎，那个人也没有死——他只是歇一歇！上帝保佑你，先生，他们并没有生对方的气，他们现在并没有什么理由不和，不过他们的国家希望他们歇一歇。你所看到的一切跟战争无关，这里面没有伤害，没有残酷，也没有血流成河，只不过就是一种策略性的暂时休战而已。仅仅是做了个实验，看看拿破仑·波拿巴是否比以往规矩一些；同时，我们两国同意暂时停战，友谊万岁！”

这就是你们表明自己是秩序拥护者的方式吗？你采用的制度故意破坏世界文明、摧毁秩序、践踏宗教，不只从根本上扼杀了“宽容”这种高贵的人类情感，而且还铲除了人们对社会本身的爱。你执行这个制度的时候，就是往周围散播恐惧、大肆破坏。

LESSON 16

MY EXPERIENCE IN ELOCUTION

我的演说经验之谈

John Neal. 1793-1876, a brilliant but eccentric American writer, was born in Portland, Maine. He went into business, when quite young, in company with John Pierpont, the well-known poet. They soon failed, and Mr. Neal then turned his attention to the study of law. He practiced his profession somewhat, but devoted most of his time to literature. For a time he resided in England, where he wrote for "Blackwood's Magazine" and other periodicals. His writings were produced with great rapidity, and with a purposed disregard of what is known as "classical English."

In the academy I attended, elocution was taught in a way I shall never forget—never! We had a yearly exhibition, and the favorites of the preceptor were allowed to speak a piece; and a pretty time they had of it. Somehow I was never a favorite with any of my teachers after the first two or three days; and, as I went

barefooted, I dare say it was thought unseemly, or perhaps cruel, to expose me upon the platform. And then, as I had no particular aptitude for public speaking, and no relish for what was called oratory, it was never my luck to be called up.

Among my schoolmates, however, was one—a very amiable, shy boy—to whom was assigned, at the first exhibition I attended, that passage in Pope's Homer beginning with,

"Aurora, now, fair daughter of the dawn!"

This the poor boy gave with so much emphasis and discretion, that, to me, it sounded like "O roarer!" and I was wicked enough, out of sheer envy, I dare say, to call him "O roarer!"—a nickname which clung to him for a long while, though no human being ever deserved it less; for in speech and action both, he was quiet, reserved, and sensitive.

My next experience in elocution was still more disheartening, so that I never had a chance of showing what I was capable of in that way till I set up for myself. Master Moody, my next instructor, was thought to have uncommon qualifications for teaching oratory. He was a large, handsome, heavy man, over six feet high; and having understood that the first, second, and third prerequisite in oratory was action, the boys he put in training were encouraged to most vehement and obstreperous manifestations. Let me give an example, and one that weighed heavily on my conscience for many years after the poor man passed away.

Among his pupils were two boys, brothers, who were thought highly gifted in elocution. The master, who was evidently of that opinion, had a habit of parading them on all occasions before visitors and strangers; though one had lost his upper front teeth and lisped badly, and the other had the voice of a penny trumpet. Week after week these boys went through the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, for the benefit of myself and others, to see if their example would not provoke us to a generous competition for all the honors.

How it operated on the other boys in after life I can not say; but the effect on me was decidedly unwholesome—discouraging, indeed,—until I was old enough to judge for myself, and to carry into operation a system of my own.

On coming to the passage,—

"Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;

Dash him to pieces!"—

the elder of the boys gave it after the following fashion: "Be ready, godths, with all your thunderbolths,—dath him in pietheth!"—bringing his right fist down into his left palm with all his strength, and his lifted foot upon the platform, which was built like a sounding-board, so that the master himself, who had suggested the action and obliged the poor boy to rehearse it over and over again, appeared to be utterly carried away by the magnificent demonstration; while to me—so deficient was I in rhetorical taste—it sounded like a crash of broken crockery,

intermingled with chicken peeps.

I never got over it; and to this day can not endure stamping, nor even tapping of the foot, nor clapping the hands together, nor thumping the table for illustration; having an idea that such noises are not oratory, and that untranslatable sounds are not language.

My next essay was of a somewhat different kind. I took the field in person, being in my nineteenth year, well proportioned, and already beginning to have a sincere relish for poetry, if not for declamation. I had always been a great reader; and in the course of my foraging depredations I had met with "The Mariner's Dream" and "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," both of which I had committed to memory before I knew it.

And one day, happening to be alone with my sister, and newly rigged out in a student's gown, such as the lads at Brunswick sported when they came to show off among their old companions, I proposed to astonish her by rehearsing these two poems in appropriate costume. Being very proud of her brother, and very obliging, she consented at once,—upon condition that our dear mother, who had never seen anything of the sort, should be invited to make one of the audience.

On the whole, I rather think that I succeeded in astonishing both. I well remember their looks of amazement—for they had never seen anything better or worse in all their lives, and were no judges of acting—as I swept to and fro in that magnificent robe, with outstretched arms and uplifted eyes, when I came to passages like the following, where an apostrophe was called for:

"And near him the she wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper snake breathed in his ear,
Till he, starting, cried, from his dream awake,
 'Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear!'"

Or like this:

"On beds of green sea flowers thy limbs shall be laid;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow,
Of thy fair yellow locks, threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below;"—

throwing up my arms, and throwing them out in every possible direction as the spirit moved me, or the sentiment prompted; for I always encouraged my limbs and features to think for themselves, and to act for themselves, and never predetermined, never forethought, a gesture nor an intonation in my life; and should as soon think of counterfeiting another's look or step or voice, or of modulating my own by a pitch pipe (as the ancient orators did, with whom oratory was acting elocution, a branch of the dramatic art), as of adopting or imitating the gestures and tones of the most

celebrated rhetorician I ever saw.

The result was rather encouraging. My mother and sister were both satisfied. At any rate, they said nothing to the contrary. Being only in my nineteenth year, what might I not be able to accomplish after a little more experience!

How little did I think, while rehearsing before my mother and sister, that anything serious would ever come of it, or that I was laying the foundations of character for life, or that I was beginning what I should not be able to finish within the next forty or fifty years following. Yet so it was. I had broken the ice without knowing it. These things were but the foreshadowing of what happened long afterward.

【中文阅读】

在我就读的学校里，老师教授演说术的方式我将永远也不会忘记——可以说，永生难忘！我们每年都有演讲才艺展示，导师让喜欢的几个学生讲上一段，而且还会留给他们充裕的时间。但不知为何，上了两三天学以后，就再也没有任何老师喜欢我了。而且，大概因为我平时是赤脚走路，所以他们认为把我暴露在讲台之上显得很不得体，甚或可以说是残忍。此外，我并没有什么公开演讲的天资，对所谓的演说术也不感兴趣；于是，我从来不会有幸被老师叫起来演讲。

而在我的同学之中就有一个这样的幸运儿。他是一个非常友善和害羞的男孩，在我参加第一次年度演讲展示中，老师指定他朗诵亚历山大·蒲伯的《荷马》节选，第一句如下：

“奥罗拉！曙光女神乍现，那美丽的黎明之女！”

这可怜的男孩字斟句酌，把每个音节都读得很重，在我听来那开头就像是喊“嗷嗷闹”一般。我那时太坏了，我敢说，我纯粹是出于妒忌，从此就管他叫“嗷嗷闹”，这绰号跟随了他很长一段时间，但他跟这个绰号真是八竿子打不着。无论是从他的言行还是举止来看，他都是一个沉默寡言、多愁善感的男孩。

我第二次关于演说的经历更让人沮丧，因此直到我自立门户，我从没有在人前展示我的演讲才能。穆迪先生是我的下一任老师，被认为在教授演说术方面本领非凡。他是个魁梧而英俊的男人，有六英尺高；他认为演说术的第一、第二、第三大先决条件都是肢体动作，因此他鼓励那些受训的男孩们演说时最大程度地展现热情，并做出种种喧闹的动作。让我举个例子吧，这个例子给我留下了极为深刻的印象，甚至在他去世多年以后我心里都记得清清楚楚。

他的学生中有两个男孩是兄弟俩，在演讲方面被认为是极有天赋。老师显然也持有相同想法，在所有场合之下，只要有来访者、陌生人在场，他就把这哥俩推出来炫耀一番。不过这哥俩一个掉了上门牙，说话咬舌得厉害；一个的嗓音就像是小号。数周以来，他们俩当着我和其他人的面，演绎布鲁特斯和卡修斯（两人都是罗马共和国的政治家）的争吵，看他们的争吵是否会刺激我们为了争夺“荣耀”而激烈地竞争。

我并不知道这对其他男孩今后的人生产生了怎样的影响，不过对我则断然是糟糕透顶——不瞒你说，简直是让我打消了学习这方面技艺的念头——直至我到了明辨是非的年龄，以自己的方式走上了演讲台。

演讲中有这一段：

“神灵啊，准备好了，用你的万钧雷霆，

把他碎尸万段！”

那哥哥是这样诵读的：“神灵啊呀，准备好了，用你的万钧雷霆呀，把他碎尸万段呀！”一边喊一边用尽全身力气，挥起右拳砸在左手上，同时左脚狠命跺一跺那本来就像传声板一般构造的讲台——于是，老师本人看起来是完全被这威武的动作打动了，而这正是他所设计的动作，且强迫这可怜的男孩排演了一遍又一遍。但对我来说——我这人的修辞品味有严重缺陷——这听起来就像是瓦器打碎的声音，间杂着小鸡吱吱叫。

我从未忘怀这景象，直到今天仍然不能忍受跺脚，甚至轻叩鞋底、拍手、描述事物时捶桌子。我觉得这些噪音不能算是演说术，这种无法翻译的声响也不能算是语言。

我的下一次演讲尝试则有些不同。在十九岁那年，我亲自登场了。那时我各方面充分准备，开始正儿八经地喜欢诗歌——也可能是喜欢激情演说。我向来都是一个出众的朗诵者，在大肆搜寻糟蹋对象的期间，我看到了《水手梦》和《淒泽之湖》，这两篇文章都是耳熟能详的，因此我不知不觉就把它们牢牢记住了。

有一天，恰好只有我和姐姐在一块儿，我又刚刚穿上了学袍，就像布伦茨维克的青年们遇到昔日伙伴时难免炫耀一番，我就向姐姐提议让我身穿正装背诵两首诗歌，我说这一定会让她大吃一惊。她一向以弟弟为荣，且为人体贴，马上就同意了；但她有个条件，因为我们亲爱的母亲从来没有见过这种场面，所以要把她请来作为观众。

总而言之，我的确让她们俩都大吃了一惊。我仍然记得她们莫名惊诧的样子——她们一生从未见过这样的场景，亦无从评价——而我正拖着那华丽的袍子走来走去，双臂高举，仰视天空——每次我读到像以下那些片段的时候，就要发出呼喊了：

“母狼在他身旁的草丛里穿梭，
铜头蛇在他耳边咝咝作响——
他瞪着眼睛大喊，从梦中惊醒，
‘啊，我何日才能见到那幽暗的大湖，
和我朝思暮想的那只白木舟！’”

或者是这样：

“你的身体将安置在鲜绿的海底花园中，
你雪白的骨头周围会长出红色的珊瑚，
你漂亮的金黄色头发做了琥珀的纤维，
每一个部分都与你海底的华厦相符。”

我挥舞着手臂，随心所欲、随情所至地把手臂挥往各个方向；因为我总是愿意我的四肢和面容不要受我的控制，自发地思想和行动，我这一生里，绝不会早有谋划、绝不会事先考虑一个姿势或一个语调。我要尽快想到如何模仿他人的表情、步态或声音，或者通过音笛来调整我自己（古代的演说家就是这么做的，他们那时候的演说术就是表演演讲，属于戏剧艺术的一个分支），也要回想起我所见过的最著名的演说家，表现或模仿他们的姿势和语调。

结果相当令人振奋。我的母亲和姐姐都非常满意。无论如何，她们也没有表现出不满。我才十九岁，只要我再多一点点走上演讲台的经验，那可是前途不可限量呀！

在我母亲和姐姐跟前演讲时，我并未想过会因演讲获得什么重要的机遇，想过我是正在为我人生打下根基，想过我正在开创的事业将在未来的四五十年中持续下去。然而事实就是如此。我在浑然不觉的情况下打破了坚冰。这些事情只是为我很久以后的人生埋下了伏笔。

LESSON 17

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

墓园挽歌

Thomas Gray, 1716-1771, is often spoken of as "the author of the Elegy, "—this simple yet highly finished and beautiful poem being by far the best known of all his writings. It was finished in 1749,—seven years from the time it was commenced. Probably no short poem in the language ever deserved or received more praise. Gray was born in London; his father possessed property, but was indolent and selfish; his mother was a successful woman of business, and supported her son in college from her own earnings. The poet was educated at Eton and Cambridge; at the latter place, he resided for several years after his return from a continental tour, begun in 1739. He was small and delicate in person, refined and precise in dress and manners, and shy and retiring in disposition. He was an accomplished scholar in many fields of learning, but left comparatively little finished work in any department. He declined the honor of poet laureate; but, in 1769, was appointed Professor of History at Cambridge.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike, the inevitable hour:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor, circumscribed alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne.

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,

With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,

Their sober wishes never learned to stray;

Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones, from insult to protect,

Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,

"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

Brushing, with hasty step, the dews away,

To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,

That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,

His listless length at noontide would he stretch,

And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,

Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;

Now, drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,

Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn, I missed him on the customed hill,

Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:

Another came; nor yet beside the rill,

Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array

Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay

'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,

A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:

Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,

And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,

Heaven did a recompense as largely send:

He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear;

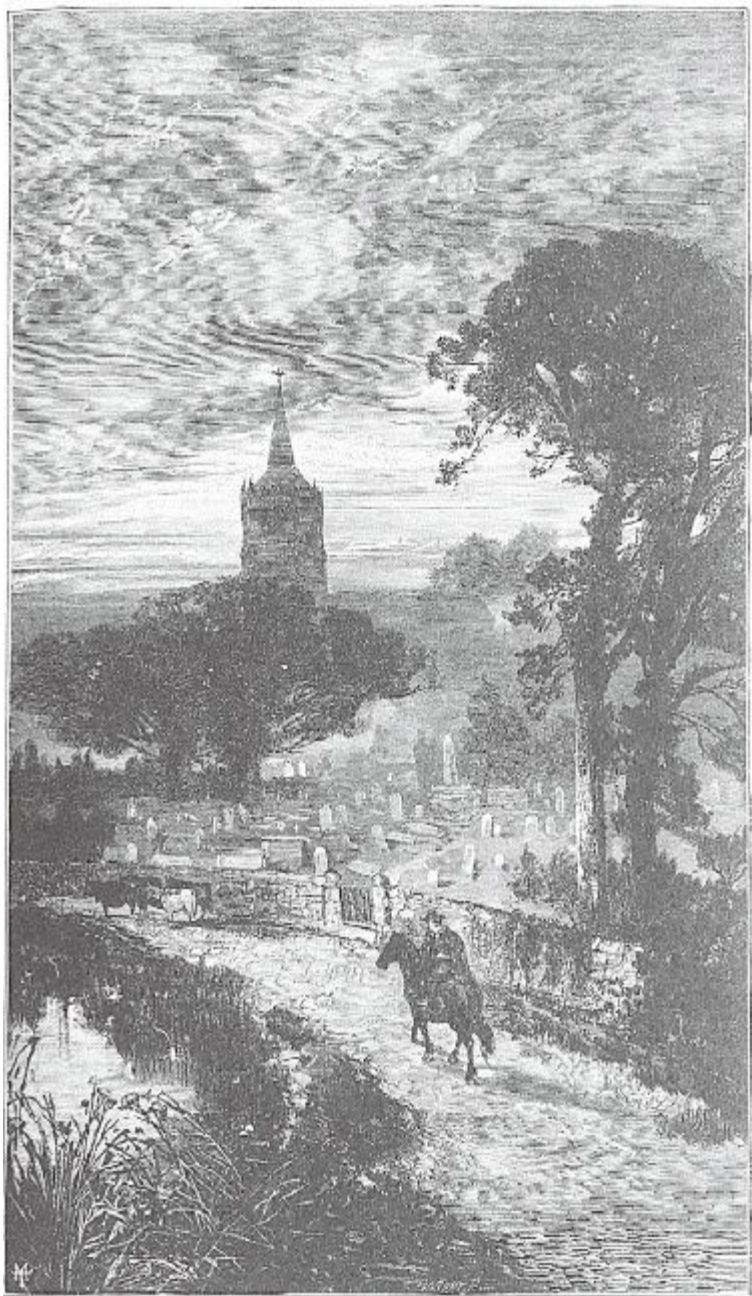
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode

(There they alike in trembling hope repose),

The bosom of his Father, and his God.



【中文阅读】

晚钟为逝去的白日敲响，
哞哞的牛群在牧场上游荡，
农夫拖着沉重的步子回家，
把世界留给了我与黑暗。

朦胧的风景渐渐融入夜色，
一片庄严的寂静笼罩整个天空，
只有那边盘旋的甲虫嗡嗡，
钟声沉沉，让远方的羊群陷入昏睡之中：

只有那更远方，爬满常青藤的高塔下，
阴郁的猫头鹰对着月亮抱怨，
不速之客徘徊在她荫蔽的闺房，
侵扰她的古老王国，她的隐居之乡。

嶙峋的榆树下，紫杉浓密蔽天，
草地延绵成一个个土堆，
各自在这窄小的坟里永远栖身，
村子里荒蛮的祖先就此安睡。

微风呼唤着芬芳的清早，
燕子在草棚下呢喃声声，
公鸡亮开嗓门高叫，还有回响的号角，
再也不能从长眠之地把他们唤起。

对他们而言，熊熊的炉火不再燃烧，
没有忙碌的妻子夜里把针线活张罗，
没有孩子们咿咿呀呀地迎爸爸回家，
又爬上他的膝头为一个亲吻争夺。

昔日他们一次次挥舞着镰刀丰收，
又让坚硬的旱地一次次开垦出犁沟：
他们赶着牲口下田，是多么喜悦！
他们大手一挥，森林也驯服地低头！

“雄心”不该嘲弄他们的辛苦操劳，
他们家常的欢乐，命运的卑微，
“伟大”也不该展露轻蔑的笑颜，
当听到穷苦人短暂而简单的生平岁月。

门第的吹嘘，权力的炫耀，
美貌和财富所带来的千百般好，
同样等待着那无法避免的时辰：
荣耀的道路径直通往坟墓。

你啊，你这骄傲的人，不要百般挑剔，
倘若“缅怀”在他们坟头并未留下纪念；
穿越长长的走廊和雕饰的拱顶，
嘹亮的圣歌回荡着赞美之音。

难道栩栩如生的雕像，刻了历史画的骨灰瓮，
能魂归华夏，把逝去的气息召回？
难道“荣誉”之声能唤起死寂的土尘，
“奉承”能软化死神麻木而冷酷的耳根？

也许在这早被遗忘之地，
藏着一颗神火光耀的心，
他的双手曾挥舞帝国的权杖，
或奏出天籁之音，让七弦琴焕发生命：

然而“学问”那满满的书页，
任时光侵蚀，却从未摊开在他们面前。
贫寒埋葬了他们高贵的愿望，
让那灵魂的暖流也冻结。

多少最为精纯闪亮的宝石，
埋藏在暗黑而深不可测的海底：
多少鲜花盛开注定寂寂无闻，
徒劳地把芬芳撒向旷野的空气。

也许长眠的，有个村民汉普登 ⁽¹⁾，
无畏地反抗当地那小小的恶霸；
有个寡言少语的弥尔顿，默默无闻，
有个克伦威尔 ⁽²⁾，不曾让村民流血牺牲。

倾耳聆听的元老们鼓掌催促，
把苦痛与生死的威胁抛在一边，
在明媚的大地上播撒丰饶，
用民族的胸怀阅读他们的历史。

他们的命运不许：亦并无限定
美德的成长，但禁止罪行放纵
踏着杀戮的尸体走上王座。

不能对人类关上恩典之门，

藏起良知的挣扎之痛，
熄灭朴实的羞愧脸红，
又点燃诗神的火焰，
用奢侈和骄傲筑起圣坛。

远离了人世中疯狂的钩心斗角，
他们清醒的希望从未误入歧途，
沿着人生那凉爽僻静的山谷，
一直走着那没有喧嚣的道路。

然而亦为这些尸骨免受糟蹋，
仍然有脆弱的纪念碑竖立近旁，
粗浅的韵文，杂乱的雕刻，
哀求过路的人献上叹息一声。

冒牌诗神拼写了他们的姓名年代，
还有名声的出处和挽歌一首，
她在四周散播许多神圣文章，
教乡野的道德典范死得正当。

谁愿成为被人遗忘的沉默羔羊，
从此抛弃这亦喜亦忧的人生，
离开日日欢乐的温暖地方，
而不回头，贪恋地久久凝望？

即将离别的灵魂不舍温柔的胸膛，
阖上的眼睛亦需要虔诚之泪，
甚至坟中也传出大自然的哭喊，
甚至我们的骨灰中也有他恒常的火堆点燃。

而你，留心着寂寂无闻的逝者，
用这些诗行道出他们朴实的人生，
要是有缘，被孤独的静思引领，
让一位同族的幽魂把你的命运叩问，——

恰巧村野那白头的昔日少年回答，
“我们常看见他曙光乍现时露脸，
步履匆匆，拂去露水，
登上那高高的草原迎接太阳。

远处枝叶低垂的山毛榉树下，
粗壮的老根高耸而盘结，
正午时的他慵懒地伸展四肢，
凝视着小溪在身旁涓涓流淌。

他到远远的林间，笑中带着讥讽，
一边徘徊，一边低语他的异想天开；
又垂头丧气，脸色苍白，如无所归依，
又如顾虑重重，或深陷爱情的无望。

一天早晨，在他常去的山头，
沿着荒地到他心爱的树边，我寻不着他的身影：
第二天早晨，小溪旁，
草原上，树林间，都不见他的踪迹。

第三天，一队人哀伤地唱着挽歌，
只见他被抬着走向教堂的坟场：
（你认得的）过去读读那短短的诗行，
墓碑在那边埋于丛丛荆棘的石头之上。

墓志铭

这里的土地上躺着一个青年，
并无名声与财富，
“学问”并未鄙弃他卑贱的出身，
忧伤地亲自为他做记述。

他慷慨大方，为人真诚，
上天也给他几乎相同的报答：
为他曾遭遇的不幸流下泪水，
他如愿以偿地获得了一位天堂的朋友。

不必再寻求他的优点向世人做展露，
也莫从他的藏污纳垢处把弱点揪出，

它们都在颤抖中希冀能得到安宁，

让他回到上帝——那天父的怀里。

-
- (1) 约翰·汉普登（1594—1643）：英国人，以坚决反抗查理一世的强制贷款与不公平税收而闻名。他卷入了国王与议会之间的争斗，在两派的一场小冲突中被杀身亡。
 - (2) 奥利弗·克伦威尔（1599—1658）：英国大革命之中的领袖人物。他去世前五年成为了英国的“护国公”，从多方面而言都是英国有史以来最有才能的统治者。

LESSON 18

TACT AND TALENT

机智与才能

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that shall scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are

seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact arouses astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church: talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court: talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate: talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket.

It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of

profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

【中文阅读】

才能是不可忽视，但机智更是不可或缺。才能是严肃认真地获取的，是受人尊敬的禀赋；而这些特点机智兼而有之，且内涵更广。机智并不是一种第六感觉，而好比是人那五种感觉的灵魂。它是锐利的眼睛，灵敏的耳朵，善于鉴赏的舌头，敏锐的鼻子和生气勃勃的触摸。它能破解所有难题，克服千辛万苦，移除一切障碍。无论何时何地，它都是得力助手：你孤独自处时，它能带你一窥万千世界；你融入社会时，它能引领你在世上立足。

才能是一种力量，机智是一种本领。才能带来影响，机智带来动力；才能知道目标，机智懂得完成目标之途径；才能让你德高望重，机智让你成为德高望重之人；才能是财富，机智是现金。从实用角度而言，才能不及机智的十分之一。把它们都带到剧场上，让它们在舞台上一决高下；才能会为你展现一出不至于过分沉重的悲剧，而机智则用它成功的滑稽剧让剧场里夜夜笙歌。世间并不缺乏戏剧性的才能或戏剧性的机智，但两者极少能合二为一：于是我们有卖座但并未赢得尊重的作品，也有赢得尊重而不卖座的作品。

把它们带到法庭之上：让它们在律法的竞争中向着对方甩动那有学问的卷发。才能对它的方向了然于心，但机智首先到达终点。才能博得了法官席上的多次称赞，但机智与打官司的费用休戚相关。才能让世界满足于发展现状，不敢想象还有前进空间，机智让世界惊奇它的日新月异。其中秘诀在于，机智不需背负任何重担，不会留下半点过失；它切中要害，雷厉风行，一点即通，并且总是留意着风向标，随时准备凭风借力。

把它们带到教堂里面：才能总是那些值得一听的事物，机智则肯定不缺听众。才能使人立足于世，机智让人创造人生。才能赢得交口称赞，机智博得伟大之名。才能让人心悦诚服，机智让人把信仰皈依。才能是加冕于所从事职业的荣耀，机智从职业中获得荣耀。

把它们带到宫廷之上：才能带来影响，机智大展所长。才能发号施令，机智令人服服帖帖。才能博得赞叹，机智赢得擢升。把它们带到议会里面：才能让听众倾耳聆听，机智俘获它们的心灵、获得他们的投票。才能适合工作，机智胜任工作。机智握有诀窍，它无声无息、从容不迫地滑行至目标之地，就如弹子球左右穿插、巧妙地落入袋中。

机智似乎不需研习即能洞晓一切。它无需见习，无需训练，亦从来不会被归入愚笨之列。它信手拈来，耳聪目明。它无需非凡之智的伪装，亦容不得故作高深，但所有细节都处理得恰如其分，就像一只训练有素的手在钢琴的琴键上跳舞。它的样子最是平淡无奇，它的威力却是无与伦比。

LESSON 19

SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

弗吉尼亚州制宪大会上的演讲

Patrick Henry, 1730-1799, was born in Hanover County, Virginia. He received instruction in Latin and mathematics from his father, but seemed to develop a greater fondness for hunting, fishing, and playing the fiddle than for study. Twice he was set up in business, and twice failed before he was twenty-four. He was then admitted to the bar after six weeks' study of the law. He got no business at first in his profession, but lived with his father-in-law. His wonderful powers of oratory first showed themselves in a celebrated case which he argued in Hanover Courthouse, his own father being the presiding magistrate. He began very awkwardly, but soon rose to a surprising height of eloquence, won his case against great odds, and was carried off in triumph by the delighted spectators. His fame was now established; business flowed in, and he was soon elected to the Virginia Legislature. He was a delegate to the Congress of 1774, and in 1775 made the prophetic speech of which the following selection is a portion.

It was his own motion that the "colony be immediately put in a state of defense." During the Revolution he was, for several years, Governor of Virginia. In 1788 he earnestly opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution. When he died, he left a large family and an ample fortune. In person, Mr. Henry was tall and rather awkward, with a face stern and grave. When he spoke on great occasions, his awkwardness forsook him, his face lighted up, and his eyes flashed with a wonderful fire. In his life, he was good-humored, honest, and temperate. His patriotism was of the noblest type; and few men in those stormy times did better service for their country than he.

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not: it will

prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation,— the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? We have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light in which it was capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves at the foot of the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our

supplications disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? We are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, we have no election. If we

were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and; let it come! I repeat it, let it come!

It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

【中文阅读】

人们总是沉浸在希望的幻影之中，这是再平常不过的事。面对着令人痛苦的现实，我们倾向于闭目不见，听着海上女妖塞壬（半人半鸟的海妖，常用歌声诱惑过路的航海者而使航船触礁毁灭）的歌声，直到她把我们变作畜生。智者正为了自由而进行艰苦卓绝的斗争，难道这就是他们的本色？有些人有眼无珠、有耳不闻，而成了那些只关心自己暂时得救的东西，难道我们打算加入他们的行列？对于我来说，无论心灵将承受怎样剧烈的痛楚，我愿意了解现实的全部。我要了解最坏的情况，并为此做好准备。

我只有一盏灯指引前进的路，那就是我的经验之灯。我只知道通过了解过去来判断未来的情况，而回顾过去，我想知道的是，各位先生抱着种种希望既聊以自慰、亦慰藉国会，而过去十年英国内阁的所

作所为，是否证实了先生们的希望呢？难道我们最新的请愿书不是换回了一个阴险的微笑？没有信任，“信任”就是在你跟前铺设的圈套。不要让人当面给你一个亲吻，背后把你出卖。请你们扪心自问：这些人一边和蔼可亲地接过我们的请愿书，一边在我们的水域、我们的土地上到处筹备作战，这两者如何协调一致？难道爱与和解的事业必须用上军舰和部队？难道我们是如此不愿和解，逼得他们必须用武力赢回我们的爱戴？让我们不要再自欺欺人了。马上就要有战争和镇压——这就是君王们在争端中使出的最后一招了。

“尊敬的阁下，我想问，这番军事部署假如不是要强迫我们屈服，那它是为了什么？各位先生能指定其他可能的动机吗？难道大不列颠在这世界的一角有什么敌人，要集结这大批的海军和陆军？没有，她没有敌人。他们是冲着我们而来的：不可能冲着其他任何人。这些军事力量奉命前来，用英国政府锻造已久的枷锁束缚我们，叫我们动弹不得。我们有什么能去和他们对抗？我们应该试试论理吗？我们过去十年都在尝试。对此我们还有什么新办法吗？没有。我们已经想尽一切办法拖延这个问题，但一切都是徒劳。

我们应该低声下气、苦苦哀求吗？我们开出的条件还有哪条不是已经失效的？我恳求各位，让我们不要再继续欺骗自己了。为了避免即将到来的暴风雨，我们已经尽了一切努力。我们请愿，我们抗议，我们哀求，我们匍匐在王座前面请求国王介入，制止政府和国会对我们的残暴管制。我们的请愿不受重视；我们的抗议换来了更多的暴力和侮辱；我们的哀求无人理睬；我们在王座跟前受到了轻慢的拒绝。

在经历如此种种之后，我们要是还热切地希望和平与和解，就是徒劳无益的。所有希望都已成泡影。倘若我们希望得到自由，倘若我们决心保护那我们一直在争取的、神圣不可侵犯的权利，倘若我们不打算拙劣地放弃长久以来的伟大斗争——我们一直都告诫自己不要放弃、要坚持到光辉目标实现的那一天——我们就必须战斗！我再说一遍，我们必须战斗！求助战神、诉诸武力，这就是留给我们的唯一出

路。

他们告诉我说，我们是弱小的，无法与如此可怕的对手抗衡。然而我们什么时候才能变得强大起来呢？是下周还是明年？难道是我们完全被解除武装、每一户人家里都驻扎了一个英国士兵的时候？我们就靠优柔寡断、无所作为来集结力量吗？我们要懒洋洋地躺着，把那虚妄的希望紧抱不放，直到我们的敌人把我们的手脚牢牢绑住？我们并不弱小——倘若我们能好好利用自然之神赋予我们的力量。

三百万人民，为了自由的神圣大业武装起来。这是我们的祖国，我们在这样一个国家里面，无论我们的敌人派出怎样的武装力量来对付我们，都不可能把我们战胜。而且，我们也不是独自战斗。公平的上帝主宰着各国的命运，他会为我们召集为我们而战的朋友。这场战争不仅仅是取决于谁更强大，更取决于谁更警醒、更主动、更英勇。倘若要说不怀好意主动求战，那么现在想要退出战斗是为时已晚。他们已经造好了束缚我们的枷锁。波士顿的大地上也可听到那镣铐叮当作响！战争是无法避免了，那么就让它来吧！我再说一遍，让它来吧！

无需再粉饰太平了。尊敬的先生们也许还在呼吁着要和平、要和平，但和平是不存在的。战争实际上已拉开帷幕。下一场从北方扫荡而来的狂风，就会把武器撞击的铿锵之声送入我们耳朵！我们的同胞已奔赴战场！为什么我们在这儿袖手旁观？先生们还在期盼什么？他们还能得到什么？难道以枷锁和奴役为代价换来的生命如此宝贵、和平如此甜美？阻止他们吧，全能的上帝！我不知道其他人会选择怎样的路，但对我来说，要么让我死，要么给我自由。

LESSON 20

THE AMERICAN FLAG

国旗颂

Joseph Rodman Drake. 1795-1820, was born in New York City. His father died when he was very young, and his early life was a struggle with poverty. He studied medicine, and took his degree when he was about twenty years old. From a child, he showed remarkable poetical powers, having made rhymes at the early age of five. Most of his published writings were produced during a period of less than two years. "The Culprit Fay" and the "American Flag" are best known. In disposition, Mr. Drake was gentle and kindly; and, on the occasion of his death, his intimate friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck, expressed his character in the well-known couplet:

"None knew thee but to love thee,

Nor named thee but to praise."

When Freedom, from her mountain height,

Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there:
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven;—
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,

And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm, that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,

By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

【中文阅读】

“识君者无不爱君，
提君者无不赞君。”

自由女神离开高山之巅，
空中飘扬她的旗帜，
她扯开夜空的长袍，
把光耀之星布置。
她将缤纷炫彩混合，
把天上如带的银河渲染，
又用缕缕晨光，

给纯净的天国之白加上条纹，
随后从太阳的公馆之中，
她召来了她的送鹰人，
把她甄选之地，
交到他有力的手上。

威严的云之主宰！
你以君王之姿升上高天，
倾听暴风雨嘹亮的号叫，
注视闪电猛刺下根根长矛，
此时风暴之勇士拼命抗争，
擂起天国的雷鸣之鼓——
太阳之子！交付给你的，
可守卫自由的旗帜，
可翱翔于地狱之烟雾，
可躲过战火的袭击，
命令光芒齐聚于远方，
如同彩虹升起在乌云密布的战场，
把那即将来临的胜利昭告！

勇敢之旗！你要展开褶皱飞扬，
高高升起希望和胜利的记号！
当冲锋的号角吹响，
依稀可见大军压境，
这温华润湿的鲜血，
还未黯淡依然闪亮的刺刀，
每个士兵的眼睛都会炯炯地转向
那生于蓝天、熊熊燃烧的荣耀，
随着他轻快的脚步前进，
从这一眼中开始战斗，奋起复仇。
当大炮张嘴吼叫，
战火滚滚把狂暴的花圈抛，
血淋淋的马刀起落，
像夜幕中升腾的一束束烟火，
那时你将如流星般闪烁，
而畏缩的敌人将纷纷陷落，
每只英勇的胳膊，击中下面
那可爱的信使象征死亡。

大海之旗！在汹涌的波涛之上，
你的星星要照耀着那勇敢的人，
当死亡乘着狂风肆虐，
阴沉地把鼓满的风帆席卷，
惊涛骇浪狂乱地回荡，
冲击着舷侧滚动的甲板，
每一个濒死的海之流浪儿
要立刻看向你和天国，
微笑着凝视着你灿烂的飞扬
迎着那胜利把双眼合上。

旗帜，自由之心的希望和故乡，
天使之手把它赠予英勇之人，
你的颗颗明星照亮了苍穹，
你所有的颜色都由天国而生。
永远飘扬是那一面旗帜！
当敌人尚存而我们倒下，
双脚还踏在自由的土地上，

自由之旗仍在头顶上高高飘展！

LESSON 21

IRONICAL EULOGY ON DEBT

债务讽诵

Debt is of the very highest antiquity. The first debt in the history of man is the debt of nature, and the first instinct is to put off the payment of it to the last moment. Many persons, it will be observed, following the natural procedure, would die before they would pay their debts.

Society is composed of two classes, debtors and creditors. The creditor class has been erroneously supposed the more enviable. Never was there a greater misconception; and the hold it yet maintains upon opinion is a remarkable example of the obstinacy of error, notwithstanding the plainest lessons of experience. The debtor has the sympathies of mankind. He is seldom spoken of but with expressions of tenderness and compassion—"the poor debtor!"—and "the unfortunate debtor!" On the other hand, "harsh" and "hard-hearted" are the epithets allotted to the creditor. Who ever heard the "poor creditor," the "unfortunate creditor" spoken of? No, the creditor never becomes the object of pity, unless he passes into the debtor class. A creditor may be ruined by the poor debtor, but it is not until he becomes unable to pay his own debts, that he begins to be compassionated.

A debtor is a man of mark. Many eyes are fixed upon him; many have interest in his well-being; his movements are of concern; he can not disappear unheeded; his name is in many mouths; his name is upon many books; he is a man of note—of promissory note; he fills the speculation of many minds; men conjecture about him, wonder about him,—wonder and conjecture whether he will pay. He is a man of consequence, for many are running after him. His door is thronged with duns. He is inquired after every hour of the day. Judges hear of him and know him. Every meal he swallows, every coat he puts upon his back, every dollar he borrows, appears before the country in some formal document. Compare his notoriety with the obscure lot of the creditor,—of the man who has nothing but claims on the world; a landlord, or fundholder, or some such disagreeable, hard character.

The man who pays his way is unknown in his neighborhood. You ask the milkman at his door, and he can not tell his name. You ask the butcher where Mr. Payall lives, and he tells you he knows no such name, for it is not in his books. You shall ask the baker, and he will tell you there is no such person in the neighborhood. People that have his money fast in their pockets, have no thought of his person or appellation. His house only is known. No. 31 is good pay. No. 31 is ready money. Not a scrap of paper is ever made out for No. 31. It is an anonymous house; its owner pays his way to obscurity. No one knows anything about him, or heeds his movements. If a carriage be seen at his door, the neighborhood is not full of concern lest he be going to run away. If a package be removed from his house, a score of boys are not employed to watch whether it be carried to the pawnbroker. Mr. Payall fills no place in the public mind; no one has any hopes or fears about him.

The creditor always figures in the fancy as a sour, single man, with grizzled hair, a scowling countenance, and a peremptory air, who lives in a dark apartment, with musty deeds about him, and an iron safe, as impenetrable as his heart, grabbing together what he does not enjoy, and what there is no one about him to enjoy. The debtor, on the other hand, is always pictured with a wife and six fair-haired daughters, bound together in affection and misery, full of sensibility, and suffering without a fault. The creditor, it is never doubted, thrives without a merit. He has no wife and children to pity. No one ever thinks it desirable that he should have the means of living. He is a brute for insisting that he must receive, in order to pay. It is not in the imagination of man to conceive that his creditor has demands upon him which must be satisfied, and that he must do to others as others must do to him. A creditor is a personification of exaction. He is supposed to be always taking in, and never giving out.

People idly fancy that the possession of riches is desirable. What blindness! Spend and regale. Save a shilling and you lay it by for a thief. The prudent men are the men that live beyond their means. Happen what may, they are safe. They have taken time by the forelock. They have anticipated fortune. "The wealthy fool, with gold in store," has only denied himself so much enjoyment, which another will seize at his expense. Look at these people in a panic. See who are the fools then. You know them by their long faces. You may say, as one of them goes by in an agony of apprehension, "There is a stupid fellow who fancied himself rich, because he had fifty thousand dollars in bank." The history of the last ten years has taught the moral, "spend and regale." Whatever is laid up beyond the present hour, is put in jeopardy. There is no certainty but in

instant enjoyment. Look at schoolboys sharing a plum cake. The knowing ones eat, as for a race; but a stupid fellow saves his portion; just nibbles a bit, and "keeps the rest for another time." Most provident blockhead! The others, when they have gobbled up their shares, set upon him, plunder him, and thrash him for crying out.

Before the terms "depreciation," "suspension," and "going into liquidation," were heard, there might have been some reason in the practice of "laying up;" but now it denotes the darkest blindness. The prudent men of the present time, are the men in debt. The tendency being to sacrifice creditors to debtors, and the debtor party acquiring daily new strength, everyone is in haste to get into the favored class. In any case, the debtor is safe. He has put his enjoyments behind him; they are safe; no turns of fortune can disturb them. The substance he has eaten up, is irrecoverable. The future can not trouble his past. He has nothing to apprehend. He has anticipated more than fortune would ever have granted him. He has tricked fortune; and his creditors—bah! who feels for creditors? What are creditors? Landlords; a pitiless and unpitiable tribe; all griping extortioners! What would become of the world of debtors, if it did not steal a march upon this rapacious class?

【中文阅读】

债务是我们由来已久、无上尊贵的文物。人类在历史上的第一桩债务就是欠了大自然的债，而人的第一本能就是把债务设法拖延到最后一刻。不难注意到，很多人都追随着自然规律，还未还清债款就已一命呜呼了。

社会由两大阶层构成：欠债人和债主。人们总是错误地以为债主阶层更令人羡慕的。这真是天大的误解。人们对此的固执己见可谓是一个范例，证明错误是如何根深蒂固，完全经不起最朴素的人生经验来考察。欠债人获得了人们的同情，人们谈起他时总是语带怜悯、温柔体贴——“那可怜的欠债人！”还有“那倒霉的欠债人！”而另一方面，“残酷无情”、“铁石心肠”则常常是指派给债主的诨号。有谁曾听说过有“可怜的债主”、“倒霉的债主”？没有。一个债主可能会毁于那可怜的欠债人之手，但只有到他无法偿还自己债务的时候，他才会得到人们的同情。

债主是标榜了某一类人。许多双眼睛注视着他，许多人都关心着他的幸福安康，他的一举一动都受到大家的关注，他的名字不可能被人忽略，总是挂在一张张嘴边，写在一个个本子上，他是万众期待的人物——“期”是“期票”的期。他成了人们心里揣测不已的对象，人们对他多番猜测、深感好奇——猜测和好奇他会不会还钱。他是一个举足轻重的人物，因为追赶他的人比比皆是。他的家门口挤满了前来催债的人。每天人们都不停地探听他的消息。法官们久仰他的大名，也认识他本人。他吃下的每一顿饭，他穿上的每件衣服，他借走的每一块钱，都写在某份正式文件里，清清楚楚地摊开在国人面前。相比他的臭名昭著，债主的命运可谓是寂寂无闻——他在世上除了债权以外便一无所有，他要不是个地主，要不就是个放债人，要不就是某些神憎鬼厌、难以对付的人物。

街坊邻居并不认识这么一个四处撒钱的人。你到送奶工家门口去问问，送奶工说不出来他姓甚名谁。你问问和“有借必给”先生同住一条街的屠夫，屠夫会说他并不知道这么一个人，因为他的账簿上并没有这个名字。你该去问问面包师傅，他会告诉你这附近没有住着这么一个人。那些飞快地把他的钱揣进自己口袋的人，他们根本没有想到他本身以及他的名字，只知道他家的门牌号码。31号是借钱的去处。31号是能借到钱的地方。没有哪一张小纸片是专门记着31号的。这是

一栋籍籍无名的房子，它的主人花了大钱叫它被世人忘掉。没有人知道这主人的情况，也没有人在意他的行踪。要是有一辆马车停在他家门口，除非是他要出逃，否则街坊邻居们并不怎么关心。要是从他家里抬出一个包裹，那群男孩也不会提得起兴趣去看看包裹是不是送到当铺老板那儿的。“有借必给”先生在公众心目中不占一点儿位置，无人对他抱有希望，亦无人对他心存畏惧。

人们总是把债主幻想成是一个乖戾的单身汉，头发斑白，脸色阴沉，举止专横霸道，住在一间阴黑的公寓里头，周围一堆发霉的借据，还有一个铁柜，如同他那颗心一样紧紧关闭，牢牢守着一堆东西——那些玩意儿他并不喜欢、跟他有牵扯的人也不乐见。而另一方面，欠债人在人们的心中，总是有一个妻子和六个头发暗黄的女儿，一家人相亲相爱，生活悲惨，感情细腻，没有做过一点儿坏事，却在困苦中苦苦挣扎。人们从不怀疑，债主只不过是其一无是处的发迹者。他没有妻儿供人同情。没有人想过他应该有别的谋生手段。他是个畜生，因为他坚持要人还钱——好负担他自己的生。活。人们的脑海里从来无法想象，自己必须偿清债主所要求的债务，且和债主之间要做到“你待人当如人之待你”。债主就是敲诈勒索的代名词。人们认定他只会索取，从不给予。

人们想当然地以为，富人们拥有的一切令人羡慕。多么愚昧无知啊！这不过是花钱和逗人游戏罢了。一先令也存起来，等着小偷的光临。所谓精明人就是入不敷出的人。他们全凭侥幸才能安度一生。他们的时间都耗费在门锁之上。人人都觊觎他的财产。“富裕的傻瓜，库里藏金。”但挥霍钱财只是夺去了他的许多快乐，他的损失换回的是别人的高兴。看看这些惊惶失措的人吧，你就知道到底谁是傻瓜蛋了。看到他们拉长的脸，你就认出他们了。就像那众多忧心忡忡的旁观者一样，你可能也会说：“有个愚蠢的家伙竟以为自己很有钱，原因是他在银行存了五万美金。”

过去十年的历史让我们明白了花钱和逗人取乐的寓意。此刻不管

贮存了什么东西，都是有危险的。一切都如过眼云烟，只有及时享乐而已。看看男生们怎么分享一块葡萄干饼吧。精明的孩子像比赛一样飞快吃掉，愚蠢的家伙就把他分得的糕饼留下来，只是咬一小口，“把剩下的留到下回吃”。多么有先见之明的傻子呀！其他人狼吞虎咽了他们那一份，就开始围攻他，要抢他的那一份，把他打得大哭起来。

在人们听说“贬值”、“暂停借贷”、“债务清偿”这些术语之前，可能还有些理由去践行“储蓄”。但如今“储蓄”意味着愚昧得无可救药。现今的聪明人就是那些欠债的人。潮流就是债主为欠债人舍命奉献，欠债人的队伍每天都在汲取新的力量，每个人都匆忙地准备跻身到“特权阶层”里头去。无论如何，欠债人是高枕无忧的，他没有什么可享受的，也没有什么财产的变故能让他们烦心。他耗尽了一切，已经无法挽回。过去不会困扰他的未来。他无所畏惧。他已经用骗术获得了财富，还欺骗了他的债主们——呸！谁会为债主着想？什么是债主？那些地主啊，那一类人毫无怜悯之心、也不值得别人同情，那些就知道勒索人的守财奴！欠债人要是不偷偷地占这个贪婪的阶层的便宜，他们的世界难道还不翻了天吗？

LESSON 22

THE THREE WARNINGS

三个警告

Hester Lynch Thrale. 1739—1821, owes her celebrity almost wholly to her long intimacy with Dr. Samuel Johnson. This continued for twenty years, during which Johnson spent much time in her family. She was born in Caernarvonshire, Wales; her first husband was a wealthy brewer, by whom she had several children. In 1784, she married an Italian teacher of music named Piozzi. Her writings are quite numerous; the best known of her books is the "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson;" but nothing she ever wrote is so well known as the "Three Warnings."

The tree of deepest root is found

Least willing still to quit the ground;

'T was therefore said by ancient sages,

That love of life increased with years

So much, that in our latter stages,

When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless bridegroom cried:
"Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared."

What more he urged, I have not heard;

His reasons could not well be stronger:
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hourglass trembled while he spoke:
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely, and how well,
It boots not that the Muse should tell;
He plowed, he sowed, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track, content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,

As all alone he sate,

The unwelcome messenger of Fate

Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with wonder and surprise,

"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.

"So soon d' ye call it?" Death replies:

"Surely! my friend, you're but in jest;

Since I was here before,

'T is six and thirty years at least,

And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse!" the clown rejoined;

"To spare the aged would be kind:

Besides, you promised me three warnings,

Which I have looked for nights and mornings!"

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,

I seldom am a welcome guest;

But do n't be captious, friend; at least,

I little thought that you'd be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
Yet still you seem to have your strength."

"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame, these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies,
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And surely, sir, to see one's friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith;
But there's some comfort still," says Death;

"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
I've grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the specter stern rejoined,
"These are unpardonable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings,
So, come along; no more we'll part."
He said, and touched him with his dart:
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

【中文阅读】

你看那根基最深的老树，
最不情愿与那大地分离。
因此先哲有言，
对生活的爱随年岁渐增，
到了我们的晚年，
当苦痛渐长，疾病缠身，
对生活的眷恋越甚。
相信这种深情，

很少人觉察，尽管大家都承认，
要是古老的哲言无法说服你，
那就请聆听一个现代的故事。

人们全都在消遣作乐，
这天是邻人多德森大婚，
死神叫走了快乐的新郎，
与他一道进了另一间房。

死神一脸阴沉：“你必须——”

“离开你亲爱的新娘，随我而去。”

“跟你走！离开我的苏珊？”

“跟你走！”不幸的新郎哭喊：

“我还这样年轻，这怎么能承受！

且说实话，我是全无准备。”

他又极力哀求了什么，我并无听闻；

他的理由极为充分：

于是死神宽恕了这可怜的罪人，

让他得以继续生存。

不过他摆出了一副严肃的表情，
说话间计算时间的沙漏开始颤抖：
“兄弟，”他说，“那就再见了，
不要再让死亡烦扰你欢乐的时光，
此外，为了避免
指责我的残忍，玷污我的名声，
为了给你时间做好准备，
好在将来收你上天堂，
你会得到三次警告，
在你被召入坟墓之前。
我就答应，
开恩暂缓你的时日，
愿你将来没有怨言，
不过，当我再来如此呼唤，
你要兴高采烈地离开人间。”
双方都同意这些条件，
心满意足地就此分别。
接下来有何经历，我们的英雄，

他活了多久，是否明智，过得有多好，

这不由诗神缪斯来把故事道。

他开垦，他播种，他买来又卖走，

从不曾察觉到自己日渐老态龙钟，

从未想过死神已经在身边逼近。

他并未选错朋友，他的妻子也很温柔，

他挣得很多，孩子花得很少，

他安宁地过着他的年岁。

然而，当他目睹着他财富的累积，

沿着人生那满是坎坷的道路，

满足于来路上的一个个足印，

步履匆匆来的老年，没有凡人能够避免，

并未邀约，不知不觉，

迎来了他人生的第八十年。

这一个夜晚，陷入沉思冥想，

他享受着一个人的时光。

命运的使者不请自来，

再次站在了他的面前。

老多德森哭喊：“这么快就回来！”

死神回答：“你还要说快？”

“我的朋友，你当然只是开玩笑而已；

从我上次在这儿算起，

至少有三十六个年头过去，

你现在已经八十高龄。”

“只是越来越糟糕！”那“开玩笑”的人答道。

“宽恕了老人，会显出你的慈爱，

此外，你还答应给我三个警告，

我日日夜夜都在等待！”

“我也知道，”死神咆哮，

“我向来不是受欢迎的客人，

朋友，但你也不必挑剔，

至少我从未想到你能熬过，

农场和马厩里的辛苦活儿，

你的年寿已大长，

而你看来仍是身强力壮。”

“等等！”农夫说：“不要这么快！

这过去的四年我已瘸了腿。”

死神回答：“这并不奇怪，

但你的眼睛还好用，

先生，当然能看见你的朋友，

把胳膊和腿脚的毛病抵偿。”

“也许，”多德森说，“你说得对，

但最近我的视力已模糊。”

“你说的让人震惊，忠实的朋友，

但还是有些值得宽慰的事情，”死神说，

“保证你所听到的全部消息，

每条都能让你忘掉悲伤、展露欢颜。”

“一条都没有，”他大喊，“即使是有，

我也听不见，我已经失聪。”

“那么就是没有，”那幽灵沉下脸回答，

“这就是无法宽恕的渴望——

要是你跛脚、眼盲、失聪，

你就已全部收到三个警告，

跟我走吧，我们从此不再分开。”

他边说边往他身上掷去飞镖，

于是老多德森脸色发白，

向命运低下头来——我的故事就此完结。

LESSON 23

THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS

缅怀先辈

Lyman Beecher, 1775-1863, a famous congregational minister of New England, was born in New Haven, graduated from Yale College in 1797, and studied theology with Dr. Timothy Dwight. His first settlement was at East Hampton, L. I., at a salary of three hundred dollars per year. He was pastor of the church in Litchfield, Ct., from 1810 till 1826, when he removed to Boston, and took charge of the Hanover Street Church. In the religious controversies of the time, Dr. Beecher was one of the most prominent characters. From 1832 to 1842, he was President of Lane Theological Seminary, in the suburbs of Cincinnati. He then returned to Boston, where he spent most of the closing years of his long and active life. His death occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y. As a theologian, preacher, and advocate of education, temperance, and missions, Dr. Beecher occupied a very prominent place for nearly half a century. He left a large family of sons and two daughters, who are well known as among the most eminent preachers and authors in

America.

We are called upon to cherish with high veneration and grateful recollections, the memory of our fathers. Both the ties of nature and the dictates of policy demand this. And surely no nation had ever less occasion to be ashamed of its ancestry, or more occasion for gratulation in that respect; for while most nations trace their origin to barbarians, the foundations of our nation were laid by civilized men, by Christians. Many of them were men of distinguished families, of powerful talents, of great learning and of preeminent wisdom, of decision of character, and of most inflexible integrity. And yet not unfrequently they have been treated as if they had no virtues; while their sins and follies have been sedulously immortalized in satirical anecdote.

The influence of such treatment of our fathers is too manifest. It creates and lets loose upon their institutions, the vandal spirit of innovation and overthrow; for after the memory of our father shall have been rendered contemptible, who will appreciate and sustain their institutions? "The memory of our fathers" should be the watchword of liberty throughout the land; for, imperfect as they were, the world before had not seen their like, nor will it soon, we fear, behold their like again. Such models of moral excellence, such apostles of civil and religious liberty, such shades of the illustrious dead looking down upon their descendants with approbation or reproof, according as they follow or depart from the good way, constitute a censorship inferior only to the eye of God; and to ridicule them is national suicide.

The doctrines of our fathers have been represented as gloomy, superstitious, severe, irrational, and of a licentious tendency. But when other systems shall have produced a piety as devoted, a morality as pure, a patriotism as disinterested, and a state of society as happy, as have prevailed where their doctrines have been most prevalent, it may be in season to seek an answer to this objection.

The persecutions instituted by our fathers have been the occasion of ceaseless obloquy upon their fair fame. And truly, it was a fault of no ordinary magnitude, that sometimes they did persecute. But let him whose ancestors were not ten times more guilty, cast the first stone, and the ashes of our fathers will no more be disturbed. Theirs was the fault of the age, and it will be easy to show that no class of men had, at that time, approximated so nearly to just apprehensions of religious liberty; and that it is to them that the world is now indebted for the more just and definite views which now prevail.

The superstition and bigotry of our fathers are themes on which some of their descendants, themselves far enough from superstition, if not from bigotry, have delighted to dwell. But when we look abroad, and behold the condition of the world, compared with the condition of New England, we may justly exclaim, "Would to God that the ancestors of all the nations had been not only almost, but altogether such bigots as our fathers were."

【中文阅读】

我们在此响应上帝的号召，以崇高的敬意和感恩的心情缅怀我们的先辈。天性的纽带、理智的驱使，都要求我们这样做。无疑，相较

其他国家而言，我们的国家为祖先感到羞耻的时候不多，而为他们感到骄傲的理由充分。因为绝大多数国家以野蛮人起源，而我们的祖国是由文明人、由基督徒所创立的。这些人中有许多出身显赫、才能非凡、学识渊博、智慧超群、坚决果断，而且有着不可动摇的正直。然而把他们当作一无是处的例子并不少见，那些具有讽刺意味的奇闻轶事口耳相传，让他们的过错和失误流传至今。

如此对待我们先辈所产生的后果显而易见。这为他们所创立的制度带来了疏漏，严重打击、甚至颠覆了创新的精神。要是缅怀我们的先辈被当作令人不齿的事，谁还会尊重并维护他们所创立的制度？“缅怀先辈”应该成为这片土地上代表自由的口号，因为尽管先辈们并非完人，但过往的世界里并未曾见到有谁能与之媲美，而在未来，大概也不容易随随便便就能找到这样的人。他们是美德的典范，是文明与宗教自由的传教先驱；这些显赫的先辈之魂，将根据后辈们沿袭亦或违背正道而许之以赞许亦或责备，他们创立的是一个至高无上、只受制于上帝的审查制度。嘲笑他们就是民族性的自杀。

我们一向把先辈的信条描绘成是蒙昧、迷信、纯朴、非理性和具有淫乱倾向的。然而，要是其他种种制度能塑造这样对神的虔敬之心，这样纯洁无瑕的品德，这样毫无私心的爱国主义，以及在信条的深入人心之下这样幸福的社会现状，那么上述描述也许才能称其为恰当。

我们的先辈对其他人所施加的宗教迫害，一直都是他们名誉上的污点。毋庸置疑，他们确实某些时候迫害了他人，这是一个无法轻描淡写的过错。但是只有那些自家祖先无比清白的人，才有权力指责我们的祖先（由于那样的人根本不存在），所以我们的先辈完全可以不受惊扰。先辈们的过错是时代所造成的，极似对宗教自由的恐惧，而正由于他们的努力，更公正的、更确切的概念，才有幸流行于今天的世界。

有些后人习惯谈论先辈们的迷信与偏执，而他们本身就非常迷信，甚至非常偏执，而且安于此道。然而要是我们放眼世界，看看世界上的情形，与新英格兰的情况做个比较，我们就大致可以公正地呼唤：“上帝作证，所有民族的祖先都是偏执的，几乎和我们的先辈一样——不，应该说是一模一样。”

LESSON 24

SHORT SELECTIONS IN PROSE

散文节选

I. DRYDEN AND POPE.

Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, more certainty in that of Pope. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is the velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller. If the flights of Dryden are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If, of Dryden's fire, the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

(Samuel Johnson)

II. LAS CASAS DISSUADING FROM BATTLE.

Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete? Battle! against whom? Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries, even yet, have not excited hate; but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people, who never wronged the living being their Creator formed; a people, who received you as cherished guests, with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes; you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonor.

Pizarro, hear me! Hear me, chieftains! And thou, All-powerful! whose thunder can shiver into sand the adamantine rock, whose lightnings can pierce the core of the riven and quaking earth, oh let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy Spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, chieftains,—do not, I implore, you, renew the foul barbarities your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race. But hush, my sighs! fall not, ye drops of useless sorrow! heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance.

(E. B. Sheridan)

III. ACTION AND REPOSE.

John Ruskin, 1819—, is a distinguished English art critic and author. From 1869 to 1884, he was Professor of the Fine Arts at Oxford University. His writings are very numerous, and are noted for their eloquent and brilliant style.

About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are tempest-tossed and thunderstricken, maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and are plowed into the dust.

IV. TIME AND CHANGE.

Sir Humphry Davy, 1778-1829, was an eminent chemist of England. He made many important chemical discoveries, and was the inventor of the miner's safety lamp.

Time is almost a human word, and Change entirely a human idea; in the system of nature, we should rather say progress than change. The sun appears to sink in the ocean in darkness, but it rises in another hemisphere; the ruins of a city fall, but they are often used to form more magnificent structures: even when they are destroyed so as to produce only dust, Nature asserts her empire over them; and the vegetable world rises in constant youth, in a period of annual successions, by the labors of man—providing food, vitality, and beauty—upon the wrecks of monuments which were raised for the purposes of glory, but which are now applied to objects of utility.

V. THE POET.

William Ellery Channing, 1780-1842, was a distinguished clergyman and orator. He took a leading part in the public

affairs of his day, and wrote and lectured eloquently on several topics.

It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well, for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

VI. MOUNTAINS.

William Howitt, 1795-1879, was an English author. He published many books, and was associated with his wife, Mary Howitt, in the publication of many others.

There is a charm connected with mountains, so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! How the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our hearts bound to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! How inspiring are the odors that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine! How beautiful are those lights and shadows

thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture!

【中文阅读】

1. 德莱顿和蒲伯

德莱顿能更深刻地洞察人们普遍的本性，蒲伯则能更多地看到人的地域风貌。德莱顿的理念来自于全面的思考，蒲伯的理念来自于细微的观察。德莱顿的知识体系更为宏大，蒲伯的知识体系更为精确。德莱顿的风格变幻莫测、难以捉摸；蒲伯的行文严谨、浑然天成。德莱顿遵循内心的活动，蒲伯让自己的创造理念约束内心的活动。德莱顿的文章就像一片处女地，高低起伏，种满了各种各样的花木；蒲伯的文章如同天鹅绒般的草地，经过镰刀的修剪，又用辊压机碾平。假如说德莱顿飞得更高，那么蒲伯则翱翔得更久。假如说德莱顿的火焰燃烧得更明亮，那么蒲伯的火焰所散发的热度更恒久。德莱顿常常超越人们的期待，蒲伯从未让读者失望。德莱顿的作品带给人重重的惊喜，蒲伯的作品让人感到不断的愉悦。

（塞缪尔·约翰逊）

2. 拉斯·卡萨斯劝和

难道你用来展示残暴的可怕行径还未曾结束吗？战斗！要与谁开战？要攻打那个国王——你已在他温柔的胸膛狠狠地插了一刀，而即便是这样，你也没有招来仇恨；他受到了你的侮辱，他仍然处于上风，却仍然想和你握手言和。你要攻打那个地方的人民——他们从未辜负造物主赋予他们的生命，他们待你如贵客，殷切热情，把你视为知己。他们让你同享舒适与荣华，让你住到他们的家里，如此慷慨、如此随意，而你却用欺骗、镇压和侮辱来回报他们。

皮扎诺，你听我说！听我说啊，各位首领！还有你，无所不能的人！你的惊雷让坚硬无比的巨石碎成沙土；你的闪电把大地撕裂，震撼着它，直抵它的核心；你的力量让仆从的话语充满威严，而你的灵魂赋予他的意志以勇气！不要啊，我求求你，各位首领——我求求你们，不要因为你们永不知足的贪欲，再次把肮脏的暴行施加在这可怜的、无罪的民族头上！然而我的叹息只是徒劳无益！不要流下来，你那毫无价值的悲伤悲痛之泪！心碎的剧痛，不要让我说不出我的话。

（E. B. 谢里登）

3．动与静

在人类的生命长河里，尽管有神圣的阳光，却也有一股凛冽的寒风。彩虹女神为它染上了色彩，冷霜冻结了它的安眠。我们要当心，不要让一时的修葺变成石头般的安眠——它们天长地久地经受着暴风雨的肆虐和雷电的侵袭，却仍然不失其尊严；然而当风暴平息、流水再不起波澜，它们却让青草覆盖，在耕犁之下化作尘土。

4．时间和变化

时间是一个几乎通了灵性的词，而变化完全是人的主观想法；在自然界，我们与其说变化，不如说发展。太阳看起来是沉入大海的黑暗之中，但它却从另一个半球升起。一座被毁的城市倒塌成废墟，但这些断壁残垣却常常用来建造出更恢宏的建筑；即便它们的确完全被摧毁，只留下一地尘土，大自然却仍然悉心呵护着建造在它们上面的王国。在人们的辛勤劳作之下，那植物的世界蓬勃发展，永远焕发着生机，提供着粮食、活力与美景——它就在那城市的遗迹之上，那废墟原是因荣耀而起，如今却用于实际。

5．诗人

我们不能说诗人描绘了并不存在的生活。他只是把生活原本的微妙本质加以提炼和浓缩，捕捉并凝结了那飘散的芬芳，集聚了星点的美丽，延长了精妙而又转瞬即逝的欢乐；诗人也的确精于此道。因为他愿意体验人生，并不全然被生计的担忧、物质的满足所吞没，而又容许通过无限开阔的方式，让更高等的生灵享有了情趣与愉悦。

6．群山

山自有一种魅力，这魅力如此强大，以至于只是寥寥数语的提及，或者只是对其巍峨风貌的粗略勾画，都能激发人们的想象，让想象的翅膀翱翔在那令人陶醉的群山深处。人们的心中充满了它们广阔无边的孤独！灵魂的目光凝聚在它们那寂静、崇高而连绵不绝的山峰之上！它们寂寞的呐喊，它们喷涌的山泉叮咚，它们的大瀑布轰隆作响，全都汇成了音乐，紧紧联结着我们的心房！高原的草地、岩石间长出的鲜花、庄严的老松散发出的清香让人精神焕发！那环绕四方的光影，那澄亮的雾气，弥漫在幽谷和矮坡之上，如同挥洒在一幅无与伦比的巨幅画作中，如此壮美堂皇！

LESSON 25

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

快活的老先生

George Arnold, 1834—1865, was born in New York City. He never attended school, but was educated at home, by his parents. His literary career occupied a period of about twelve years. In this time he wrote stories, essays, criticisms in art and literature, poems, sketches, etc., for several periodicals. Two volumes of his poems have been published since his death.

'T was a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall, and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
And his long, thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye:
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;

The living should live, though the dead be dead,"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught the scholars the Rule of Three,

Reading, and writing, and history too;

He took the little ones on his knee,

For a kind old heart in his breast had he,

And the wants of the littlest child he knew.

"Learn while you're young," he often said,

"There is much to enjoy down here below;

Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,

Speaking only in gentlest tones;

The rod was scarcely known in his school—

Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,

And too hard work for his poor old bones;

Besides it was painful, he sometimes said:

"We should make life pleasant down here below—
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.

"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times he had of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:

This was the finest pleasure, he said,

Of the many he tasted here below:

"Who has no cronies had better be dead,"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face

Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;

He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,

Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,

Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles.

"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,

"I've lingered a long time here below;

But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air

Every night, when the sun went down;

And the soft wind played in his silvery hair,

Leaving its tenderest kisses there,

On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:
"T is it glorious world down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said this jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night winds whispered, "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

【中文阅读】

很久以前，有个快活的老先生，
高高瘦瘦，皮肤干燥，脸色灰黄，

他的背又驼，他的步子又慢，
一头稀疏的长发白如雪，
但眼睛里闪烁奇妙的光芒：
每天夜里上床前他都要歌唱：
“让我们在这人世间快快乐乐，
活的人要活着，尽管死的人已死了。”
很久以前，快活的老先生如是说。

他把三条秘诀教给他的学生，
读书，写作，还有把历史记住，
他把年幼的孩子抱上膝盖，
他的胸膛里有颗善良的心在跳动，
最小的孩子有何希望，他也知晓。
“学习需趁年少，”他常说道，
“人世间有很多事情值得享受，
生者的人生，逝者的安眠！”
很久以前，快活的老先生如是说。

对最愚笨的男孩，他和蔼而严肃，

说话总是轻声细语；

他的学校里笞鞭极少使用——

鞭打对他而言是野蛮的规矩，

这活儿对那把可怜的老骨头也过于沉重。

鞭子会带来痛苦，有时他还说：

“我们应该让人世间的生活变得愉快——

活着的人比死去的更需要爱。”

很久以前，快活的老先生如是说。

山楂树路旁的一座房子是他的住处，

家门口掩映着玫瑰和忍冬，

他的房间安静、朴素而整洁，

然而处处令人感到舒适喜悦，

让他把自己的年迈和贫穷忘却。

“我需要的甚少，”他常常说，

“我的亲朋好友在这人间，

到我死时也无需上法庭争辩。”

很久以前，快活的老先生如是说。

但他一生中最快乐的时光，
是每日与大家的平常交往，
他的椅背抵在邻居的墙上，
正无拘无束地交谈，
抽根雪茄，喝杯友情之酒：
他说，这最让人喜不自胜，
在他所品尝的人间百味之中。

“没有知己的人们生不如死。”

很久以前，快活的老先生如是说。

快活的老先生脸上皱纹满布，
全都绽放着阳光般的笑容；
他用老派的风度搅动着他的酒，
轻轻一笑，啜饮一口，急促地絮叨，
直至屋里从地窖到房顶都洋溢欢笑。

“我是个老家伙，”他轻轻地说，

“我在人世间已久久流连，

但我的心是年轻的，即便我的青春已逃走！”

很久以前，快活的老先生如是说。

他在芬芳的空气中抽着雪茄，
每天晚上太阳落山的时候，
轻风在他银白的发间嬉戏，
把最轻柔的亲吻留在那里，
在快活的老先生那顶老王冠上。
他把这亲吻觉察，微笑着说道：
“人世间是个欢乐无比的世界，
为何我们要到死的那天才把快乐来期盼？”
很久以前，快活的老先生如是说。
一个仲夏夜，他坐在门前，
太阳刚刚落下在西边。
那金色的余辉还在徘徊，
让他年迈慈祥的脸看来温暖而明亮，
芳香的夜风低语：“安息吧！”
轻轻地，轻轻地，他低下了头，
我知道，天使们正在为他等候，
无论活着或死后，他无疑沐浴在幸福之中，
很久以前，有位快活的老先生！

LESSON 26

THE TEACHER AND SICK SCHOLAR

老师和病倒的学生

Shortly after the schoolmaster had arranged the forms and taken his seat behind his desk, a small white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door, and, stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. He then put an open book, astonishingly dog's-eared, upon his knees, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled; displaying, in the expression of his face, a remarkable capacity of totally abstracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed.

Soon afterward, another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him, a red-headed lad, and then one with a flaxen poll, until the forms were occupied by a dozen boys, or thereabouts, with heads of every color but gray, and ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor, when he sat upon the form; and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form—the post of honor in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar; and, at the head of the row of pegs, on which those who wore hats or caps were wont to hang them, one was empty. No boy attempted to violate the sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbor, behind his hand.

Then began the hum of conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din, sat the poor schoolmaster, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But the tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were rambling from his pupils—it was plain.

None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with impunity, waxed louder and more daring; playing "odd or even" under the master's eye; eating apples openly and without rebuke; pinching each other in sport or malice, without the least reserve; and cutting their initials in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson "off the book," looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow, and boldly cast his eye upon the page; the wag of the little troop squinted and made grimaces (at the smallest boy, of course), holding no book before his face, and his approving companions knew no constraint in their delight. If the master did chance to rouse himself, and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment, and no eye met his but wore a studious and deeply humble look; but the instant he relapsed again,

it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

Oh! how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing place, beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt collar unbuttoned, and flung back as far as it could go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling book, wishing himself a whale, or a minnow, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school, on that hot, broiling day.

Heat! ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest to the door, gave him opportunities of gliding out into the garden, and driving his companions to madness, by dipping his face into the bucket of the well, and then rolling on the grass,—ask him if there was ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of the flowers, and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business, and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky, till its brightness forced the gazer to shut his eyes and go to sleep. And was this a time to be poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself? Monstrous!

The lessons over, writing time began. This was a more quiet time; for the master would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and mildly tell him to observe how such a letter was turned up, in such a copy on the wall, which had been written by their sick companion, and bid him take it as a model. Then he

would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the poor schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner, that the boys seemed quite remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, and making no grimaces for full two minutes afterward.

"I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give you an extra half holiday this afternoon." At this intelligence, the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath. "You must promise me, first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy, or at least, if you are, that you'll go away first, out of the village, I mean. I'm sure you would n't disturb your old playmate and companion."

There was a general murmur (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys) in the negative; and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them, called those about him to witness, that he had only shouted in a whisper. "Then pray don't forget, there's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and do n't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good-by, all."

"Thank 'ee, sir," and "Good-by, sir," were said a great many times in a great variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining and there were birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays

and half holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb, and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, entreating them to come and scatter it to the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning toward wood and stream; the smooth ground, rendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks, nobody knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop, the whole cluster took to their heels, and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went. "'T is natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor schoolmaster, looking after them, "I am very glad they did n't mind me."

Toward night, the schoolmaster walked over to the cottage where his little friend lay sick. Knocking gently at the cottage door, it was opened without loss of time. He entered a room where a group of women were gathered about one who was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. "O dame!" said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?" Without replying, she pointed to another room, which the schoolmaster immediately entered; and there lay his little friend, half-dressed, stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and, stooping over the pillow whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying, that he was his dear, kind friend. "I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster. "You remember my garden, Henry?" whispered the old man, anxious to rouse him, for dullness seemed gathering upon

the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, very soon now, won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them,— no, not a sound. In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes. "The boys at play, upon the green." He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down. "Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster. "Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay, with slate, and book, and other boyish property, upon the table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and again clasped his little arms around the old man's neck. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

* * * * *

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small,

cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

(From "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Dickens .)

【中文阅读】

老师摆放好学生们坐的长木凳，刚刚在讲台后面坐下来，一个淡黄色头发、脸晒得黝黑的小男孩就出现在门口。他站在那儿粗鲁地鞠了个躬，就走进来坐到其中一个长木凳上。然后他摊开一本边角折得厉害的书，放在膝头，把两手插到口袋里，开始数里面装得满满的弹子；眼睛盯着书上的拼写，脸上的表情却显示他的心思早飞到爪哇国去了。

不一会儿，另一个淡黄色头发的小男孩也晃悠悠地走了进来，跟在他身后的是个红头发的小子，然后是个亚麻色头发的。十来个男孩陆续入了座，脑袋上的头发什么颜色都有，除了灰白以外。他们的年纪大概从四岁到十四岁不等；最小的男孩坐在木凳上，双腿还差一大截才能够到地板，而最大的男孩是个脾气温和的大个子，比老师还高出了大约半个头。

第一排最好的位置是学校里头的荣誉座位——如今空着，是为那个生病的小学生留下来的。那一排挂帽钩的头一个也是空的。没有哪个男孩想要把那座位或挂帽钩据为己有，冒犯它们的神圣，但好多人都望望那空空如也的座位和挂钩，又望望老师，用手掩着嘴与无所事事的同伴窃窃私语着。

随后就是一片嗡嗡的读书声，但真正让他们聚精会神的是细声细语的笑话、偷偷摸摸的游戏、还有故意拖长声调的阅读以及学校里头一切的嘈杂。在这一片喧嚣之中坐着可怜的老师，他徒劳地想要精神集中在他的职责上面，忘记他那生病的小朋友。然而他的教室里一片

沉闷，让他禁不住更为强烈地想念那个听话的学生，他的心思早已不在眼前这些孩子的身上——这再清楚不过了。

没有谁能像这些懒惰的孩子们了解老师的心思，知道自己不会受罚以后，他们就更加大胆起来。他们的嗓门越来越大，就在老师的眼皮底下玩起猜谜游戏；又公然地啃着苹果，却没有听到一句责备；你掐我一下我掐你一下，有时是开玩笑有时是恶狠狠的，一副肆无忌惮的样子；还把姓名的首字母刻在讲台的四个腿上。讲台旁边站着的那个笨学生正在背诵他的课文，如今也不再盯着天花板搜索那些忘掉的词，却凑到老师的手肘旁，大胆地盯着老师手里的书看。那些“小童子军”中最爱恶作剧的一个挤眉弄眼，做着鬼脸（当然是朝其中年纪最小的男孩），课本也不放在面前，而他的伙伴们开怀大笑，一点儿也不压抑他们的欢乐。要是老师碰巧回过神来，似乎注意到了眼前发生的一切，喧闹声就会平息一阵，大家都回避着他的眼神，只流露出一副用功而谦虚的表情。然而只要他一恢复原状，喧闹声就会重新爆发，比原来还要响十倍。

啊！不少懒家伙们是多么渴望到外头去啊！他们盯着敞开的门窗，似乎半副心思都在盘算着猛然冲出去，一头扎到树林里头，随心所欲地撒野，从此成了个野蛮人。那清凉的河水，在枝条垂到水里的柳树阴蔽下最适合洗澡了——那样酷热的天气里，这些念头引诱着、催促着那个结实的男孩，他的衣领大敞着，尽量向后翻，坐在那儿用拼写本扇着涨红的脸，但愿自己变成一条鲸鱼、一条小鱼或者一只苍蝇，只要不是一个在学校里头上学的男孩就好。

热啊！问问那个坐在门边的男孩，他瞅好时机溜到花园里去，把脸浸到放在水井里头的木桶里，接着就在草地上打滚，把他的伙伴们都气疯了——问问他可曾有过这么热的天，甚至连蜜蜂也潜到花蕊里头，一动不动，仿佛它们下定决心撒手不干，从此也不再酿造蜂蜜了。这天气最适合什么也不做，就躺在绿油油的草地上，凝视着天空，直到白花花的日头迫使人闭上眼睛睡了过去。难道这时候该闷在

连阳光也忽略了黑暗小屋里，钻研那些发霉的书本吗？真是太不像话了！

授课结束，写字时间开始了。这段时间教室里更加安静了，老师走来走去，站在执笔者身边端详着，温和地告诉他去看看这个字母该怎么写，要他对照着墙上贴的、他们那生病的伙伴所写的作业，吩咐他把那当作范本。随后他停下脚步，告诉他们昨晚那个生病的孩子说了什么，他如何渴望能再度回到大家中间。可怜的老师那温柔而慈爱的样子，让男孩们不禁感到内疚，后悔自己让老师如此操心。他们完全安静下来，不啃苹果了，不刻名字了，也不做鬼脸了，足足维持了有两分钟之久。

“孩子们，我想，”时钟敲了12下，老师说道：“下午我要给你们额外放半天假。”男孩们听到这条消息，就由高个子男孩带头大喊大叫起来，期间老师似乎说了些什么，但没有人听得见。不过，当他举手示意大家安静的时候，孩子们就很体贴地闭上了嘴——就在那些嚷得最久的孩子终于喘不上气的时候。“你们必须先答应我，”老师说，“不要吵闹，至少要闹起来的时候，你们就先到别处去，我的意思是到村子外头去。我相信你们都不想打扰你们的好伙伴吧。”

教室里响起一片不满的窃窃私语声（也许他们的不满是十分诚恳的，因为他们只不过是小男孩而已）。那个高个子男孩也许和别人一样诚恳，叫那些旁边的孩子替他作证，他只是小声地喊了一下。“我亲爱的同学们，请你们不要忘了，”老师说，“我对你们的请求，就算是帮帮我的忙吧。尽情地玩儿去吧，但可不要忘了感恩，你们都拥有一个健康的身体。再见吧，同学们。”

“谢啦，老师”，“再见喽，老师”，这两句话被各种高低粗细的嗓音说了许多遍，男孩们就轻手轻脚地慢慢走出了教室。然而阳光照耀，鸟儿歌唱，仿佛只有在假日——这额外的假日中，才有这样明媚的阳光、鸟儿才会卖弄这样婉转的歌喉；树木们向着所有自由自在的

男孩们招手，要他们爬上去，依偎在绿叶繁茂的枝头；一堆干草请求他们过去，把它挥洒在明净的空气中；绿油油的稻田，温柔地把他们引向树林和小溪；平坦的大地上光影交错，显得更加迷人，引诱着他们奔跑、跳跃和漫步，尽管没有人知道要往哪儿去。男孩们再也把持不住了，随着一声欢乐的叫喊，这一群人撒腿就跑，向四面八方散开，边跑边叫着、笑着。“这就是自然的本能，谢谢上帝！”可怜的老师看着他们的背影说，“我很高兴他们并没有在意我的话。”

夜幕快降临的时候，老师走到了一户农舍前，他的小朋友正躺在里面的病榻上。他轻轻地敲响了农舍的门，门立即就开了。他走进一个房间，只见一群妇女把其中一个围在中间，那女人双手紧握，痛苦地哀号着。“啊，夫人！”老师靠近她，说道，“情况糟到如此地步吗？”她没有回答，伸手指了指另一个房间，老师马上走了进去。房间里有他的小朋友，半披着衣服，有气无力地躺在床上。

他看起来年纪很小，还是个小孩儿。一绺绺卷曲的头发垂在脸上，双眼非常明亮，但那是来自天国的光芒，并不属于这人间。老师在他旁边坐下，弯下腰去，贴着枕头轻声呼唤他的名字。男孩一下子坐了起来，用手摸着老师的脸，又伸出细细的胳膊抱着他的脖子，嚷嚷着说他是自己亲爱的、仁慈的朋友。“我希望一直都是如此。上帝知道我的真心。”可怜的老师说。“你记得我的花园吗，亨利？”老人轻轻地说道，他急切地想要把孩子唤醒，因为似乎有一种死气沉沉的气氛萦绕在孩子周围：“你记得夜晚的时候它是多么迷人吗？你要赶紧再去看它，里面的花儿都在想念你呢，它们看起来也没有往日的欢乐了。你很快就会来的，很快，是吗？”

男孩微微地笑了，那笑容微弱得难以察觉，他把手放在他朋友那花白的头发上。他又动了动嘴唇，但没有发出声音——他一点儿话也说不出来了。接着是一片沉寂，远远的、喧嚷的人声随着夜风飘进敞开的窗户外里。“那是什么声音？”生病的孩子睁开了双眼。“男孩子们在草地上玩儿呢。”孩子从枕头底下拿出一条手绢，想要举到头上挥舞

一下。但他软弱的胳膊无力地垂了下来。“让我来好吗？”老师说。“请在窗口挥一下它。”男孩用微弱的声音回答，“把它系在窗棂上。他们有人可能会看见的。也许他们会想起我，向这边看一看。”

他抬起头，望向那飘扬的信号，又看看他闲置已久的球棒——它就放在桌子上，旁边摆着写字用的石板、书本和其他男孩的小玩意儿。接着他又轻轻地躺下了，再一次把两条细小的胳膊环绕在老人的脖子上。两个老朋友、老伙伴——尽管一个是大人，一个是孩子——久久地拥抱在一起，随后那小男孩就把脸转过去，对着墙壁睡着了。

可怜的老师仍然坐在原处，把他那只冷冰冰的小手握在自己的手中摩挲着。这不过是一只死去的孩子的手。他感觉到了。但他仍然摩挲着这只手，不肯把它放下。

（选自狄更斯的《老古玩店》）

LESSON 27

THE SNOW SHOWER

下雪

William Cullen Bryant, 1794-1878, was the son of Peter Bryant, a physician of Cummington, Massachusetts. Amid the beautiful scenery of this remote country town, the poet was born; and here he passed his early youth. At the age of sixteen, Bryant entered Williams College, but was honorably dismissed at the end of two years. He then entered on the study of law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He practiced his profession, with much success, for about nine years. In 1826, he removed to New York, and became connected with the "Evening Post," a connection which continued to the time of his death. For more than thirty of the last years of his life, Mr. Bryant made his home near Roslyn, Long Island, where he occupied an "old-time mansion," which he bought, fitted up, and surrounded in accordance with his excellent rural taste. A poem of his, written at the age of ten years, was published in the "County Gazette," and two poems of considerable length were published in book form, when the author was only fourteen. "Thanatopsis," perhaps the best known of all his poems, was written when he was but

nineteen. But, notwithstanding his precocity, his powers continued to a remarkable age. His, excellent translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," together with some of his best poems, were accomplished after the poet, had passed the age of seventy. Mr. Bryant visited Europe several times; and, in 1849, he continued his travels into Egypt and Syria. Abroad, he was received with many marks of distinction; and he added much to his extensive knowledge by studying the literature of the countries he visited.

All his poems exhibit a peculiar love, and a careful study, of nature; and his language, both in prose and poetry, is always chaste, elegant, and correct. His mind was well-balanced; and his personal character was one to be admired, loved, and imitated.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,

On the lake below thy gentle eyes;

The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,

And dark and silent the water lies;

And out of that frozen mist the snow

In wavering flakes begins to flow;

Flake after flake

They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come

From the chambers beyond that misty veil;

Some hover in air awhile, and some

Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.

All, dropping swiftly, or settling slow,

Meet, and are still in the depths below;

Flake after flake

Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow stars, out of the cloud,

Come floating downward in airy play,

Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd

That whiten by night the Milky Way;

There broader and burlier masses fall;

The sullen water buries them all,—

Flake after flake,—

All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide

From their chilly birth cloud, dim and gray.
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake
To lie in the dark and silent lake.

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;

Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,
Flake after flake,—
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen;
Flake after flake
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

【中文阅读】

你站在我身边，我祈祷
降落在你温柔目光注视的湖面；

积压半空的云朵，沉重而灰暗，
波澜不惊的水面深黑而寂静；
那结霜的雾气之中，
摇曳的雪花飘落，
一片接着一片，
沉入无光无声的湖中。

它们来如一群活泼的天鹅
从那雾气遮掩的云间；
有些在空中片刻盘旋，有些
从蓝天直冲下来，如夏日的雨点。
飞快坠落的和缓缓漂浮的，
全都相遇并静止在那湖水的深处；
一片接着一片，
融解在无光无声的湖中。

纤柔雪花成了星星，从云间来，
无忧无虑地嬉闹着，缓缓飘下，
夜里的银河璀璨，漂白了星群，

雪花像亮晶晶的饰片从中掉落；

更宽广而厚重的星团坠下，

沉默的湖水把它们都埋葬，

一片接着一片，

全沉没在无光无声的湖中。

有些张开轻柔的羽翼滑翔，

从那寒冷的降生之地，阴暗朦胧的云端。

与它们共同坠落，紧紧相偎，

抱成一团一路摇晃；

如朋友团聚，夫妻相伴，

手牵着手走在人生之旅上；

每一片找到伙伴的雪花，

飞快地潜入无光无声的湖中。

看！我们凝视着，目不暇接，

雪涌如潮，空中一片雪白，

无数的雪花疯狂地追逐，

从那幽暗的高空猛冲下来。

半空中美好而脆弱的生灵，
速度飞快，它们的坟墓就在前方；
一片接着一片，
躺在那无光无声的湖中。

我在你温柔的双眸中看到一点泪光，
它们让我陷入沉思的忧伤；
你最挂念的、亲爱的朋友，
曾一度伴你左右，现在无影无踪；
就像这些云雾的漂亮孩子，
一刻的闪烁就转瞬即逝，
一片接着一片，
全迷失在无光无声的湖中。

转眼再望去，云朵已分开，
一束微微的蓝光映在水面；
远远的，在群山边上，
从天空的豁口射下一束阳光。
飞舞在云水之间

急匆匆的主人已不见。

一片接着一片，

在无光无声的湖中安眠。

LESSON 28

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

拿破仑·波拿巴之品性

Charles Phillips, 1787-1859, an eminent barrister and orator, was born in Sligo, Ireland, and died in London. He gained much of his reputation as an advocate in criminal cases. In his youth he published some verses; later in life he became the author of several works, chiefly of biography.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose power terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive; a will, despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience, pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outlines of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him, as from the glance of destiny.

He knew no motive but interest; acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshiped no God but ambition; and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Caesars.

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation: kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts,

and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chessboard! Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or in the drawing-room; with the mob, or the levee; wearing the Jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown; banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic he was still the same military despot.

In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor; a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self; the man without a model, and without a shadow.

【中文阅读】

他倒下了！我们现在可以在这位举世无双的奇才面前驻足。他像

远古的遗迹一般伫立在我们中间，被他的威严吸引而来的目光，又在他的威力面前不寒而栗。高贵、阴沉、独特的他，如被授予王杖的隐士，独自坐在王座之上，他的独一无二凸显着他的孤独。他的心灵，勇敢、独立而果断；他的意志，唯我独尊，随心所欲；他的精力，让远征军也自愧不如；他的良知，屈从于每一种切身利益之下；这些特征大致构成了这样一位非凡的人物——在这个兴亡迭起的世界，他的非凡也许千古未见。

这场革命让否认一切权威的人们调集起了越来越惊人的力量，他就这样投入了正进行得如火如荼的革命当中，开始他的大业。他是一个天赋异禀的人，一个悲天悯人的博爱者。只有利剑充当他的朋友，只把才华当作他的财富，他匆匆进入了按等级、财产及才能高低排列的名单，所向披靡，命运亦无法把他左右。

他唯一的出发点是利益，唯一的标准是成功，唯一膜拜的是野心；凭借着一种东方式的虔诚，他跪倒在崇拜自我的神殿里。此外，没有一种信条他不能承认，也没有一种观点他无法宣扬；为了对一个皇朝的觊觎，他支持伊斯兰教徒；出于离婚的目的，他在十字架面前鞠躬；圣·路易⁽¹⁾的遗孤，成了共和国的继子；他不知感恩、嗜杀恩主，踏着王座与神坛的废墟，竖立起唯我独尊的宝座。这个宣了誓的天主教徒，把罗马教皇关进监狱；这个口口声声的爱国者，让国家积贫积弱；以布鲁特斯⁽²⁾的名义，他攫取王权而不带一点懊悔，身着王袍而没有任何羞愧。

目睹他企图谋划的厚颜无耻，野心实践的不可思议，整个大陆为之颤抖。怀疑论屈服于他的精湛演技；浪漫主义披上了历史的外衣；当全世界见证来自科西嘉小岛的中尉把他称帝的旗帜插在最古老的首都之上，没有任何事情难以置信，没有任何期望不切实际。所有古时的想象，在他的规划下成了寻常不过的事：国王成了他的臣民；各国成了他的前哨；在他手里的法庭、王权、军营、教堂和内阁，不过是棋盘上有名无实的将领，任由摆布！在风云变幻之间，他自岿然不

动。无论是在战场上，还是在休息室里，无论是在暴民之中，还是在早朝之上，无论是戴着铁盔还是头顶雅各宾派的圆帽⁽³⁾，无论是驱逐一个布拉干萨⁽⁴⁾的显贵，还是支持一个哈布斯堡⁽⁵⁾的王族，无论在前往俄国沙皇的木筏上要求和平，还是在莱比锡⁽⁶⁾的绞刑架上沉思败局，他始终都是一位好战的暴君。

在这奇妙的混合之中，他对文学的热爱亦不能让人忽略。作为看守新闻界的狱卒，他喜欢定夺文字；作为禁书者，他提倡哲学；作为迫害作家和谋杀出版商的人，他还假惺惺地要保护知识。他暗杀帕姆⁽⁷⁾，逼迫斯塔尔⁽⁸⁾沉默，谴责科茨布⁽⁹⁾；他是大卫⁽¹⁰⁾的朋友，里尔⁽¹¹⁾的赞助人，又把他的学术奖颁给了英格兰的哲人。

一个矛盾的混合体，同时又保持着个人的一致性，这样的结合是前所未见。一个保皇主义者、一个共和主义者和一个皇帝；一个伊斯兰教徒、天主教徒和犹太教的保护人；一个中尉和一个君王；一个叛国者和一个暴君；一个基督徒和一个异教徒——在所有这些浮沉变幻之中，他一直是那个严厉、急躁而顽固的个体，一个神秘莫测的自我，一个无法效仿的人，一个没有影子的人。

-
- (1) 圣路易（1215—1270）：法国皇帝，以富有智慧、虔奉宗教著称，世称路易九世。拿破仑由路易十六选送至布里耶那的军事学校。
- (2) 布鲁特斯-路西斯-朱尼厄斯：废除罗马皇室，以执政官的身份统治了罗马两年。
- (3) 雅各宾派的圆帽：雅各宾派在第一次法国大革命时期是一个强有力的政治集团。他们以头戴一顶样式特别的圆帽为标记。
- (4) 布拉干萨：葡萄牙王室的名。玛利亚皇后及其父亲西班牙的查理四世，都遭到了拿破仑的放逐。
- (5) 哈布斯堡：奥地利王室（欧洲最古老的王室）的名。
- (6) 莱比锡：拿破仑于1813年10月在此地被联军所击败。

- (7) 帕姆：德国出版商，1806年由拿破仑下令枪毙，原因是他出版了一本反对拿破仑的小册子。
- (8) 斯塔尔：男爵夫人，著名的法国女作家，1802年被拿破仑驱逐出巴黎。
- (9) 科茨布：著名的德国戏剧家。
- (10) 大卫：法国当时首屈一指的历史画画家。
- (11) 里尔：著名的法国诗人和教授。

LESSON 29

NAPOLEON AT REST

长眠的拿破仑

John Pierpont, 1785-1866, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, and graduated from Yale College in 1804. The next four years he spent as a private tutor in the family of Col. William Allston, of South Carolina. On his return, he studied law in the law school of his native town. He entered upon practice, but soon left the law for mercantile pursuits, in which he was unsuccessful. Having studied theology at Cambridge, in 1819 he was ordained pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, in Boston, where he continued nearly twenty years. He afterwards preached four years for a church in Troy, New York, and then removed to Medford, Massachusetts. At the age of seventy-six, he became chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment; but, on account of infirmity, was soon obliged to give up the position. Mr. Pierpont published a series of school readers, which enjoyed a well-deserved popularity for many years.

His poetry is smooth, musical, and vigorous. Most of his pieces were written for special occasions.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;

His hosts he led through Alpine snows;

O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,

His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone! Not one

Of all the kings, whose crowns he gave,

Bends o'er his dust;—nor wife nor son

Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this seagirt rock! the star,

That led him on from crown to crown,

Has sunk; and nations from afar

Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his couch;—the ocean flood,

Far, far below, by storms is curled;

As round him heaved, while high he stood,

A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps! The mountain cloud,

That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.
Pause here! The far-off world, at last,
Breathes free; the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its miters cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there from the pyramids,
And from Siberian wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him? No:
The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there is the sea bird's cry,—
The mournful murmur of the surge,—
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

【中文阅读】

他的大刀在尼罗河畔闪着寒光，

他率领大军穿越阿尔卑斯山的积雪，
莫斯科尖塔上燃烧的，
是他飘展的鹰旗——又冻结在半空。
如今他长眠于此，孤身一人！
由他赐予王冠的君主，没有一个
面对他的尘灰俯首——亦没有妻儿
前来探访，站在他的墓前。

在这四面环海的孤石 [\(1\)](#) 后面！那星星，
曾指引着他把一顶顶皇冠加冕，
如今已坠落，遥远的国家，
默默凝视着它的黯淡和沉没。
他的卧榻高高——海浪翻滚，
深深的海里，风暴回旋，
他高高站立，把他托起的，
是一个风雨飘摇的世界。

他孤独入睡！夜里萦绕他的
山间白云，清晨吹散的

阵阵微风，就是那寿衣
包裹着征服者死去的肉体。
在这儿停驻！远方的世界终于
自由呼吸；那曾把王座撼动，
将主教法冠掷于大地的手，
如今压在大石底下，再也无力举起。

你听！从金字塔
从西伯利亚的雪原
从欧洲的高山，是否传来一声命令，
让他所敬畏的世界为他痛惜？没有；
那永无止息的挽歌就是唯一
听见的是海鸟的嘶鸣，
海浪悲伤的低语，
乌云低低的噪音，海风轻轻的叹息。

(1) 四面环海的孤石：圣赫勒拿岛，位于大西洋，大致在非洲和南美洲之间的中点处。拿破仑被囚禁在岛上6年，他于1821年去世，并在岛上安葬。1841年，他的遗体被运往巴黎。

LESSON 30

WAR

战争

Charles Sumner. 1811-1874, was born in Boston. He studied at the Latin school in his native city, graduated from Harvard University at the age of nineteen, studied law at the same institution, and was admitted to practice in 1834. He at once took a prominent position in his profession, lectured to the law classes at Cambridge for several successive years, wrote and edited several standard law books, and might have had a professorship in the law school, had he desired it. In his famous address on "The True Grandeur of Nations," delivered July 4, 1815, before the municipal authorities of Boston, he took strong grounds against war among nations. In 1851 he was elected to the United States Senate and continued in that position till his death. As a jurist, as a statesman, as an orator, and as a profound and scholarly writer, Mr. Sumner stands high in the estimation of his countrymen. In physical appearance, Mr. Sumner was grand and imposing; men often turned to gaze after him, as he passed along the streets of his native city.

I need not dwell now on the waste and cruelty of war. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters—of fathers, brothers, and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of these fair fields, where Nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes—or perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista—amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature—on the Sabbath of peace—we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

Horror-struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy, but truthful answer comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations!

The scene changes. Far away on the distant pathway of the ocean two ships approach each other, with white canvas broadly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions, and in their well compacted sides, while they look in their dimensions like floating happy islands on the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances of comfort, hives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travelers shall meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the masthead shall give the signal of friendship; the happy sailors shall cluster in the rigging, and even on the yardarms, to look each other in the face, while the exhilarating voices of both crews shall mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable. It is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies.

The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They, who had escaped "the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks" —who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave —whom the hurricane had spared—in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their immitigable war—now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On their decks, reddened with blood, the murderers of St. Bartholomew and of the Sicilian Vespers, with the fires of Smithfield, seem to break forth anew, and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha. At length, these vessels—such pageants of the sea—once so stately—so proudly built—but now rudely shattered by cannon balls—with shivered mast's

and ragged sails—exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose temporary lull of peace is now their only safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest—away from country and home—where there is no country or home to defend—we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the melancholy but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations.

【中文阅读】

此刻，战争的损耗与残酷已无需我赘述了。当我们在历史的书页中遨游时，这些景象就如同炫目的流星划过一般，肆无忌惮地呈现在我们眼前。紧跟着战争那恶魔般的脚步，我们看见一片废墟与尸骸。我们凝望着洗劫一空的城镇，凝望着铁蹄蹂躏的疆土，凝望着被任意践踏的家园；我们眼睁睁地看着生命中所有温馨的慈爱转变为痛苦与耻辱。我们的灵魂，被母亲、姐妹和女儿们尖利的哀号所刺穿——她们由于丧失了父亲、兄弟和儿子陷入苦痛之中，任何的慰藉也无济于事。我们的目光最终停留在这其中一片美丽的土地上，丰饶的大自然在这里铺展她无边无际的金黄画布，恰好为神气活现的芸芸众生带来欢愉——也许，这片土地以它微妙的身份充当了阿拉伯神话中的魔毯，似乎可以缩小到只能允许几个人站在上面，或者延伸到可以接待难以计数的宾客。在这儿，在同样照耀着奥斯德立兹和布温纳·维斯特的明亮的阳光之下——在自然宁谧的和谐之中——在平静的安息日，我们看见一群群的弟兄、同一位神父的子民、同一份幸福的后裔，在殊死的搏斗之中难分难解，他们坠落的灵魂已然疯狂，他们手持致命的杀人武器，搜寻着以前从未伤害过他们或他们族人的兄弟，要取对方的性命。这场空前浩劫仍在蔓延。他们共同的鲜血浸透了土地。他们共同的叫喊撕裂了空气。战马和马上的人一起倒在这土地上。血肉模糊的死者，切断的残肢，僵硬的躯干，飞溅的脑浆——比这些更令

人厌恶的，是在这无比残酷的动乱之中那如暴风雨般横扫一切的、无法无天的激情。

种种惊骇之状惨不忍睹，我们不禁要问，这场令人深恶痛绝的争斗是为了什么？令人悲哀而又千真万确的答案摆在眼前：这是国家之间裁决正义的一贯方式！

场景变化了。遥远的大洋航线上，两艘船慢慢靠近，大大的白色风帆飘展着，向飞扬的海风致意。两艘船都造得气势恢宏。比例恰到好处好处的桥身和坚固结实的船体，把人类艺术的精妙全都展现得淋漓尽致；而船只的规模如此之大，看起来就像海上漂浮的快乐小岛。众多的船员，配备了昂贵的设施用具，居住在安全的寓所里。无疑，这两个远航者应该在欢喜和友好之中相会，桅顶的旗帜是展示友好的标志，快活的水手聚集在索具旁，甚至爬到桅杆顶端，去瞧一瞧对方的样子，双方船员们兴高采烈的欢呼声混合在一起，汇成一片无法抑制的喜悦。事实并非如此。这两艘船相遇了，他们不像兄弟，不像朋友，不像这共有的大洋上航行的过客——而是作为双方之敌。

这两艘温文尔雅的船如今怒发冲冠，用置人于死地的武器发起猛烈攻击。宽敞的甲板上，高高的桅杆上，都有致命的火枪在吐着火舌。摧毁一切的大炮发出震耳欲聋的响声，船的两侧涌出了激流般的火焰。他们曾与“商旅的克星礁石”相遇，从那“可怕的接触”中逃脱；他们曾抵御了风暴和海浪的侵袭，渡过了漫长而孤独的旅途；他们被飓风赦免；而善意的风暴和海浪亦曾打断他们难分难解的对战——如今，他们却终于死于彼此之手。

两艘船迎接我们的是同样令人惊骇的景象。甲板被鲜血染红，圣巴托罗缪和西西里人晚祷大屠杀的凶手，带着史密斯菲尔德的枪火，仿佛重现人间，把他们的盛怒积聚在一起倾泻。每一艘船都变成了水中漂浮的受难所。这些海上的华丽游行队伍，曾经如此富丽堂皇，曾经造得如此气势恢宏，如今却被炮弹粗暴地炸得粉碎，只剩折断的桅

杆，破烂的风帆，这无法收拾的残骸在无常的海浪上翻滚着，此刻短暂的平静成了它们唯一的安稳。这古怪而不近人情的争斗让人感到惊奇——在这远离了祖国和家园的地方，没有祖国亦没有家园需要守卫的地方——我们不禁再次发问，这凄惨的对决是为了什么？令人悲哀而又千真万确的答案，再次突兀地摆在眼前：这是国家之间裁决正义的一贯方式。

LESSON 31

SPEECH OF WALPOLE IN REPROOF OF MR. PITT

沃波尔责斥皮特先生的演讲

Sir Robert Walpole, 1676-1745, was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He entered Parliament in 1700, and soon became a good debater and skillful tactician. He was prime minister of Great Britain from 1721 to 1742, in the reigns of George I. and George II. He was an able statesman; but has been accused of employing corruption or bribery on a large scale, to control Parliament and accomplish his purposes.

I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit.

I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman, who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates for the

expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interests but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and ignorance. Nor, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamor of rage and petulancy of invective contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of temper would permit him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason, rather than declaim; and to prefer justness of argument and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression upon the mind. He would learn, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them.

Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of the

administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

【中文阅读】

这场辩论双方表现得冷静沉着、文雅有礼，并未被针锋相对的激情冲昏了头脑，亦未采取这场庄严的聚会所不容许的表达方式；于是我原本并不愿打扰这场辩论的进程。

到目前为止，我仍未回答这位绅士的问题。他用流畅华丽的语言慷慨陈词反对法案，用激烈的姿态指责这项临时法案的拥护者，控诉他们满脑子只考虑自己的利益，制定的法律一无是处、浪费纸张，并威胁说大众一旦发现他们的愚蠢无知，所有追随者将会纷纷背叛，他们的影响力也将丧失殆尽。我现在对他所作出的回答也别无它意，只有一个目的：我要提醒他，对于把我们召集于此的这场聚会而言，愤怒的叫嚣、急躁的谩骂对结果没有任何助益；傲慢的措辞、夸张的情感对发扬真理和保卫国家亦没有什么意义。

可怕的喧嚣与激昂的雄辩，自信的断言与傲慢的辞藻，也许会触动年轻而涉世未深的人；也许这位绅士应和同等年龄的人多作交谈，而不是与有更多机会获取知识、有更成功的方式表达情感的人们对话，来养成他尽情发挥演说才能的习惯。要是易于激动的脾气允许他留心听取那些德高望重的人的意见——年龄阅历和对事务的丰富经验，赋予了那些人毫无争议的权利，让他们卓越不群，并赢得了大众尊重——那么他就能及时学会理性思考而非慷慨陈词；他就会更注重论证的公平和事实的精确，而非夸大其词的修饰和冠冕堂皇的措辞——这些修饰和措辞也许会暂时搅乱了人们的想象，却不会在心灵之中留下持久的痕迹。他就会懂得，指控和证实截然不同；毫无根据的指责，只是影响了口出恶言之人的品格。

想象的远足和卖弄辞藻的飞行，这在年轻人身上的确是可以宽恕的；但其他人则不在宽恕之列。发言者应证明这项法案的不便及不公平之处，而非仅仅妄下断言，这样做无疑更有助益——即使是对那些发言目的就是贬低政府运作的先生们而言也是如此——无论他言辞是如何冠冕堂皇，无论他看起来是如何热诚、正直而心怀悲悯。

LESSON 32

PITT'S REPLY TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

皮特对罗伯特·沃波尔爵士的回应

William Pitt, 1708—1778, one of the ablest statesmen and orators of his time, was born in Cornwall, and educated at Eton and Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1735, and became a formidable opponent of the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole. He gained great reputation by his wise and vigorous management of military affairs in the last years of the reign of George II. He opposed the "Stamp Act" with great earnestness, as well as the course of the ministry in the early years of the American Revolution. In 1778, he rose from a sick bed to make his celebrated speech, in the House of Lords, in opposition to a motion to acknowledge the independence of America. At its close, he fell in an apoplectic fit, and was borne home to die in a few weeks afterward. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Pitt possessed a fine personal presence and a powerful voice; he was very popular with the people, and is often called the "Great Commoner." He was created "Earl of Chatham" in 1766.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with hoping that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to a man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked—with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he can not enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth is not my only crime; I am accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarity of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modeled by experience.

But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age,—which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment!

But, with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them was the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainies, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

【中文阅读】

这位受人尊敬的先生义正词严、彬彬有礼地指责我，认为正值青春年华是一种残暴的罪恶。我对此并不想要辩解，也不打算否认；但我甘愿成为那随着青春的流逝终将不再荒唐的年轻人，而非加入那阅历丰富却愚昧无知的一群。青春是否能成为一个人的罪过，这样的问题我不会擅自裁决；然而可以肯定的是，倘若激情消退而恶习渐多，任由随着岁月而来的机会白白溜走却没有任何长进，那么年龄增长很有可能成为一个人的可鄙之处。一个人目睹了上千个过失而引起的恶果，却仍然继续犯错，年龄的增长带给他的唯有固执和愚蠢；那么这

个家伙无疑就是我们厌恶和轻蔑的对象，那灰白的头发也不能赋予他免受侮辱的权利。他身上还有更多令人憎恶的东西：随着年岁渐长，他的美德渐失，更经不起诱惑，愈加道德沦丧；他为获取自己根本无福享用的金钱而做尽坏事，他的余生无非是在把他的国家引向毁灭。

而年轻还不是我唯一的罪过，我又被指控为表现夸张。表现夸张可能是指我某些特别的姿势，或者是说我隐藏了我真实的感情，还借鉴了其他人的意见和言语。无疑，他所指责的内容微不足道，不值一驳，只能叫人鄙视而已。我和其他任何人一样，有自由去使用我自己的语言进行表达；我不会让自己受到任何约束，也不会渴望去模仿他的措辞和风度，无论他被岁月洗礼得多么成熟，又被经验磨炼成怎样的典范。

然而，如果任何人指控我行事夸张，是在暗示我随意宣泄自己的情感，那我就把他看成是个恶意诽谤我的恶棍，这样的人罪有应得，不能把他轻易饶恕。遇到了这种场合，对那些躲在万贯家财和尊贵身份壁垒中的人，我要毫不犹豫践踏上去，即使年龄也不该约束我的愤怒——年龄，它总是赋予人一种傲慢无礼、目空一切的特权，这样的人却无需受到任何惩罚！

不过，对于被我冒犯了的那些人来说，我的想法是：倘若我扮演了个虚伪的角色，那我就该回避他们的非难；冒犯他们的激动乃是信念所带来的激情，无论是希冀亦或恐惧，都无法压制我为祖国服务的一腔热忱。我的自由受到侵犯，我不能坐在一旁无动于衷；我亦不能眼睁睁地看着光天化日之下的抢劫。无论冒着怎样的危险，我都要鼓起勇气去反抗那个侵略者，尽力把那个罪犯绳之于法，不管是谁保护他的恶行，亦不管谁分享了他的赃物。

LESSON 33

CHARACTER OF MR. PITT

皮特先生的品格

Henry Grattan, 1750-1820, an Irish orator and statesman, was born at Dublin, and graduated from Trinity College, in his native city. By his admiration of Mr. Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, he was led to turn his attention to oratory. In personal appearance, he was unprepossessing; but his private character was without a blemish.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame.

Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his

schemes were to effect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which those schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestion of an understanding animated by ardor and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate; peculiar and spontaneous; familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation, nor was he ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of the eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an

eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

【中文阅读】

这位大臣独自伫立。他身上并未沾染近代的堕落风气。他棱角分明、不懂圆滑，个性有着古人刚毅的风范。他那威严的思想震撼了帝皇。他说话从不强词夺理，从不为恶政设立狭隘的制度，也不会把时间浪费在内阁的明争暗斗中；因而他从未堕落至平庸之中。他横扫一切困难，有令人信服的说辞和不屈不挠的意志，他的服务对象是整个英格兰，他的抱负就是赢得声望。

无需离间，他消灭了党派之争；无需贿赂，他取得了一个贪污盛行的时代的一致支持。法兰西在他面前低头。他一手摧毁了保守派的皇朝，一手运转着英格兰的民主。他高瞻远瞩，他的宏图大计不只是对英格兰、对当今社会产生影响，而是惠及了整个欧洲及子孙后代。完成那些大计的方法卓越非凡，总是掐准时机、恰到好处，显现了他那由热忱所激活、由洞察力所启示的智慧。

让人生变得轻快、懒散的那些平常感受，对于他而言是完全陌生的。没有什么个人的困难或弱点会把他吓倒；相反，他始终远离生活中的肮脏可鄙，在淤杂人事中仍然保持自己的清白，他就这样偶尔闯进我们的圈子，提出忠告并作出抉择。这样的个性如此高贵、如此积极、如此富于变化、如此充满权威，让这个堕落的时代惊诧莫名，财政部上上下下贪赃枉法之人，都在皮特的大名前战栗。贪污者的确妄想能在这位政治家身上找到弱点，喋喋不休地议论他的荣耀不会持久、他的胜利终将化为乌有；然而祖国的历史进程，其对手的势穷力

竭，无不是对贪污者有力的回应和驳斥。

他的才华不仅体现在政治上。他的口才让议会风气为之一新。他的演说风格独树一帜、信手拈来，熟悉的表达中蕴含着丰厚的情感和启发人心的智慧，既不像古希腊演说家狄摩西尼斯的滔滔不绝，亦不像罗马演说家塔利的慷慨激昂；他的演说有时仿佛一声惊雷，有时又如同一曲天籁。他不是通过细微而费劲的辩论去赢得听众的理解，亦不是使劲浑身解数去发挥口才，而是闪电般直入主题，在思维的闪光之下切中要害——他的思想就如同他的双眼一般闪烁着光芒，我们可以感知，却不能效法。

总而言之，这个男人身上蕴含着创造、颠覆和改革的力量。他的精神、判断力及雄辩之才，能够召唤人类去交流，打破奴隶制的枷锁，用无上的权威慑服那些自由心灵的狂野。他身上所蕴含的力量能建立或推翻一个王国，在世间刮起一股响彻宇宙的雄风。

LESSON 34

THE SOLDIER'S REST

战士的休息

Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832, the great Scotch poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh. Being a feeble child, he was sent to reside on his grandfather's estate in the south of Scotland. Here he spent several years, and gained much knowledge of the traditions of border warfare, as well as of the tales and ballads pertaining to it. He was also a great reader of romances in his youth. In 1779 he returned to Edinburgh, and became a pupil in the high school. Four years later, he entered the university; but in neither school nor college, was he distinguished for scholarship. In 1797 he was admitted to the practice of law,—a profession which he soon forsook for literature. His first poems appeared in 1802. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was published in 1805, "Marmion" in 1808, and "The Lady of the Lake" in 1810. Several poems of less power followed. In 1814 "Waverley," his first novel, made its appearance, but the author was unknown for some time. Numerous other novels followed with great rapidity, the author reaping a rich harvest both in fame and money. In 1811 he purchased an estate near the Tweed, to which he gave the

name of Abbotsford. In enlarging his estate and building a costly house, he spent vast sums of money. This, together with the failure of his publishers in 1826, involved him very heavily in debt. But he set to work with almost superhuman effort to pay his debts by the labors of his pen. In about four years, he had paid more than \$300,000; but the effort was too much for his strength, and hastened his death.

In person, Scott was tall, and apparently robust, except a slight lameness with which he was affected from childhood. He was kindly in disposition, hospitable in manner, fond of outdoor pursuits and of animals, especially dogs. He wrote with astonishing rapidity, and always in the early morning. At his death, he left two sons and two daughters. A magnificent monument to his memory has been erected in the city of his birth. The following selection is from "The Lady of the Lake."

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;

Dream of battlefields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

Fairy strains of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of battlefields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;

While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest; thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugle sounds reveille.

【中文阅读】

休息吧，战士！战争已告终，
请安睡在不被打扰的梦里；
不会再梦见一个个战场，
和危险的白日，清醒的夜晚。
我们小岛之上有那迷醉的宅邸，
你的卧榻之上有看不见的手舞动，

洒下一段精灵般的乐音，
每一种感觉都裹在熟睡的雾气里。
休息吧，战士！你的战争已告终，
不会再把一个个战场梦见，
请安睡在不被打扰的睡梦里，
免却白日的疲惫，亦告别无眠的夜。
再没有粗野的声音传到你耳畔，
——那战马的咀嚼，盔甲的铿锵，
军号或风笛都不会在此召唤
亦不复检阅行进的部队。
而那百灵鸟吹奏起尖利的笛音，
在日出时分的休耕地，
小鹭也敲起了他的鼓，
隆隆地响在莎草茂密的洼地中。
再没有粗野的声音传到你耳畔，
这儿没有守卫的盘问，
没有战马的咀嚼和嘶鸣，
亦没有众人的高呼和沉沉的脚步。

休息吧，猎手！追捕已结束，
我们已对你施展瞌睡之咒，
还没伴着升起的太阳进入梦乡，
军号在此重新吹响。

睡吧！小鹿还在他的洞穴，
睡吧！你身边躺着你的猎犬，
睡吧！不会梦见远处的幽谷，
你那英勇的战马如何倒下。

睡吧，猎手，追捕已结束，
不要再惦记着升起的太阳，
拂晓时没有战斗，

LESSON 35

HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS

亨利五世致部队士兵

William Shakespeare. 1564-1616, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon. By many (perhaps most) critics, Shakespeare is regarded as the greatest poet the world has ever produced; one calls him, "The most illustrious of the sons of men." And yet it is a curious fact that less is really known of his life and personal characteristics than is known of almost any other famous name in history. Over one hundred years ago, a writer said, "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced acting, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." All the research of the last one hundred years has added but very little to this meager record. He was married, very young, to Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior; was joint proprietor of Blackfriar's Theater in 1589, and seems to have accumulated property, and retired three or four years before his death. He was buried in Stratford Church, where a monument has been erected to his memory; he also has a

monument, in "Poet's Corner" of Westminster Abbey. His family soon became extinct. From all we can learn, he seems to have been highly respected and esteemed by his contemporaries.

His works consist chiefly of plays and sonnets. His writings show an astonishing knowledge of human nature, expressed in language wonderful for its point and beauty. His style is chaste and pure, judged by the standard of his times, although expressions may sometimes be found that would not be considered proper in a modern writer. It has been argued by some that Shakespeare did not write the works imputed to him; but this theory seems to have little to support it. This extract is from King Henry V., Act III, Scene I.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'er hang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height! On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even, fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear

That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—"God for Harry, England, and St. George!"

【中文阅读】

再次向缺口进攻吧，亲爱的朋友，冲啊，
要不就用我们英国人的尸体把城墙封堵。
和平岁月里做一个男人，
就该保持谦和平静；
但当战火的声音在我们耳边轰鸣，
此刻就该把那猛虎效仿；
肌肉凸现，血脉喷张，
让面目狰狞的愤怒掩盖温和的本性，
双目圆睁，怒视着
从眼窝突出来；

如同那黄铜炮口，让眉毛倒竖，
如同愤激的巨石
半空高悬，俯瞰惶惑的崖底，
与那蛮荒的海浪一同冲击。

现在咬紧牙关，深吸一口气，
屏住呼吸，把每一根神经
绷得紧紧！冲啊，冲啊，
你们这些高贵的英国人，血管里
流淌的是身经百战之先辈的热血！
先辈们一个个像亚历山大，
曾在此地从早到晚地厮杀，
待到再无人争锋时才插剑入鞘。
让勇猛的祖先得人们效仿，
教会大家该如何去战斗。

还有你们，优秀的农民，
扎根在英格兰的土地，在此展示给我们，
你那牧场上孕育的勇气。让我们发誓吧，

你们无愧于自己的血统，这点我毫不怀疑；

你们中间没有一个是卑贱之徒，

高贵的光彩闪烁在你们的双眼之中。

我看见你们站在这儿如那脱缰的赛狗，

绷紧身体站在起跑线上。比赛要开始了；

跟随你的灵魂，冲出去吧，

一边喊：“天佑亨利、英格兰和圣乔治！”

LESSON 36

SPEECH OF PAUL ON MARS HILL

保罗在玛斯山上的演说

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens! I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein (seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth) dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from everyone of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone,

graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead. And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter. So Paul departed from among them. Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed; among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.

—Bible .

【中文阅读】

罗站在亚略巴古当中，说：众位雅典人哪，我看你们凡事很敬畏鬼神。我游行的时候，观看你们所敬拜的，遇见一座坛，上面写着未识之神。你们所不认识而敬拜的，我现在告诉你们。创造宇宙和其中万物的神，既是天地的主，就不住人手所造的殿，也不用人手供养，好像神缺少什么；自己倒将生命、气息、万物，赐给万人。他用血脉造出万族的人，住在整个大地上，并且预先定准他们的年限和所住的疆界，要叫他们寻求神，或者可以揣摩而得，其实他离我们各人不远；我们生活、动作、存留，都在乎他。就如你们作诗的，有人说：我们也是他所生的。我们既是神所生的，就不当以为神的神性像人用手艺、心思所雕刻的金、银、石。世人蒙昧无知的时候，神并不监察，如今却吩咐各处的人都要悔改。因为他已经定了日子，要借着他所设立的人按公义审判天下，并且叫他从死里复活，给万人作可信的凭据。众人听见从死里复活的话，就有讥诮他的；又有人说：我们再听你讲这个吧！于是保罗从他们当中出去了。但有几个人贴近他，信

了主，其中有亚略巴古的官丢尼修，和一个妇人，名叫大马哩，还有别人一同信从。

（选自《圣经》）

LESSON 37

GOD IS EVERYWHERE

上帝无处不在

Oh! show me where is He,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And prayest, "Thy will be done!"
I hear thy song of praise,
And lo! no form is near:
Thine eyes I see thee raise,
But where doth God appear?
Oh! teach me who is God, and where his glories shine,
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.
"Gaze on that arch above:

The glittering vault admire.

Who taught those orbs to move?

Who lit their ceaseless fire?

Who guides the moon to run

In silence through the skies?

Who bids that dawning sun

In strength and beauty rise?

There view immensity! Behold! my God is there:

The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare.

"See where the mountains rise:

Where thundering torrents foam;

Where, veiled in towering skies,

The eagle makes his home:

Where savage nature dwells,

My God is present, too:

Through all her wildest dells

His footsteps I pursue:

He reared those giant cliffs, supplies that dashing stream,

Provides the daily food which stills the wild bird's scream.

"Look on that world of waves,

Where finny nations glide;

Within whose deep, dark caves

The ocean monsters hide:

His power is sovereign there,

To raise, to quell the storm;

The depths his bounty share,

Where sport the scaly swarm:

Tempests and calms obey the same almighty voice,

Which rules the earth and skies, and bids far worlds
rejoice."

(Joseph Hutton)

【中文阅读】

啊！告诉我他在哪里，

那至高无上的唯一，

面对他你跪下双膝，

祈祷：“您的吩咐将履行！”

我谛听那赞美之歌，

瞧！周围并未有身影靠近：

你睁开双眼，我目睹你的复活，

但上帝现身在何地？

啊！告诉我谁是上帝，他的光辉照耀在哪里，

让我可以跪下祈祷，把你的圣父唤作我的。

凝望天上的拱顶：

辉耀的苍穹如此美丽。

谁叫那些天体运行？

谁点燃了它们的火焰无尽？

谁引领着月亮穿行

在天际间悄无声息？

谁吩咐黎明的太阳，

让力与美冉冉升起？

看那般广阔无垠！看啊！那儿就是我的上帝：

太阳，月亮，星星是他威严的声明。

瞧何处有那群山伫立：

洪流如雷鸣白沫飞溅，

高耸入云的天际，

有在此安居的雄鹰：

这荒蛮的自然之地，

也有我的上帝；

穿过她最荒凉的溪谷

我把他的脚步追寻：

他把巨崖竖起，让那滚滚流水永不止息，

提供每日的食粮，让尖叫的野鸟重归平静。

“看那浪花翻飞的世界，

有鳍的族类在此滑行；

在那深邃的黑暗洞穴里

有那海洋之怪物藏匿，

他在此是无冕之君，

任意把风暴掀起或平息。

他慷慨地把这深渊分享

让鱼群在此穿梭嬉戏。

狂风巨浪或风平浪静，听从同一全能者号令，
它主宰着天地，邀请遥远的世界一同欢庆。”

LESSON 38

LAFAYETTE AND ROBERT RAIKES

拉斐德和罗伯特·莱格斯

Thomas S. Grimke', 1786-1834, an eminent lawyer and scholar, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, graduated at Yale in 1807, and died of cholera near Columbus, Ohio. He descended from a Huguenot family that was exiled from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He gained considerable reputation as a politician, but is best known as an advocate of peace, Sunday Schools, and the Bible. He was a man of deep feeling, earnest purpose, and pure life. Some of his views were very radical and very peculiar. He proposed sweeping reforms in English orthography, and disapproved of the classics and of pure mathematics in any scheme of general education. The following is an extract from an address delivered at a Sunday-school celebration.

It is but a few years since we beheld the most singular and memorable pageant in the annals of time. It was a pageant more

sublime and affecting than the progress of Elizabeth through England after the defeat of the Armada; than the return of Francis I. from a Spanish prison to his own beautiful France; than the daring and rapid march of the conqueror at Austerlitz from Frejus to Paris. It was a pageant, indeed, rivaled only in the elements of the grand and the pathetic, by the journey of our own Washington through the different states. Need I say that I allude to the visit of Lafayette to America?

But Lafayette returned to the land of the dead, rather than of the living. How many who had fought with him in the war of '76, had died in arms, and lay buried in the grave of the soldier or the sailor! How many who had survived the perils of battle, on the land and the ocean, had expired on the deathbed of peace, in the arms of mother, sister, daughter, wife! Those who survived to celebrate with him the jubilee of 1825, were stricken in years, and hoary-headed; many of them infirm in health; many the victims of poverty, or misfortune, or affliction. And, how venerable that patriotic company; how sublime their gathering through all the land; how joyful their welcome, how affecting their farewell to that beloved stranger!

But the pageant has fled, and the very materials that gave it such depths of interest are rapidly perishing: and a humble, perhaps a nameless grave, shall hold the last soldier of the Revolution. And shall they ever meet again? Shall the patriots and soldiers of '76, the "Immortal Band," as history styles them, meet again in the amaranthine bowers of spotless purity, of perfect bliss, of eternal glory? Shall theirs be the Christian's heaven, the kingdom of the Redeemer? The heathen points to his fabulous Elysium as the

paradise of the soldier and the sage. But the Christian bows down with tears and sighs, for he knows that not many of the patriots, and statesmen, and warriors of Christian lands are the disciples of Jesus.

But we turn from Lafayette, the favorite of the old and the new world, to the peaceful benevolence, the unambitious achievements of Robert Raikes. Let us imagine him to have been still alive, and to have visited our land, to celebrate this day with us. No national ships would have been offered to bear him, a nation's guest, in the pride of the star-spangled banner, from the bright shores of the rising, to the brighter shores of the setting sun. No cannon would have hailed him in the stern language of the battlefield, the fortunate champion of Freedom, in Europe and America. No martial music would have welcomed him in notes of rapture, as they rolled along the Atlantic, and echoed through the valley of the Mississippi. No military procession would have heralded his way through crowded streets, thickset with the banner and the plume, the glittering saber and the polished bayonet. No cities would have called forth beauty and fashion, wealth and rank, to honor him in the ballroom and theater. No states would have escorted him from boundary to boundary, nor have sent their chief magistrate to do him homage. No national liberality would have allotted to him a nobleman's domain and princely treasure. No national gratitude would have hailed him in the capitol itself, the nation's guest, because the nation's benefactor; and have consecrated a battle ship, in memory of his wounds and his gallantry.

Not such would have been the reception of Robert Raikes, in the land of the Pilgrims and of Penn, of the Catholic, the Cavalier,

and the Huguenot. And who does not rejoice that it would be impossible thus to welcome this primitive Christian, the founder of Sunday schools? His heralds would be the preachers of the Gospel, and the eminent in piety, benevolence, and zeal. His procession would number in its ranks the messengers of the Cross and the disciples of the Savior, Sunday-school teachers and white-robed scholars. The temples of the Most High would be the scenes of his triumph. Homage and gratitude to him, would be anthems of praise and thanksgiving to God.

Parents would honor him as more than a brother; children would reverence him as more than a father. The faltering words of age, the firm and sober voice of manhood, the silvery notes of youth, would bless him as a Christian patron. The wise and the good would acknowledge him everywhere as a national benefactor, as a patriot even to a land of strangers. He would have come a messenger of peace to a land of peace. No images of camps, and sieges, and battles; no agonies of the dying and the wounded; no shouts of victory, or processions of triumph, would mingle with the recollections of the multitude who welcomed him. They would mourn over no common dangers, trials, and calamities; for the road of duty has been to them the path of pleasantness, the way of peace. Their memory of the past would be rich in gratitude to God, and love to man; their enjoyment of the present would be a prelude to heavenly bliss; their prospects of the future, bright and glorious as faith and hope.

Such was the reception of Lafayette, the warrior; such would be that of Robert Raikes, the Howard of the Christian church. And which is the nobler benefactor, patriot, and philanthropist?

Mankind may admire and extol Lafayette more than the founder of the Sunday schools; but religion, philanthropy, and enlightened common sense must ever esteem Robert Raikes the superior of Lafayette. His are the virtues, the services, the sacrifices of a more enduring and exalted order of being. His counsels and triumphs belong less to time than to eternity.

The fame of Lafayette is of this world; the glory of Robert Raikes is of the Redeemer's everlasting kingdom. Lafayette lived chiefly for his own age, and chiefly for his and our country; but Robert Raikes has lived for all ages and all countries. Perhaps the historian and biographer may never interweave his name in the tapestry of national or individual renown. But the records of every single church honor him as a patron; the records of the universal Church, on earth as in heaven, bless him as a benefactor.

The time may come when the name of Lafayette will be forgotten; or when the star of his fame, no longer glittering in the zenith, shall be seen, pale and glimmering, on the verge of the horizon. But the name of Robert Raikes shall never be forgotten; and the lambent flame of his glory is that eternal fire which rushed down from heaven to devour the sacrifice of Elijah. Let mortals then admire and imitate Lafayette more than Robert Raikes. But the just made perfect, and the ministering spirits around the throne of God, have welcomed him as a fellow-servant of the same Lord; as a fellow-laborer in the same glorious cause of man's redemption; as a coheir of the same precious promises and eternal rewards.

【中文阅读】

在漫漫时间长河里，我们目睹的那一场独一无二、最令人难忘的盛典，仅仅是几年之前发生的事情。这一次游行盛典，比打败西班牙无敌舰队后伊丽莎白女皇进行的全英大巡行，比弗朗西斯一世从西班牙的监狱回到他美丽的故乡法兰西，比奥斯德利兹的征服者拿破仑风驰电掣、意气风发地从弗雷瑞斯进军巴黎，都要显得更为盛大而激动人心。这确实是一次盛典，唯一能与之匹敌的就是我们华盛顿的长途跋涉——他率军穿越了一个个州，那景象宏大壮观却亦招人心伤。无需赘言，你们应该明白，我指的是拉斐德到访美国的事情吧？

然而拉斐德回到的这片土地，与其说属于鲜活的生命，不如说是一片幽魂的领土。那些1776年与他并肩作战的伙伴，有多少已死在了战火之中，埋在了士兵或水手的坟墓里！有多少侥幸生还的人，逃过了陆上或海里的枪林弹雨，却在和平的岁月里寿终正寝，倒在了母亲、姐姐、女儿或妻子的怀抱里！那些与他共同欢庆1825年周年纪念的幸存者，全都饱经风霜、头发花白；其中有许多年迈多病，又有许多倒在了贫困、不幸或苦难之中。那一群爱国者是多么值得尊敬！他们从各地汇聚到一起的场面如此庄严，他们的欢迎之声如此欣喜，他们向那亲爱的异乡人告别的场景如此感人肺腑！

然而盛典已逝，那些能让它影响深远的要素已经迅速衰亡。也许独立革命的最后一位士兵，是躺在一座不起眼的坟中，也许上面连名字也没有。那些1776年的爱国者和军人，历史称呼他们为“不朽的一群人”，他们是否会在那圣洁无瑕、极度欢乐、永恒荣耀的不死之地再度相逢？他们是否将置身于基督徒的天堂、救世主的王国之中？异教徒指着那传奇中的极乐世界，声称那便是军人和圣哲的天堂。然而基督徒却俯下身来，叹息着流泪，因为他清楚，基督土地上的爱国者、政客和战士们，没有多少是耶稣的信徒。

然而，让我们暂且抛开新旧世界共同的宠儿——拉斐德，把目光转向罗伯特·莱格斯在和平时期所作出的慈善事业，看看他那朴实无华的成就吧。没有哪个慷慨的国家会分封他贵族的领地，赐给他堪比王

侯的财富。没有国家会把他看作恩人，在国会大厦中向这位国宾欢呼致谢；也没有国家会为他造起一艘战舰，以纪念他的伤疤和英勇。我们不妨设想他还在人世，并且来到我们的土地上访问，与我们共同欢庆今日。这位国宾是星条旗的骄傲，然而从日出时分金光四射的海岸，到日落时分霞光万丈的海滨，都没有国家派出船舶接送他。这位幸运儿是自由的卫士，无论在欧洲亦或美国，却也不会有大炮在战场上用严酷的方式向他致敬。军乐在大西洋上飘荡，回响在密西西比的河谷之中，然而没有一首会用欢天喜地的音符对他表示欢迎。军事游行上军旗招展，军人们挂满勋章，佩剑和刺刀闪闪发光，然而没有哪一场游行会在水泄不通的大街上宣告他的到来。没有城市会召来淑女名媛、达官显贵，在舞厅和剧院向他致敬。没有哪个国家会从一处国境把他护送至另一处国境，也不会派他们的最高长官向他表示敬意。

在朝圣者的国土，在宾夕法尼亚州，在天主教、保皇党和胡格诺教徒的土地上，罗伯特·莱格斯都不会受到这样的款待。谁会因为这位基督教先驱、主日学校的创办者无法受到如此礼遇而感到不快呢？他的使者会是福音的布道者，还有那些无比虔敬、慈悲而热诚的人们。他的队伍按身份排列，有十字架的使者、救世主的门徒、主日学校的老师和身着白袍的学者。圣主的教堂就是见证他得胜的景象。对他的敬意和感激，就是献给上帝的赞美诗和感恩祈祷。

父母对他的尊敬甚于对待兄长，孩子们对他的崇敬也超越了对待父亲的。老人喃喃的低语，成年人坚定而冷静的声音，年轻人银铃般的嗓子，都祝福他这位基督教的卫士。他作为一个和平的使者，来到了一片和平的土地。无论他身在何处，明智而善良的人们都会把他看作是爱国者和国家的恩人，甚至在异域也是如此。人们不会看到军营、围攻、战斗的一幕幕景象，亦不会有死去和受伤的剧痛；在迎接他的人群那儿，也没有胜利的呼喊和凯旋的游行可留下回忆。他们不会为共同经过的重重危险、层层考验和大灾大难而哀悼，因为对于他们来说，使命之路就是一条快乐的路，一条宁静的路。他们对过去的

回忆充满了对上帝的感激，对人类的热爱；他们享受这当下的生活，作为天国极乐的前奏。他们的前景一片光明灿烂，如同他们的信念和希望。

人们这般欢迎了勇士拉斐德，又那般欢迎了基督教堂的霍华德——罗伯特·莱格斯。哪一位才是更为高尚的施恩者、爱国者和慈善家呢？比起主日学校的创办者，拉斐德也许更能得到人们的钦佩和赞美；然而从宗教、博爱和文明的常识而言，罗伯特·莱格斯无疑比拉斐德更胜一筹。罗伯特·莱格斯的美德、奉献和牺牲对生命本身而言是更为持久而崇高的。他的忠告和成就超越时间，成为永恒。

拉斐德的声望属于此生，罗伯特·莱格斯的荣耀属于救世主那永恒的国度。拉斐德的一生主要是奉献给他的时代，奉献给他的、亦即我们的国家，然而罗伯特·莱格斯的一生是奉献给永恒和全世界的。历史学家和传记作家也许永远不会把他的名字载入史册；然而每一个教堂的记录册都会给予他守护神的荣耀，人间与天上的普世教会都会将他奉为恩人。

也许有一天拉斐德这个名字将被人们遗忘，或者他的名望之星不再闪耀在高高的天顶，只在地平线的边缘上发出黯淡的微光。然而罗伯特·莱格斯的这个名字将永远铭记在人们心中，他的荣耀散发出摇曳的火光，这是从天堂汹涌而降、吞噬了以利亚祭品（出自《圣经》典故，以利亚为先知之一，成功求神耶和华从天降下天火烧尽燔祭，让耶和华的威信得以确立）的永恒之火。相较罗伯特·莱格斯而言，就让拉斐德获得更多凡人的赞美并仿效吧。然而公义带来圆满，围绕上帝宝座周围的那些牧师之灵将会接纳他，视他为虔诚侍奉同一圣主的伙伴，视他为救赎人类的荣耀大业中辛勤工作的同胞，视他为一同承接那珍贵诺言和永恒犒赏的继承者。

LESSON 39

FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

沃尔西 (1) 主教的垮台

Wolsey. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little, wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,

Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I fed within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy!—too much honor:

Oh, 't is a burthen, Cromwell, 'T is a burthen,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,

Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue

Long in his highness' favor, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was viewed in open as his queen,

Going to chapel; and the voice is now

Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go! get thee from me! Cromwell;
I am a poor, fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish, too: good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever and forever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,
Thou fall'st, a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

Shakespeare.—Henry VIII, Act iii, Scene ii.

【中文阅读】

沃 尔 西 你们对我表示的那点小小的好意，再见吧。再见？我全部的宏伟事业从此不再见了。

人世间的事就是这样。一个人今天生出了

希望的嫩叶，第二天开了花，

身上开满了红艳艳的荣誉的花朵；

第三天致命的霜冻来了，

而这位蒙在鼓里的好人还满有把握，

以为他的宏伟事业正在成熟呢；想不到霜冻正在咬噬他的根，

接着他就倒下了，和我一样。

我就像缚着猪尿泡游泳的顽皮小孩，

好几年来在光荣的大海上冒进，

游到了我力所不及的深处，

我那吹得鼓鼓的声势终于爆破了，

多年的劳绩使我今天只落得一个疲惫衰老的身躯，

任凭狂涛摆布，把我永远埋葬。

人世间的浮名虚荣，我恨你；

我觉得我的心好像新近被人割碎了一样。

依靠帝王的颜色而生存的人是多么可怜啊！

在我们所企望看到的帝王的笑脸

和帝王可能加在我们身上的毁灭之间，

存在着多少苦痛和恐惧啊，远远超过战争和妇人所能引起的。

他一旦失败，就像撒旦一样，

便是永劫不复。

克伦威尔上，伫立，表示惊愕。

沃 尔 西 怎么样？什么事，克伦威尔？

克伦威尔 先生，我简直没有说话的力气了。

沃 尔 西 怎么，被我的不幸吓呆了？以你这样的智力，

见到伟大人物的衰败也竟感到吃惊吗？好了好了，你如果一哭，那我可真是失败了。

克伦威尔 大人感觉怎样？

沃 尔 西 很好，我的好克伦威尔，从来没有像现在这样真正幸福过。

我现在了解我自己了，

我感到在我内心里有一种平静，远非人间一切尊荣所能比拟，

是一种宁静安详的感觉。国王把我医治好了，

我衷心感谢他；他出于怜悯之心，从我这两个肩头，

这两根坍塌了的柱石上，把一副重担卸下，我承受的荣誉太重了，足以压沉一个舰队。

克伦威尔，那真是负担哪，真是负担哪，

对于一个向往天堂的人来说，是太沉重了。

克伦威尔 我很高兴大人对待这种负担处理得如此正确。

沃尔西 我希望我做到了这一点；

我觉得，由于灵魂坚强了，

我现在似乎也能够忍受那些比我怯懦的敌人

所敢于加在我身上的更多更大的苦难。

外边有什么新闻么？

克伦威尔 最痛心的、最坏的新闻

就是您失去国王恩宠的事。

沃尔西 愿上帝降福给他。

克伦威尔 其次，托马斯·摩尔爵士已被遴选为首相，

代替您的地位。

沃尔西 这倒有些出乎意外，

但是他是个博学之士，我愿他

长久受到皇上的恩宠，

按照真理和他的良心办正义的事；

我愿他在完成了他的途程、在祝福声中长眠之后，

他的尸骨能够埋到坟墓里，有孤儿的泪洒在他的墓上。

还有什么？

克伦威尔 克兰默回国了，受到了欢迎，

并晋封为坎特伯雷大主教。

沃尔西 这倒真是新闻。

克伦威尔 最后，安妮夫人早已和国王秘密结了婚，

今天在上教堂作礼拜去的时候，作为王后公开出面了，

现在大家都在谈论的只是她的加冕问题了。

沃尔西 那就是把我拖下水底的秤砣。克伦威尔啊，

国王跑在我的前边了。

就因为这一个女人，我把我所有的光荣都输了出去，再也赢不回来了。

太阳升起，但它永远也迎接不到我的荣誉了，
它再也不会给那一大批等候我向他们微笑的贵族们镀上一层金了。
克伦威尔，你离开我吧，我已经是个可怜的、失败的人，
不配再作
你的主人和东家。你去找国王吧，
他是太阳，我祝这颗太阳永远不落；我已经告诉过他，
你是什么人，你如何忠实，他会提拔你的。
我知他天性高贵，只要他能够想起我一点影子来，
他会有所感触，不会让
你的希望和劳力也落空的。好克伦威尔，
不可忽略他；要利用现在的时机，
为你自己未来的安全作好准备。

克伦威尔 大人，难道我非离开您不可了吗？非得

放弃这么一位尊贵、真实的好主人了吗？

一切不是铁石心肠的人，请你们作证，

我克伦威尔离开我的主人，心里有多难过。

我一定去为国王效劳；但是我永远永远要为您祝祷。

沃 尔 西 克伦威尔，我的苦难虽然很大，但我本没打算流一滴眼泪，但是你这番恳切而真诚的心意却迫使我扮演起女人的角色了。

让我们擦干了眼泪，克伦威尔，听我再说几句。

等我终有一天被人遗忘了的时候，等我安睡在没有感觉的、冷冰冰的石头棺材里，

再也听不见人们提到我的时候，你可以对人说我曾教导过你，

说沃尔西曾一度踏遍了光荣的道路，

勘探过荣誉的全部深渊和浅滩，

从他的遇难的残骸里为你找到了一条上进之路，

是一条稳妥安全的路，虽然你主人自己没有能走上。

你只消注意我是怎样失败的，是什么使我毁灭的。

克伦威尔，你一定要听我的嘱咐，把野心抛掉，

天使们就是因为犯了野心的罪而堕落的，而人

不过是他的创造主的影像，岂能希望通过野心而得到胜利？

爱你自己要爱在最后，珍爱那些恨你的人，

诚实比起腐败会给你赢得更多的好处。

在你的右手里永远举着温顺的和平枝，

免得嫉妒之徒说闲话。做人要公正，不要怕；

你所要达到的一切目的应该是你的国家、上帝和真理所要达到的目的，这以后，你如果还是失败了，那么，克伦威尔，

你的失败也不愧是一个殉教者的失败，会受到祝福的。为国王效劳吧。

请你领我进去，

把我所有的一切直到最后一个便士开出一份清册来，这些都是国王的。

我敢于认为是我自己的财产的东西只有这件袍子和我对上帝的一片诚心了。

唉，克伦威尔，克伦威尔！

如果我把为国王效劳的热诚，用一半来侍奉我的上帝，他也不会在我垂老之年把我赤条条地丢给我的敌人了。

克伦威尔 好大人，忍耐些。

沃尔西 我是在忍耐。别了

宫廷中升迁的希望，我的希望在天堂上了。

（莎士比亚《亨利八世》第三幕第二场）

- (1) 沃尔西：红衣主教托马斯·沃尔西（1471—1530），多年来受到英国国王亨利八世的器重。他获得了大量财富和权力。1522年，他是教皇宝座的竞争者之一。1529年，他遭到英国皇廷的罢黜，锒铛入狱。

LESSON 40

THE PHILOSOPHER

哲学家

John P. Kennedy, 1796-1870. This gentleman, eminent in American politics and literature, was born in Baltimore, graduated at the College of Baltimore, and died in the same city. He served several years in the Legislature of his native state, and three terms in the United States House of Representatives. He was Secretary of the Navy during a part of President Fillmore's administration, and was active in sending out the famous Japan expedition, and Dr. Kane's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. Mr. Kennedy wrote several novels, as well as political and other papers. His writings are marked by ease and freshness, The following extract is from "Swallow Barn," a series of sketches of early Virginia.

From the house at Swallow Barn there is to be seen, at no great distance, a clump of trees, and in the midst of these a humble building is discernible, that seems to court the shade in which it is modestly embowered. It is an old structure built of logs. Its figure is a cube, with a roof rising from all sides to a point, and surmounted

by a wooden weathercock, which somewhat resembles a fish and somewhat a fowl.

This little edifice is a rustic shrine devoted to Cadmus, and is under the dominion of parson Chub. He is a plump, rosy old gentleman, rather short and thickset, with the blood vessels meandering over his face like rivulets,—a pair of prominent blue eyes, and a head of silky hair not unlike the covering of a white spaniel. He may be said to be a man of jolly dimensions, with an evident taste for good living, sometimes sloven in his attire, for his coat—which is not of the newest—is decorated with sundry spots that are scattered over it in constellations. Besides this, he wears an immense cravat, which, as it is wreathed around his short neck, forms a bowl beneath his chin, and—as Ned says—gives the parson's head the appearance of that of John the Baptist upon a charger, as it is sometimes represented in the children's picture books. His beard is grizzled with silver stubble, which the parson reaps about twice a week—if the weather be fair.

Mr. Chub is a philosopher after the order of Socrates. He was an emigrant from the Emerald Isle, where he suffered much tribulation in the disturbances, as they are mildly called, of his much-enduring country. But the old gentleman has weathered the storm without losing a jot of that broad, healthy benevolence with which Nature has enveloped his heart, and whose ensign she has hoisted in his face. The early part of his life had been easy and prosperous, until the rebellion of 1798 stimulated his republicanism into a fever, and drove the full-blooded hero headlong into a quarrel, and put him, in spite of his peaceful profession, to standing by his pike in behalf of his principles. By this unhappy boiling over

of the caldron of his valor, he fell under the ban of the ministers, and tested his share of government mercy. His house was burnt over his head, his horses and hounds (for, by all accounts, he was a perfect Actaeon) were "confiscate to the state," and he was forced to fly. This brought him to America in no very compromising mood with royalty.

Here his fortunes appear to have been various, and he was tossed to and fro by the battledoor of fate, until he found a snug harbor at Swallow Barn; where, some years ago, he sat down in that quiet repose which a worried and badgered patriot is best fitted to enjoy.

He is a good scholar, and, having confined his readings entirely to the learning of the ancients, his republicanism is somewhat after the Grecian mold. He has never read any politics of later date than the time of the Emperor Constantine, not even a newspaper,—so that he may be said to have been contemporary with AEschines rather than Lord Castlereagh—until that eventful epoch of his life when his blazing rooftree awakened him from his anachronistical dream. This notable interruption, however, gave him but a feeble insight into the moderns, and he soon relapsed to Thucydides and Livy, with some such glimmerings of the American Revolution upon his remembrance as most readers have of the exploits of the first Brutus.

The old gentleman had a learned passion for folios. He had been a long time urging Meriwether to make some additions to his collections of literature, and descanted upon the value of some of the ancient authors as foundations, both moral and physical, to the library. Frank gave way to the argument, partly to gratify the

parson, and partly from the proposition itself having a smack that touched his fancy. The matter was therefore committed entirely to Mr. Chub, who forthwith set out on a voyage of exploration to the north. I believe he got as far as Boston. He certainly contrived to execute his commission with a curious felicity. Some famous Elzevirs were picked up, and many other antiques that nobody but Mr. Chub would ever think of opening.

The cargo arrived at Swallow Burn in the dead of winter. During the interval between the parson's return from his expedition and the coming of the books, the reverend little schoolmaster was in a remarkably unquiet state of body, which almost prevented him from sleeping: and it is said that the sight of the long-expected treasures had the happiest effect upon him. There was ample accommodation for this new acquisition of ancient wisdom provided before its arrival, and Mr. Chub now spent a whole week in arranging the volumes on their proper shelves, having, as report affirms, altered the arrangement at least seven times during that period. Everybody wondered what the old gentleman was at, all this time; but it was discovered afterwards, that he was endeavoring to effect a distribution of the works according to a minute division of human science, which entirely failed, owing to the unlucky accident of several of his departments being without any volumes.

After this matter was settled, he regularly spent his evenings in the library. Frank Meriwether was hardly behind the parson in this fancy, and took, for a short time, to abstruse reading. They both consequently deserted the little family circle every evening after tea, and might have continued to do so all the winter but for a discovery made by Hazard.

Ned had seldom joined the two votaries of science in their philosophical retirement, and it was whispered in the family that the parson was giving Frank a quiet course of lectures in the ancient philosophy, for Meriwether was known to talk a great deal, about that time, of the old and new Academicians. But it happened upon one dreary winter night, during a tremendous snowstorm, which was banging the shutters and doors of the house so as to keep up a continual uproar, that Ned, having waited in the parlor for the philosophers until midnight, set out to invade their retreat—not doubting that he should find them deep in study. When he entered the library, both candles were burning in their sockets, with long, untrimmed wicks; the fire was reduced to its last embers, and, in an armchair on one side of the table, the parson was discovered in a sound sleep over Jeremy Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium," whilst Frank, in another chair on the opposite side, was snoring over a folio edition of Montaigne. And upon the table stood a small stone pitcher, containing a residuum of whisky punch, now grown cold. Frank started up in great consternation upon hearing Ned's footstep beside him, and, from that time, almost entirely deserted the library. Mr. Chub, however, was not so easily drawn away from the career of his humor, and still shows his hankering after his leather-coated friends.

【中文阅读】

从坐落在燕子谷仓的那栋房子往外看，不远处有一个树丛，树丛之中隐约可见一座简陋的建筑，它与四周融为一体，又似乎在向浓密的树阴暗送秋波。这是一栋用原木搭建的老建筑，外形看上去是个上面搭着尖顶的立方体，尖顶上竖着木质的风标，那风标看起来像一条

鱼，又像一只鸟。

这座小小的建筑是木制的圣殿，为供奉希腊神卡德摩斯而建，归教区牧师察布的管辖。牧师是位胖乎乎的老先生，脸色红润，个头矮小而四肢粗短，脸上蜿蜒交错的血管清晰可辨，一双明亮的蓝眼睛，一头银白色的头发有点儿像那种白色西班牙猎犬身上的皮毛。他可称得上是个快活的人，懂得享受生活，有时显得不修边幅，因为他那件算不上新的大衣上面，总是星星点点地散布着各种各样的污渍。除此之外，他还戴着一条很大的围巾，那围巾缠绕着他短短的脖子，在他下巴底下堆成了一个碗的形状——正如奈德所说，这让牧师的头看起来活像圣徒约翰骑在战马上的形象，有时在儿童的图画书里会看到他的身影。他的胡须斑白，剪得短短的，牧师一个星期就替他收割两回——要是天气好的话。

察布是一位苏格拉底派的哲人。他是来自翡翠岛，即爱尔兰岛的一位移民，他的国家动荡不安，他个人也是在其中饱经忧患——这还算是较温和的说法。然而这位老先生已经挺过了那些风暴，然而自然女神赋予他那宽阔的胸襟、善良的本性分毫不改，亦让他的面容看起来也充满了善意。他早年生活安逸而富裕，直到1798年的起义爆发，让他的共和主义信念变得狂热，这位热血沸腾的英雄一头扎进争论之中；尽管他从事的是和平的职业，却由此拿起了他的长矛来捍卫他的信条。他的英勇怒火就此不幸地燃烧起来，于是他被剥夺了从事神职的资格，政府对他的容忍程度也受到了考验。他眼睁睁地看着自己的家被火烧光，他的马和猎犬（因此人人都说他活生生就是希腊神话里头的猎人亚克托安，让女神化为鹿，被自己的猎犬分尸而死）就被“充公”，他不得不走上逃亡的道路。他就这样来到美国，与爱尔兰皇族一直誓不两立。

在此地，他似乎是时来运转了。他一直被命运的转轮抛来抛去，直到他终于在燕子谷仓觅得了一个避风港。几年之前，他就在此处安居下来，对于一位忧心忡忡、麻烦缠身的爱国者来说，这安宁平静的

生活是最合适不过了。

他是一位优秀的学者，他阅读的全部是古人的著作，因此他的共和主义颇有古希腊的遗风。他阅读的政治著作里没有年代晚于康斯坦丁大帝的，而且甚至连一张报纸也不看——因此与其说他是卡斯尔雷勋爵的同辈人，不如说他是埃斯奇纳斯那个时代的——直到他的人生来到了那个多变之秋，他那熊熊燃烧的家园让他从时代错位的幻梦之中惊醒。这场重大变故却仅仅让他对当下有了粗浅的了解，很快他又故态复萌，回到修西得底斯和李维的世界；美国独立战争亦只让他对自身的相似经历有零星的回忆，如同绝大多数读者记起暗杀凯撒大帝的布鲁特斯一般。

这位老先生酷爱用对开本做学问。他一直在催促弗兰克·梅里威瑟为他的文学藏书再补充几批书籍，并且不厌其烦地强调，古代作者无论是探讨道德还是自然规律的作品，对于藏书室来说都具有重要的基础价值。这次争论中弗兰克做了让步，部分原因是他想让牧师高兴，另一些原因是这个提议本身就与他的喜好不谋而合。于是增添藏书这件事就完全交给了察布先生，他即刻动身出海前往北方探查。我相信他一直走到了波士顿。他选了一些有名的艾尔泽菲尔版图书，还有其他许多的古籍——除了察布先生，那些书没人曾想过要打开来看一眼。

运送这批古籍的图书在隆冬时节到达了燕子谷仓。从牧师考察回到书籍运达之间有一段时间，这位身材矮小、受人尊敬的导师坐立不安，几乎夜不成寐；据说他看到那批盼望已久的宝贝时是高兴至极。在古籍运达之前，已经为这批新购得的古代智慧结晶留出了宽敞的存放空间；如今察布先生用了整整一周的时间，把一册册的书分门别类摆放到书架上。据传闻，他在这段时间内至少把书重新排列整理了七遍，期间没有人知道老先生想要干什么，后来才发现，他是费尽心思想把书籍按照人文学科细致分类，但他的努力完全失败了，原因是他划分的好些人文领域连一本书也没有。

此事安排妥当以后，他的夜晚就常常在藏书室里度过。弗兰克·梅里威瑟对藏书室的迷恋几乎不比牧师少，他一度沉迷于阅读深奥难懂的书籍。于是每晚用茶过后，他们都不约而同地放弃了家庭小聚，也许整个冬天都会这样继续泡在藏书室里，而全部时间只是为了研读哈泽德的一个发现。

他们隐遁在哲学之中，期间奈德极少打扰这两位科学的信徒。家族里传言说，牧师给弗兰克上了一系列平和的古代哲学课，于是弗兰克那时说起由古至今的哲人就滔滔不绝。一个阴沉的冬日夜晚，屋外暴风雪肆虐，不断咆哮着，把百叶窗和门打得啪啪作响。奈德在客厅里等这两位哲学家，一直等到了半夜时分，终于闯入了他们的隐遁之地——毫无疑问，他果然发现两位哲学家正沉浸在他们的“学习”之中。当他走进藏书室时，烛台上的两根蜡烛正在燃烧，长长的烛芯也未来得及修剪；炉火只剩下微弱的余烬，桌子一侧的扶手椅上，牧师正埋首在耶利米·泰勒那本《法治的良心》中呼呼大睡，而弗兰克正坐在他对面的椅子上，冲着对开本的《蒙田选集》打呼噜。桌子上放着一个石制的水罐，里面还剩下一点儿威士忌调成的鸡尾酒，如今已变得冰凉。弗兰克听到奈德的脚步声在他旁边出现，大惊失色地一跃而起，从此以后就几乎再也不到藏书室里来了。然而，察布先生却不会轻易从他所热爱的事业之中抽身而出，如今仍继续追寻着他那些皮革封面包裹之下的朋友。

LESSON 41

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

马米恩和道格拉斯

Not far advanced was morning day,

When Marmion did his troop array

To Surrey's camp to ride;

He had safe conduct for his band,

Beneath the royal seal and hand,

And Douglas gave a guide.

The train from out the castle drew,

But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:

"Though something I might plain," he said,

"Of cold respect to stranger guest,

Sent hither by your king's behest,

While in Tantallon's towers I staid,

Part we in friendship from your land,

And, noble Earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,

Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:

"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still

Be open, at my sovereign's will,

To each one whom he lists, howe'er

Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my king's alone,

From turret to foundation stone;

The hand of Douglas is his own;

And never shall, in friendly grasp,

The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,

And shook his very frame for ire;

And— "This to me!" he said,—

"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,

Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,

He who does England's message here,

Although the meanest in her state,

May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:

And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,

Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,

I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

And if thou said'st I am not peer

To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage

O' ercame the ashen hue of age.

Fierce he broke forth,— "And dar'st thou then

To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?

And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!

Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, warder, ho!

Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—

And dashed the rowels in his steed,

Like arrow through the archway sprung;

The ponderous gate behind him rung:

To pass there was such scanty room,

The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,

Just as it trembled on the rise;

Nor lighter does the swallow skim

Along the smooth lake's level brim:

And when Lord Marmion reached his band

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,

And shout of loud defiance pours,

And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"

But soon he reined his fury's pace:

"A royal messenger he came,

Though most unworthy of the name.

Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!

Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood;

I thought to slay him where he stood.

"T is pity of him, too," he cried;

"Bold he can speak, and fairly ride;

I warrant him a warrior tried."

With this his mandate he recalls,

And slowly seeks his castle halls.

(Walter Scott)



【中文阅读】

拂晓将至，

马米恩的骑兵部署在
萨里营地，准备出发，
他带着皇家封印大手一挥
即可指引他的部队安全无恙，
还有道格拉斯为他指明方向。

城堡外的这一列人马已经启程，
但马米恩停下来与主人告别：
“有件事情我心里清楚，”他声言，
“对奉你国王之命派遣至此的
远方来客，你只表示冷淡的尊重，
当我驻守在坦特伦城堡的时候。
让我们在你的土地上友好地道别，
请你接过我的手，尊贵的伯爵。”
但道格拉斯拉了拉身上披的斗篷，
把双臂合拢，然后开口：
“我的领地、厅堂和别馆，
应我君主的意志，为他所列出的
每个客人——那与主人

并不相配的，始终大门开敞。

我的城堡完全属于我的国王，

从塔楼到每一块做地基的石头；

道格拉斯的手属于他自己所有，

将永远不会友好地握住，

像马米恩这样的手。”

马米恩黑黝黝的两颊燃烧如火，

他的身体愤怒得发抖。

“竟敢这么待我！”他说，

“要不是你已须鬓斑白，

像马米恩这样的手，

就毫不留情劈开道格拉斯的头！

首先，我要告诉你，不可一世的朋友，

在此处为英国传递消息的人，

即便在他祖国里是最为低劣的货色，

骄傲的安格斯，当你的伙伴也足矣。

道格拉斯，我还要告诉你，

即便你发出傲慢的声音，

在这里，在你的领地，你的奴仆就在附近，
我也要告诉你，我藐视你！
倘若你说我的身份配不上
苏格兰这儿任何一位领主，
无论远近，低地还是高地，
安格斯领主，你都是胡言乱语！”

伯爵的脸上泛起愤怒的红光，
盖过了岁月留下的苍白模样。
暴跳如雷的他咆哮道：“你竟敢
在狮子洞里把狮子的胡须拨弄？
在道格拉斯的会堂里把他挑逗？
而你竟希望能毫发无伤地遁走？
不，以圣徒新娘 ⁽¹⁾——苏格兰女皇之名，不！
上吊桥，马夫、看守，小心伺候！
令吊闸落下。”
马米恩勋爵转身——一派从容——
在战马上猛地把齿轮掷出，
箭一般飞跃过拱门，

沉重的大门在他身后砰一声响：

那窄窄的空间几乎无法通过

门闸掉下，把他的帽翎碰落在地。

战马沿着吊桥飞驰，

此时它正颤动着升起，

掠过平滑的湖边的飞燕

也比不上战马的轻盈。

勋爵马米恩来到他的部队前面，

他停下脚步，转身攥紧拳头，

挑衅地不断大喊大叫，

向着塔楼挥舞着他的铠手套。

“马！马！”道格拉斯喊道：“快追！”

但他很快遏制了狂怒的脚步：

“他作为皇家使者来到，

虽是完全配不上他的名号。

圣玛丽，请改变我暴躁的情绪！

年老绝不会让道格拉斯的血液冷却，

他站在我跟前时我内心生起杀掉他的念头。

我也是怜悯他，”道格拉斯喊道，

“他竟敢如此说话，骑术也表现得漂亮，

我姑且当他是经过考验的战士吧。”

说完他收回成命，

慢慢地回到城堡的门厅里去。

（沃尔特·斯科特）

(1) 指的是苏格兰女王玛丽。——译注

LESSON 42

THE PRESENT

今朝

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1825-1864, was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, known in literature as "Barry Cornwall." She is the author of several volumes of poetry, and was a contributor to "Good Words," "All the Year Round," and other London periodicals. Her works have been republished in America.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship

The dead Past, whose life is fled

Hush your voice in tender reverence;

Crowned he lies, but cold and dead:

For the Present reigns, our monarch,

With an added weight of hours;

Honor her, for she is mighty!

Honor her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes

Girt around her cloudy throne;

Every day the ranks are strengthened

By great hearts to him unknown;

Noble things the great Past promised,

Holy dreams, both strange and new;

But the Present shall fulfill them;

What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,

She is heir to all his fame,

And the light that lightens round her

Is the luster of his name;

She is wise with all his wisdom,

Living on his grave she stands,

On her brow she bears his laurels,

And his harvest in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer

If we thus her glory dim?

Let us fight for her as nobly

As our fathers fought for him.

God, who crowns the dying ages,

Bids her rule, and us obey,

Bids us cast our lives before her,

Bids us serve the great To-day.

【中文阅读】

不要今朝俯身，膜拜

灭亡的过去——他的生命已逝，

那温柔的敬畏，让你哑口无声，

安睡的他加冕为王，却只剩死亡和冰冷。

因为今日才是主宰——我们的君主，

每时每刻都替她增加影响；

向她致敬，因为她有无上力量！

向她致敬，因为她属于我们！

看那昔日英雄的魅影，
围绕在今日如云的王座旁；
每一天这支队伍都在壮大，
不知哪些伟大的心灵又成为过往；
强大的昔日承诺下宏伟蓝图，
那些奇妙而新鲜的神圣梦想，
而今日将把它们完成，
昔日承诺的，今日来干。

今日继承了昔日所有的宝藏，
也传承了他一切的声望。
围绕今日那闪亮的光芒，
是昔日名字的荣光；
今日的明智得益于昔日全部的智慧，
今日继续生活，站在昔日的坟墓之上，
今日的前额上戴着昔日的桂冠，
昔日的收获全在今日的手上。

今日如何能统治与征服，假如

我们成了懦夫，黯淡了她的光荣？

让我们勇敢地为今日作战，

如同我们的先辈为昔日作战。

上帝，他曾加冕那逝去的时光，

他命令今日统治，我们服从，

命令我们在今日面前倾注人生，

命令我们服务于伟大的今日。

LESSON 43

THE BAPTISM

洗礼

John Wilson, 1785-1854, a distinguished Scottish author, was born at Paisley. When fifteen years of age, he entered the University of Glasgow; but, three years later, he became a member of Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he attained eminence both as a student, and as a proficient in gymnastic games and exercises. Soon after graduating, he purchased an estate near Lake Windermere, and became a companion of Wordsworth and Southey; but he soon left his estate to reside in Edinburgh. In 1817, when "Blackwood's Magazine" was established in opposition to the "Edinburgh Review," he became chief contributor to that famous periodical. In its pages, he won his chief fame as a writer. In 1820, he succeeded Dr. Thomas Brown as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; this position he held for thirty years. His "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life" was published in 1822. This is a collection of pathetic and beautiful tales of domestic life in Scotland. His contributions to Blackwood appeared over the pseudonym of "Christopher North," or more familiarly, "Kit North." Professor Wilson was a man of great

physical power and of striking appearance. In character, he was vehement and impulsive; but his writings show that he possessed feelings of deep tenderness.

The rite of baptism had not been performed for several months in the kirk of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution; and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God, and celebrate the ordinances of religion. It was now the Sabbath day, and a small congregation of about a hundred souls had met for divine service, in a place more magnificent than any temple that human hands had ever built to Deity. The congregation had not assembled to the toll of the bell, but each heart knew the hour and observed it; for there are a hundred sundials among the hills, woods, moors, and fields; and the shepherd and the peasant see the hours passing by them in sunshine and shadow.

The church in which they were assembled, was hewn by God's hand out of the eternal rock. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, and the other corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious fragments of rocks or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long-stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low—which was now the case, in the common drought—

it was easy to walk up this scene with the calm, blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude.

On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscalable, and often overhanging, cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far extended precipices, were perpetually flying rooks and wood pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing, deep murmur, or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still, on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black walls of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wild cat chose more accessible haunts. Yet, here came the persecuted Christians and worshiped God, whose hand hung over their head those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water, in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting, in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.

Here, upon a semicircular ledge of rocks, over a narrow chasm, of which the tiny stream played in a murmuring waterfall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, sat about a hundred persons, all devoutly listening to their minister, who stood before them on what might he called a small, natural pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a tall, graceful birch tree. The pulpit stood in the middle of the channel, directly facing the congregation, and separated from them by the clear, deep, sparkling pool, into which the scarce-heard water poured over the blackened rock. The water, as it left the pool, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of that altar,

thus placing it in an island, whose large, mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom.

At the close of divine service, a row of maidens, all clothed in purest white, came gliding off from the congregation, and, crossing the murmuring stream on stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit with those who were about to be baptized. Their devout fathers, just as though they had been in their own kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the minister. The baptismal water, taken from that pellucid pool, was lying, consecrated, in an appropriate receptacle, formed by the upright stones that composed one side of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded.

Some of the younger ones in that semicircle kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected; and now and then, in spite of the grave looks and admonishing whispers of their elders, letting fall a pebble into the water, that they might judge of its depth, from the length of time that elapsed before the clear air bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface. The rite was over, and the religious service of the day closed by a psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it in a more compact volume, clear, sweet, and strong, up to heaven. When the psalm ceased, an echo, like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away, high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs; and once more might be noticed in the silence, the reviving voice of the waterfall.

Just then, a large stone fell from the top of the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid was hung over on the point of a shepherd's staff. Their wakeful sentinel had descried

danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith, the congregation rose. There were paths, dangerous to unpracticed feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder, more especially the old pastor, and the women with the infants; and many minutes had not elapsed, till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them were hidden, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

The shepherd who had given the alarm, had lain down again instantly in his plaid on the greensward, upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers was immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them, looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, "See, see! Humphrey, We have caught the whole tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouse. These are the Cartland Craigs. A noble cathedral!" "Fling the lying sentinel over the cliffs. Here is a canting Covenanter for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very Sabbath day. Over with him, over with him; out of the gallery into the pit." But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow, and, mixing with the tall, green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way toward a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads, follow me. I know the way down into the bed of the stream, and the steps up to Wallace's Cave. They are called, 'kittle nine stanes;' The hunt's up. We'll all be in at the death. Halloo! my boys, halloo!"

The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the "craigs," and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old, gray-haired minister

had been seen standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary; not a creature to be seen. "Here is a Bible, dropped by some of them," cried a soldier, and, with his foot, he spun it away into the pool. "A bonnet, a bonnet," cried another; "now for the pretty, sanctified face, that rolled its demure eyes below it." But after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eying with a kind of mysterious dread the black and silent walls of the rocks that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profounder stillness through the heart of that majestic solitude. "What if these cowardly Covenanters should tumble down upon our heads pieces of rock, from their hiding places! Advance, or retreat?"

There was no reply; for a slight fear was upon every man. Musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading they know not where. And they were aware that armed men nowadays worshiped God; men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier's arms, neither barrel nor bayonet; men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the marshaled line, and gone first and foremost, if a city had to be taken by storm.

As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, passed whispering along the sweetbriers, and the broom, and the tresses of the birch trees. It came deepening, and rolling, and roaring on; and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation, as if in an earthquake. "The Lord have mercy upon us! What is this?" And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces, upon

the sharp-pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriads of chariots rolling on their iron axles down the strong channel of the torrent. The old, gray-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's Cave, and said, in a loud voice, "The Lord God terrible reigneth!"

A waterspout had burst up among the moorlands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. There it came, tumbling along into that long reach of cliffs, and, in a moment, filled it with one mass of waves. Huge, agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment; but high up in the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the Covenanters, men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in the raging thunder.

【中文阅读】

在拉纳克教会，已经有好几个月没有举行洗礼了。如今宗教迫害已到了最猖獗的时候，那个教区里的居民找了其他地方礼拜上帝和举行宗教仪式。今天是安息日，大约有一百人聚集到了一起，这一小群人是为了做礼拜而来，他们举行仪式的地方比任何人类用双手为上帝建造的庙宇都要宏伟壮观。会众们并非在钟声缓缓敲响时集合，但每个人都晓得时间，也都按时前往。这是因为在群山、森林、旷野和田地之间有上百个日時計，无论在骄阳之下还是阴暗之中，牧羊人与农夫都能通过它们观测到准确的时间。

他们集会的“教堂”，是由上帝用手把亘古不变的巨石劈开而建。在几百英尺高的悬崖上，溪流沿着巨大的裂缝奔流；悬崖的一侧有些大石块，而另一侧则有些相应的凹口，仿佛这巨石是由于一场地震而

裂开的。河床上布满了数不尽数的碎石和松散的大石，有些平滑而光秃秃的，有些在裂缝间可见泥土和绿色植物，上面还处长着灌木和绿树。人们放眼望去，视野即刻变得狭窄，仿佛被这两边合拢的悬崖遮挡住了。这壮丽的河段有数不清的水潭、溪流和瀑布，当水位较低时——现在正值旱季，就是这种情况——即可轻易走到这样的景色里头，头顶高悬着静谧的蓝天，品味着这僻静之地全然的庄严。

那无法攀登的悬崖挂在半空之中，人们向上仰望，便被那高耸入云的气势所震慑。断壁极力向外延伸，在它的顶端与河床之间，总是有白嘴鸦和斑鸠在飞翔，不时还会出现一只老鹰，于是深谷中便回荡着狂野的呱呱声、低沉的啼鸣与尖利的喊叫。有时，一只苍鹭会出现在小小的石岛上，站得笔直，或是沿着悬崖裂缝那森黑的石壁，像一朵白云般腾空而去，倏忽不见。只有长翅膀的生灵才能居住在这一带。狐狸和野猫会选择没有那么险峻的栖息地。然而，那被迫害的基督徒与他们敬拜的上帝也来到了此地，上帝用手把那些巨大的石柱和拱门高悬在他们头顶，从坚固的巨石中挖出那些廊台，把他们的双脚置于宁静的潭水中，他们望向那透明的美景，看到自己的倒影围在一起端坐着，手里捧着《圣经》。

在这儿，在悬崖狭长的裂缝之上，呈半圆形突出的石壁上方流过一条小溪，溪水潺潺落下，成了低语的瀑布，把会众分成人数均等的两部分，这一百多个人全都正襟危坐，虔诚地聆听着牧师的布道；牧师就站在他们面前，他也许会把他站立的地方称为“用活石搭建的自然小讲坛”。这“讲坛”上面有一段短短的台阶，台阶上笼罩着浓密的树阴，一株高高的白桦树优雅挺立，迎风招展。讲坛就屹立在河床中央，正对会众，溪水从那森黑的巨石上无声地倾注入潭中，把人们一分为二的正是那清澈、幽深而泛着波光的潭水。潭水流到尽头便分成两条小溪，分别绕着圣坛的两边流动。圣坛放置在一个小岛上，小岛上有些长满青苔的大石，全都隐藏在金雀花那金色的花朵与绿色的灌木丛之中。

礼拜结束的时候，一列少女从会众中鱼贯而出，她们全都一身洁白，穿过潺潺的小溪，踏过一块块石头，来到讲台之下，与那些即将受洗的人们站在一起。她们那些虔敬的父亲仿佛仍然置身于教堂之中，在礼拜期间一直坐在那儿，现在全都在牧师面前站起身来。洗礼用的水取自那澄清的水潭，被视为圣洁无比，讲台一侧的几块立石就成了再合适不过的容器，圣水就盛在里面。神圣的仪式开始了。

潭水里倒映着一切，而站成半圆形的人们中有些年纪较轻的，就一直盯着水潭看。尽管年长的人们神情庄重，低声地劝诫着这些年轻人，但他们还是时不时地往水潭中掷个小石头，在清新的空气奏响乐音、平静的水面激起水花之前，从流逝的时间判断水潭有多深。仪式结束了，人们唱了一段圣诗，这一天的宗教仪式就结束了。神圣的声音环绕着巨石，在聚拢的悬崖中更为响亮，这清澈、甜美、嘹亮的声音直冲云霄。圣歌结束时，余音袅袅，如同精灵般的歌唱渐渐隐去，消失在巍峨的峭壁之间，在重归寂静之时，再次传入人们耳朵的，是那苏醒的瀑布淙淙的流水声。

就在这时，一块大石从悬崖之巅掉落水潭之中，人们听到一声巨响，一块方格披肩挂在了牧羊人的棍子顶端。他们警觉的哨兵发现了危险情况，这就是他发出的警报。会众们立即站了起来。沿着悬崖突出的地方有些小路，通往可以藏身的洞穴以及其他地方，但对于没有经验的人们来说，这么走是非常危险的。年轻而身体灵活的扶持着年长的，特别护卫着那位老牧师以及抱着婴儿的妇女；不一会儿，溪水边已经看不到一个人的身影，他们差不多全都躲藏到悬崖的缝隙或是洞穴之中了。

发出警报的牧羊人马上披上了他的方格披肩，又躺在了悬崖顶峰的草地上。一群士兵立刻逼近了他，盘问他发出的是什么信号，是向谁发出的。其中一个士兵细细查看着悬崖边，大声喊道：“看，看！汉弗莱，我们终于把整个教会的人一网打尽了。他们就在那边，在玛沃斯河上的那些石头之间赞美上帝呢。这儿都是悬崖峭壁。一座多宏

伟的教堂啊！”“把那个撒谎的岗哨扔到悬崖下面去。你们伪善的盟约者，竟在安息日这一天欺骗城市的士兵。他要完蛋了，完蛋了，把他抬出通道扔到坑里。”然而牧羊人像影子一样消失了，他混在那一片高高的绿色——那金雀花与灌木丛之间，朝树林跑去。“撒旦已经挽救了他的仆从。但不要慌，我的伙伴们，跟着我走吧。我知道有条路通往河底，从那儿可以爬到华莱士的洞穴里去。人们管那儿叫作‘难对付的九块石头’。猎人来了。我们全部人都危在旦夕。嘿，我的孩子们，快走！”

沿着树木繁茂的河岸，士兵们从不太陡峭的地方猛冲下来，一到悬崖底下，就向河道赶去。但当他们来到那头发花白的老牧师曾站立的圣坛上面，还有一块块原来站满了人的石头之上，现在是一片寂静荒凉，一个人影也不见。“这里有一本《圣经》，是他们的人遗落的。”一个士兵喊道，他抬起脚一踢，《圣经》就飞落到水潭里。“一顶圆帽，一顶圆帽，”另一个叫道：“是属于那张圣洁漂亮的脸蛋儿的，她曾在那帽子底下滚动着故作矜持的双眼呢。”然而在一阵嘲笑和咒骂过后，士兵们就呆立不动了，神色中流露出一种神秘的畏惧，双眼紧盯着四周那森黑而静默的石壁。在这壮美的荒僻之地中央，只听见小溪低低的流水声，给人一种更深远的荒寂之感。“要是这些胆小的盟约者从藏身之处朝我们脑袋扔石头，那可怎么办？是往前走，还是撤退？”

没有人回答，每个人心里都隐隐感到了恐惧。倘若他们被迫要沿着那些不知通往哪里的羊肠小道，攀上一块块岩石，步枪或是刺刀就派不上什么用场。他们也清楚，如今敬拜上帝的人也是携带武装的，这些具有钢铁意志的人们既不怕士兵手里闪亮的刺刀，亦不怕他们的枪管所喷出的火舌；他们迈开坚定的大步，挺着宽阔的胸膛，在开阔的战场能冲垮士兵排好的阵型，倘若要攻城拔寨，他们也必定冲在最前头。

正当士兵们站在那儿惊疑不定之时，他们的耳边传来一声闷响，

仿佛是远处在打雷一般，但比雷声更令人心惊胆战。仿佛是在这声音的驱使之下，一股细微的气流低语着，漫过蔷薇、金雀花和白桦树的树枝。气流越来越强，咆哮着滚滚向前，这悬崖峭壁的底部都在摇晃，仿佛是地震了一般。“上帝饶恕我们吧！这是什么？”许多可怜的家伙倒下了，有的跪倒在尖利的石头上，有的径直趴在了上面。如今，这声音听起来仿佛是在那滚滚的洪流之下有无数辆战车正滚动着铁轴。那头发花白的老牧师走出华莱士的洞穴，嗓音洪亮地说：“圣主的威力无上！”

荒野间喷出一股水柱，汹涌的河水逼近了。它翻腾着，涌进了悬崖之间的狭长河段，顷刻间便卷起惊涛骇浪。在这血红色的洪水上面，激起了一团团巨大的白沫。即便是一支军队，无疑也会被这样的洪水一扫而光。士兵们顷刻间命丧黄泉；然而在那高高的悬崖上面，在这一片废墟之上，是那些盟约者——男人、女人和孩子，他们在震耳欲聋的雷声中向上帝祷告着，那祈祷声连他们自己也听不见。

LESSON 44

SPARROWS

麻雀

Adeline D. Train Whitney, 1824—, was born in Boston, and was educated in the school of Dr. George B. Emerson. Her father was Enoch Train, a well-known merchant of that city. At the age of nineteen, she became the wife of Mr. Seth D. Whitney. Her literary career began about 1856, since which time she has written several novels and poems; a number of them first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." Her writings are marked by grace and sprightliness.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,

And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings;

Maybe they think that, for them and their sires,

Stretched always, on purpose, those wonderful strings:

And, perhaps, the Thought that the world inspires,

Did plan for the birds, among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their feet,—
How value rises, and how declines,
How kings with their armies in battle meet,—
And, all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,—
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day,—
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.
Yet, from end to end, His meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath, all the way.

Is life only wires and lightning, then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the thoughts, and the works, and the prayers of men
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings,
Holding a moment, and gone again?

Nay; He planned for the birds, with the larger things.

【中文阅读】

小鸟们坐在电线之上，
啁啾而鸣，飞来飞去，又把翅膀合起；
也许它们在想，为了它们和它们的祖先，
这了不起的细弦才要一直延展：
也许世间激起这样的灵感，
确实是为万物、亦为鸟儿们打算。

小鸟们坐在细细的绳上，
全世界的消息奔跑在它们脚下——
事物如何风行一时，又如何衰亡，
国王们率着大军在战场上厮杀——
而一直在这无声的信号中央，
它们叽叽喳喳，飞短流长，说着甜蜜的傻话。

小东西们轻轻地停靠在我们生命线上——
希望，喜悦，还有今日的活动——

我们以为上帝计划的这一切，
并未领会隐藏的电光要传达的话。
然而，从一端到另一端，上帝的旨意抵达，
他的话语能直达下界。

倘若人生只有电线与电光，那么，
除此之外，它还有何物可紧抓不放？
难道人的思想、劳作和祈祷，
只是那麻雀，轻轻停落上帝的电线之上，
攀着一会儿，然后又飞走？
不是的，上帝对这些鸟儿们，有更宏大的设想。

LESSON 45

OBSERVANCE OF THE

SABBATH

守安息日

Gardiner Spring, 1785-1873, was the son of Samuel Spring, D.D., who was pastor of a Congregational church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, for more than forty years. The son entered Yale College, and was valedictorian of his class in 1805. He studied law for a time; then went to Bermuda, where he taught nearly two years. On his return he completed his law studies, and practiced his profession for more than a year. In 1810, having studied theology at Andover, he was ordained as pastor of the "Brick Church" in New York City. Here he remained till his death. He was elected president of Dartmouth College, and also of Hamilton, but declined both positions. His works, embracing about twenty octavo volumes, have passed through several editions; some have been translated into foreign languages, and reprinted in Europe. As a preacher, Dr. Spring was eloquent and energetic.

The Sabbath lies at the foundation of all true morality. Morality flows from principle. Let the principles of moral obligation become relaxed, and the practice of morality will not long survive the overthrow. No man can preserve his own morals, no parent can preserve the morals of his children, without the impressions of religious obligation.

If you can induce a community to doubt the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures; to question the reality and obligations of religion; to hesitate, undeciding, whether there be any such thing as virtue or vice; whether there be an eternal state of retribution beyond the grave; or whether there exists any such being as God, you have broken down the barriers of moral virtue, and hoisted the flood gates of immorality and crime. I need not say that when a people have once done this, they can no longer exist as a tranquil and happy people. Every bond that holds society together would be ruptured; fraud and treachery would take the place of confidence between man and man; the tribunals of justice would be scenes of bribery and injustice; avarice, perjury, ambition, and revenge would walk through the land, and render it more like the dwelling of savage beasts than the tranquil abode of civilized and Christianized men.

If there is an institution which opposes itself to this progress of human degeneracy, and throws a shield before the interests of moral virtue in our thoughtless and wayward world, it is the Sabbath. In the fearful struggle between virtue and vice, notwithstanding the powerful auxiliaries which wickedness finds in the bosoms of men, and in the seductions and influence of popular example, wherever the Sabbath has been suffered to live, the

trembling interests of moral virtue have always been revered and sustained. One of the principal occupations of this day is to illustrate and enforce the great principles of sound morality. Where this sacred trust is preserved inviolate, you behold a nation convened one day in seven for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the best moral principles and precepts; and it can not be otherwise than that the authority of moral virtue, under such auspices, should be acknowledged and felt.

We may not, at once, perceive the effects which this weekly observance produces. Like most moral causes, it operates slowly; but it operates surely, and gradually weakens the power and breaks the yoke of profligacy and sin. No villain regards the Sabbath. No vicious family regards the Sabbath. No immoral community regards the Sabbath. The holy rest of this ever-memorable day is a barrier which is always broken down before men become giants in sin. Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the Laws of England, remarks that "a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath." It is an observation of Lord Chief Justice Hale, that "of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes, while he was on the bench, he found a few only who would not confess that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath and vicious conduct on that day."

The prisons in our own land could probably tell us that they have scarcely a solitary tenant who had not broken over the restraints of the Sabbath before he was abandoned to crime. You may enact laws for the suppression of immorality, but the secret and silent power of the Sabbath constitutes a stronger shield to the vital interest of the community than any code of penal statutes that

ever was enacted. The Sabbath is the keystone of the arch which sustains the temple of virtue, which, however defaced, will survive many a rude shock so long as the foundation remains firm.

The observance of the Sabbath is also most influential in securing national prosperity. The God of Heaven has said, "Them that honor me I will honor," You will not often find a notorious Sabbath breaker a permanently prosperous man; and a Sabbath-breaking community is never a happy or prosperous community. There is a multitude of unobserved influences which the Sabbath exerts upon the temporal welfare of men. It promotes the spirit of good order and harmony; it elevates the poor from want; it transforms squalid wretchedness; it imparts self-respect and elevation of character; it promotes softness and civility of manners; it brings together the rich and the poor upon one common level in the house of prayer; it purifies and strengthens the social affections, and makes the family circle the center of allurements and the source of instruction, comfort, and happiness. Like its own divine religion, "it has the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come," for men can not put themselves beyond the reach of hope and heaven so long as they treasure up this one command, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

【中文阅读】

安息日构成了所有真正美德的基石。美德源于准则。倘若道德义务的准则有所松懈，那么所践行的道德规范不久就将土崩瓦解。假如缺乏对宗教义务的认识，那么将没有人能保持自己的美德，亦没有父母能让自己的儿女保持美德。

倘若你能引诱一个社区的人对《圣经》的真实性产生怀疑，对宗教的现实及义务产生疑问，对是否存在美德和恶行、对彼岸世界是否有永恒之报应、对是否存在上帝都迟疑不决，那么你就已破坏了道德的壁垒，为丑行与罪恶升起了闸门。毋庸置疑，要是一个人曾经做过这样的事，他的生活就再也无法安宁快乐了。每一条维系社会的纽带都会断裂，人与人之间的信任将被尔虞我诈、背信弃义所替代，正义的法庭成了见证行贿与不公的场所，贪婪、虚伪、野心勃勃和报仇雪恨的风气将在这片土地上盛行，让这片土地变得更像是野兽的繁衍之地，而非文明的基督徒安宁的聚居之处。

倘若有一种风俗能抵制人类的不断堕落，为我们这个缺乏思想、反复无常的世界在道德前面竖起一道盾牌，那就是安息日。在美德与丑行之间展开了一场空前激烈的斗争，尽管邪恶在人心之中发现了强大的同盟，在流行人物的诱惑和影响之中找到了得力助手，但只要能够在困难之中坚持安息日的风俗，那奄奄一息的道德真理终将复苏并继续维系。今日的一个主要任务，就是要阐明并实施健全的道德规范。要是这种神圣的信任能不受亵渎，继续保存下去，你就会发现这个国家的人民一周中有一日要召集起来，不断学习最好的道德规范与戒律；无疑，在安息日的守护之下，美德的威信将树立起来，为众人所感知。

这种每周守安息日的风俗所带来的影响，我们也许不能马上觉察。像绝大多数的道德大业一样，它进展缓慢，却是潜移默化的，能逐渐动摇罪恶的力量，打破恶行的枷锁。暴徒不会重视安息日。品行不端的家庭不会重视安息日。堕落的社区亦不会重视安息日。在这个永远值得铭记的日子中遵守圣洁的休息，本身就是一道屏障，打破屏障之人总是会落得罪孽深重的下场。布莱克斯东撰写了一些对英格兰法律的解释，其中提到“对安息日的亵渎通常伴随着道德的堕落”。英国首席大法官黑尔注意到，当他主持审判的时候，他发现所有被定下重罪的犯人，很少有人拒绝承认他们罪恶生涯始于忽视了安息日的义

务，并在那天干下了邪恶的勾当。

我国的监狱也许能向我们展示，他们那些单独囚禁的重犯，在彻底沦落为作恶多端之前并未打破安息日的种种限制，这种情况鲜为人见。你也许会制定法律去遏制不道德的行径，但安息日那神秘而无声的力量，比起任何曾经制定的刑法法典，都能更为有效地捍卫社会的根本利益。在支撑道德圣殿的拱门上，安息日就是拱心石，不管外表如何剥落毁损，只要根基牢固，就能经受得起一次又一次的猛烈撞击。

守安息日亦能发挥最积极的作用，确保国家蒸蒸日上。天国之父曾说：“给我荣耀的，我将酬之以荣。”一个不守安息日的声名狼藉之徒不太可能永远一帆风顺。而一个不守安息日的社会，永远不会是一个幸福而昌盛的社会。安息日对人的现世福祉所施加的影响，有许多是无法估量的。它促进良好秩序与和谐精神；它让陷于穷困之人受到鼓舞；它改变卑劣可耻之徒；它赋予人们自尊与个性的提升；它发扬人的温柔平和与文明举止；它让祷告之殿上的富人与穷人一律平等；它净化并加强了人与人之间的情感，让家庭成为最具吸引力的中心，成为指引、慰藉与幸福之源。一如它本身的神圣教义所言：“它让当下与即将到来的生活都充满了希望。”只要人们珍视这一条律令，就不会长久地远离希望与天堂——“谨记安息日，恪守它的神圣。”

LESSON 46

GOD'S GOODNESS TO SUCH AS FEAR HIM

上帝的善让人心怀敬畏

Fret not thyself because of evil doers,

Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity;

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,

And wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good;

So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord,

And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord;

Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,
And thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:

Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil,

For evil doers shall be cut off:

But those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the
earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be;

Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall
not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth,

And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

A little that a righteous man hath

Is better than the riches of many wicked;

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken,

But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.
The Lord knoweth the days of the upright,
And their inheritance shall be forever;
They shall not be ashamed in the evil time,
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish,
And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs;
They shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.
The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again;
But the righteous sheweth mercy and giveth.
For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth.
The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord,
And he delighteth in his way;
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down;
For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old,
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,

Nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth,

And his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good,

And dwell for evermore;

For the Lord loveth judgment,

And forsaketh not his saints;

They are preserved forever:

But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the land,

And dwell therein forever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom,

And his tongue talketh of judgment;

The law of his God is in his heart;

None of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous,

And seeketh to slay him.

The Lord will not leave him in his hand,

Nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,

And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land;

When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power,

And spreading himself like a green bay tree;

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not;

Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

(From the Thirty-seventh Psalm)

【中文阅读】

你不要因作恶之人心怀不平，

亦无需为行不义者生出忌恨。

它们如野草快要被割下，

又如绿叶快要枯干。

信主而行善，

你当如此活在世上，并真正得到他的给养。

你亦快乐着主的快乐，

他便把你的内心所求放到你手上。

把你的前路托付给主，

亦信赖他，他就令你通行无阻。

他要使你一身正气如光发出，

让你明察秋毫如日悬正午。

依靠圣主，把他耐心等候。

内心不要因那人一时兴旺而焦躁，

他是靠阴谋诡计才把成功来享。

远离愤激，平息怒气：

不要自寻烦恼，以致丧失理智而作恶，

因为作恶者必被铲除：

而那些紧随主的，必将继承这领土。

因为无需多时，恶人将化为灰烬，

纵然你遍寻他的住地，他的踪影全无。

而那恭顺的必将继承这领土，

在充沛的和平中欢喜自得。

正义之士两袖清风，

胜过那许多恶人的富有。

恶人的武器必被折断，

而主将把那正义高举。

主彰显正直之人的岁月，

他们所继承的必将永久。

他们在罪恶年代无需蒙羞，

在饥荒时日亦必得饱足。

而那恶人却要灭亡，

主的敌人必将像那羊羔的脂油，

他们必毁灭，必灰飞烟灭。

恶人借用而从不偿还，

义者宽厚待人且乐于给予。

如此他得到主的赐福，必将继承这领土。

善人的每一步由主指定，

他走在路上亦由衷高兴。

即便跌倒，他亦不会一败涂地，

因为主会用手把他扶起。

我曾年轻，现在已老，
但未曾见过义者被遗弃，
亦从未目睹他的后代要向人乞食。
他始终仁慈，且乐善好施，
他的后代亦是有福。

离恶行善，
并永远安居；
因为主爱公平，
不会把他的圣徒抛弃。
他们永得保佑，
但那恶人的种子必被铲除。
正义者必将继承这领土，
并在此永世居住。
正义者讨论智慧，
言说着公平；
上帝的律法他铭记在心；
他走在路上，脚下从不打滑。
恶人看着正义者，

伺机要取他性命。

主不会把他弃于恶人手中，

审判之时亦不会定他的罪。

等待圣主，遵从他的道路，

他必擢升你，让你继承这领土；

当恶人被铲除，你将亲眼目睹。

我曾见过恶人大权在握，

像青绿的月桂树伸展枝叶，

但他已消失，瞧，人已不见，

是的，我把他寻找，但却寻不到。

（选自《圣经·诗篇》第37首）

LESSON 47

CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS

哥伦布的性格

Washington Irving, 1783-1859. Among those whose works have enriched American literature, and have given it a place in the estimation of foreigners, no name stands higher than that of Washington Irving. He was born in the city of New York; his father was a native of Scotland, and his mother was English. He had an ordinary school education, and at the age of sixteen began the study of law. Two of his older brothers were interested in literary pursuits; and in his youth he studied the old English authors. He was also passionately fond of books of travel. At the age of nineteen, he began his literary career by writing for a paper published by his brother. In 1804 he made a voyage to the south of Europe. On his return he completed his studies in law, but never practiced his profession. "Salmagundi," his first book (partly written by others), was published in 1807. This was followed, two years later, by "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Soon after, he entered into mercantile pursuits in company with two brothers. At the close of the war with England he sailed again for Europe, and remained abroad seventeen years. During his absence he

formed the acquaintance of the most eminent literary men of his time, and wrote several of his works; among them were: "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveler," "Life and Voyages of Columbus," and the "Conquest of Granada." On his return he made a journey west of the Mississippi, and gathered materials for several other books. From 1842 to 1846 he was Minister to Spain. On his return to America he established his residence at "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, on the Hudson, where he passed the last years of his life. A young lady to whom he was attached having died in early life, Mr. Irving never married.

His works are marked by humor, just sentiment, and elegance and correctness of expression. They were popular both at home and abroad from the first, and their sale brought him a handsome fortune. The "Life of Washington," his last work, was completed in the same year in which he died.

Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth, at times, with that irresistible force which characterizes intellect of such an order. His ambition was lofty and noble, inspiring him with high thoughts and an anxiety to distinguish himself by great achievements. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same elevated spirit with which he sought renown; they were to rise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance.

His conduct was characterized by the grandeur of his views and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of ravaging the newly-found

countries, like many of his cotemporary discoverers, who were intent only on immediate gain, he regarded them with the eyes of a legislator; he sought to colonize and cultivate them, to civilize the natives, to build cities, introduce the useful arts, subject everything to the control of law, order, and religion, and thus to found regular and prosperous empires. That he failed in this was the fault of the dissolute rabble which it was his misfortune to command, with whom all law was tyranny and all order oppression.

He was naturally irascible and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the generosity and benevolence of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, braved in his authority, foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that, too, at times when suffering under anguish of body and anxiety of mind enough to exasperate the most patient, yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate. Nor can the reader of the story of his eventful life fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget on the least sign of repentance and atonement. He has been exalted for his skill in controlling others, but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

His piety was genuine and fervent. Religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery he devoutly returned thanks to God. The voice of prayer

and the melody of praise rose from his ships on discovering the new world, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and offer up thanksgiving. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the church in the wildest situations. The Sabbath was to him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never sail from a port unless in case of extreme necessity. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole deportment; his very language was pure and guarded, and free from all gross or irreverent expressions.

A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed; namely, that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. A poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. We see it in all his descriptions of the beauties of the wild land he was discovering, in the enthusiasm with which he extolled the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, "full of dew and sweetness," the verdure of the forests, the grandeur of the mountains, and the crystal purity of the running streams. It spread a glorious and golden world around him, and tinged everything with its own gorgeous colors.

With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind

could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent equal to the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! How would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amid the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which would arise in the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its land with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

【中文阅读】

哥伦布是位极富创意的奇才。他的思维跳跃不定，突如其来的奇思妙想总是不可抑制地喷涌而出。他雄心勃勃，心怀远大，迫不及待地想建功立业以求出人头地。他渴望显赫的地位与无尽的财富，就如同渴望扬名一般迫切；而那片他将要发现的大陆会让他得偿所愿，因为这一发现的历史重要性足以让他名垂千古。

他的行为处事无不体现着他卓尔不凡的见地与海纳百川的胸怀。同时代的航海家只顾及眼前之利，一旦发现了处女地，便大肆破坏、掠夺。哥伦布却带着创建者的眼光，力图将其开拓为殖民地，在那里耕种开垦，教化原住民，建造城市，引入实用的工艺，将所有一切纳入法律、秩序与宗教的正轨，由此创建秩序井然、繁荣昌盛的国家。不幸的是，他面对的是一群目无法纪的暴民，在他们看来法律即是暴政，秩序等同于镇压，所以哥伦布的努力注定只能付之东流了。

哥伦布生性冲动易怒，对于来自别人的伤害和加诸在自己身上的不公尤为敏感，可是他性格中的仁厚却总能有效地驾驭这匹暴躁鲁莽的野马。这宽怀有容的天性犹如一座温暖的灯塔照亮了哥伦布充满狂

风暴雨的生涯。即便身边总是不断有奸佞小人无端地践踏他的尊严，藐视他的专长，破坏他的计划，甚至威胁他的人身安全，即便肉身的苦痛和精神的焦虑能让最温文尔雅的绅士暴跳如雷，哥伦布却将生性中英勇好斗、疾恶如仇的一面苦苦压下，以坚忍和理性取而代之，甚至不惜以哀告恳求来博取众人对其伟大理想的理解。读完哥伦布跌宕一生的读者必然会折服于他的宽容大度，哪怕对方只要有一丝悔改之心，他便即刻不计前嫌，化敌为友。一直以来，哥伦布总以其善于治人而广为称道，但更应大书特书的却是他无与伦比的自制力。

他对宗教的信仰纯粹而炽热。宗教思想不仅渗透在他的所思所想、一言一行里，也闪耀在他私人书笺的字里行间。探险旅程中但凡有重大发现，他都会虔诚地将之归功于主的恩赐。每次发现新大陆，他的船队都会响起一片祈祷与礼赞之声，而他踏上陆地的第一件事就是深深地跪倒在地，直抒感恩之情。他所有的航海探险都是在圣父、圣子、圣灵的名义下进行，而每次起航前，他都会亲自参加圣礼。即便身处蛮荒之地，他也不会错过任何一次宗教节日。他严守安息日，除非万不得已，否则绝不会在那一天驾船离港。植根于他灵魂深处的宗教信仰，让他的言行举止间尽显持重高贵，温厚沉稳；他谈吐优雅，言辞谨慎，丝毫不沾市井之徒的浅陋粗鄙。

在哥伦布丰富多元的性格中，有一点极为与众不同，格外引人注目，那就是为其思想历程披上华彩、热情奔放的想象力。哥伦布的诗人气质也流露在他的书信笔记和举手投足中。他用激情澎湃的笔触描画着处女地的美丽动人，他歌颂那儿温和的气候，淳朴的环境，芬芳的空气，“所到之处露珠微颤，暗香浮动”；他赞美青翠的森林，壮丽的群山，还有如同水晶般清透晶莹的潺潺溪流。他的诗情画意把自己带到了个美不胜收的世界，将那儿的一草一木都晕染上一抹独特而华美的色彩。

哥伦布的想象力犹如一双带着梦幻色彩的羽翼，然后这双不羁的翅膀最终没能飞抵现实的彼岸。哥伦布生前并不知道新大陆的发现究

竟意味着什么。直至临终，他一直以为自己无非是为丰富的物资开辟了一条新的贸易航道，在遥远的东方发现了尚无人踏足的蛮荒之地。如果他知道他所发现的土地的面积之大比起欧亚非大陆（该处指15世纪的世界版图）毫不逊色，并由两大洋将其与迄今人类所知的其他陆地分割开来，哥伦布该会感到多么的荣耀自豪！如果他能预见到在这片广袤美丽的大地上有朝一日将建立起辉煌灿烂的帝国文明，而他的雄才大略将被这片土地上不同国家、民族、语言传至每个角落，他的名字将被生活在这里的人民世代传诵，那么他那颗备受贫困折磨、看尽世态炎凉、饱受寡恩君主苛待的宽厚之心，必定会倍感安慰。

LESSON 48

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP"

“耶和華讓他的所愛安然入睡”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1809-1861, was born in London, married the poet Robert Browning in 1846, and afterwards resided in Italy most of the time till her death, which occurred at Florence. She was thoroughly educated in severe and masculine studies, and began to write at a very early age. Her "Essay on Mind," a metaphysical and reflective poem, was written at the age of sixteen. She wrote very rapidly, and her friend, Miss Mitford, tells us that "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," containing ninety-three stanzas, was composed in twelve hours! She published several other long poems, "Aurora Leigh" being one of the most highly finished. Mrs. Browning is regarded as one of the most able female poets of modern times; but her writings are often obscure, and some have doubted whether she always clearly conceived what she meant to express. She had a warm sympathy with all forms of suffering and distress. "He Giveth his Beloved Sleep" is one of the most beautiful of her minor poems. The thought is an

amplification of verse 2d of Psalm cxxvii.

Of all the thoughts of God that are

Borne inward unto souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep,

Now tell me if that any is,

For gift or grace, surpassing this,—

"He giveth his beloved, sleep!"

What would we give to our beloved?

The hero's heart to be unmoved,

The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,

The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,

The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—

"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith all undisproved,

A little dust to overweep,

And bitter memories to make

The whole earth blasted for our sake,—

"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,

But have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.

But never doleful dream again

Shall break his happy slumber when

"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!

O men, with wailing in your voices!

O delve'd gold, the wailers heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!

God strikes a silence through you all,

And "giveth his beloved, sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill;

His cloud above it saileth still,

Though on its slope men sow and reap.

More softly than the dew is shed,

Or cloud is floated overhead,

"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan

A living, thinking, feeling man,

Confirmed in such a rest to keep;

But angels say—and through the word

I think their happy smile is heard—

"He giveth his beloved, sleep."

For me my heart, that erst did go

Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the mummers leap,

Would now its wearied vision close,

Would childlike on his love repose

Who "giveth his beloved, sleep."

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;
'He giveth his beloved, sleep.'"

【中文阅读】

上帝赐予我们所有的教谕
由心而生，照拂远处的魂灵，
伴着唱诗者的浅唱低吟，
现在就请告诉我，在这其中，
有哪项馈赠或恩惠能够比得上——
“耶和华让他的所爱，安然入睡！”

我们会拿什么献给心中的至爱？
是英雄坚定不移的心灵，
是诗人轻拂的悦耳竖琴，

是教化、唤醒内心的爱国者的声音，
还是光耀眉梢的君主的冠顶？——
“耶和华让他的所爱，安然入睡。”

我们拿什么献给心中的至爱？
是颠扑不破的一点信念真理，
是浪费眼泪的鸡毛蒜皮，
还是那让整个世界为之分崩离析的
痛苦的回忆，——
“耶和华让他的所爱，安然入睡。”

我们时常会说，“安睡吧，我的爱！”
话语中却没有魔力驱散
爬上眉角的悲伤梦魇。
然而惆怅的梦境再也不会
打扰他安详的睡眠，
当“耶和华让他的所爱，安然入睡。”

啊，大地，各种声音嘈杂纷乱！

啊，人类，哀叫悲号不绝于耳！

啊，追名逐利，不断有人痛哭流涕！

啊，倾轧诅咒，机关算尽，在所不惜！

于是，上帝让你们全体回归沉静，

“耶和华让他的所爱，安然入睡。”

天赐露珠，无声地坠于山林；

天赐白云，安静地悬于山顶，

山坡上的人们春耕秋收，

有一个声音比那露珠坠落还要轻悄，

比那白云飘浮还要温柔，

“耶和华让他的所爱，安然入睡。”

哎，人们或许会觉得不可思议，

有活力、有思想、有感觉的人

坚定地遵循着休养生息的规律；

然而，天使的话语回荡在耳际，

我仿佛能听到他话音里欢悦的笑意——

“耶和华让他的所爱，安然入睡。”

在我心中，往昔已经远离，
仿佛台下倦了的孩童，
强睁着朦胧泪眼看伶人跃动，
如今教人厌烦的戏码即将落幕，
天真无邪的情怀一去不回，
是谁“让他的所爱，安然入睡。”

朋友，我亲爱的朋友们，
当游丝般的呼吸弃我而去，
当你们环绕棺椁前来哭灵，
就让那深情的话语在耳边响起，
“别为她的离去落泪心碎；
‘耶和华让他的所爱，安然入睡。’”

LESSON 49

DESCRIPTION OF A SIEGE

围攻详述

"The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow." "Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe. "Under no ensign which I can observe," answered Rebecca. "A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?" "A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess: "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him. "

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer. "None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca, "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem, even now, preparing to advance. God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and defenses made of plank: the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once

answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the kettledrums, retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George, for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "Onward, De Bracy! Front de Boeuf, to the rescue!"

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm." With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be exposed to the arrows of the archers. "What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight. "Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them." "That can not endure," said Ivanhoe. "If they press not right on, to carry the castle by force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight in dark armor, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca. "Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?" "He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now: he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a

raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers, they rush in, they are thrust back! Front de Boeuf heads the defenders. I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed, hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides, the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds;" and she turned her head from the window as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

Speedily recovering her self-control, Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front de Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down! he is down!" "Who is down!" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen!" "The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no! but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an ax from a yeoman—he presses Front de Boeuf, blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!" "Front de Boeuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Front de Boeuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar, —their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front de Boeuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe. "They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard

upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!" "Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles; the besieged have the better." "Saint George strike for us!" said the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?" "No," exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly; the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax; the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle; stones and beams are hailed down on the brave champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle down and feathers."

"Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed." "The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his powerful blows—they rush in—the outwork is won! O God! they hurry the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!" "The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you

hear, tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed." "It is over, for a time," said Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered." "Our friends," said Ivanhoe, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun, and so happily attained; Oh no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose ax has rent heart of oak and bars of iron. Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there can be two who are capable of such achievements. It is,—it must be Richard Coeur de Lion."

"Seest thou nothing else. Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?" "Nothing," said the Jewess, "all about him is as black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; it seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God forgive him the sin of bloodshed! it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

(Walter Scott)

【中文阅读】

“树林边上像是安插了一队弓箭手，不过只有少数几个暴露在树阴外面。”“他们打着什么旗号？”艾凡赫问。“我看不到旗号。”丽贝卡

回答。“这倒奇怪，”骑士嘟囔着，“突袭城堡却不亮出番号或军旗。你能看出谁是这次行动的首领吗？”“一个身披黑色盔甲的骑士看上去最显眼，”犹太姑娘说，“只有他全副武装，身边的人好像都按他的指令前进。”

“没有其他首领了吗？”焦急的艾凡赫喊了一声。“从我这个位置看不到身上有特殊标记的人，”丽贝卡说，“不过有一点可以肯定，城堡的另一侧也受到了袭击。他们似乎现在就要准备发起进攻了。至高无上的天主啊！这是多么恐怖的画面！冲在最前面的那几个，有的手持盾牌，有的举着厚木板作掩护；后面的人都挽着弓步步跟进。他们要放箭了！摩西神啊！请你宽恕你的子民吧！”

一阵尖锐的军号声划破夜空，骤然打断了她的描述，几乎与此同时，城垛后面也响起了一连串伴着低沉鼓点的诺曼小号声，面对敌军的挑衅毫不示弱。双方军队齐齐高声呐喊，与鼓声号声交织成一片，响彻云霄，进攻的一方叫道，“圣乔治万岁，保佑英格兰！”而日耳曼人扯着喉咙回应道：“冲啊，德布拉西！弗朗·德·别夫，快来增援！”

“我竟然只能像一个不能动弹的修道士，躺在这里干瞪眼，”艾凡赫哀叫着，“外面正在进行一场决定我生死存亡的战斗，可现在只好眼睁睁地看着别人替我拼命了！再看一下窗户外面，好姑娘，看看他们是不是就要发动猛攻了。”丽贝卡定定神，这短暂的休整让她变得更加坚忍顽强，她再次勇敢地回到格子窗边，找了个藏身的位置，以防被弓箭手的弓箭射成马蜂窝。“你看到了什么，丽贝卡？”受伤的骑士又问道。“密密麻麻的弓箭像乌云一般席卷而来，我眼都看花了，除了弓箭我连弓箭手都看不到。”“这样下去可不行，”艾凡赫说，“如果他们不抓紧时间挺进，集中武力拿下城堡，单靠射箭是对付不了石墙和壁垒的。留意一下那个穿着黑色盔甲的骑士，美人丽贝卡，看看他的表现如何；因为将领怎么做，他的手下也会跟着效仿。”

“我看不到。”丽贝卡说。“该死的胆小鬼！”艾凡赫叫道，“难道就

在风高浪急的时候，舵手要弃船而逃吗？”“他没有！他没有临阵脱逃！”丽贝卡说，“我看见他了：他率领着一支小分队逼近了碉堡外面的木栅。他们砍倒了桩柱和栅栏；接着用斧子劈开了篱墙。他头上的黑色羽翎在人群中迎风招展，肆意飘扬，像是盘旋在死人堆上空的乌鸦。他们已经在篱墙上打开了缺口，他们冲了进去，又被逼退回来！是弗朗·德·别夫和他率领的守卫军。人群中我一眼就能看到他巨大的身形。进攻的一方又一拥而上，在刚才那个缺口处展开了肉搏战，双方僵持不下。雅阁神啊！这简直就是两股惊涛骇浪在逆风之下的海域里扭打搏击啊！”她从窗边转开脸，仿佛眼前的一幕让她不忍再看下去。

很快她平复了心绪，再度转向窗口眺望，旋即她惊叫起来，“圣主先知啊！弗朗·德·别夫和黑衣骑士在缺口处一对一交上手了，双方的部下一边观战，一边高声呐喊，以壮声势。愿上帝保佑那些挨打被俘的人们。”突然，她又尖声叫起来，“他倒下了！他倒下了！”“谁倒下了！”艾凡赫也跟着喊，“看在圣母的份上，快告诉我哪一方被打倒了！”“是黑衣骑士，”丽贝卡低声回答，声音细小得几乎让人听不清她在说什么；可不一会儿她又欢呼起来——“哦，不！他没有被打垮！荣光归于圣主！他又站起来了，看他多么勇猛，二十个好汉都抵不过他一条臂膀——手中的剑断了，他从边上夺过一把斧子——一斧接着一斧，把弗朗·德·别夫逼得节节败退——巨人被打得弯下了腰，脚步踉跄，就像是樵夫砍刀下摇摇欲坠的橡树——他倒下去了，他摔倒了！”“是弗朗·德·别夫？”艾凡赫叫着。“就是弗朗·德·别夫，”犹太姑娘回答，“他的部下立即扑上去救援，领头的是桀骜不驯的圣殿骑士——他们人多势众，英勇的骑士被迫罢手——他们救下了弗朗·德·别夫，把他抬回城堡了。”

“进攻的一方已经拿下了外围的栅栏了，是不是？”艾凡赫说。“是的——是的——他们已经兵临城下了；有的人在架梯子，其他的一个踩着另一个的肩膀拼命地往上攀爬；石头、木板、树杆纷纷朝他们的

脑袋砸下来，一旦有人受伤，立即被抬到后方，候补人员火速上前填补他们的空缺。伟大的上帝！您按自己的容貌创造了人类，难道就是为了让它们手足相残吗！”“快别多想了，”艾凡赫应道，“现在可没工夫想那些事儿。谁投降了？谁举兵压上了？”

“梯子都被扳倒了，”丽贝卡浑身战栗地回答，“士兵们压在梯子底下，像被压扁的虫子一样徒劳挣扎；守城的一方略占上风。”“圣乔治，请助我们一臂之力！”骑士说，“那些临时组织起来的农民义勇军们就这么认输了？”“没有，”丽贝卡大声回答，“他们就像他们的名号一样英勇无畏；黑衣骑士提着一柄巨斧冲到边门；有没有听到那雷鸣般的砍剁声，盖过了战场上所有的叫嚣喊杀；石头和木板像冰雹一样砸在勇士身上；可他一点都不在乎，就像是轻飘飘的山蓟和羽毛吹落在身上。”

“凭着阿克尔的圣约翰起誓！”艾凡赫喊道，兴奋地从床上撑直了身子，“我想在英国除了一个人再也没有谁能这样勇猛无敌。”“边门在摇晃，”丽贝卡接着说，“边门裂开了——他把它劈成了碎片——他们冲进去了——碉堡被攻破了！哦，上帝！他们把城垛上的护卫军从城墙上扔进了护城河！哦，天哪，你们要是真正的男子汉，就放过那些无力抵抗的人吧！”“桥——通往城堡的桥——被他们攻陷了吗？”艾凡赫高声问。“没有，”丽贝卡回答说，“圣殿骑士撤回城堡时就把桥上的木板给毁了——随他一起逃进城堡的护卫军寥寥无几——听那惨叫和哭喊声，你就知道其他人的结局了。啊呀！我现在才知道比起战争，胜利更加惨不忍睹。”

“眼下他们在干什么，姑娘？”艾凡赫说，“再朝外面看一下——现在可不是见血就晕的时候。”“结束了，暂时结束了，”丽贝卡说，“我们的朋友占领了碉堡，正在那里秣马厉兵。”“首战告捷，”艾凡赫说，“赢得又是如此大快人心，我们的朋友不会在这个时候半途而废的；绝对不会！我的信心全部押在那位了不起的骑士身上，他手上的斧子能砍断最坚固的铁条，能劈裂最狠毒的心肠。天下无人能

及，”他又开始自言自语了，“如果这世上还有哪个能像他一样所向披靡的话——那他，一定就是‘狮心王’理查。”

“丽贝卡，看看还有什么显眼的标识能看出黑衣骑士到底是什么来路吗？”“没有了，”犹太姑娘说，“他浑身上下黑得如同飞行于夜间的乌鸦。除此之外，我找不出其他任何线索；不过只要看过适才他英勇杀敌的样子，下一次要是再遇见，哪怕是千军万马中我也一定能把他给找出来。他冲锋陷阵的时候就如同欣然赴宴一般。他靠得可不光是一身蛮力；他出手杀敌时的每招每式似乎都凝聚了勇士的精神与意志。愿上帝宽恕这血流成河的罪孽吧！亲眼目睹他是如何以一当百、以少胜多，真是令人胆寒，可是也的确又让人钦佩得五体投地。”

（沃尔特·斯科特）

LESSON 50

MARCO BOZZARIS

马尔科·博萨里斯

Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790—1867, was born in Guilford, Connecticut. At the age of eighteen he entered a banking house in New York, where he remained a long time. For many years he was bookkeeper and assistant in business for John Jacob Astor. Nearly all his poems were written before he was forty years old, several of them in connection with his friend Joseph Rodman Drake. His "Young America," however, was written but a few years before his death. Mr. Halleck's poetry is carefully finished and musical; much of it is sportive, and some satirical. No one of his poems is better known than "Marco Bozzaris."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,

The Turk was dreaming of the hour

When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,

Should tremble at his power.

In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;

 In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Plataea's day:
And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;

That bright dream was his last:

He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,

"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

He woke—to die mid flame and smoke,

And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,

And death shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain cloud;

And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band:

"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;

Strike—for your altars and your fires;

Strike—for the green graves of your sires;

God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;

They piled that ground with Moslem slain;

They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,

Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw

His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,

And the red field was won:

Then saw in death his eyelids close

Calmly, as to a night's repose,

Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!

Come to the mother, when she feels

For the first time her firstborn's breath;

Come when the blessed seals

That close the pestilence are broke,

And crowded cities wail its stroke;

Come in consumption's ghastly form,

The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;

Come when the heart beats high and warm

With banquet song, and dance, and wine:

And thou art terrible—the tear,

The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's, now, and Fame's.
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

【中文阅读】

夜半三更，在他戒备森严的帐篷，
土耳其人正做着他的春秋大梦：
希腊人在他脚下苦苦哀求，
在他的淫威下瑟瑟发抖。
梦里，征服者的战利品
从牧场一直摆到了宫廷，
梦里，胜利的凯歌唱个不停；
他戴上了君主的图章戒指，
又盖上了君主的玺印——我是国王：
他的梦境天马行空，就像伊甸园的小鸟，
长着快乐的翅膀，随心所欲地飞翔。

夜半三更，潜伏在树林的阴影里，
博萨里斯部署着苏里沃特人的部下，
他们忠诚可靠，就像久经磨砺的钢刃，
从心到手都凝聚着英雄的忠魂。
普拉蒂亚曾是波西战争的战场，
成千上万的波斯人曾在这里驻扎，
欢悦的土地曾舔舐他们的鲜血，

直到现在空气里还有鬼魂在飘荡，
当年征服者们的子孙后代，
个个高举武器，斗志昂扬，
恨不能尽快开战，浴血四方。

一个小时后，土耳其人醒来；
美丽的梦境一去不再：
他醒了——耳边传来哨兵狂乱的呼喊，
“他们来了！希腊人！希腊人！拿上武器！”
他醒了——然后在战火硝烟中悲惨地死去，
利剑出鞘，伴随着呐喊与呻吟，
密集的枪炮声声索命，
就像山巅云层劈落的雷鸣；
博萨里斯的声音嘹亮如号角，
他振臂高呼，鼓舞士气：
“出击——直到最后一个敌人咽气；
出击——为了神圣的祭坛和激情；
出击——为了先辈坟头的青草地；
上帝——为了生养你们的大地！”

他们战斗——像勇士一样，殊死奋战；

穆斯林的尸体堆积如山；

他们胜利了——可博萨里斯却倒下了，

浑身是伤，血流成河。

幸存的战友们欢呼震动，

为了红土地的胜利大声庆功：

没有人看见他脸上露出了笑容，

也没有人看见他永远地闭上了双眸。

如此安详，就像熟睡在漫漫长夜，

就像花朵在日落时分缓缓凋谢。

死神！来到新娘的洞房里，

来到母亲的身旁，当她第一次

感受到宝贝的呼吸；

祝福的贺信刚刚抵达，

可怕的瘟疫一触即发，

拥挤的城市发出悲号；

狰狞的肺癆偕死神报到，

还有地动山摇，大海咆哮；

正当满场飞扬着笑语欢颜

庆祝的歌舞贯穿喧嚣的酒宴：

你从天而降，形容恐怖——泪水，

呻吟，丧钟，墓布，棺槨

我们所知、所梦、所惧的

一切痛苦，皆来自于你。

然而对于英雄而言，当他的利剑

打赢了自由的战役，

你的声音像是先知的咒语；

在那低沉的语调中

响起数以百万人的衷心感激。

博萨里斯！希腊的光辉岁月

孕育了你身上传扬千古的浩然正气，

你安息吧——即使在这骄傲的土地

也找不到更为骄傲的墓地。

我们谈起你的离去，无人叹息，

因为你属于自由，属于荣誉。

永垂不朽的人物寥寥无几，

而你的名字位列其一。

LESSON 51

SONG OF THE GREEK BARD

希腊游吟诗人之歌

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, 1788-1824. This gifted poet was the son of a profligate father and of a fickle and passionate mother. He was afflicted with lameness from his birth; and, although he succeeded to his great-uncle's title at ten years of age, he inherited financial embarrassment with it. These may be some of the reasons for the morbid and wayward character of the youthful genius. It is certain that he was not lacking in affection, nor in generosity. In his college days, at Cambridge, he was willful and careless of his studies. "Hours of Idleness," his first book, appeared in 1807. It was severely treated by the "Edinburgh Review," which called forth his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in 1809. Soon after, he went abroad for two years; and, on his return, published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," a work that made him suddenly famous. He married in 1815, but separated from his wife after one year. Soured and bitter, he now left England, purposing never to return. He spent most of the next seven years in Italy, where most of his poems were written. The last year of his life was spent in Greece, aiding in her

struggle for liberty against the Turks. He died at Missolonghi. As a man, Byron was impetuous, morbid and passionate. He was undoubtedly dissipated and immoral, but perhaps to a less degree than has sometimes been asserted. As a poet, he possessed noble powers, and he has written much that will last; in general, however, his poetry is not wholesome, and his fame is less than it once was.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,

Where grew the arts of war and peace, —

Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,

But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,

The hero's harp, the lover's lute,

Have found the fame your shores refuse;

Their place of birth alone is mute

To sounds which echo further west

Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations,—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now,—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine?

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?

Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred, grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylae!

What! silent still and silent all?

Ah! no; —the voices of the dead

Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,

But one, arise, —we come, we come!"

'T is but the living who are dumb!

In vain—in vain!—strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call,

How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave;

Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the howl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like these!

It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served, but served Polycrates,

A tyrant; but our masters then

Were still, at least, Our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade;
I see their glorious, black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swanlike, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine,—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

【中文阅读】

希腊群岛啊！希腊群岛！

热恋中的莎孚曾在这里以歌寄情，

文韬武略曾在这里孕育成形，——

提洛岛在这里出现，太阳神阿波罗跃出海面！

永恒的夏日为群岛镶上金边，

可如今，除了那轮红日，一切都已消散陨灭。

希俄斯的吟游者，特厄斯的痴情人，

那英雄的竖琴，还有爱人的鲁特琴，

原是在你的岸边广为传唱；

而今，名曲的发源地一片寂静荒凉，

那动听的歌声向西方飘荡，

比祖先的“福佑群岛”更遥远的地方。

层峦叠嶂凝望着马拉松，

马拉松凝望着波涛翻涌；

孑然伫立，我沉思良久，

幻想着希腊自由依旧；
因为，站在波斯人的墓地上，
我无法想象自己沦为奴隶的下场。

一位君王坐在悬崖峭壁，
俯瞰着海中的萨拉米；
成千上万的战舰在脚下排开，
四方邻国的士兵，——全归他统帅！
破晓时分他把他们一一清点，——
当太阳下山，战舰、士兵安在？

他们去了哪里？你又在哪里，
我的祖国？在你万籁俱寂的岸边
英雄的赞歌已沉寂多年，
英雄的心，也已激情不再！
你的七弦竖琴从来神圣不容侵犯，
难道竟沦落至此，任由我辈褻玩？

回想光辉岁月，难道我们只能流泪？

难道只会羞愧？而祖辈曾在这里浴血无悔。

大地啊！请把斯巴达人的铮铮铁骨

从你的怀中交还一二！

哪怕三百名勇士中能有三人还阳，

就让我们重返温泉关杀个痛快！

为何！除了寂静还是寂静？

啊！不；——耳边传来逝者的声音

如同湍湍激流在远处回荡，

“只要有一个活人振臂一呼，

我们就会返回人间，再战沙场！”

可是活人却像得了耳聋，闷声不响！

说什么都是白搭——白搭！——换个曲调，换种心情；

满满斟上一杯萨摩斯佳酿！

让土耳其的蛮子去战场打仗，

让希俄斯的葡萄把血汁流光！

听！巴克斯的信徒都成了英雄好汉，

争先恐后响应着这无耻的召唤！

皮洛斯的出征舞你们都还会跳；

可皮洛斯的方阵还有谁知晓？

这两项技艺，你们为何

要把那崇高勇敢的一项忘掉？

卡德摩斯为你们创造了文字；

难道是为了把它们传授给奴隶？

满满斟上一杯萨摩斯佳酿！

让我们别再为这些问题苦恼神伤！

美酒曾让阿克那里翁的诗歌不同凡响：

他曾侍奉过波利克拉特斯，

那人虽然是个暴君，可好歹

也是希腊人的同胞，是本国的主子。

在克索尼斯，曾有一位僭主，

他热爱自由，威风英武；

他就是大名鼎鼎的米太亚得！

但愿此时此刻

能有这样一位君主！

他将把我们拧成一团刀枪不入。

满满斟上一杯萨摩斯佳酿！

树阴下的少女轻舞飞扬；

我看见一双双明眸乌黑闪亮；

可是望着明艳照人的姑娘，

滚滚热泪不住地流淌，

难道她们的乳汁将会把奴隶喂养？

让我登上苏尼昂的悬崖，

在那里只我和海浪

倾听着彼此的衷肠；

在那里，我要像只天鹅，在死前歌唱：

一个满是奴隶的城邦不会是我的家乡，——

把那斟满萨摩斯佳酿的酒杯砸个精光！

LESSON 52

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

北美印第安人

Charles Sprague, 1791-1875, was born in Boston, and received his education in the public schools of that city. For sixteen years he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, as clerk and partner. In 1820 he became teller in a bank; and, from 1825, he filled the office of cashier of the Globe Bank for about forty years. In 1829 he gave his most famous poem, "Curiosity," before the Phi Beta Kappa society, in Cambridge. An active man of business all his days, he has written but little either in prose or poetry, but that little is excellent in quality, graceful, and pleasing.

The address from which this extract is taken, was delivered before the citizens of Boston, July 4th, 1825.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on

the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of

education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale is gone, and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

【中文阅读】

诸位现在所坐的地方，放眼望去，当真是一片文明世界的繁荣景象。可是不过就在几代人之前，繁茂的山蓟还在这里随风摇曳，野狐狸自由自在地掘洞安巢。我们的另一支亲族曾在这里相亲相爱。在诸位头顶上起起落落的那轮太阳，也曾照耀在追赶鹿儿的印第安猎手身上；每晚含笑凝望诸位的那片月光，也曾见证了印第安小伙向黑皮肤心上人倾诉衷肠。在这里，棚屋的火焰曾映红了妇孺的脸庞，议事会

的篝火曾温暖了智者勇士的胸膛。他们曾将高贵的双腿浸入诸位身边满是莎草的湖泊，沿着怪石林立的河岸蹚水荡舟。他们曾在这里战斗；就在这里，曾经呼声震天，浴血厮杀，视死如归的战歌曾在耳边回荡；等到无情的战火熄灭后，祥和的炊烟又在这里袅袅升起。

这里，也曾是他们祭奠神灵的地方；多少个黝黑的胸膛中涌动着同一种滚烫的对万物之神的信仰。神明不曾在石碑上为他们写下戒律，但他却将戒律刻在了他们心上。这个贫穷的自然之子不懂得什么是神的启示，但他相信身边的一草一木、一花一石都有神在栖息。当一粒星子悠然地陨落在旷野的小屋后面，他在那里看到了他；当那颗火球戴上它正午霸气的冠冕，将炙热的火焰喷在他脸上，他在那里看到了他；当一朵鲜花在清晨的微风中喷薄怒放；当一株松柏在千万次的飞沙走石中岿然不倒；当一只胆小的鸟儿说什么也不肯离开它出生的果园；当一头无畏的秃鹰飞向云端，任由那云雾濡湿了它不知疲倦的翅膀；当一条小虫子在他脚边扭来扭去，他在那里看到了他；当他沐浴在一束火花中周身散发着光芒，那道光源正是他顶礼膜拜的对象，于是，在无与伦比的自己的身上，他看到了他。

这一切都已成为了过往。从海的那一边漂来一批喧嚣的清教徒，他们带来了生与死的种子。播种前者，于是有了今天在座诸位，播种后者，纯朴的原住民就此灭绝。两百年的时间偷换了这片大陆的精魂，居住在这里的奇特一族被永远地抹去，了无痕迹。手工作坊侵占了天然茅舍，受过教化的上帝之子强大得让尚未开化的部落无力招架。这里或那里也许散落着沧海遗珠；然而他们身上再也找不到祖先的勇猛刚强和豪气万丈。具有鹰隼锐目和狮王风度的印第安人，唱得让人落泪的叙事歌谣，忧伤传奇中的悲剧英雄都已经一去不返，他曾在这片土地上威严巡视，而今只剩下落魄的后裔在这里苟延残喘，这一幕不能不让我们感叹，当被征服者踩在脚下，人类会变得多么可怜卑下。

LESSON 53

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

洛琪尔的警告

Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844, was a descendant of the famous clan of Campbells, in Kirnan, Scotland, and was born at Glasgow. At the age of thirteen he entered the university in that city, from which he graduated with distinction, especially as a Greek scholar; his translations of Greek tragedy were considered without parallel in the history of the university. During the first year after graduation, he wrote several poems of minor importance. He then removed to Edinburgh and adopted literature as his profession; here his "Pleasures of Hope" was published in 1799, and achieved immediate success. He traveled extensively on the continent, and during his absence wrote "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," and other minor poems. In 1809 he published "Gertrude of Wyoming;" from 1820 to 1830 he edited the "New Monthly Magazine." In 1826 he was chosen lord rector of the University of Glasgow, to which office he was twice reelected. He was active in founding the University of London. During the last years of his life he produced but little of note. He died at Boulogne, in France. During most of his life he was in straitened pecuniary

circumstances, and ill-health and family afflictions cast a melancholy over his later years. His poems were written with much care, and are uniformly smooth and musical.

Seer . Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day

When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,

And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!

Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,

And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await

Like a love-lighted watch fire all night at the gate.

A steed comes at morning,—no rider is there,

But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!

Oh, weep! but thy tears can not number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave, —
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Loch . Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Seer . Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?

'T is the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie that beacons the darkness of heaven,
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Loch . False wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan, Their
swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!

They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,

When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;

When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,

All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Seer . —Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!

For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,

But man can not cover what God would reveal:

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,

And coming events cast their shadows before.

I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring

With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.

Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,

Behold where he flies on his desolate path!

Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my
sight:

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.

But where is the ironbound prisoner? Where?

For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.

Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,

Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death bell is tolling; O mercy, dispel
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Loch . Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:

For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their
gore, Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten
shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame.

【中文阅读】

先知 洛琪尔！洛琪尔！千万小心那一天

你将在苏格兰低地部署阵列！

因为我看见了血流成河，尸横遍野，

卡洛登的部族已溃不成军，

他们重新集结，他们满身鲜血，为了他们的王国与冠冕；
哎呀，可叹那些骑兵把他们撞倒，踩在脚下！

骄横的坎伯兰神气活现，骑着战马东踩西踏，

铁蹄无情地蹂躏，逝者在平原上肠穿肚烂，

听！如闪电般一闪而逝的战场上，

是谁的骏马在荒野上狂奔而去？

是你的战马，格兰纽林！是谁的新娘在苦苦等候

如同被爱点燃的篝火在门口整夜不灭。

一匹骏马在晨曦中出现，他的背上没有骑士，

只有殷红的马勒透露着绝望的消息。

哭泣吧，阿尔宾！然而眼泪再多也多不过死去的士兵：

因为卡洛登沼地上挥舞的利剑残酷无情，——

卡洛登！你每一寸土地都散发着勇士鲜血的气息。

洛琪尔 去和懦夫们说教传道吧，你这个预言死亡的先知！

如果卡洛登真如你说的那么惨烈，

披上它吧，老糊涂，让这件斗篷，

遮住你昏花的老眼，遮住这惊骇的幻觉。

先知 哈！你在嘲笑，洛琪尔，对我的预言你不屑一顾？

山中骄傲的鸟儿，你的羽毛即将不保！

像不像勇猛的老鹰得意扬扬

从巢穴飞向乌云翻滚的北方？

看！一颗致命的子弹正在把他追赶，

他孤独地飞翔着，经受着四方的磨难；

就让他躲开空中的浩劫飞扑而下！

啊，让他迅速返巢，因为敌人就在近旁。

为什么高山之巅燃起了火焰？为什么一簇簇余火
如同天空洒落的星星那样射向暴风雨？
这是毁灭一切的流火，从他的鹰巢
射落，照亮了漆黑的天空。

啊，带着羽饰的洛琪尔，你的威力无人能比，
城垛上飘扬着你的军旗，
上天的流火已经逼近，或是引爆，或是付之一炬；
返回你的住处，只身一人，快快回去！
因为黑色的灰烬指明了鹰巢的所在地，
绝望盘旋的母亲正望着饿得奄奄一息的幼崽叫声凄
厉。

洛琪尔 滚开，妖言惑众的巫师！我的部下已整装待发，
他们剑有千把，心只一条！
他们的忠心会让他们流尽最后一滴血，呼尽最后一口
气，
他们就像等待收获的农民弯下腰去收割敌人的死讯。
然后，欢迎坎伯兰的马匹受我一击！
让马上的人口吐白沫就像白浪拍碎在岸礁！

替他的亲朋好友悲伤吧，为他的宏图大业哀叹吧，
当阿尔宾愤怒地抽出她的宽剑；
当她对必胜的族长们拉下帽檐，
不屈不挠的可兰若诺德族，英勇善战的马里族，
他们穿着花格呢的盛装，上面配着华美的羽毛——

先知 ——洛琪尔，洛琪尔，千万小心那一天！

因为我发誓我看到了恐怖与绝望，
可人类不能对上帝的启示视而不见：
就在人生将尽，上帝给了我先见之明，
事情尚未发生，我已看见阴影已经逼近。
我告诉你，悲号惨叫将会回荡在卡洛登
伴随着追踪你那逃亡君主的猎犬的狂吠。
看！被上帝选中的君主满脸愤怒，
他慌不择路逃到了一条荒僻的小路！
现在，在茫茫夜色里，他的身影消失在滔天巨浪中：
升起来，升起来，狂风骤雨阻断了他的去路！
都结束了。沼泽荒野上不再电闪雷鸣；
我们输了卡洛登之役，我的祖国在哭泣。

可是那带着锁链的洛琪尔在哪里？在哪里？

因为战争已经绝望地闭上了杀红了的眼。

难道，他也爬上了浪尖，遭到流放，从此孤苦伶仃，
像是从他的祖国身上扯下的一条臂膀，血肉模糊，被
随意丢弃？

啊，不！更可怕的离别就在眼前；

战鼓低沉，那黑黢黢的是口棺木；

丧钟已为他敲响，啊，发发慈悲，

别再让我看到那魂飞魄散的一幕！

生命力还在他抽搐的肢体里颤动，

鲜血直流的鼻孔里浸满了苦痛，

诅咒那把柴火正在舔舐他的双脚，

那颗心脏在停止跳动前就会被扔掉，

燃烧的灰烬随着青烟吹进了风里——

洛琪尔 去死吧，你这胡言乱语的家伙！你说的我一个字都不信：

因为阿尔宾绝不会遭遇

像惨败这样可怕，像退缩这样耻辱的命运。

就算我的士兵会在血泊中倒下，

如同随浪堆积在岸边的海草，
洛琪尔，不容逃跑或被俘玷污他的英名，
只要有生命的火花还在胸膛里跳动，
他就会为胜利欢呼，或者战死沙场，
让他的身体躺在大地，让他的双脚指向死敌！
战场上没有什么能诋毁他的清誉，
临终前他会心怀坦荡，无比骄傲地望向上帝。

LESSON 54

ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER

快乐的性情

Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774. This eccentric son of genius was an Irishman; his father was a poor curate. Goldsmith received his education at several preparatory schools, at Trinity College, Dublin, at Edinburgh, and at Leyden. He was indolent and unruly as a student, often in disgrace with his teachers; but his generosity, recklessness, and love of athletic sports made him a favorite with his fellow-students. He spent some time in wandering over the continent, often in poverty and want. In 1756 he returned to England, and soon took up his abode in London. Here he made the acquaintance and friendship of several notable men, among whom were Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. "The Traveler" was published in 1764, and was soon followed by the "Vicar of Wakefield." He wrote in nearly all departments of literature, and always with purity, grace, and fluency. His fame as a poet is secured by the "Traveler" and the "Deserted Village;" as a dramatist, by "She Stoops to Conquer;" as a satirist, by the "Citizen of the World;" and as a novelist by the "Vicar of Wakefield." In his later years his writings were the source of a large income, but his

gambling, careless generosity, and reckless extravagance always kept him in financial difficulty, and he died heavily in debt. His monument is in Westminster Abbey.

Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review, like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed, but none but a fool is on that account enraged with the master of ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave, in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sang, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! A happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairyland around him. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate.

They who, like that slave, can place themselves all that side of the world in which everything appears in a pleasant light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humor. The

most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the world is to them a theater, in which only comedies are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the aspirations of ambition, seem only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral. Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness in the highest degree. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he fell into the power of Cardinal Mazarin, his most deadly enemy, (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes,) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though denied all amusements, and even the conveniences of life, and entirely cut off from all intercourse with his friends, he still retained his good humor, laughed at the little spite of his enemies, and carried the jest so far as to write the life of his jailer.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will teach us to be good-humored in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humor be construed by others into insensibility or idiotism,—it is happiness to ourselves; and none but a fool could measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

The happiest fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to anybody but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he called it "seeing

life," If his head was broken by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had concerned his father to such a degree that all intercession of friends was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his deathbed. The whole family (and Dick among the number) gathered around him.

"I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone (as is usual on such occasions), prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him, besides, four thousand pounds." "Ah, father!" cried Simon (in great affliction, to be sure), "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick: "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah, father!" cries Dick, without any emotion, "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!"

【中文阅读】

每个时代的作家都想方设法地让我们明白，快乐存在于我们内心，而不在于取悦我们的东西上。只要内心愿意快乐，那么所有的一切都能娱乐我们，而悲伤这个词将会变得可有可无。我们回顾每一件事情，就像在看游行队伍中的每一个人；有的看上去笨手笨脚，有的穿得不太得体，但是除了傻瓜，谁也不会因此去怪罪穿戴举止适宜的人。

我记得曾经在弗兰德斯防御工事的工地上见过一个苦力，他对于

自己所处的环境似乎毫不在意。他四肢不全，带着锁链；每天都要从东方微明一直苦干到夜幕降临才能勉强维持生计；可就是在这种旁人看来无比悲惨的环境中，他快乐地歌唱着，要不是少了一条腿，他肯定还会跳上一段，整个驻地上似乎要属他最开心、最幸福了。这是一位多么接地气的哲学家啊！快乐的秉性构筑了达观的人生哲学，虽然他看上去痴痴傻傻，实际上却是真正有大智慧的人。他目不识丁，胸无点墨，所以他没有机会接触诗文，从中获知什么是乐园仙境。对他而言，身边的一切都能让他开怀；虽然有人会因为他的不在乎而认定他是个傻瓜，可这却是连哲学家都巴不得能成为的傻瓜。

那些能像这位苦力一样的人，他们都会选择这样一个位置来看待世界，从这个角度放眼望去，所有的一切都能展示出令人愉悦的光明一面，于是他们会发现所有的事物都会激发他们的好心情。即便遇到最不幸的事情，无论对于他们自身还是他人，都不会带来更痛苦的折磨。世界在他们眼中就是一个舞台，在那里只有喜剧上演。所有喧嚣扰攘的英雄事迹或者轰轰烈烈的抱负追求，不过是为了让荒诞一幕更加滑稽，让幽默的效果更深入人心。简而言之，他们对于自己遭受的不幸或是别人加诸的怨恨所感到的苦楚，不会多于葬礼上的司仪，尽管他也穿着黑衣，满脸悲戚。在我所知的所有人当中，红衣主教莱兹是把这种幸福感发挥到极致的人。当命运女神朝他露出狰狞的表情，他不幸落入了宿敌红衣主教马萨林手中，被囚禁于瓦朗谢讷城堡，他从未试图用智慧或哲学来排解痛苦，因为他自称对于二者都一窍不通。他只是不断地自嘲，以及嘲笑那些迫害他的人，就好像在这个新环境里他发现了无限乐趣。这栋阴郁悲惨的宅邸，没有任何娱乐，甚至缺乏生活设施，并且禁止他与朋友有任何往来联系，但他依旧保持舒畅的心情，敌人的恶意刁难在他眼里全成了笑柄，他甚至为狱卒写起了传记，将戏谑嘲弄进行到底。

凡是骄傲自负的人，他们的智慧只会让他们在遭受不幸时变得冥顽不化，郁郁寡欢。而红衣主教的例子却告诉我们，即便是在最暗无

边际的苦痛中依然要保持灿烂的心境。别人会不会把我们的好心情解读为满不在乎或愚钝无感，这都无关紧要——关键是我们自己感到快乐；只有傻瓜才会根据外界的看法来衡量、判断自己的满足感。

据说许多温良敦厚的人宁可自己吃苦也不会伤害他人，我所认识的最快乐的人便是他们其中的一个。每次碰到什么倒霉事，到了他身上全成了“长见识”。如果他的轿夫不小心把他摔了，让他磕破了脑袋，或是他被骗子骗走了钱财，他会模仿轿夫的爱尔兰口音或骗子的江湖切口来安慰自己。在他眼里，世上的一切都是顺心顺意的。他对于财物方面的漫不经心让他的父亲极为焦虑，任凭朋友如何劝解都无济于事。老先生临终时，他的家人（迪克也在其中）都守在他的病榻前。

“我把我所有的房产，”这位大限将至的守财奴说，“留给我的次子安德鲁，希望他不要大手大脚。”安德鲁，语带悲切（就如这样的场合中惯用的语气），祈求上帝让他父亲活得长久些，好亲自享用他的房产。“我把我的三子，西蒙，托付给他的二哥，同时留给西蒙四千英镑。”“啊，父亲！”西蒙哭喊道（自然，悲伤万分），“愿上帝让你长命百岁，身体健康，自己享用这笔财富！”最后，他转向迪克：“至于你，你一向放荡不羁；也不指望你会浪子回头；你这辈子永远也发不了财；我留给你一个先令去买副笼头把自己拴上吧。”“啊，父亲！”迪克大喊道，声音里不带一丝感情，“愿上帝让你长命百岁，身体健康，好自己享用这副笼头！”

LESSON 55

THE FORTUNE TELLER

算命先生

Henry Mackenzie, 1745-1831, was born in Edinburgh, educated at the university there, and died in the same city. He was an attorney by profession, and was the associate of many famous literary men residing at that time in Edinburgh. His fame as a writer rests chiefly on two novels, "The Man of Feeling" and "The Man of the World;" both were published before the author was forty years old.

Harley sat down on a large stone by the wayside, to take a pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-colored rags, among which the blue and russet were predominant. He had a short, knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which would have covered his feet and ankles; in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humor; he walked a good, round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! That beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe." The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of a hat, asked charity of Harley. The dog began to beg, too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before.

The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley that if he wanted to have his fortune told—Harley turned his eye briskly upon the beggar; it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn" said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one; sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune teller for a week or two, myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much, for I had the humor of plain dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world,—we must do as we can; and lying is, as you call it, my profession. But I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I once dealt in telling the truth. I was a laborer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live. I never laid by, indeed, for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley." "So," said Harley, "you seem to know me." "Ay, there are few folks in the country that I do n't know something of. How should I tell fortunes else?" "True, —but go on with your story;

you were a laborer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humor you preserved to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, sir? A man grows lean on't. But I was brought to my idleness by degrees; sickness first disabled me, and it went against my stomach to work, ever after. But, in truth, I was for a long time so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke. Thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I have found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a half-penny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do n't care to give alms without some security for their money,—such as a wooden leg, or a withered arm, for example. So I changed my plan, and instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others.

"This I found by much the better way. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own, and of many who say they do not believe in fortune telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned from among servants and neighbors; and, indeed, people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose. They dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for everyone is anxious to hear what he wishes to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerably good memory, and some share of

cunning, I succeed reasonably well as a fortune teller. With this, and showing the tricks of that dog, I make shift to pick up a livelihood.

"My trade is none of the most honest, yet people are not much cheated after all, who give a few half-pence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say, is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him to consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue appear to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

【中文阅读】

哈利坐在路旁的大石头上，想把一不小心溜进鞋子的石子儿给取出来，这时，他看到不远处慢慢走来一个乞丐。这乞丐穿了一件肥大的外套，上面打满了不同颜色的补丁，其中以蓝色和褐色最为显眼。他拄着一根满是结疤的短木棍，顶端插着一只公羊犄角；他光着脚，脚上的袜子早已破得遮不住脚掌和脚踝了；不过看他的神情倒是一脸

满足；他迈着轻快的步子，一条罗圈腿的小狗一路小跑跟在身后。

“所谓的皮娇肉嫩，”哈利自言自语道，“都是凭空想象而已；其实压根儿就没那回事！瞧这个乞丐光着脚走在那么坚硬的石头上，可一颗最小的石子儿却让我不堪其扰，难以忍受。”说话间，那乞丐已经走到跟前，脱下了帽子，乞求哈利能施舍几个子儿。身后的狗也替主人帮腔。哈利无法拒绝他俩；事实上，光看乞丐没穿鞋的脚和惨不忍睹的袜子，即便他们不开口，哈利也已经准备给他六便士了。

乞丐接过钱，说了一大堆祝福的话；而后他似笑非笑地问哈利不想算上一卦——哈利迅速抬眼打量了一下乞丐；这人怎么看都不像是能掐会算的人，于是立马打断了这位预言家的话。“我更想知道，”哈利说，“你凭什么说自己有能力预知未来。做你们这行说的话肯定都不能当真；来，坐下来，跟我讲讲这一行究竟是怎么一回事；这一两个礼拜，我一直在考虑是不是要转行做一个算命先生。”

“先生，”乞丐答道，“我喜欢您的坦率，小时候我也是一个光明磊落、有啥说啥的人；不过这世道已经不吃这一套了，——我们也好随波逐流了；就像您所说的那样，撒谎就是我的职业。但我多少也是被逼无奈入的这一行，我以前也只说真话来着。先生，我打过工，赚来的钱正好能让我勉强过活。我从不存钱，事实上，我被人当作小丑，我想小丑一般都发不了财的，哈利先生。”“这么看来，”哈利说，“你好像认识我。”“唉，这里没有几个人是我不认识的。要不，我怎么给人算命呢？”“没错——不过还是说说你自己的事吧；你说你打过工，扮成小丑；我想，你已经把你的勤劳遗留在了上一份工作；不过你的幽默倒是能在新工作里派上用场。”

“忧伤会把人变成什么样子，先生？人会变得一天比一天憔悴。我也不是一夜之间变成懒鬼的；先是疾病让我丧失了工作能力，之后又剥夺了我工作的劲头。事实上，很长一段时间里我都很虚弱，每次尝试干活的时候都会吐血。我没有亲人活在世上，在我还能耍嘴皮子

说笑话的时候，没有一个朋友能和我交往超过一个礼拜的。所以，我不得不以乞讨为生，这份工作可真叫人难受，哈利先生。我所说的这些不幸都是真的，可是没人会信；有几个人打我身边经过时，曾给过半个便士，他们一边给钱一边摇着头，警告说他们可没工夫听我啰嗦个没完。简单点说吧，我发现人们都不愿意施舍点啥给我，除非他们手中抄着什么家伙能保证自己的财物安全无虞，有时是一条木腿，有时是一截萎缩的手臂。所以，我换了个活法，不再对人诉说自己的苦难，转而为别人占卜幸福了。

我发现这比乞讨强多了。人们都爱听和自己有关的事，许多人口口声声说自己不相信算命，可只要和自己沾边，几乎没人不会听上一听的。我从他们相识那里知道他们的名字，从他们的仆人邻居那儿很容易打听到他们的风流韵事，两口子吵架的鸡毛蒜皮；而且，说真的，在这个世界上，向我们通风报信的最好的告密者，就是他们本人。为了自己，他们可不敢糊弄我们，因为每个人都急于听到他们愿意相信的事儿；我一本正经地重复他们刚刚说过的话，脸上的神情比他们能想象到的更煞有介事，而每次说完后看着他们，我都会暗自发笑。还算不赖的记忆力加上一些小聪明，算命这一行我理所当然干得风生水起了。有了这本事，然后再让这条狗耍上几招把戏，我就转行靠算命来维持生计了。

这一行的确不够光明正大，但您非得说人们被骗得有多惨，那倒也不见得，他们花上一点点钱买一个幸福的憧憬，我听几个人算完命后感慨，说这一卦测得的未来如此美好，人生在世所有好事加在一块儿，也不过如此了。好了，先生，我得和您告别了；因为中午前我还要赶三里路，去告诉寄宿学校里那几位年轻女士，将来她们的丈夫究竟是王国的名门望族，还是军队里的达官显贵；我答应过她们中午前会告诉她们答案的。”

哈利已经从口袋里掏出了一先令；不过道德命令他想一想这一先令要给的对象。道德把他的胳膊往后拽；不过长得比道德温婉一些的

妹妹正朝着他微笑，她既不像道德那么严厉，也不像同情那么正儿八经；他的手指松开了些；当手里的钱往下掉的时候，道德也索性撒手不管了。钱刚落地，那条虎视眈眈的杂种狗就窜了上去一口叼起了硬币（这是乞丐先前教过的一招）；它倒是没有把钱代为保管一会儿，而是立时交到了主人手里。

LESSON 56

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS

黎恩济对罗马人的演讲

Mary Russell Mitford, 1786-1855. She was the daughter of a physician, and was born in Hampshire, England. At twenty years of age, she published three volumes of poems; and soon after entered upon literature as a lifelong occupation. She wrote tales, sketches, poems, and dramas. "Our Village" is the best known of her prose works; the book describes the daily life of a rural people, is simple but finished in style, and is marked by mingled humor and pathos. Her most noted drama is "Rienzi." Miss Mitford passed the last forty years of her life in a little cottage in Berkshire, among a simple, country people, to whom she was greatly endeared by her kindness and social virtues.

I come not here to talk. You know too well

The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!

The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell,—a name.

Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,

At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs; I that speak to ye,
I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy, —there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl

To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash.

Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! and we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!

And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free.

【中文阅读】

我来这里不想多说废话。你们都太清楚
我们这些奴隶的故事。我们是奴隶！

明亮的太阳升到了天上，所有奴隶
都沐浴在他的光芒之下。当他西沉，他最后的光束
只洒在一个奴隶身上。不像这样，
被最强大的力量横扫而过，征服者
赢得了猩红色的荣光和不死的威望；
可是卑微的，低贱的奴隶，他们的主人
是一小撮卑劣的暴君、封建领主和贵族，
他们的富庶，在几十个可鄙的属地；
他们的强硬，是几百个持枪的士兵；
他们的伟大，不过是一个奇怪的咒语——虚名。

无耻的欺骗，
或是公然的掠夺，还有被包庇纵容的谋杀，
每时每刻都遭遇反抗的呼声。可是就在这一天，
一个正直的人，我的邻居，——他就站在那里——
像一条狗一样被人殴打，凶手佩戴着
厄西尼的家徽；就是因为，千真万确，
当我的邻居看到这个杀千刀的恶棍，
他的那顶帽子抛得不够高，

也没有提高嗓门，奴颜媚骨地向他问好。难道我们这些男子汉

一定要承受这样的侮辱吗？男子汉们，难道不应该用鲜血把这污点冲刷干净？这样的耻辱已司空见惯。我还目睹过更残忍的行径。让我来告诉你们，我曾有个兄弟，这个孩子宽和谦逊，他心怀祥和，彬彬有礼，他安静喜乐，无比甜蜜——他的脸上有着天使的神态，那是画师经常画在上帝钟爱的门徒脸上的表情。

我是多么热爱那个温文尔雅的男孩！那时他不到十五，是父母的儿子，是我的兄弟！他从我身边离去，双颊晕染着夏天花朵般的朝气；一朵笑容绽放在无邪的唇际。只不过短短一个小时，这个善良无害的男孩已成了冰冷的尸体！我看见他的遗体，皮开肉绽，体无完肤，然后我狂叫要复仇！醒醒吧，罗马市民！醒醒吧，奴隶！

你们有没有勇敢的儿子？在下次凶残的争斗中
看着他死去？你们有没有可爱的女儿？眼看着
她们被强行拖离你们的怀抱，饱受屈辱，
百般蹂躏；如果你们胆敢要求正义，
等待你们的将是皮鞭酷刑。

然而

这是罗马，
坐落于七座山上，从她美丽的领地
统治着整个世界！我们是罗马人。
啊，在那往昔，身为罗马人
要比做一个国王更加神气！

那么再一次——

听我说，城墙上回荡着
布鲁特斯某个儿子的铁蹄！再一次，我发誓，
这方不朽的城池将自由不羁。

LESSON 57

CHARACTER OF THE PURITAN FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND

新英格兰清教徒先辈的品质

One of the most prominent features which distinguished our forefathers, was their determined resistance to oppression. They seemed born and brought up for the high and special purpose of showing to the world that the civil and religious rights of man—the rights of self-government, of conscience, and independent thought—are not merely things to be talked of and woven into theories, but to be adopted with the whole strength and ardor of the mind, and felt in the profoundest recesses of the heart, and carried out into the general life, and made the foundation of practical usefulness, and visible beauty, and true nobility.

Liberty, with them, was an object of too serious desire and stern resolve to be personified, allegorized, and enshrined. They made no goddess of it, as the ancients did; they had no time nor inclination for such trifling; they felt that liberty was the simple birthright of every human creature; they called it so; they claimed it as such; they revered and held it fast as the unalienable gift of the Creator, which was not to be surrendered to power, nor sold for

wages.

It was theirs, as men; without it, they did not esteem themselves men; more than any other privilege or possession, it was essential to their happiness, for it was essential to their original nature; and therefore they preferred it above wealth, and ease, and country; and, that they might enjoy and exercise it fully, they forsook houses, and lands, and kindred, their homes, their native soil, and their fathers' graves.

They left all these; they left England, which, whatever it might have been called, was not to them a land of freedom; they launched forth on the pathless ocean, the wide, fathomless ocean, soiled not by the earth beneath, and bounded, all round and above, only by heaven; and it seemed to them like that better and sublimer freedom, which their country knew not, but of which they had the conception and image in their hearts; and, after a toilsome and painful voyage, they came to a hard and wintry coast, unfruitful and desolate, but unguarded and boundless; its calm silence interrupted not the ascent of their prayers; it had no eyes to watch, no ears to hearken, no tongues to report of them; here, again, there was an answer to their soul's desire, and they were satisfied, and gave thanks; they saw that they were free, and the desert smiled.

I am telling an old tale; but it is one which must be told when we speak of those men. It is to be added, that they transmitted their principles to their children, and that, peopled by such a race, our country was always free. So long as its inhabitants were unmolested by the mother country in the exercise of their important rights, they submitted to the form of English government; but when those rights were invaded, they spurned even the form away.

This act was the Revolution, which came of course and spontaneously, and had nothing in it of the wonderful or unforeseen. The wonder would have been if it had not occurred. It was, indeed, a happy and glorious event, but by no means unnatural; and I intend no slight to the revered actors in the Revolution when I assert that their fathers before them were as free as they—every whit as free.

The principles of the Revolution were not the suddenly acquired property of a few bosoms: they were abroad in the land in the ages before; they had always been taught, like the truths of the Bible; they had descended from father to son, down from those primitive days, when the Pilgrim, established in his simple dwelling, and seated at his blazing fire, piled high from the forest which shaded his door, repeated to his listening children the story of his wrongs and his resistance, and bade them rejoice, though the wild winds and the wild beasts were howling without, that they had nothing to fear from great men's oppression.

Here are the beginnings of the Revolution. Every settler's hearth was a school of independence; the scholars were apt, and the lessons sunk deeply; and thus it came that our country was always free; it could not be other than free.

As deeply seated as was the principle of liberty and resistance to arbitrary power in the breasts of the Puritans, it was not more so than their piety and sense of religious obligation. They were emphatically a people whose God was the Lord. Their form of government was as strictly theocratical, if direct communication be excepted, as was that of the Jews; insomuch that it would be difficult to say where there was any civil authority among them

entirely distinct from ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

Whenever a few of them settled a town, they immediately gathered themselves into a church; and their elders were magistrates, and their code of laws was the Pentateuch. These were forms, it is true, but forms which faithfully indicated principles and feelings; for no people could have adopted such forms, who were not thoroughly imbued with the spirit, and bent on the practice, of religion.

God was their King; and they regarded him as truly and literally so, as if he had dwelt in a visible palace in the midst of their state. They were his devoted, resolute, humble subjects; they undertook nothing which they did not beg of him to prosper; they accomplished nothing without rendering to him the praise; they suffered nothing without carrying their sorrows to his throne; they ate nothing which they did not implore him to bless.

Their piety was not merely external; it was sincere; it had the proof of a good tree in bearing good fruit; it produced and sustained a strict morality. Their tenacious purity of manners and speech obtained for them, in the mother country, their name of Puritans, which, though given in derision, was as honorable an appellation as was ever bestowed by man on man.

That there were hypocrites among them, is not to be doubted; but they were rare. The men who voluntarily exiled themselves to an unknown coast, and endured there every toil and hardship for conscience' sake, and that they might serve God in their own manner, were not likely to set conscience at defiance, and make the service of God a mockery; they were not likely to be, neither were

they, hypocrites. I do not know that it would be arrogating too much for them to say, that, on the extended surface of the globe, there was not a single community of men to be compared with them, in the respects of deep religious impressions and an exact performance of moral duty.

(F. W. P. Greenwood)

【中文阅读】

我们先辈身上有别于他人的最为突出的特点，就是他们面对压迫时那种不屈不挠的反抗精神。似乎他们生来就是为了向世界宣告这一特殊使命，即人类的民权和宗教权利——自治权、信仰权、抗议权——不仅仅只是说说而已，或者只是变成一纸空文，而是要积聚全身心的力量与热情去接纳它们，把它们牢牢地植根在心灵最深处，在民众的日常生活中付诸实施，使它们成为所有实用、美好、真实崇高的事物的基石。

因为凝聚了先辈们无比肃然的愿望和无比坚定的决心，自由不可能被拟人化、寓言化或神化。我们的先辈没有像祖先那样为其创造一个膜拜的对象；他们既没有时间、也没有意愿做这些无关紧要的事；他们坚信自由是每一个人与生俱来的单纯的权利；他们这么称呼它；并这样宣告拥有它；他们敬仰它，并将之视为不可剥夺的天赋人权紧紧地握在手中，这是强权不可掠夺、金钱不可收买的。

作为人类，自由属于他们；没有自由，他们无法将自己尊为人；自由有别于其他任何特权或所有物，是他们幸福快乐之根，因为自由是身为人类最初始最本真的核心；故而他们将自由凌驾于财富、安逸、国家之上；他们充分地享受着自由，把它发挥得淋漓尽致，为此

他们可以抛弃房舍、土地、亲族、家园、故土和他们祖先的墓地。

他们将这一切抛在了身后；他们离开了英国——无论那片土地有着怎样的盛名，对他们而言，也只是没有自由的土地；他们在无路可寻的大海上航行，那大海辽阔宽广、深不可测，不再脚踏泥土弄脏双足，除了海天交界处，放眼望去无边无际；对于先辈们而言，这是身在英国时无从知晓、但在心灵深处朦胧憧憬过的更加美好、更加雄浑的自由；历尽艰险与磨难，他们终于来到了肃杀寒冷的海岸，虽然荒芜清冷，却无人驻守，广袤无边；周围一片静默，没有声音打扰他们高声祈祷；没有监视的眼睛，没有偷听的耳朵，没有告密的舌头；这里，让他们灵魂深处的愿望得以实现，他们如释重负，感恩无限；他们知道他们自由了，脚下这片荒凉之地向他们展开了笑颜。

我说的是一个古老的故事；但当我们说起我们的先辈，这个故事就不容不说。之后，他们将他们的信条原则传承给了子孙后代，正是因为居住着这样的族群，我们的国家得以一直保持自由。只要他的母国不干涉这里的人民行使他们重要的权利，那么他们会有名无实地听命于英国政府；但如果他们的权利遭受侵犯，即便是有名无实的服从他们都会断然拒绝。

而拒绝的行动就是独立革命，它的到来是那么顺理成章、自然而然，没有任何疑问或悬念。如果它没有发生，那倒是令人费解了。这确是一场令人欢欣鼓舞、光辉灿烂的战争，而它的爆发是瓜熟蒂落、是水到渠成的；我要毫无保留地向那场革命中的英雄们致敬，同时我无比肯定，这些英雄的父辈们一定和他们一样热爱自由——自由已融入他们身上每一根汗毛。

这场战争师出有名，其要旨绝非几个人脑袋一拍临时想出来的：很久以前他们就在这片土地上普遍存在了；他们就像《圣经》上的教谕一般让人耳濡目染；从父亲到孩子，他们代代相传，回到那久远的岁月，当清教徒搭建好简陋的小屋，安坐在燃烧的炉火边，从树林里

砍伐的木材垒成了高高的柴垛，火光将他们的影子投在了房门前，他向他的孩子们反复诉说着他曾遭受的不公还有他的反抗，尽管屋外狂风怒吼，野兽咆哮，孩子们依然听得心潮澎湃，父亲的故事让他们备受鼓舞，面对强敌的压迫，他们无所畏惧。

这就是独立革命的源头所在。每一个开拓者的炉火边就是一所教授什么叫作独立的学校；老师们无须备课，讲授的内容都是亲身体验，他们所说的每句话都被听课的孩子烙在了脑海深处。所以，自由的精神在我们国家得以薪火相传；除了自由，别无其他。

坚持自由与反抗专制的精神牢牢植根于清教徒心中，这同他对宗教信仰的虔诚以及宗教义务的严守如出一辙。毫无疑问，他们将上帝视为无上的主宰。他们的政府体制，如果撇开人与人的直接沟通，就像犹太人的神权政治一般严谨。因此，很难说他们之中存在着完全有别于教会裁判权的民权。

每当某处定居的人们慢慢发展成一个城镇，他们会立即建起教堂，在那里集议议事；年长的出任治安法官，他们制定法典的依据就是《摩西五经》。没错，这些都是形式，但是形式忠实地体现了原则与情感；因为若不是全身心地浸淫在宗教精神中，醉心于宗教活动，没有人会采用这样的形式。

上帝就是他们的君王；他们将他视为真实存在，就像国家中央有一处看得见的宫殿，而上帝就安住在里面一样。他们都是他虔诚、忠心、恭顺的子民；每做一件事情之前，他们都会向他乞求护佑；每当收获成功，他们都会将他的恩德赞美颂扬；每当遭遇不幸，他们都会在他的王位前细诉哀伤；每次进餐前，他们都会向他祈福祝祷。

他们的虔诚并不只是流于表面，而是发自内心、真挚由衷的；这就像是善良之树必定结出善良之果一样。他们的虔诚孕育并滋养了严格的道德。他们严守言谈举止的纯粹与洁净，这也是他们在母国获得

清教徒称号的由来，虽然其中不乏奚落的味道，但却是从古至今，人类称号中最为光荣的一个。

诚然，他们之中也不乏伪君子；但为数甚少。他们自愿将自己放逐到一个不知名的海岸，为了听从良心的指引，克服了所有的艰难险阻，因为在那里他们可以用自己的方式来膜拜上帝，这样的人不可能藐视践踏道德，对上帝的崇敬不可能只是模仿作秀。他们不可能成为伪君子，也不会是伪君子。我不认为以下对于先辈的评述会有夸大其词之嫌：在世界其他地方，没有哪一族群能与我们的先辈媲美，无论是他们心怀深沉的宗教情感，还是对于道德操守的严格履行，我敢说他们都是无与伦比的。

（弗拉西斯·威廉·皮特·格林伍德）

LESSON 58

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM

FATHER

清教徒先辈们的登岸

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, 1794-1835, was born in Liverpool. Her father, whose name was Browne, was an Irish merchant. She spent her childhood in Wales, began to write poetry at a very early age, and was married when about eighteen to Captain Hemans. By this marriage, she became the mother of five sons; but, owing to differences of taste and disposition, her husband left her at the end of six years; and by mutual agreement they never again lived together. Mrs. Hemans now made literature a profession, and wrote much and well. In 1826 Prof. Andrews Norton brought out an edition of her poems in America, where they became popular, and have remained so.

Mrs. Hemans's poetry is smooth and graceful, frequently tinged with a shade of melancholy, but never despairing, cynical, or misanthropic. It never deals with the highest themes, nor rises to sublimity, but its influence is calculated to make the reader truer, nobler, and purer.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums.
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom

With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,

And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod:

They have left unstained what there they found,—

Freedom to worship God.

【中文阅读】

毁灭一切的巨浪高高地拍在

遍布礁石的森然的岸上，

林中的树木伸向暴雨将至的天空，

巨大的枝丫在风中摇摆晃动；

周围漆黑一片，夜幕沉重，

低垂于山林河海，
这时，一群亡命天涯的人将他们的小船
停靠在了新英格兰杳无人烟的海岸。

不是作为征服者来临，
而是一颗颗虔诚的心；
没有激情澎湃、急如雨点的鼓声。
也没有号角在那里歌功颂德。

不是作为逃亡者来临，
悄无声息，无比惊惧；——
他们欢欣鼓舞地高唱着赞美诗
将这不毛之地深处的沉闷摇撼。
他们在暴风雨中欢唱，
星星在听，海水在听；
昏暗的树林里，喧嚣的小径上
自由的颂歌响彻四方。

海鹰展开翅膀，尽情翱翔，

从他的巢穴飞到了白浪的泡沫旁；
林中摇摆的松树欢呼咆哮，——
欢迎他们找到了故乡。

在这群清教徒中间，
有白发苍苍的老者，
他们为何远离童年的故土，
来这陌生的地方等待长眠？

妇人眼中闪烁着无畏的目光，
是对真理的热爱将它点亮；
还有男人的额头，高洁安详，
还有年轻的心灵，热情激荡。

千山万水，他们为何而来？
为了金矿里闪闪发光的石头？
还是战利品，抑或海洋深处的宝藏？
他们是为了将他们的信仰找一处纯净的殿堂！

啊，就将他们第一次踏上的土地，
称之为神圣的地方：
他们在那里找到的至今完好无损，
那是对于上帝自由的信仰。

LESSON 59

NECESSITY OF EDUCATION

教育的必要性

We must educate! We must educate! or we must perish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short will be our race from the cradle to the grave. If, in our haste to be rich and mighty, we outrun our literary and religious institutions, they will never overtake us; or only come up after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to grace the victory, and as resources of inexorable despotism for the perpetuity of our bondage.

But what will become of the West if her prosperity rushes up to such a majesty of power, while those great institutions linger which are necessary to form the mind, and the conscience, and the heart of the vast world? It must not be permitted. And yet what is done must be done quickly; for population will not wait, and commerce will not cast anchor, and manufactures will not shut off the steam, nor shut down the gate, and agriculture, pushed by millions of freemen on their fertile soil, will not withhold her corrupting abundance.

And let no man at the East quiet himself, and dream of liberty, whatever may become of the West. Our alliance of blood, and

political institutions, and common interests, is such, that we can not stand aloof in the hour of her calamity, should it ever come. Her destiny is our destiny; and the day that her gallant ship goes down, our little boat sinks in the vortex!

The great experiment is now making, and from its extent and rapid filling up, is making in the West, whether the perpetuity of our republican institutions can be reconciled with universal suffrage. Without the education of the head and heart of the nation, they can not be; and the question to be decided is, can the nation, or the vast balance power of it, be so imbued with intelligence and virtue as to bring out, in laws and their administration, a perpetual self-preserving energy. We know that the work is a vast one, and of great difficulty; and yet we believe it can be done.

I am aware that our ablest patriots are looking out on the deep, vexed with storms, with great forebodings and failings of heart, for fear of the things that are coming upon us; and I perceive a spirit of impatience rising, and distrust in respect to the perpetuity of our republic; and I am sure that these fears are well founded, and am glad that they exist. It is the star of hope in our dark horizon. Fear is what we need, as the ship needs wind on a rocking sea, after a storm, to prevent foundering. But when our fear and our efforts shall correspond with our danger, the danger is past.

For it is not the impossibility of self-preservation which threatens us; nor is it the unwillingness of the nation to pay the price of the preservation, as she has paid the price of the purchase of our liberties. It is inattention and inconsideration, protracted till the crisis is past, and the things which belong to our peace are hid from our eyes. And blessed be God, that the tokens of a national

waking up, the harbinger of God's mercy, are multiplying upon us!

We did not, in the darkest hour, believe that God had brought our fathers to this goodly land to lay the foundation of religious liberty, and wrought such wonders in their preservation, and raised their descendants to such heights of civil and religious liberty, only to reverse the analogy of his providence, and abandon his work.

And though there now be clouds, and the sea roaring, and men's hearts failing, we believe there is light behind the cloud, and that the imminence of our danger is intended, under the guidance of Heaven, to call forth and apply a holy, fraternal fellowship between the East and the West, which shall secure our preservation, and make the prosperity of our nation durable as time, and as abundant as the waves of the sea.

I would add, as a motive to immediate action, that if we do fail in our great experiment of self-government, our destruction will be as signal as the birthright abandoned, the mercies abused, and the provocation offered to beneficent Heaven. The descent of desolation will correspond with the past elevation.

No punishments of Heaven are so severe as those for mercies abused; and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of man. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring liberty, and no wailing such as her convulsions extort.

It took Rome three hundred years to die; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given us more bone, sinew, and vitality. May God hide from me the day when the dying agonies of my country shall

begin! O thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and common interest, and perils! live forever—one and undivided!

(Lyman Beecher)

【中文阅读】

我们必须发展教育！我们必须重视教育！若不然，日益繁荣的经济将成为我们的坟墓。如果我们不广施教育，那么我们整个民族从摇篮到坟墓不过在转瞬之间。如果一味朝着国富民强的目标急追猛赶的时候，自由和宗教方面的教育没有同步跟上，那么他们将永远无法赶上经济发展的脚步；或者，教育只会在自由之战打响并惨败之后才出现，到那时，教育就成了点缀胜利的战利品，沦为专制之源，让我们永世不得翻身。

但是如果经济发展一日千里，势不可当，而对于培养思想、情操、灵魂而言必不可少的教育制度的建设却停滞不前，那么西部的将来会变成什么样子？绝对不能允许这种情况发生。但是，采取行动已刻不容缓；因为人口的增长不可能停止，商业发展不会就此搁浅，制造业不会关掉蒸汽阀，或者关门大吉，而在肥沃的土地上被数以百万的自由农民推动的农业，也不会因为谷仓里的谷物多得快要腐烂而抑制生产。

东方世界的人们请不要安闲自得，请憧憬一下自由，想一想是什么成就了现在的西方世界。我们的血缘，我们的政治建构，我们的共同利益是如此一脉相承，如果灾难降临，我们不会袖手旁观。她与我们休戚与共；如果有一天，她那艘宏伟巨轮倾覆的话，那我们这叶小舟也将淹没在她的漩涡之中。

西方世界正以破竹之势进行着一场伟大的实验，即共和制与普选

权能否长期共存。如果没有教育来教化国民的灵魂与精神，那么他们就不可能成为捍卫自由的中流砥柱。有待解决的一个问题是，这个国家——或称之为各方制衡的巨大力量，能不能具备足够的智慧与优势，在其法律和治理体制中体现出一种持久的自我保存的能力。我们知道这是一项艰苦卓绝的任务，但我们坚信我们定会成功。

我知道有许多仁人志士正站在峭壁上望着脚下的深渊，疾风骤雨让他们心绪不宁，他们有种不好的预感，担心灾难会降临到我们身上。我察觉到焦躁的情绪正在滋长，对共和制度能否永存的质疑正在扩散。我确信这些担心恐惧都事出有因。我很高兴他们存在着。这是在漆黑的地平线上升起的希望之星。我们需要恐惧，就像漂浮在暴风雨过后大海上的小船，只要有风就不会沉没一样。当我们以恐惧与努力应对我们的危险时，其实危险已然过去。

构成威胁的并不是我们不能实现自我保存，也不是这个国家不肯为之付出代价，因为在争取自由的时候，他已经尽力而为了。威胁我们的是直到危机过后仍在延续的、对于自我保存重要性的漠视，以及看不见什么能为我们带来和平的被蒙蔽的双眼。蒙上帝佑护，民族觉醒和上帝慈悲的预兆，已接二连三地降临在我们身上。

上帝带领着我们的父辈来到这片辽阔的大地，将宗教信仰自由的基石深深埋入这片土壤，他创造了无数奇迹，让父辈在恶劣的环境下代代存续，指引着他们的后代向民权和宗教自由的高峰迈进，即便是在最痛苦最黑暗的时刻，我们都不会相信上帝这样做只是为了将他赐予的一切全部收回，将他创建的一切全部抛弃。

尽管眼下乌云密布，大海咆哮，人民心绪低落，但我们坚信，阳光就在云层背后，而日渐迫近的险境是冥冥之中上帝的安排，他召唤着大海两岸的人民永远铭记上天赐予的兄弟情谊，这将是我们的得以存续的保证，是国家世代繁荣昌盛、如同海水般永不枯竭的保证。

为了促进我们尽快采取行动，我还要补充一点，如果这场自治的伟大尝试失败了，那我们面临的灾难无异于丢弃了我们与生俱来的权利，亵渎了上帝的慈悲，向仁慈的上帝发出了挑衅。我们曾经攀登得多高，当下就会跌落得多惨。

上天的惩罚中，再也没有什么比亵渎慈悲所受的惩罚更严厉；而所有惩戒手段中，亦再也没有什么比人类的愤怒更可怕。世上所有的苦难中，再也没有比失去自由更让人痛不欲生，而所有的悲痛中，亦再也没有比失去自由之后的恸哭更凄惨绝望。

罗马缠绵病榻三百年才咽下最后一口气；我们的死，如果真有那么一天的话，肯定比罗马来得壮烈，因为我们的智慧和自由的制度给了我们更健壮的骨骼，更强韧的肌腱，更蓬勃的生命力。如果有一天，我的祖国要经受临死前的折磨，愿上帝别让我活到那一天！啊，我亲爱的祖国，愿兄弟手足之爱将我们紧紧团结在一起，同甘共苦，祸福与共！永垂不朽——不可分割的统一的祖国！

（莱曼·比彻）

LESSON 60

RIDING ON A SNOWPLOW

乘坐扫雪机

Benjamin Franklin Taylor, 1822-1887, was born at Lowville, New York, and graduated at Madison University, of which his father was president. Here he remained as resident graduate for about five years. His "Attractions of Language" was published in 1845. For many years Mr. Taylor was literary editor of the "Chicago Journal." He wrote considerably for the magazines, and was the author of many well-known fugitive pieces, both in prose and verse. He also published several books, of which "January and June," "Pictures in Camp and Field," "The World on Wheels," "Old-time Pictures and Sheaves of Rhyme," "Between the Gates," and "Songs of Yesterday," are the best known. In his later years, Mr. Taylor achieved some reputation as a lecturer. His writings are marked by an exuberant fancy.

Did you ever ride on a snowplow? Not the pet and pony of a thing that is attached to the front of an engine, sometimes, like a pilot; but a great two-storied monster of strong timbers, that runs

upon wheels of its own, and that boys run after and stare at as they would after and at an elephant. You are snow-bound at Buffalo. The Lake Shore Line is piled with drifts like a surf. Two passenger trains have been half-buried for twelve hours somewhere in snowy Chautauqua. The storm howls like a congregation of Arctic bears. But the superintendent at Buffalo is determined to release his castaways, and clear the road to Erie. He permits you to be a passenger on the great snowplow; and there it is, all ready to drive. Harnessed behind it, is a tandem team of three engines. It does not occur to you that you are going to ride on a steam drill, and so you get aboard.

It is a spacious and timbered room, with one large bull's eye window,—an overgrown lens. The thing is a sort of Cyclops. There are ropes, and chains, and a windlass. There is a bell by which the engineer of the first engine can signal the plowman, and a cord whereby the plowman can talk back. There are two sweeps, or arms, worked by machinery, on the sides. You ask their use, and the superintendent replies, "When, in a violent shock, there is danger of the monster's upsetting, an arm is put out, on one side or the other, to keep the thing from turning a complete somersault." You get one idea, and an inkling of another. So you take out your Accident Policy for three thousand dollars, and examine it. It never mentions battles, nor duels, nor snowplows. It names "public conveyances." Is a snowplow a public conveyance? You are inclined to think it is neither that nor any other kind that you should trust yourself to, but it is too late for consideration.

You roll out of Buffalo in the teeth of the wind, and the world is turned to snow. All goes merrily. The machine strikes little drifts,

and they scurry away in a cloud. The three engines breathe easily; but by and by the earth seems broken into great billows of dazzling white. The sun comes out of a cloud, and touches it up till it out-silvers Potosi. Houses lie in the trough of the sea everywhere, and it requires little imagination to think they are pitching and tossing before your eyes. A great breaker rises right in the way. The monster, with you in it, works its way up and feels of it. It is packed like a ledge of marble. Three whistles! The machine backs away and keeps backing, as a gymnast runs astern to get sea room and momentum for a big jump; as a giant swings aloft a heavy sledge, that it may come down with a heavy blow.

One whistle! You have come to a halt. Three pairs of whistles one after the other! and then, putting on all steam, you make for the drift. The superintendent locks the door, you do not quite understand why, and in a second the battle begins. The machine rocks and creaks in all its joints. There comes a tremendous shock. The cabin is as dark as midnight. The clouds of flying snow put out the day. The labored breathing of the locomotives behind you, the clouds of smoke and steam that wrap you up as in a mantle, the noonday eclipse of the sun, the surging of the ship, the rattling of chains, the creak of timbers as if the craft were aground and the sea getting out of its bed to whelm you altogether, the doubt as to what will come,—all combine to make a scene of strange excitement for a landlubber.

You have made some impression on the breaker, and again the machine backs for a fair start, and then another plunge, and shock, and twilight. And so, from deep cut to deep cut, as if the season had packed all his winter clothes upon the track, until the stalled trains

are reached and passed; and then, with alternate storm and calm, and halt and shock, till the way is cleared to Erie.

It is Sunday afternoon, and Erie—"Mad Anthony Wayne's" old headquarters—has donned its Sunday clothes, and turned out by hundreds to see the great plow come in,—its first voyage over the line. The locomotives set up a crazy scream, and you draw slowly into the depot. The door opened at last, you clamber down, and gaze up at the uneasy house in which you have been living. It looks as if an avalanche had tumbled down upon it,—white as an Alpine shoulder. Your first thought is gratitude that you have made a landing alive. Your second, a resolution that, if again you ride a hammer, it will not be when three engines have hold of the handle!

【中文阅读】

你有没有坐过扫雪机？不是那种小狗、小马驹之类的后面拖个马达，像是他们在前面充当领航员那样的小玩意儿；而是那种有两层楼那么高的木梁结构的庞然大物，底下装着四个驱动轮，男孩子们每次见到它都会跟在后面边跑边看，稀奇得就像在追看一头大象。你正在大雪封门的水牛城。积雪堆积的湖岸线就像是一排拍岸的海浪。两列客车被半埋在肖托夸的雪地里已有十二个小时。风暴狂啸如同一群北极熊在齐声吼叫。水牛城的负责人还是决定要让那些受困的人尽早脱身，清理出一条通往伊利湖的通道。他答应让你乘上那辆巨大的扫雪机；现在，它就在那里待命，一切已准备就绪。它的驱动装置设在后部，由一组串联的发动机组成。你不会想到你正要坐上的是一个蒸汽钻头，而后你上了车。

这是一个宽敞的木质房间，有一个大牛眼一样的窗户——一个凸透镜。扫雪机看上去多少就像是个独眼巨人。车上面还有粗绳，锁链

和绞盘。操控第一发动机的机械师通过一只铃铛来给驾驶扫雪机的农夫传递信号，农夫则用另一根绳索来回话。车厢两边各有一个把手，或叫臂杆，由机械装置来操控，当你问起它们的作用时，负责人回答说：“当扫雪机遭到攻击时，这个大块头会有翻车的危险，这时，一侧的臂杆就会将车身撑住以避免扫雪机翻筋斗。”听完后，你冒出另一个模糊的想法。于是你掏出保额为三千美金的意外险保单仔细查看。条款中没有涉及战争，也没有决斗或扫雪机等字眼。它只提到了“公共运输”。那扫雪机算不算公共运输工具呢？你会觉得它既不“公共”，也算不上“交通工具”，可是你已经没有时间细想了。

你冒着狂风开出水牛城，大雪似乎覆盖了整个世界。周围一切变得充满了趣味。大机器撞到了一个小雪堆，撞散的积雪旋转着在空中卷起了一团云雾。三台发动机运转情况不错，跑起来颇为轻松自如；不过不久我们就像是闯入了耀眼的白色巨浪中。太阳钻出了云层，阳光将扫雪机映照得通体闪亮，就像是从波托西大银矿里开采出来的物件一样。房屋散落在雪海的低凹处，你只要稍加想象，就会觉得它们在白浪里颠簸摇晃。一个巨大的浪头般的雪团横亘在半路上。载着你的大怪物在行经路线中感到了它的存在。整个隆起物结实得像是大理石暗礁。耳边响起了三声汽笛！大家伙开始不住往后退，像是一个向后跑的体操运动员，想要获得自由助跑空间以便积蓄纵身一跃的冲力；又像是一把向上摆动的巨大的铁锤，眼见着就要砸落那千钧一击。

又是一声汽笛响！你停了下来。三组汽笛声此起彼伏！接着，所有蒸汽动力全部启动，你开始向那个大雪团进军。负责人锁上了门，你并不知道他为什么这么做，而顷刻间，战斗打响。机器开始摇晃，所有的接合处都在咯咯作响。然后来了一下剧烈撞击。车厢内如同深夜一般漆黑一片。击碎的飞雪遮天盖日。你身后的三台发动机扑哧扑哧喘着粗气，蒸汽、烟雾像一席巨大的帐幔将你整个包裹其中，正午的太阳因此黯然失色，船体的冲击，锁链的摩擦声，木材的嘎吱嘎

吱，就像是船只搁浅岸上，海水正从海床底下翻涌而上要把你连同那个大家伙一口吞噬，而对于之后会发生什么，你惶然不知所措——所有这一切交织在一起，让不识水性的旱鸭子感到了一种异样、莫名的兴奋。

你看着那个被撼动的雪团，机器再度后退准备再接再厉，然后又是一次猛烈摇晃，又是一次剧烈撞击，又是一次昏天暗地。就这样，一下又一下深入挖掘，仿佛这个季节给铁轨穿上了所有的冬衣，直到最后到达了受困列车的位置，而后大家伙继续向前，时而平静，时而发飙，时而停止，时而撞击，就这样直到伊利湖的道路全线贯通。

这是一个周日的午后，伊利市——曾是安东尼·韦恩指挥部的旧址——已经换上了夏装，数以百计的人倾巢而出，围观这个巨大的扫雪机首次越线航行。发动机组发出了一声刺耳的尖叫，然后你慢慢地驶进了车库。门终于打开了，你爬下车，然后回头凝望你刚才呆过的那栋令人不安的座舱。它看上去就像是刚遭遇了雪崩——通体雪白，就像是阿尔卑斯山的山峰。你第一个念头就是庆幸自己能活着落地。而你的第二个念头就是，倘若你还会再次坐上一把大锤子，那可绝不会是三台发动机抓住锤柄的时候！

LESSON 61

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

布鲁特斯和卡西乌斯的争执

Cas . That you have wronged me doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru . You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas . In such a time as this, it is not meet

That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Bru . Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself

Are much condemned to have an itching palm,

To sell and mart your offices for gold

To undeservers.

Cas . I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru . The name of Cassius honors this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas . Chastisement!

Bru . Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touched his body, that did stab,

And not for justice? What! shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers; shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honors

For so much trash as may be graspe'd thus?

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

Cas . Brutus, bay not me;

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself

To make conditions.

Bru . Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas . I am.

Bru . I say you are not.

Cas . Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:

Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

Bru . Away, slight man!

Cas . Is't possible?

Bru . Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas . O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru . All this! Ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas . Is it come to this?

Bru . You say you are a better soldier;

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas . You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say "better"?

Bru . If you did, I care not.

Cas . When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru . Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas . I durst not?

Bru . No.

Cas . What! durst not tempt him?

Bru . For your life, you durst not.

Cas . Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru . You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven! I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection.—I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with an your thunderbolts;

Dash him to pieces!

Cas . I denied you not.

Bru . You did.

Cas . I did not: he was but a fool that brought

My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru . I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas . You love me not.

Bru . I do not like your faults.

Cas . A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru . A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas . Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rate,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru . Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas . Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru . When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

Cas . Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru . And my heart, too.

Cas . O Brutus!

Bru . What's the matter?

Cas . Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru . Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

【中文阅读】

卡西乌斯 这件事你可是做得对不起我：

卢修斯·佩拉接受了撒丁尼亚人的贿赂；

你因此羞辱了他并治了他的罪；

我跟他认识，所以写信替他说情，

你却置之不理。

布鲁特斯 为了这种事你替他说情，你对不起你自己。

卡西乌斯 都现在这种时候了，

不用为每件小事都大动干戈吧。

布鲁特斯 那让我告诉你，卡西乌斯，

你也不是什么好东西，见钱眼开，

为了钱居然把官职卖给

完全不能胜任的家伙。

卡西乌斯 我见钱眼开！

说这话的若不是你布鲁特斯，

老天作证，我保证让这句话成为你的临终遗言。

布鲁特斯 你的名头庇护了这种腐败行径，

所有的刑罚形同虚设。

卡西乌斯 刑罚！

布鲁特斯 记住三月，记住三月十五日 (1) ！

伟大的尤里乌斯不就是为了公理血溅当场了吗？

那些刺杀他的人当中，又有哪个不是为了公理

而痛下杀手？什么！我们扳倒了

傲视天下的英雄，

不过是因为他扶持暴民；而我们现在

却要染指这肮脏的贿赂，

为了粪土一般的金钱，

出卖我们伟大的尊严，

我宁可做一条对着月亮狂吠的狗，

也不愿做这样一个罗马人。

卡西乌斯 布鲁特斯，别冲着我乱叫；

我可不会忍气吞声：你别忘了自己姓啥名谁，

居然敢在我面前这么放肆；我是一个军人，我，

比你有经验，在处理这种事上

你不如我聪明。

布鲁特斯 胡说；你才不是呢，卡西乌斯。

卡西乌斯 我就是。

布鲁特斯 我说你不是。

卡西乌斯 别再逼我，冲动起来，我可谁也不认：

想想你的人身安全，别再继续刺激我。

布鲁特斯 滚开，你这个小人！

卡西乌斯 你说什么？

布鲁特斯 听好了，我这就要一吐为快。

你一发怒，我就要退缩吗？

一个疯子两眼一瞪，我就得害怕吗？

卡西乌斯 哦，天神！天神！我必须忍受这一切吗？

布鲁特斯 一切？还远不止呢：发怒吧，直到你那颗骄傲的心气炸；

继续呀，让你的奴才们好好见识一下你的脾气，

让他们怕得浑身发抖。你在气头上，我就非得避让吗？

我就非得看你的脸色行事吗？我就非得站在这里，

向你的暴烈脾气低头吗？天神在上，

就算你真气炸了肚皮，也请自个儿慢慢享用

从脾脏里流出来的毒液，因为从今天起，
只要你一发火，我就把你当成笑柄，
寻你开心。

卡西乌斯 你至于这样吗？

布鲁特斯 你说作为军人，你比我优秀；
就算是这样；请用事实来证明，
这会让我心服口服：至于我，
我很高兴能向优秀的人学习。

卡西乌斯 你从头到尾都错怪我了；你错怪我了，布鲁特斯；
我是说，更有经验的军人，不是更优秀：
我说“更优秀”了吗？

布鲁特斯 就算你说了，我也不会在乎。

卡西乌斯 凯撒在世的时候，他可不敢这么激怒我。

布鲁特斯 算了吧，算了吧！你也不敢这么招惹他。

卡西乌斯 我不敢？

布鲁特斯 对，你不敢。

卡西乌斯 什么！不敢招惹他？

布鲁特斯 打死你也不敢。

卡西乌斯 你别高估我对你的友情；

别逼我做出什么让我后悔的事来。

布鲁特斯 你已经做了让你后悔的事了。

你的恐吓，卡西乌斯，吓不了人。

我有如此强大的正义庇护左右，

你的恐吓不过就像是吹过一股懒洋洋的风，

能奈我何？我曾派人给你送来

一笔钱财，不过你拒绝收下——

因为我不能用卑劣的手段敛财。

苍天在上！我宁可拿我的心脏来铸币，

滴我的鲜血做银钱，也不愿

坑蒙拐骗，从农民粗糙干裂的手中

搜刮那一星半点臭烘烘的血汗钱。我曾经派人

向你借款以发放军饷，

可被你一口回绝，凯撒会这么做吗？

我会这样对待凯厄斯·卡西乌斯吗？

如果有一天，我马库斯·布鲁特斯变得如此贪得无厌，

把臭钱全锁起来，不让他的朋友们沾手，

那么，天神，请准备好，用你的万钧雷霆

把他击成碎片吧！

卡西乌斯 我没有回绝过你。

布鲁特斯 你有。

卡西乌斯 我没有。那个替我传话的家伙

一准是个笨蛋。布鲁特斯，你伤了我的心：

朋友之间应该包容对方的缺点，

可布鲁特斯却将我的缺点无限放大。

布鲁特斯 那是因为你把所有的缺点在我身上操练了个遍。

卡西乌斯 你没拿我当朋友。

布鲁特斯 我不喜欢你身上的毛病。

卡西乌斯 一双友善的眼睛可看不到这样的毛病。

布鲁特斯 这样的眼睛只有阿谀奉承的人才有，哪怕那缺点

大得就跟奥林帕斯山一样。

卡西乌斯 来吧，安东尼，还有年轻的奥克塔维厄斯，都来吧，

来向卡西乌斯复仇吧，

因为卡西乌斯已厌倦活在这世上，

被他所爱的人憎恨着，被他的手足践踏，

像一个奴隶一样遭人训斥，身上所有的毛病被看得一清二楚，

被记录在案，被仔细调查，被反复默念，

然后当着我的面细数我的罪状。啊，我哭得

灵魂都快随眼泪一同流光了！那里有我的匕首，

这是我裸露的胸膛，里面的一颗心

比普罗托斯的宝藏还要值钱，比金子还要昂贵：

如果你还是个罗马人，就把这颗心掏去吧。

我曾经拒绝你的金钱，现在我把我的心给你：

刺吧，就像刺死凯撒一样；因为我知道，

就算在你最痛恨凯撒的时候，对他的爱也远胜过

对卡西乌斯的爱。

布鲁特斯 收起你的匕首：

有火尽管发，但要适可而止；

你可以率性而为，言行不当只当是一时之气。

啊，卡西乌斯，只有羔羊才能和你相处

你的脾气像块打火的燧石；

用力一敲，火花四溅，

可片刻之后，又冷了下来。

卡西乌斯 卡西乌斯活着

难不成就是为了在他痛苦激愤的时候，

供布鲁特斯逗乐取笑吗？

布鲁特斯 我在说这话的时候，心里也不好过。

卡西乌斯 你这算是在向我认错吗？把你的手给我。

布鲁特斯 还有我的心。

卡西乌斯 啊，布鲁特斯！

布鲁特斯 怎么啦？

卡西乌斯 我的母亲给了我这副暴脾气，

有时我会控制不了自己，

难道咱们之间的友情还不够深，

不足以让你宽待包容吗？

（莎士比亚《尤里乌斯·凯撒》第四幕第三场）

-
- (1) 十五日（Ides）：是罗马历法中的专用语，指3月、5月、7月和10月的15日，以及其他月份中的15日。公元前44年的3月15日，尤里乌斯·凯撒被布鲁特斯、卡西乌斯和其他谋反者杀害。他的死激起了巨大民愤，谋反者被迫四处流亡。

LESSON 62

THE QUACK

江湖庸医

John Tobin, 1770-1804, a solicitor, was born at Salisbury, England, and died on shipboard near Cork. He wrote several comedies, the most popular being "The Honeymoon," from which this extract is taken; it was published in 1805.

SCENE—*The Inn . Enter HOSTESS followed by LAMPEDO, a Quack Doctor .*

Host . Nay, nay; another fortnight.

Lamp . It can't be.

The man's as well as I am: have some mercy!

He hath been here almost three weeks already.

Host . Well, then, a week.

Lamp . We may detain him a week. (Enter BALTHAZAR, the

patient, from behind, in his nightgown, with a drawn sword .)

You talk now like a reasonable hostess,

That sometimes has a reckoning with her conscience.

Host . He still believes he has an inward bruise.

Lamp . I would to heaven he had! or that he'd slipped

His shoulder blade, or broke a leg or two,

(Not that I bear his person any malice,)

Or luxed an arm, or even sprained his ankle!

Host . Ay, broken anything except his neck.

Lamp . However, for a week I'll manage him,

Though he had the constitution of a horse—

A farrier should prescribe for him.

Balth . A farrier! (*Aside .*)

Lamp . To-morrow, we phlebotomize again;

Next day, my new-invented patent draught;

Then, I have some pills prepared;

On Thursday, we throw in the bark; on Friday—

Balth . (*Coming forward .*) Well, sir, on Friday—what, on

Friday? Come,

Proceed.

Lamp . Discovered!

<i>Host.</i>	Mercy, noble sir!	} <i>They fall on their knees.</i>
<i>Lamp.</i>	We crave your mercy!	

Balth . On your knees? 'T is well!

Pray! for your time is short.

Host . Nay, do not kill us.

Balth . You have been tried, condemned, and only wait

For execution. Which shall I begin with?

Lamp . The lady, by all means, sir.

Balth . Come, prepare. (*To the hostess* .)

Host . Have pity by the weakness of my sex!

Balth . Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh,

Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—

If you attempt it—(*To LAMPEDO, who is making off*)

you have cooked up for me?

Host . None, as I hope for mercy!

Balth . Is not thy wine a poison?

Host . No indeed, sir;

'T is not, I own, of the first quality;

But—

Balth . What?

Host . I always give short measure, sir,

And ease my conscience that way.

Balth . Ease your conscience!

I'll ease your conscience for you.

Host . Mercy, sir!

Balth . Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

Host . Your commands, sir?

Balth . If, in five minutes, all things are prepared

For my departure, you may yet survive.

Host . It shall be done in less.

Balth . Away, thou lumpfish. (Exit hostess.)

Lamp . So! now comes my turn! 't is all over with me!

There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane in his looks!

Balth . And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!

Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!

Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born

Of Death and Famine! thou anatomy

Of a starved pilchard!

Lamp . I do confess my leanness. I am spare,

And, therefore, spare me.

Balth . Why wouldst thou have made me

A thoroughfare, for thy whole shop to pass through?

Lamp . Man, you know, must live.

Balth . Yes: he must die, too.

Lamp . For my patients' sake!

Balth . I'll send you to the major part of them—

The window, sir, is open; -come, prepare.

Lamp . Pray consider!

I may hurt some one in the street.

Balth . Why, then,

I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dicebox,

Or grind thee in a coffee mill to powder,

For thou must sup with Pluto:—so, make ready!
Whilst I, with this good smallsword for a lancet,
Let thy starved spirit out (for blood thou hast none),
And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dried beetle with a pin stuck through him.

Lamp . Consider my poor wife.

Balth . Thy wife!

Lamp . My wife, sir.

Balth . Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too?

Thou shadow of a man, and base as lean!

Lamp . O spare me for her sake!

I have a wife, and three angelic babes,

Who, by those looks, are well nigh fatherless.

Balth . Well, well! your wife and children shall plead for you.

Come, come; the pills! where are the pills? Produce them.

Lamp . Here is the box.

Balth . Were it Pandora's, and each single pill

Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lamp . What, all?

Balth . Ay, all; and quickly, too. Come, sir, begin—

(*LAMPEDO takes one* .) That's well! —Another.

Lamp . One's a dose.

Balth . Proceed, sir.

Lamp . What will become of me?

Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,

And, like immortal Caesar, die with decency.

Balth . Away! and thank thy lucky star I have not

Brayed thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee

For a large specimen of the lizard genus.

Lamp . Would I were one! —for they can feed on air.

Balth . Home, sir! and be more honest.

Lamp . If I am not,

I'll be more wise, at least.

【中文阅读】

幕启——小旅馆。兰佩多，一位江湖庸医跟在女老板身后上场。

老板娘 不，不；还得让他多呆两个礼拜。

兰佩多 那可不行。不管是他还是我，就请您行行好吧！他都已经在这儿呆了三个礼拜了。

老板娘 好吧，那就一个礼拜。



兰佩多 我们大概还能把他留一个礼拜。（病人巴尔萨扎从后面上场，他穿着睡衣，手里拿着一把拔出鞘的刀。）现在您听上去像是个通情达理的老板娘了，人说话有时得

凭良心啊。

老板娘 他还是觉得自己有内伤。

兰佩多 他要是内伤，那我就去见上帝！我但愿他肩膀被刀口划了一下，要不就是折了一两条腿（我说这话可不是存心咒他），再不就是手臂脱臼，或是扭了脚踝。

老板娘 唉，只要不是扭断脖子怎么着都行。

兰佩多 不过，一个礼拜我还能对付，虽然他壮得像匹马——按理说应该让兽医来给他开药方。

巴尔扎萨 兽医！（站在一侧）

兰佩多 明天，我们再抽一次血；后天，服用我新研制的口服液；我还准备了一些药片；礼拜四，再搁点金鸡纳树皮进去；礼拜五的话——

巴尔扎萨 （走上前）好吧，先生，礼拜五——礼拜五怎么样？来，往下说呗。

兰佩多 糟糕，露馅了！

他们（老板娘，兰佩多）跪了下来。

女老板 求您开恩哪，大人！

兰佩多 求您放过我们吧。

巴尔扎萨 靠下跪就想让我放过你们？很好！祷告吧！你们的时间不多了。

老板娘 不，求您别杀我们。

巴尔扎萨 你们已经被判刑了，死刑，就等着行刑吧。该拿谁先开刀呢？

兰佩多 当然是女士优先了，先生。

巴尔扎萨 好吧，准备好。（转向老板娘。）

老板娘 看在我是个女流之辈的份上，求您可怜可怜我吧。

巴尔扎萨 告诉我，你这个浑身发抖的肥婆娘，快点告诉我，如果你们投毒的话——准备放多少毒药——（转向正要溜走的兰佩多）你到底炮制了多少毒药？

老板娘 哪敢呢，求您饶了我！

巴尔扎萨 你这酒里没毒吧？

老板娘 没有没有，先生；保证酒里没毒，我这可是最好的酒；只不过——

巴尔扎萨 什么？

老板娘 我打酒的时候一直缺斤短两来着，先生，说出来我良心能好过一点。

巴尔扎萨 良心好过些！我会让你的良心好过些的。

老板娘 放过我吧，先生。

巴尔扎萨 起来吧，如果还站得起来的话，听我说。

老板娘 您有什么吩咐，先生？

巴尔扎萨 如果五分钟内，你能把一切打点妥当让我离开的话，你就能留住这条命。

老板娘 我保证五分钟不到我就给您准备好。

巴尔扎萨 滚吧，你这个丑陋的肥婆娘。（老板娘退场）

兰佩多 好吧！轮到我了！这回死定了！瞧他这眼神，里面有匕首，绳子，还有老鼠药！

巴尔扎萨 到你了，你这副模样还算是个人吗！站在太阳底下，都找不见你的影子！你就像条病恹恹的鳝鱼，你就是死神和饥饿之魔的长子！瘦得只剩下一把骨头，饿死的沙丁鱼都比你强！

兰佩多 我承认我瘦。我就是个瘦子，那么，就请您饶过我吧。

巴尔扎萨 你为什么给我指大道？就因为走大道能经过你们这个旅馆？

兰佩多 人嘛，您知道的，都得活命。

巴尔扎萨 没错，但人也必有一死。

兰佩多 求您看在我死去的父母面上！

巴尔扎萨 我这就让你和他们见面——窗子开着呢，先生，来吧，准备好。

兰佩多 求您三思啊！我这一跳指不定会伤到大街上的哪一位呢。

巴尔扎萨 那么，好吧，我会把你扔到骰子盒里摇成碎片，或者把你放进咖啡研磨机里碾成粉末，你就能和冥王一起喝咖啡了——好了，做好准备吧！而我，要用这把小刀当成刺血针，让你饥饿的灵魂都流干净（因为你没有血），然后把你钉在墙上，让你看上去就像一只被钉子刺穿的干瘪的甲虫。

兰佩多 请看在我那可怜的老婆份上放过我吧。

巴尔扎萨 你老婆！

兰佩多 是的，我的老婆，先生。

巴尔扎萨 你这种人也配结婚？你这个卑鄙无耻、身上没几两肉的家伙！

兰佩多 啊，就请看在她的份上放过我吧！我有老婆，还有三个天使般的孩子，您要是还用这种杀人的眼光看着我，那他们就要成为没爹的孤儿了。

巴尔扎萨 算了吧，算了吧！老婆孩子不过是你的借口。来吧，来吧；把药片吃了！药片去哪儿了？要不你现在就动手做两片。

兰佩多 在这盒子里。

巴尔扎萨 潘多拉的盒子，每一粒药片都能让你得十种病呢，吃了他们。

兰佩多 什么？全部？

巴尔扎萨 没错，全部；动作快点，来吧，先生，开始吧——（兰佩多吃了一片）很好！——再来一片。

兰佩多 一次只能吃一片。

巴尔扎萨 别磨磨蹭蹭的。

兰佩多 那我成什么了？死就死吧，先容我把店好好整顿一下，然后，让我像伟大的凯撒一样，体面地死去。

巴尔扎萨 去你的！你要多谢你的运气，我没有把你放在你自己的研钵里给捣烂，或者把你制成蜥蜴标本示众。

兰佩多 这倒是不错！——这样就不用为吃饭谋生发愁了。

巴尔扎萨 回家吧，先生！从此做个稍微正派些的人吧。

兰佩多 要是我做不到的话，至少我得变得聪明些。

LESSON 63

RIP VAN WINKLE

瑞普·凡·温克尔 (1)

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded around him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was Federal or Democrat."

Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat, penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!" Here a general shout burst from the bystanders.—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern. "Well, who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?" There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too." "Where's Brom Dutcher?" "Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress." Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried

out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree." Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded; he doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself; I'm somebody else; that's me yonder; no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night; but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she, "hush, you little fool! the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he. "Judith Gardenier." "And

your father's name?" "Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?" "Oh, she, too, died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler." There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle! it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?" Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

【中文阅读】

他蓄着花白的长须，穿着一身出土文物般的衣衫，手里拿着一杆锈迹斑斑的猎枪，身后跟着一大群指指点点的妇孺。这很快引起了酒馆里那帮政客的注意。他们把他围了个水泄不通，无比好奇地将他上上下下一番打量。那个演说者赶忙挤上前去，把他拉向一边，问他会把选票投给谁。瑞普神情迷茫，一副不明所以的蠢样。另一个上蹿下跳的小个子拖住他的胳膊，踮起了脚尖，凑近他耳边悄声问他“是站在联邦党那一边还是民主党那一边”。

这个问题同样让瑞普如坠迷雾；就在这时，一个精明自负的长者，戴着一顶尖尖的三角帽，从人群中挤了过来，边走边撑起手肘左右开弓，将人群拨到两边，而后笔直地站到了凡·温克尔跟前，他一手叉腰，一手握着手杖，他目光如炬，眼神就和他头上的帽子尖儿一般锐利，仿佛能一下子穿透瑞普的灵魂。老者口吻严厉，质问他为何扛着把枪，拉了一帮乌合之众来参加选举，又问他是不是想在村里煽风点火，唯恐天下不乱。

“哎呀，先生！”瑞普可怜巴巴地叫道。“我可是个本本分分的可怜人，生在这里，长在这里，是国王陛下忠实的臣民，愿上帝保佑他！”一听这话，四下里便炸开了锅，“英国人的奴才！英国人的奴才！他是个奸细！是个逃犯！把他轰出去！叫他见鬼去吧！”那个戴着三角帽、模样自负的人费了好大的工夫才让众人平静下来，他眉头紧蹙，神情越发严厉，然后又向引发众怒的瑞普发问，为什么来这儿，来找谁？可怜的瑞普低声下气地跟他保证他绝无恶意，他来这里只是为了寻找以前常和他在酒馆打发时间的老邻居。“那么，他们都是谁？报一下他们的名字。”

瑞普想了一会儿，然后问道，“尼古拉斯·维德在哪儿？”四周没人

吭声。过了片刻，一个老头用他笛声般尖细的声音答道，“尼古拉斯·维德！他早就死了，都死了十八年了！教堂墓地里曾经立着一块木头墓碑，上面刻着他的生平，不过已经烂得连渣子也没有了。”“布洛姆·达彻在哪儿？”“哦，战争一爆发他就去当兵了。有人说他在斯特尼波因特突袭中阵亡了。也有人说他在安东尼努斯山下的暴风雨中淹死了。他最后到底怎么样，我也不清楚。不过，之后他再也没有回来过。”

“那个小学教员凡·巴梅尔呢？”“他也去打仗了；后来当上了将军，现在国会里做事。”家人和朋友们所遭受的变故听得瑞普的心直往下沉，他突然感到自己成了世上最孤苦伶仃的人。每一个回答都让他糊涂，似乎这其中已不知过去了许多年，还有他们提到的新名词——战争——国会——斯特尼波因特——他都听不明白。他已经没有勇气继续打听其他朋友的情况，而是绝望地喊道，“这儿有人认识瑞普·凡·温克尔吗？”

“哦，瑞普·凡·温克尔，”两三个人惊叫起来。“哦，他呀！那不就是瑞普·凡·温克尔嘛，靠在树上的那一个。”瑞普看到了那个男人，和他上山时的模样就像是一模子里刻出来的一样。不用多说，就看得出这家伙和他以前一样不爱干活，邋里邋遢。可怜的瑞普此时被彻底搞糊涂了。他开始疑惑自己究竟是谁，他是他自己，还是某个其他人。就在他一脑袋浆糊的时候，那个戴着三角帽的人再度问他到底是谁，让他报上姓名。

“天知道！”瑞普叫道，他想破了脑袋也想不明白这究竟是怎么一回事。“我不是我；我是另一个人。那边的那个人是我；不，那不过是一个和我长得一模一样的人。昨天晚上我还是我呀；可我在山上睡过去了，他们换了我的枪，把一切都变了样，把我自己也给换了，我说不出我的名字，也说不出我是谁？”

大家你看看我，我看看你，然后彼此心照不宣地点点头，眨眨

眼，拍了拍自己的脑门。有人小声商量着要不要缴了这个疯老头的枪，免得他接下去干出什么出格的事来。那个戴着三角帽、高傲自负的绅士一听这话便匆匆忙忙地离场了。正在这时，一个面容姣好的女人挤到人群前面，想仔细看看这个长着灰白胡子的老人，她怀里抱着一个胖乎乎的宝宝，那孩子一见瑞普的长相便吓得哭了起来。“嘘，瑞普！”她对孩子说，“安静，你这个小傻瓜！这个老爷爷不会伤害你的。”

孩子的名字，女人的神态还有她说话的语调，勾起了埋藏在他记忆深处的一连串回忆。“请问您叫什么名字，好心的夫人？”他问道。“朱蒂丝·嘉顿妮尔，”她答道。“那您的父亲是？”“哦，可怜的人！他叫瑞普·凡·温克尔，可是二十年前，他带着猎枪离开了家，此后再也没有他的消息。他的狗回来了，可他却没有。他是开枪自杀了，还是被印第安人掳走了，谁也不知道。我当时还只是一个小女孩。”

瑞普只剩下一个问题了。他颤颤巍巍，声音直发抖：“你母亲在哪儿？”“哦，她去世了，就在不久前。她对一个上门兜售产品的新英格兰人大发脾气，结果血管爆裂，一命呜呼。”这个消息让他感到稍许安慰。这个老实人再也无法控制自己。他一把抱住他的女儿和她的孩子。“我是你的父亲！”他哭着说道。“从前是年轻的瑞普·凡·温克尔，现在成了老瑞普·凡·温克尔了。这儿就没有人认得可怜的瑞普·凡·温克尔吗？”

大家傻站在原地，个个目瞪口呆，直到一个老妇人哆哆嗦嗦地来扒开人群走上前来，她抬起胳膊，用手遮着额头，盯着他的脸细细地打量了片刻，然后惊叫起来：“没错！是瑞普·凡·温克尔！就是他本人！欢迎您回家，我的老邻居！可是老天啊，这二十年里您究竟到哪儿去了？”瑞普的故事只需只字片语就讲完了，因为对他来说这整整二十年不过就是短短的一夜时间。

长话短说，人群散开了，转而回到了他们更为关心的话题——选举。瑞普的女儿带着父亲回家和她一起生活。她的家温暖舒适，一应俱全，她丈夫是一个结实快乐的农夫，瑞普记得他还是个小顽童的时候，自己经常驮着他跑来跑去。瑞普又回到了原先的生活轨迹，平日里的习惯也和过去没啥两样。他很快找到了许多从前的老友，不过他们都被岁月摧残得面目全非，所以他更喜欢和年轻人做朋友，而且在他们当中颇受欢迎。

（欧文）

(1) 瑞普·凡·温克尔：欧文《见闻札记》中一则故事里的一个酒鬼。

LESSON 64

BILL AND JOE

比尔和乔

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809-1894, was the son of Abiel Holmes, D.D. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and graduated at Harvard in 1829, having for classmates several men who have since become distinguished. After graduating, he studied law for about one year, and then turned his attention to medicine. He studied his profession in Paris, and elsewhere in Europe, and took his degree at Cambridge in 1836. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. He remained here but a short time, and then returned to Boston and entered on the practice of medicine. In 1847 he was appointed professor at Harvard, filling a similar position to the one held at Dartmouth. He discharged the duties of his professorship for more than thirty years, with great success. Literature was never his profession; yet few American authors attained higher success, both as a poet and as a prose writer. His poems are lively and sparkling, abound in wit and humor, but are not wanting in genuine pathos. Many of them were composed for special occasions. His prose writings include works on medicine, essays, and novels; several appeared first as contributions to the "Atlantic Monthly." He gained

reputation, also, as it popular lecturer. In person, Dr. Holmes was small and active, with a face expressive of thought and vivacity.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,

With HON. and LL. D.,

In big, brave letters fair to see,—

Your fist, old fellow! Off they go!—

How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;

You've taught your name to half the globe;

You've sung mankind a deathless strain;

You've made the dead past live again:

The world may call you what it will,

But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,

"See those old buffers, bent and gray;

They talk like fellows in their teens;

Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"

And shake their heads; they little know

The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill,
As Joe looks fondly up to Bill.

Ah! pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe.

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!—
Till all at once his pulses thrill:

"T is poor old Joe's, "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres

The names that pleased our mortal ears;

In some sweet lull of heart and song

For earth born spirits none too long,

Just whispering of the world below

When this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here,

No sounding name is half so dear;

When fades at length our lingering day,

Who cares what pompous tombstones say?

Read on the hearts that love us still,

Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

【中文阅读】

来吧，亲爱的老朋友，让我俩

从逝去的岁月里偷回片刻时光——

那时阳光普照大地，生命刚刚起航，
如同清晨的露珠一般耀眼闪亮，
快乐的日子已一去不再，
那时你是比尔，我是乔。

你的名字听上去像是带着名号
就像小公鸡的尾巴七彩炫耀，
而我的却像《汤姆·奥桑特》里倒霉的母驴
掉落的尾巴那么短小多余；
今天，老朋友，你可还记得
我是乔，你是比尔。

如今，你赢得了举世艳羡的奖品，
众人眼里的你高大无比，
名字前的尊称还有法学博士的头衔，
都用大写字母表示引人注目，——
你的拳头，老伙计！他们去了哪里！——
你好吗，比尔？你好吗，乔？

你已经穿上了法官的长袍；
你的名字已被半个地球知道；
你为世人哼唱不朽的旋律；
你让死去的人再度苏醒，
这个世界爱怎么叫你我管不着，
但你和我一直都是比尔和乔。

一脸嘲弄的小年轻瞪着眼说，
“他们个个驼背白发，瞧那些老家伙；
看他们聊得，还以为自己才十七八；
疯了，可怜的老男孩！除了发疯没有其他”
他们摇着脑袋；他们哪里知道
比尔和乔的心在胸膛里狂跳——

比尔忘记了那些骄傲的分秒，
当乔坐在他身边微笑；
乔察觉到了老同学眼里的变化，
虽然时间爱耍易容的花招，
当乔望着比尔，满心欢喜，

那冰冷在融化，严厉变笑意。

啊！沉思中的学者，名望是什么东西？

是吐着火舌的火焰，捉摸不定；

狂风乍起，平地漩涡，

卷起了俗世尘土一撮；

岁月如梭，有谁能知晓

尘土中哪些是比尔，哪些是乔。

残旧的雕像站在原地，

伸出的手上伤痕累累，酸痛无比，

他凝视着无数的人来了又去——

这场空洞的表演有多虚荣！

直到突然间，他的心头一阵悸动：

这是可怜的老乔，“上帝保佑你，比尔！”

那些我们生前爱听的名字

会让我们更加愉快地呼吸；

尘世的生命都不长久，

奏响柔美的安眠曲为他们送行，

这时，地下传来窃窃私语

可哪个声音是比尔，哪个是乔？

不打紧；当我们把家安在这里，

没有名字及得上他们一半贴心；

当我们留恋的日子最终逝去，

谁会在意浮华的墓碑上雕刻的字迹？

只有那些依然爱我们会往下看，

安息于此的乔。安息于此的比尔。

LESSON 65

SORROW FOR THE DEAD

对逝者的哀思

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction, to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open. This affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that has perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget a tender parent, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns?

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights: and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may, sometimes, throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet, who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the

burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities! the last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy

truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile, tributes of regret: but take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

(Irving)

【中文阅读】

对逝者的哀思是这个世界上我们唯一不愿忘怀的悲痛。其他的创伤我们只求迅速治愈，其他的折磨我们恨不能从此不复记忆，然而唯有这道创伤我们但愿它永不愈合。这种折磨我们视若珍宝，在孤身独处时，我们忧思萦绕，反复念及。有哪位母亲舍得忘记死去的宝贝，他像花朵在怀中枯萎，即便每一次回忆都会让她心碎？有哪一个孩子忍心忘记慈爱的双亲，虽然每一次想起都会唤醒伤悲？又有谁会忘记他悼念的好友，即便是在伤心欲绝的时候？

不，那份没有被坟墓掩埋的眷恋是人类情感中最为高贵的品质之一。它会带来痛苦，而它也同样带来欢乐：当排山倒海的悲痛慢慢平

息，化为回忆中坠落眼角的一滴轻柔之泪，当面对至爱烟消云散，那突如其来、让我们肝肠寸断的尖锐心痛，渐渐地融化成对往昔美好岁月的追忆与缅怀，有谁会这样的悼念从心灵深处连根拔起？尽管有时它会让欢悦的时刻蒙上阴云，抑或在惆怅的时候更添愁绪；然而，有谁会拿它来交换一曲欢歌，或是一场饮宴？不，墓碑底下传来的歌谣更加动人心弦。有时，我们甚至会忘记了生者的美好，转而沉湎于对死者的无尽怀恋。

啊！坟墓！坟墓！它埋葬了所有错误，遮盖了所有的缺点，化解了所有的恩怨。它那宁静的胸膛，放任多情的遗憾，孕育温柔的怀想。即便俯视敌人的墓碑，难道没有人的心头闪过一丝恻隐：躺在墓地里的那个人就合该与一杯黄土一起腐烂？而我们所爱之人长眠的地方——那是一方寄托哀思的圣地。在那里，我们回忆起逝者一生的美德善举，回忆起他们倾注在我们身上的无私关爱，可在那些亲昵相伴的日子里我们竟未曾留意，忘了珍惜；在那里，我们念念不忘临别一刻的难分难舍，庄重肃穆以及心碎神伤；长卧不起的病榻前，弥漫着让人窒息的哀伤，我们相对无语地陪伴，日以继夜地守望！还有最后爱的证据！那虚弱的，颤抖的，让人悸动的——啊！那是多么让人悸动的！——轻轻一握！那离开尘世前停驻在我们身上恋恋不舍的目光！还有那无法听清的、微颤的声音，挣扎着要给我们多留下一份爱的表达！

啊，去到你所爱之人的墓地反躬自省吧！那里沉睡许多你无以回报的恩情以及被你忽略的善意，你的良心将把一切一一记起，然而逝者将永远——永远——永远不能折返尘世，永远听不到你的痛悔而感到慰藉！如果你是一个孩子，曾给深爱你的父母亲带来忧伤，给他们飘着银发的额头刻上一道皱纹，如果你是一个丈夫，曾让把毕生幸福的筹码押在你怀抱的女人对你的善良与忠贞有过片刻的怀疑，如果你是一个朋友，在心中，言语或行动上误解了无条件信任你的好友，如果你让一颗正直的心蒙受了冤屈，而那颗心现在正冰冷地，静静地

躺在你的脚下，那么毫无疑问，所有冷酷的表情，无礼的言辞以及粗鲁的举动都会齐齐涌入记忆，无情地敲打你的灵魂；你会伤心地卧倒在墓地，追悔莫及，你会因为地下的至爱再也听不到你痛苦的呻吟、再也看不见你汹涌的泪水而哭得更加悲切，更加凄厉。

然后，你献上花圈，用自然的美丽将墓地细心装点；倘若可以，就用这些微不足道的忏悔安慰自己破碎的心灵：但此番痛苦经历你要引以为戒，逝者已逝，悔悟已迟，你要以更多的忠诚、更多的关爱承担起对生者的责任。

LESSON 66

THE EAGLE

鷹之歌

James Gates Percival, 1795-1856, was born at Berlin, Connecticut, and graduated at Yale College in 1815, at the head of his class. He was admitted to the practice of medicine in 1820, and went to Charleston, South Carolina. In 1824 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at West Point, a position which he held but a few months. In 1854 he was appointed State Geologist of Wisconsin, and died at Hazel Green, in that state. Dr. Percival was eminent as a geographer, geologist, and linguist. He began to write poetry at an early age, and his fame rests chiefly upon his writings in this department. In his private life, Percival was always shy, modest, and somewhat given to melancholy. Financially, his life was one of struggle, and he was often greatly straitened for money.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!

Thy home is high in heaven,

Where the wide storms their banners fling,

And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that can not lag,
They rush in an endless flow.

Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Lord of the boundless realm of air!
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame,

Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath on thee was laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years,
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath, it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,

With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

【中文阅读】

大鹏的羽翼宽广无边！
你的家住在九重天，
那儿的狂风挥舞着旌旗，
驱赶着如浪翻涌的云曦。
你的宝座在高山之巅；
你的疆土没有边界；
远古的群山巍峨雄壮，
撑起苍穹，你安家的地方。

你在悬崖峭壁上休憩，
俯视着身下白浪堆积，
他们来势强劲，迅猛湍急，
前赴后继，奔流不息。
你抖擞羽翼准备再度飞起，

飞向大海深处的那片陆地，
如同环绕着光晕的精灵，
你倏然而去，海阔天高，任意穿行。

无边无际的天之圣主啊！

以你至高无上的威名，
勇敢忠诚的心
在荣誉之路上披荆斩棘，
在你金色羽翼的投影下，
罗马军团，趾高气扬，
从埃及愁云惨雾的山泉，
一直行军到海角天边。

他们为你而战，他们为你倒下，
他们在你面前许下誓言；
号角嘹亮，为你吹响，
垂死的勇士向你说出最后的祷告。
弥漫着死亡与恐惧的年代，
你始终代表着力量与骄傲，

直到那积淀了千年的愤怒，
在恐怖的一小时喷涌而出。

然后，愤怒如同泛滥成灾的洪水，
所有的城池在惊惧中岌岌可危；
它横扫大地，直到一切付之一炬
直到尸横遍野，死伤难计。

国王在灭顶之灾中垂死挣扎，
身边的奴隶缩成一团，胆裂魂飞；
在血迹斑斑的裹尸布下，
懦夫与勇士殊途同归。

LESSON 67

POLITICAL TOLERATION

政治信仰自由

Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826, the third President of the United States, and the author of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia. He received most of his early education under private tutors, and at the age of seventeen entered William and Mary College, where he remained two years. At college, where he studied industriously, he formed the acquaintance of several distinguished men, among them was George Wythe, with whom he entered on the study of law. At the age of twenty-four he was admitted to the bar, and soon rose to high standing in his profession. In 1775 he entered the Colonial Congress, having previously served ably in the legislature of his native state. Although one of the youngest men in Congress, he soon took a foremost place in that body. He left Congress in the fall of 1776, and, as a member of the legislature, and later as Governor of Virginia, he was chiefly instrumental in effecting several important reforms in the laws of that state,—the most notable were the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the passage of a law making all religious

denominations equal. From 1785 to 1789 he was Minister to France. On his return to America he was made Secretary of State, in the first Cabinet. While in this office, he became the leader of the Republican or Anti-Federalist party, in opposition to the Federalist party led by Alexander Hamilton. From 1801 to 1809 he was President. On leaving his high office, he retired to his estate at "Monticello," where he passed the closing years of his life, and died on the 4th of July, just fifty years after the passage of his famous Declaration. His compatriot, and sometimes bitter political opponent, John Adams, died on the same day.

Mr. Jefferson, who was never a ready public speaker, was a remarkably clear and forcible writer; his works fill several large volumes. In personal character, he was pure and simple, cheerful, and disposed to look on the bright side. His knowledge of life rendered his conversation highly attractive. The chief enterprise of his later years was the founding of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers, unused to think freely and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good.

All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that, though the will of the majority is, in all cases, to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression. Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind.

Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection, without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things; and let us reflect, that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world; during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long-lost liberty; it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety.

But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it.

I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican

government can not be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not; I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth.

I believe it to be the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man can not be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others, or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question. Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government.

【中文阅读】

在我们已有的思想火花的碰撞中，大家畅所欲言，各抒己见，对于那些不习惯自由思考，说出或写下自己想法的人而言，这种唇枪舌剑的激烈交锋会让他们感到局促不安；可是现在，既然民众的呼声决定了这场辩论的结果，而这一结果又是根据宪法条文予以公布的，那么所有的意志必然臣服于法律的意志，并各司其位，为共同的利益齐心协力。

我们所有人都要牢记这一神圣的原则：尽管就一切情况而言，多数人的意志总会占得上风，但只有当这种意志是合理正当的，它才是

合法公正的；而另一方面，少数人享有同等的权利，这种权利必须同样受到法律保护，如果遭受侵犯，那便是压迫。合众国的公民们，就让我们团结起来，一起奋斗。

就让我们彼此之间的交往沟通回归和谐，再度充满友爱，如果没有这些，自由甚至生活本身都会变得索然无味；让我们回想一下，常年以来，宗教信仰上的不容异说曾经造成了多少流血事件，让人类蒙受了多少苦痛，现在我们将这种偏执狭隘连根拔除。可是，如果我们纵容政治上的不宽容，任由其变得专横、邪恶，变得像残酷、血腥的迫害一样，那么我们终将一事无成。

当有着悠久历史的旧世界经历阵痛与震颤的时候，当激愤的人们苦苦挣扎着想杀出一条血路以找回丧失已久的自由，那澎湃的激情所掀起的滔天巨浪也许会冲击这片与世无争的海岸；对此，有人视之为洪水猛兽，惶恐不安，有人却认为不足为虑，坦然无惧，于是对于应采取怎样的安全措施也是莫衷一是，而所有这些都不足为奇。

但是，并不是所有的意见相左都意味着原则相左。我们曾用不同的名字来称呼秉承同一原则的兄弟。我们都是共和党人，我们都是联邦党人，如果我们中间有人妄图拆散这个统一的联邦，或者想要改变它的共和制，请不要阻挠干涉他们，就让他们作为安全的丰碑矗立在这片国土之上，此时错误的观念得到了宽容接纳，而理性则能够自由地与之抗争。

诚然，我知道，有些忠良之士担心一个共和制的政府无法成为强而有力的政府，担心这个政府目前势单力薄；但是，一个忠诚的爱国之士，难道会在我们的宏图伟业一日千里、势如破竹之时，仅仅因为一些不着边际、捕风捉影的疑惧，就认为这个集全世界热望于一身的政府或许要借助外力才能得以自保，从而就此放弃这个迄今为止给我们带来了自由、教会我们坚定的政府吗？我相信答案是否定的。相反，我坚信，在这个世界上，我们的政府坚不可摧。

我坚信只有在这种政府的治理下，每个人才会响应法律的召唤，从四面八方齐聚到法律这面旗帜下，当看到公共秩序受到侵犯时，我们会像自己的切身利益受到侵犯一样给予迎头痛击。有人说：一个为民所有的政府不可信。那么，一个不为民所有的政府就可信了吗？又或者，在君主制的历史中，我们能不能找出任何一个君王曾像天使一般治理过他的人民？这个问题就留待历史来给出答案吧。让我们鼓起勇气，充满信心，继续追随属于我们自己的联邦共和原则，拥戴联邦与代议制政府。

LESSON 68

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

是什么构成了国家

Sir William Jones, 1746-1794, was the son of an eminent mathematician; he early distinguished himself by his ability as a student. He graduated at Oxford, became well versed in Oriental literature, studied law, and wrote many able books. In 1783 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal. He was a man of astonishing learning, upright life, and Christian principles.

What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No:—men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued

In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:

These constitute a state;

And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,

O'er thrones and globes elate,

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

【中文阅读】

是什么构建了国家？

不是高高垒砌的城垛或辛苦搭建的护堤，

也不是坚不可摧的城墙，或挖有壕沟的城门，

不是炮楼高耸、尖塔林立的城市，
不是海湾或重兵把守的港口，
豪华的军舰停在那里把风暴取笑；
不是灿烂夺目、金碧辉煌的宫廷，
奴颜婢膝的小人在那里拍马溜须。

不——是人，品格高贵的人，
较之遍布在森林、灌木丛或洞穴的愚蠢的野兽，
人类具有无可比拟的能力，
正如兽类善于对付冰冷的岩石和粗壮的荆棘，
明白肩负何等使命的人，
清楚自己享有什么权利，他们善于思考，敢于捍卫，
知道如何躲避阴谋已久的重击，
当他们扯断锁链击溃暴君，
一个国家就此巍然屹立，
至高无上的法律是举国意志的凝聚，
在象征王权的小金球和御座之上，
端坐着一位女神，惩恶扬善，声张正义。

LESSON 69

THE BRAVE AT HOME

家中的勇士

Thomas Buchanan Read, 1822-1872, an American poet and painter, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. At the age of seventeen he entered a sculptor's studio in Cincinnati. Here he gained reputation as a painter of portraits. From this city he went to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and soon after to Florence, Italy. In the later years of his life, he divided his time between Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Rome. His complete poetical works fill three volumes. Several of his most stirring poems relate to the Revolutionary War, and to the late Civil War in America. Many of his poems are marked by vigor and a ringing power, while smoothness and delicacy distinguish others, no less.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,

And, smiling, all her pain dissembles,

The while beneath the drooping lash,

One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles;

Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder;—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,—
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses;
With no one but her loving God,

To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

【中文阅读】

姑娘为她的勇士系上肩带，
盈盈浅笑将痛楚掩埋，
就在她低垂的睫毛之下，
有颗闪亮的泪珠摇摇欲坠；
虽然只有上天见证她的泪水，
虽然她的故事将被永远淹没，
可她心中流下的那滴泪何其宝贵，
如同露珠让荣耀之地熠熠生辉！

妻子为丈夫佩上短剑，
身边的孩子痛哭不解，
她却勇敢地鼓励家人，
尽管心已被撕成了碎片——
注定每晚梦里都会响起

围绕他身边的隆隆枪炮，
她的心在淌血
就像曾流淌在战争之地那般圣洁！

母亲藏起她的悲伤，
将孩子紧紧地抱在胸膛，
简短的叮嘱充满力量，
轻吻报国男儿的额头送上祝福；
只有仁爱的上帝，
才知道她所背负的痛苦，
她的心在淌血，就像昔日战士之血
流淌于荣耀的自由之地那般圣洁！

LESSON 70

SOUTH CAROLINA

南卡罗来纳州

Robert Young Hayne, 1791-1840, was born in Colleton District, South Carolina, and studied and practiced law at Charleston. He was early elected to the State Legislature, and became Speaker of the House and Attorney-general of the state. He entered the Senate of the United States at the age of thirty-one. He was Governor of South Carolina during the "Nullification" troubles in 1832 and 1833. Mr. Hayne was a clear and able debater, and a staunch advocate of the extreme doctrine of "State Rights." In the Senate he opposed the Tariff Bill of 1828; and, out of this struggle, grew his famous debate with Daniel Webster in 1830. The following selection is an extract from Mr. Hayne's speech on that memorable occasion.

If there be one state in the Union, Mr. President, that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not

cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform.

She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs; though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen, crowding to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South, during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. Never were there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the Revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

The plains of Carolina drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black, smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

【中文阅读】

总统先生，如果联邦有一个州，能始终如一、积极主动、满腔热忱地为合众国做出难以计数的贡献，对此没有别的州能与之匹敌，那么这个州就是南卡罗来纳州了。先生，自从独立战争打响第一枪那一刻，她就毫不犹豫地投入战斗，随时准备着欣然赴死。

在你成功的时候，她与你紧紧相依；在你身处逆境的时候，她更是赴汤蹈火，不离不弃。尽管她内部风波不断，尽管她的资源已被耗尽，党派纷争让她支离破碎，重重困难让她四面楚歌，可是只要祖国一声召唤，对她而言无疑等同于上帝之音。内部争斗戛然而止；全州上下万众一心，卡罗来纳州的子民聚集圣殿，在祖国的圣坛前献上热血与生命。

先生，独立战争中南卡罗来纳州表现如何？先生，对于新英格兰在这场光荣之战中的作为我心怀崇敬。虽然她获得了无数赞誉，但我认为南卡罗来纳州所获的荣誉至少应与之相当。纵观世界历史，从来没有谁能像独立战争中的卡罗来纳州辉格党人一样英勇无惧，历经磨难，坚忍不拔。从高山到海洋，整个卡罗来纳州都在强敌的铁蹄之下备受蹂躏。产业工厂不是在其开花结果的地方被毁于一旦，就是遭敌人洗劫一空。

卡罗来纳州的大地上浸透了人民的鲜血。那片硝烟未散的焦土曾是她的孩子们安居的乐园。他们被迫离开家园，迁往阴暗潮湿、无处落脚的沼泽湿地，尽管环境恶劣，自由的精神却生生不息；在萨姆特们和马里恩们的精神照耀下，南卡罗来纳州以其英雄行为向世人证明了，尽管她的土地可能会被外敌征服，但她的成城众志却所向披靡。

LESSON 71

MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA

马萨诸塞州和南卡罗来纳州

Daniel Webster, 1782-1852. This celebrated American statesman and orator was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a pioneer settler, a soldier in the Old French War and the Revolution, and a man of ability and strict integrity, Daniel attended the common school in his youth, and fitted for college under Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boseawen, graduating at Dartmouth in 1801. He spent a few months of his boyhood at "Phillips Academy," Exeter, where he attained distinction as a student, but was so diffident that he could never give a declamation before his class. During his college course, and later, he taught school several terms in order to increase his slender finances. He was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1805. For the next eleven years, he practiced his profession in his native state. In 1812 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives, and at once took his place as one of the most prominent men of that body. In 1816 he removed to Boston; and in 1827 he was elected to the

United States Senate, where he continued for twelve years. In 1841 he was made Secretary of State, and soon after negotiated the famous "Ashburton Treaty" with England, settling the northern boundary of the United States. In 1845 he returned to the Senate; and in 1850 he was re-appointed Secretary of State, and continued in office till his death. He died at his country residence in Marshfield, Massachusetts.

Mr. Webster's fame rests chiefly on his state papers and his speeches in Congress; but he took a prominent part in some of the most famous law cases of the present century. Several of his public addresses on occasional themes are well known, also. As a speaker, he was dignified and stately, using clear, straightforward, pure English. He had none of the tricks of oratory. He was large of person, with a massive head, a swarthy complexion, and deep-set, keen, and lustrous eyes. His grand presence added much to his power as a speaker.

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his suffering, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit in Carolina a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir,—increased gratification and delight rather. Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven; if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever.

And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gathered around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its glory and on the very spot of its origin.

【中文阅读】

尊敬的先生刚才一番对南卡罗来纳州、其独立战争中的先驱作用以及其他功勋的赞颂，激发了我心中由衷的共鸣。就南卡罗来纳州人民所具有的非凡才能与品德，我与先生的意见可谓不谋而合。很荣幸我能分享这份荣誉；分享她所带给我们的骄傲与自豪。我要说荣誉属于我的同胞们，属于每一个人——属于劳伦斯⁽¹⁾们，拉特里奇⁽²⁾们，平克尼⁽³⁾们，萨姆特们，马里恩们——属于所有美国人——他们的名望与才华和他们的爱国情怀一样不会被州界或其他诸如此类的狭隘界限所桎梏。

他们将毕生奉献给了国家，效忠于国家——整个国家，他们的荣誉就是举国上下共有的财富。凭借自身才能和努力换得一世英名的仁人志士，难道会认为，我会因为他生于马萨诸塞州而不是南卡罗来纳州从而降低对他爱国情操的感激之情，或是因此减少对他所遭受的苦痛折磨而抱有的同情之心吗？先生，难道他认为他在南卡罗来纳州尽力展现的英名会让我嫉贤妒能吗？不，先生，我内心的欢欣喜悦有增无减。先生，我感谢上帝，如果我有些许天赋异禀，那就是众人所说

的能将凡人夸上天界的本领，至于如何把天使贬至人间，诚如自己所坚信的那样，对此我一窍不通。

如果有人发现我在参议院的议席或其他任何地方对公众美德冷嘲热讽，仅仅是因为这美德恰好远离我的家乡或毗邻之地，如果我因为这番缘由，或是其他任何缘由，拒绝向美国的有识之士，向崇高的爱国情操，向为自由、为祖国抛头颅撒热血的献身精神表达由衷的敬意，如果当我看到不同凡俗的天赐英才、看到南部人民身上无与伦比的才能与德行时，出于地方主义偏见的动摇和州界攀比倾轧之风的腐蚀，而将其固有的品德与应得的声望减少一分一毫的话，那就让我的三寸之舌和上颚黏在一起，变成一个永远开不了口的哑巴。

总统先生，对于马萨诸塞州的赞美我将不再赘述。她不需要任何溢美之词。她的伟大，已然不言而喻；看看她，诸位请自行判断。她的历史就在那里；全世界已牢记在心。那些过往，至少都得以留存史册。那是波士顿，康科德，莱克星敦，邦克山；它们都将屹立千载，永垂不朽。先生，美国的自由精神在哪里发出第一声呐喊，它就在那里获得滋养，日益茁壮，它依然存在，存在于势不可当的英雄气概中，依然焕发着最初的精神力量。如果倾轧与分裂会让它受到损伤，如果派系纷争与狼子野心会攻击毁灭它，如果愚蠢与疯狂，还有那蠢蠢欲动的不满情绪此消彼长、想让它和与之相辅相成的联邦分道扬镳，那它会挺立在哺育它的摇篮边上，用尽余力地向聚集在身边的朋友们伸出手臂；如果最后它注定倒下，那么它也必然倒在记载着他无上荣光的纪念碑间，倒在它发源的那片热土之上。

-
- (1) 劳伦斯家族是法国后裔。独立战争即将结束时，亨利·劳伦斯被指派同富兰克林和杰伊一同前往巴黎，在那里通过谈判签署了《巴黎和约》。他的儿子，约翰·劳伦斯，担任华盛顿的“帐前助理”，成为了华盛顿的左膀

右臂。

- (2) 拉特里奇家族是爱尔兰后裔。约翰·拉特里奇是一位出众的政治家和律师。他曾被任命为美国最高法院的首席大法官，然而出于政治原因，参议院驳回了对他的任命。
- (3) 平克尼是英国一支古老的后裔，1687年移民至查尔斯顿。查尔斯·科茨沃斯·平克尼和他的兄弟托马斯积极投身于独立战争。前者曾于1800年在美国总统大选中落败。

LESSON 72

THE CHURCH SCENE FROM EVANGELINE

伊凡吉林眼中的教堂一幕

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882, the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer of Portland, Maine, was born in that city. He graduated, at the age of eighteen, at Bowdoin College. He was soon appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in that institution, and, to fit himself further for his work, he went abroad and spent four years in Europe. He remained at Bowdoin till 1835, when he was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard University. On receiving this appointment, he again went to Europe and remained two years. He resigned his professorship in 1854, and after that time resided in Cambridge, pursuing his literary labors and giving to the public, from time to time, the fruits of his pen. In 1868 he made a voyage to England, where he was received with extraordinary marks of honor and esteem. In addition to Mr. Longfellow's original works, both in poetry and in prose, he distinguished himself by several translations; the most famous

is that of the works of Dante.

Mr. Longfellow's poetry is always elegant and chaste, showing in every line traces of his careful scholarship. Yet it is not above the popular taste or comprehension, as is shown by the numerous and varied editions of his poems. Many of his poems treat of historical themes; "Evangeline," from which the following selection is taken, is esteemed by many as the most beautiful of all his longer poems; it was first published in 1847.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drumbeat.

Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,

Awaited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

"You have convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his
windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the
house roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosure;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the
speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then
rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the
doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of
the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he

shouted,—

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the alter.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized

you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all the lessons of love and forgiveness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them.'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

【中文阅读】

清晨即将这般逝去。看！随着塔楼的钟声
传来响亮的召唤，一声鼓音响彻草地，
男人们很快聚集教堂，外面的墓地上，
妇人们在那里等候，她们站在坟头，
将树林采摘的秋叶和常青藤编成花环，在墓碑上安放。
从船上走来侍卫，趾高气扬地穿过人群
走进通往圣洁的大门。伴随着振聋发聩的声音，
铜鼓的铿锵声在顶棚与窗棂之间回荡，
回响片刻后，沉重的大门缓慢地阖上，
门外的妇人在静默中等待，等待军人最后的宣判。

他们的统帅站起来，在祭坛的台阶上开口说话，
高高举起他的手，手中是盖了玺印的皇家指令。
“陛下的旨意，”他说，“将你们召集在这里，

他一向宅心仁厚；你们该如何回报他的好意，
就让你们的心来回应！宣布此项旨意
我于心不忍，我也知道这会让你们痛苦伤心。
但是我必须服从命令，将国王的命令如实传递；
那就是，你们的土地，你们的住所，你们所有的牲畜
全部没收，而你们本人也将离开这里，
被遣送到另一个地方，上帝许你们住在那里
永远做他忠心的臣民，知足快乐，恭顺祥和，
现在我宣布你们为阶下囚，因为这是陛下的旨意。”

正当暑热难消，天气一片晴好，
突然间狂风暴雨集结而来，要命的冰雹
摇晃着农夫的窗棂，将他田里的庄稼击倒，
遮住了太阳，把屋顶茅草吹落一地，乱七八糟，
它咆哮着卷起畜群，试图摧毁他们的畜栏；
人们在心里把统帅的话慢慢消化。
他们沉默片刻，震惊得说不出话，然后他们发出了
一声高过一声的号哭，悲愤交加，
冲动之下，他们发了疯似的冲向门口。

逃跑的希望渺茫；歇斯底里的哭喊咒骂

在祈祷者的殿堂里回响；一个高过他人的身影

站了起来，他高举着双臂，那是铁匠巴兹尔，

他像是风雨交加的海面上，一根被巨浪托起的桅杆。

他满脸潮红，怒火烧得他的脸扭曲变样；他疯狂地喊道，

“打倒英格兰暴君！我们从来没有发誓为他效忠！

让那些外国士兵见鬼去吧，他们侵占了我们的房屋，霸占了我们的庄稼！”

他还有一肚子话要说，但是士兵伸出了无情的手，

狠狠甩了他一巴掌，然后把他拽倒在通道上。

群情激愤，众怒难消，就在混乱交战中，

看！高坛的门开了，费里西安神父

走了进来，他步态凝重，踏上了祭坛的台阶。

抬起他万众景仰的手，威严地示意

所有喧嚣的人安静下来；然后他开口；

他的声音低沉肃然；他的语调沉稳哀伤

如同尖利的警报过后，醇厚的钟声缓缓地敲响。

“你们想要做什么？我的孩子们！是什么样的疯狂让你们走火入魔？

我在你们中间工作了四十年，我曾经教过你们

彼此关爱，这话不仅仅只挂在嘴上，而是要真切地付诸行动

难道这就是我多年辛苦，不眠不休，不住祷告，坚守清贫的结果？

你们这么快就忘记了所有爱与宽恕的教谕了吗？

这里是耶稣基督的圣殿，难道你们真的要用

暴力的行径和充满仇恨的心去亵渎这神圣的地方？

看！被钉在十字架上的耶稣正在那里看着你们！

看吧！那双忧伤的眼睛里充满着怎样的温情与悲悯！

听！在他的唇际依旧重复着那句祷告：‘主啊，请宽恕他们吧。’”

他的话语里没有非难与责备，却字字句句直至心扉，

当他们重复着他的祷告，念着，“主啊，请宽恕他们吧！”

悔悟的抽噎取代了愤怒的爆发。

LESSON 73

SONG OF THE SHIRT

衬衫之歌

Thomas Hood, 1798-1845, the son of a London bookseller, was born in that city. He undertook, after leaving school, to learn the art of an engraver, but soon gave up the business, and turned his attention to literature. His lighter pieces, exhibiting his skill as a wit and punster, soon became well known and popular. In 1821 he became subeditor of the "London Magazine," and formed the acquaintance of the literary men of the metropolis. The last years of his life were clouded by poverty and ill health. Some of his most humorous pieces were written on a sick bed. Hood is best known as a joker—a writer of "whims and oddities" —but he was no mere joker. Some of his pieces are filled with the tenderest pathos; and a gentle spirit, in love with justice and humanity, pervades even his lighter compositions. His "Song of the Shirt" first appeared in the "London Punch."

With fingers weary and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,

Plying her needle and thread:

Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,

She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!

While the cock is crowing aloof!

And work! work! work!

Till the stars shine through the roof!

It is oh to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,

Where woman has never a soul to save,

If this is Christian work!

"Work! work! work!

Till the brain begins to swim;

Work! work! work!

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,

And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!

O men, with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!

Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—

Sewing at once, with a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?

That Phantom of grisly bone,

I hardly fear his terrible shape,

It seems so like my own;

It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work! work! work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

"Work! work! work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work! work! work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work! work! work!
In the dull December light,
And work! work! work!
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet!
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,

Before I knew the woes of want,

And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh but for one short hour,—

A respite, however brief!

No blessed leisure for love or hope,

But only time for grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart,

But in their briny bed

My tears must stop, for every drop

Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,

Plying her needle and thread:

Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—

Would that its tone could reach the rich!

She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

【中文阅读】

手指疼痛已磨破，
眼皮红肿又酸涩，
女人坐着，衣衫破旧，
飞针走线，埋头干活：
一针！一针！又一针！
又脏又累，又穷又饿，
仍有支调子忧伤地唱着，
她唱的叫作《衬衫之歌》！

“干活！干活！干活！
公鸡在远方报晓！
干活！干活！干活！
直到星子照亮屋顶！
就像野蛮的土耳其人身侧
苦不堪言的奴仆，
那儿的女人，灵魂无法救赎，

如果她是在为基督忙活！

“干活！干活！干活！

直到脑袋昏昏沉沉；

干活！干活！干活！

直到眼皮沉重，视线模糊！

接缝，上衬，镶边，

镶边，上衬，接缝，

待到缝扣子的时候我已入睡，

梦里把扣子缝上接着干活！

“姐妹的兄弟！

母亲的儿子还有妻子的丈夫！

你并非穿破亚麻布料，

而是在把亲人的生命消耗

一针！一针！又一针！

又脏又累，又穷又饿——

拿着双股线左右开工，

缝了衬衣又缝寿服。

“可是我为何谈起了死神？

那白骨森森可怕的幽魂，

我并不畏惧他嶙峋的外表，

他看上去和我没啥两样；

他看上去和我没啥两样，

因为我已经很多天没有吃饭；

哦，上帝！面包是多么昂贵，

而这血肉之躯是多么卑微！

“干活！干活！干活！

手脚不停地干活；

辛苦换来了什么？铺床的稻草，

面包渣子——破烂的衣衫，

摇摇欲坠的屋顶——剥落的地板——

一张桌子——残破的椅子——

一堵墙壁空空荡荡，只有我的影子

偶尔落在墙壁。

“干活！干活！干活！

钟声阵阵更添劳累！

干活！干活！干活！

就像犯人为罪孽赎罪！

接缝，上衬，镶边，

镶边，上衬，接缝，

直到头脑空白，心力交瘁，

直到手指酸疼，周身疲累。

“干活！干活！干活！

十二月的日光昏沉阴暗，

干活！干活！干活！

日光渐亮，天气转暖；

几只孵蛋的小燕

将窝安在屋檐下，

好像在炫耀他们晒着太阳的后背

嘲笑我无缘享受这春光明媚。

“去闻一闻芬芳的空气，

里面有风铃草和报春花的呼吸！

头顶一方蓝天，

脚踩一片草地！

就这短短的一小时

让我体会曾经的感受，

趁着我还没想起生活的重担，

没想起散步让我少吃了一餐饭！

“可是请给我一个小时

让我片刻喘息，无论多么短暂！

没有福气拥有相爱与希望的闲暇，

留给我的只有悲伤的时光！

泪水能冲淡心中的悲苦，

可是从那苦涩的心灵深处，

泪水必须停下奔跑的脚步，

因为每滴泪都会让针线迷失路途。”

手指疼痛已经磨破，

眼皮红肿而且酸涩，

女人坐着，衣衫破旧，
飞针走线，埋头干活：
一针！一针！又一针！
又脏又累，又穷又饿，
仍有支调子忧伤地唱着——
但愿歌声能传到富人的耳朵！
她唱的就是这首《衬衫之歌》。

LESSON 74

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

棋逢对手

Edouard Rene Lefebvre-Laboulaye, 1811-1883, was a French writer of note. Most of his works involve questions of law and politics, and are considered high authority on the questions discussed. A few works, such as "Abdallah," from which the following extract is adapted, were written as a mere recreation in the midst of law studies; they show great imaginative power. Laboulaye took great interest in the United States, her people, and her literature; and many of his works are devoted to American questions. He translated the works of Dr. William E. Channing into French.

Mansour, the Egyptian merchant, one day repaired to the cadi on account of a suit, the issue of which troubled him but little. A private conversation with the judge had given him hopes of the justice of his cause. The old man asked his son Omar to accompany him in order to accustom him early to deal with the law.

The cadi was seated in the courtyard of the mosque. He was a fat, good-looking man, who never thought, and talked little, which,

added to his large turban and his air of perpetual astonishment, gave him a great reputation for justice and gravity.

The spectators were numerous; the principal merchants were seated on the ground on carpets, forming a semicircle around the magistrate. Mansour took his seat a little way from the sheik, and Omar placed himself between the two, his curiosity strongly excited to see how the law was obeyed, and how it was trifled with in case of need.

The first case called was that of a young Banian, as yellow as an orange, with loose flowing robes and an effeminate air, who had lately landed from India, and who complained of having been cheated by one of Mansour's rivals.

"Having found a casket of diamonds among the effects left by my father," said he, "I set out for Egypt, to live there on the proceeds of their sale. I was obliged by bad weather to put into Jidda, where I soon found myself in want of money. I went to the bazaar, and inquired for a dealer in precious stones. The richest, I was told, was Mansour; the most honest, Ali, the jeweler. I applied to Ali.

"He welcomed me as a son, as soon as he learned that I had diamonds to sell, and carried me home with him. He gained my confidence by every kind of attention, and advanced me all the money I needed. One day, after dinner, at which wine was not wanting, he examined the diamonds, one by one, and said, 'My child, these diamonds are of little value; my coffers are full of such stones. The rocks of the desert furnish them by thousands.'

"To prove the truth of what he said, he opened a box, and, taking therefrom a diamond thrice as large as any of mine, gave it to the slave that was with me. 'What will become of me?' I cried; 'I thought myself rich, and here I am, poor, and a stranger.'

"My child,' replied Ali, 'Leave this casket with me, and I will give you a price for it such as no one else would offer. Choose whatever you wish in Jidda, and in two hours I will give you an equal weight of what you have chosen in exchange for your Indian stones.'

"On returning home, night brought reflection. I learned that Ali had been deceiving me. What he had given to the slave was nothing but a bit of crystal. I demanded my casket. Ali refused to restore it. Venerable magistrate, my sole hope is in your justice."

It was now Ali's turn to speak. "Illustrious cadi," said he, "It is true that we made a bargain, which I am ready to keep, The rest of the young man's story is false. What matters it what I gave the slave? Did I force the stranger to leave the casket in my hands? Why does he accuse me of treachery? Have I broken my word, and has he kept his?"

"Young man," said the cadi to the Banian, "have you witnesses to prove that Ali deceived you? If not, I shall put the accused on his oath, as the law decrees." A Koran was brought. Ali placed his hand on it, and swore three times that he had not deceived the stranger. "Wretch," said the Banian, "thou art among those whose feet go down to destruction. Thou hast thrown away thy soul."

Omar smiled, and while Ali was enjoying the success of his

ruse, he approached the stranger, and asked, "Do you wish me to help you gain the suit?" "Yes," was the reply; "but you are only a child—you can do nothing."

"Have confidence in me a few moments," said Omar; "accept Ali's bargain; let me choose in your stead, and fear nothing."

The stranger bowed his head, and murmured, "What can I fear after having lost all?" Then, turning to the cadi, and bowing respectfully, "Let the bargain be consummated," said he, "since the law decrees it, and let this young man choose in my stead what I shall receive in payment."

A profound silence ensued. Omar rose, and, bowing to the cadi, "Ali," said he to the jeweler, "you have doubtless brought the casket, and can tell us the weight thereof."

"Here it is," said Ali; "it weighs twenty pounds. Choose what you will; if the thing asked for is in Jidda, you shall have it within two hours, otherwise the bargain is null and void."

"What we desire," said Omar, raising his voice, "is ants' wings, half male and half female. You have two hours in which to furnish the twenty pounds you have promised us." "This is absurd," cried the jeweler; "it is impossible. I should need half a score of persons and six months labor to satisfy so foolish a demand."

"Are there any winged ants in Jidda?" asked the cadi. "Of course," answered the merchants, laughing; "they are one of the plagues of Egypt. Our houses are full of them, and it would be doing us a great service to rid us of them."

"Then Ali must keep his promise or give back the casket," said the cadí. "This young man was mad to sell his diamonds weight for weight; he is mad to exact such payment. So much the better for Ali the first time: so much the worse for him the second. Justice has not two weights and measures. Every bargain holds good before the law. Either furnish twenty pounds of ants' wings, or restore the casket to the Banian." "A righteous judgment," shouted the spectators, wonder-struck at such equity.

The stranger, beside himself with joy, took from the casket three diamonds of the finest water; he forced them on Omar, who put them in his girdle, and seated himself by his father, his gravity unmoved by the gaze of the assembly. "Well done," said Mansour; "but it is my turn now; mark me well, and profit by the lesson I shall give you. Stop, young man!" he cried to the Banian, "we have an account to settle."

"The day before yesterday," continued he, "this young man entered my shop, and, bursting into tears, kissed my hand and entreated me to sell him a necklace which I had already sold to the Pasha of Egypt, saying that his life and that of a lady depended upon it. 'Ask of me what you will, my father,' said he, 'but I must have these gems or die.'"

"I have a weakness for young men, and, though I knew the danger of disappointing my master the pasha, I was unable to resist his supplications. 'Take the necklace,' said I to him, 'but promise to give whatever I may ask in exchange.' 'My head itself, if you will,' he replied, 'for you have saved my life,' We were without witnesses, but," added Mansour, turning to the Banian, "is not my story true?"

"Yes," said the young man, "and I beg your pardon for not having satisfied you sooner: you know the cause. Ask of me what you desire."

"What I desire," said Mansour, "is the casket with all its contents. Illustrious magistrate, you have declared that all bargains hold good before the law; this young man has promised to give me what I please; now I declare that nothing pleases me but these diamonds."

The cadì raised his head and looked about the assembly, as if to interrogate the faces, then stroked his beard, and relapsed into his meditations.

"Ali is defeated," said the sheik to Omar, with a smile, "The fox is not yet born more cunning than the worthy Mansour."

"I am lost!" cried the Banian. "O Omar, have you saved me only to cast me down from the highest pinnacle of joy to the depths of despair? Persuade your father to spare me, that I may owe my life to you a second time."

"Well, my son," said Mansour, "doubtless you are shrewd, but this will teach you that your father knows rather more than you do. The cadì is about to decide: try whether you can dictate his decree."

"It is mere child's play," answered Omar, shrugging his shoulders; "but since you desire it, my father, you shall lose your suit." He rose, and taking a piaster from his girdle, put it into the hand of the Banian, who laid it before the judge.

"Illustrious cadì," said Omar, "this young man is ready to fulfill

his engagement. This is what he offers Mansour—piaster. In itself this coin is of little value; but examine it closely, and you will see that it is stamped with the likeness of the sultan, our glorious master. May God destroy and confound all who disobey his highness!

"It is this precious likeness that we offer you," added he, turning to Mansour; "if it pleases you, you are paid; to say that it displeases you is an insult to the pasha, a crime punishable by death; and I am sure that our worthy cadì will not become your accomplice—he who has always been and always will be the faithful servant of an the sultans."

When Omar had finished speaking, all eyes turned toward the cadì, who, more impenetrable than ever, stroked his face and waited for the old man to come to his aid. Mansour was agitated and embarrassed. The silence of the cadì and the assembly terrified him, and he cast a supplicating glance toward his son.

"My father," said Omar, "permit this young man to thank you for the lesson of prudence which you have given him by frightening him a little. He knows well that it was you who sent me to his aid, and that all this is a farce. No one is deceived by hearing the son oppose the Father, and who has ever doubted Mansour's experience and generosity?"

"No one," interrupted the cadì, starting up like a man suddenly awakened from a dream, "and I least of all; and this is why I have permitted you to speak, my young Solomon. I wished to honor in you the wisdom of your father; but another time avoid meddling with his highness's name; it is not safe to sport with the lion's paws.

The matter is settled. The necklace is worth a hundred thousand piasters, is it not, Mansour? This madcap, shall give you, therefore, a hundred thousand piasters, and all parties will be satisfied."

【中文阅读】

曼苏尔是个埃及商人，有一天为了一桩让他有点头痛的诉讼来到了法官那里。经过私下和法官沟通后，他觉得他的诉求颇有希望。老人让他的儿子奥马尔与他一同前往，好让儿子见见世面，知道打官司究竟是怎么回事。

法官端坐在清真寺的庭院中。他体型魁梧，相貌堂堂，不爱动脑，惜字如金，加上他头上缠绕的巨大头巾和脸上一成不变的错愕神情，给他平添了一副公正严明、不苟言笑的模样。

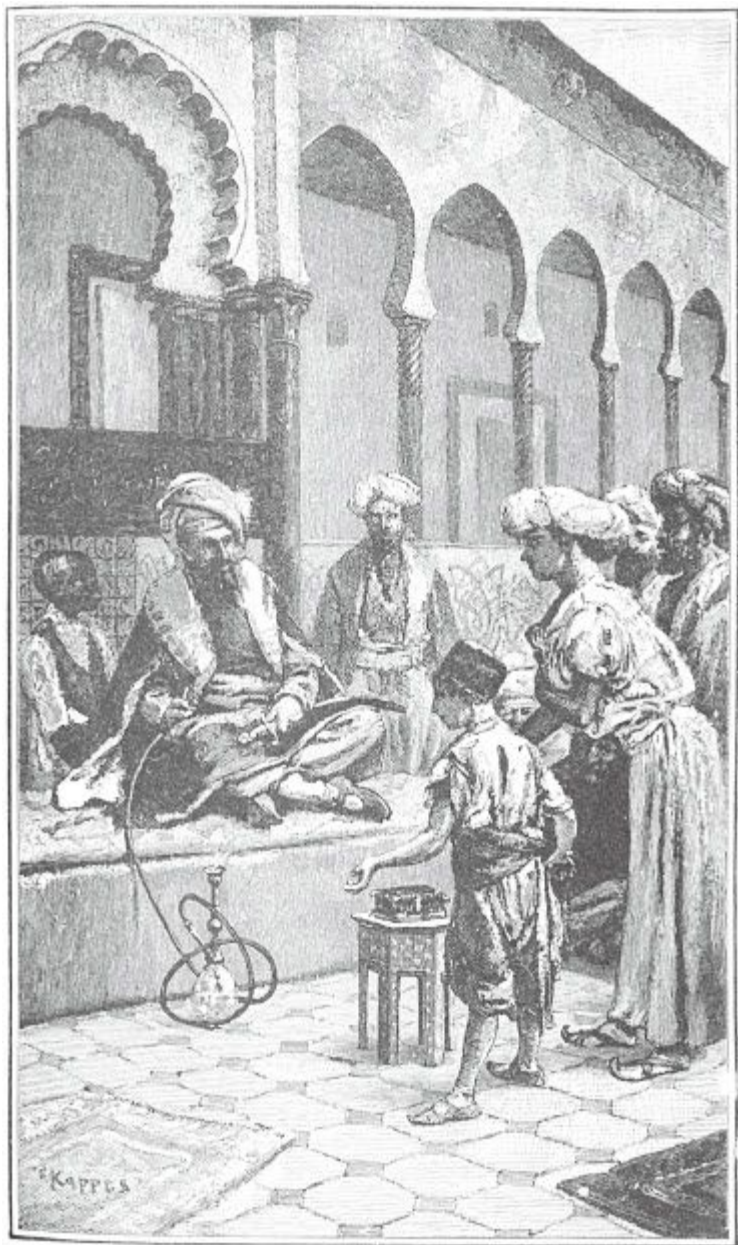
旁听者黑压压来了一片；几个位高权重的商人围着法官排成了半圆，坐在地毯上。曼苏尔挑了一个离族长略远的地方坐下，奥马尔则在他们中间落座，他很好奇，急不可耐地想见识一下人们究竟如何遵循法律，而一旦有不时之需，人们又会如何轻贱法律。

第一个案子是由一个年轻的印度商人提起的诉讼，他的肤色黄得如同一枚橙子，身上的长袍晃晃荡荡，整个人看上去阳刚不足，阴柔有余。年轻人刚从印度过来，他控告曼苏尔的竞争对手欺骗了他。

“我在父亲留下的财产中找到了一匣钻石，”他说，“然后我来到埃及，想把他们卖了以谋生计。途中遭遇恶劣天气，于是只好滞留在吉达，这时我发现身上带的钱已所剩无几。我来到集市，想四处打听一番，好找一个珠宝代理商。我得知这儿最富有的珠宝商是曼苏尔；最诚实可靠的是阿里。于是我打定主意，选择了阿里。

当他得知我想出售钻石时，立刻拿出对待子侄般的热情欢迎我，

并邀请我和他一同回家。他的无微不至打消了我的不安，他还预支给我急需的钱款。一天晚上，酒足饭饱后，他逐一查验了我的钻石，然后开口说，‘我的孩子，这些钻石一钱不值；我箱子里头有大把大把这样的石头。沙漠的岩石里从不缺这种东西。’



为了证明他所言不虚，他打开一个盒子，从那里拿出一颗钻石，个头比我的那些足足大了三倍，然后随手交给了我的仆人。‘我该怎么办？’我哭喊道，‘我还以为自己成了富翁，可原来不过是个穷困潦倒

的外乡人。’

‘我的孩子，’阿里回答，‘把你的匣子留下吧，没有人会比我开更高的价了。你可以在吉达境内任意挑选一样东西，你这个匣子有多重，两个小时内我就会以相同的重量集满你所挑选的东西，以此来交换你的印度石头。’

等回到住所，夜晚降临时我才回过神来。我幡然醒悟，阿里欺骗了我。他给我仆人的东西不过是块水晶。我想要回我的匣子。阿里断然拒绝。尊敬的长官，请您为我做主，求您为我主持公道。”

轮到阿里开口了。“英明无上的长官，”他说，“我们确实做了笔交易，而且我说过的就会做到，至于这位年轻人之后所说的，那纯属无稽之谈。我给了他仆人什么东西和整件事有什么关系呢？难道是我强迫这位异乡人把匣子放在我手中的吗？他为何要控诉我背信弃义？难道是我言而无信，他倒是信守承诺了？”

“年轻人，”法官对印度小伙说，“你有没有证人能证明阿里骗了你？如果没有，那我只好依照法律程序以被告的誓词来做裁决了。”《古兰经》搬了上来。阿里把手放在上面，一连发了三遍誓，说自己没有行骗。“卑鄙小人，”印度商人说，“万劫不复的人里肯定少不了你。你把你的灵魂丢给狗吃了。”

奥马尔笑了，就在阿里为自己诡计得逞而沾沾自喜的时候，他走到异乡人面前，问道：“你想不想让我帮你打赢这场官司？”“我当然想，”异乡人回答，“可是你只是个孩子——你帮不上忙的。”

“给我点时间，对我有点信心，”奥马尔说：“接受阿里的协议；我来替你选择，别担心。”

异乡人垂着头，喃喃自语道，“我已经失去一切了，还有什么好担心呢？”然后，他转身面向法官，恭敬地鞠了一躬，“就让我 and 阿里

按协议完成交易吧，”他说，“既然法律这样明文规定了，请让这个年轻人来替我选择交换钻石的报偿吧。”

底下一片寂静。奥马尔站起身，向法官鞠躬致意，“阿里，”他对珠宝商说，“你肯定带来了那个珠宝匣，那就请告诉我们它的分量吧。”

“匣子就在这儿，”阿里说，“它有二十磅重。你随便选一样东西，只要东西在吉达，两个小时内你就能拿到手，如果你拿不到，我们的这笔交易就一笔勾销。”

“我们想要的，”奥马尔提高了嗓门说，“是蚂蚁的翅膀，一半来自雄蚂蚁，另一半来自雌蚂蚁。你有两个小时时间来备齐二十磅蚂蚁翅膀，就如你答应我们的那样。”“这太荒诞了，”珠宝商叫道，“这怎么可能办到。我得有十个帮手，花上六个月的时间才能满足这么一个可笑的要求。”

“吉达有长着翅膀的蚂蚁吗？”法官问。“当然有了，”商人们边笑边答，“这可是埃及最让人头疼的特产之一了。我们的屋子里全是它们的影子，要是能帮我们消灭它们，那真是件功德无量的大好事啊。”

“那阿里就必须兑现承诺，要不就得归还珠宝匣，”法官说。“按重量卖钻石，这个年轻人真是疯了；索要这样的报偿，他脑袋确实不正常。前一条能让阿里占大便宜，后一条对阿里非常不利。公正从来没有双重标准。在法律面前每条协议都有效。你要么准备二十磅的蚂蚁翅膀，要么就将珠宝匣还给印度商人。”

“真是公正无私的审判。”旁听者们欢呼道，对这一裁决惊叹不已。

异乡人无比欣喜地从珠宝匣里挑了三颗泉水般清澈透亮的钻石，

塞到奥马尔手中，后者将钻石放入褡裢，而后坐在了他父亲身旁，他一脸庄重，丝毫没有受到四面八方眼光的影响。“干得好，”曼苏尔说：“不过，现在到我了；看好了，我要给你上一课，你仔细学着点。慢着，年轻人！”他对印度商人喊道，“我们之间还有账没算完。”

“就在前天，”他接着说道，“这个年轻人走进我的店铺，突然之间泪如雨下，他亲吻了我的手，并一再恳求我把已经出售给埃及巴夏的项链卖给他，说这关乎他的和一位小姐的性命。‘尊敬的先生，您可以要我身上任何东西，’他说，‘但我必须拿到这条项链，否则我会没命的。’

“年轻人的话让我于心不忍，虽然我知道让我的主人巴夏失望有多冒险，可我无法拒绝他的请求。‘把项链拿走吧，’我对他说，‘但得保证我要什么你就得给什么，以此作为交换。’若是愿意，您可以取走我的首级，’他答道，‘因为您是我的救命恩人，’不过，我们没有证人。”曼苏尔说着，转向印度商人，“我所说的是不是真的？”

“是的，”年轻人说，“请宽恕我没有尽早满足您：您是知道其中缘故的。现在请告诉我您想要什么。”

“我想要的，”曼苏尔说，“就是这个匣子加上里头的东西。英明无上的法官，您说过法律面前所有协议都有效；这个年轻人答应过给我想要的一切；现在我宣布除了这些钻石，我别无所求。”

法官抬起头，看了看坐在座的旁听者，好像在询问他们的意见，然后他摸了摸自己的胡须，重新陷入沉思中。

“阿里输了官司，”族长面带微笑对奥马尔说，“要论精明狡猾，这世上还有谁比得上你父亲曼苏尔呢。”

“我该怎么做！”印度商人叫道。“哦，奥马尔，你出手搭救难道就是为了让让我从喜悦的峰尖跌到绝望的谷底吗？请说服你的父亲高抬贵

手，我会为此欠你第二条性命。”

“好吧，我的儿子，”曼苏尔说，“毫无疑问你很聪明，但这次就是让你记住你父亲的精明远胜于你。法官马上就要打定主意了：试试看你能不能预测他的判决。”

“这不过是孩子玩的把戏，”奥马尔耸耸肩膀说：“但既然这就是你想要的，父亲，那你可就要输掉这场官司了。”他站起来，从他褡裢里掏出一枚比索，把它放到印度商人的手中，商人转手将钱币放在法官面前。

“英明无上的法官，”奥马尔说，“这个年轻人已经准备好要兑现他的诺言了。这就是他给曼苏尔的东西——一枚比索。钱币本身值不了多少钱；但是凑近好好看一看，你会发现上面印着的头像和我们伟大的君主苏丹极为相似。愿上帝让那些漠视他尊荣的家伙都下地狱吧。”

“这就是我们要给你的，印着苏丹头像的宝贵的钱币，”他边说，边转向曼苏尔，“如果它是你想要的，那么你就算收到了报偿；如果它不是你想要的，那对巴夏就是一种侮辱，是一桩死罪；我敢肯定，我们伟大的法官不会成为你的帮凶——一直以来他都是，而且会永远是苏丹忠心不贰的臣子。”

奥马尔说完后，所有人的目光都落在了法官身上，他看上去比任何时候更让人捉摸不透，他摩挲着自己的脸，等着族长施以援手。曼苏尔既焦躁又尴尬。法官和旁听席上的沉默让他心里发虚，于是他向他儿子投去了求饶的一瞥。

“我的父亲，”奥马尔说，“就让这个年轻人感谢您教会了他什么叫深谋远虑吧，虽然教授的过程中您让他受了些许惊吓。他很清楚，是您把我派到他身边救他于危难，刚才的一切不过是场玩笑。有谁相信儿子会和老子对着干，又有谁会怀疑曼苏尔的见多识广和慷慨大方

呢？”

“没有人，”法官突然插嘴进来，像是刚从梦中惊醒一般忽地站起身来，“至少我不会；而这也是为何我会允许你发言的原因，我年轻的所罗门。你的智慧得益于你的父亲，我要向这份智慧致敬；不过下次可别以下犯上，老虎嘴上拔须可是件危险事。一切都有了定论。项链价值十万比索，对不对，曼苏尔？这个莽撞小伙因此得付给你十万比索，好啦，这下可算是皆大欢喜了。”

LESSON 75

THANATOPSIS

死亡观

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts
Of the last hitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images

Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,—
All in one mighty sepulcher.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend

Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

(Bryant)

【中文阅读】

自然女神施恩布德，
她变换着姿态与他喁喁细语，
她的话语万化千变：在他略有兴致的时候，
她面带笑容，话音愉悦，
说着美好的一切，滔滔不绝；
当他陷入忧思，她便隐身其中，
带着柔和却能救人于水火的悲悯，
在不知不觉中，将那悲苦的利刃悄悄偷走。

当想到

最后的时刻来临，如同鲜花枯萎凋零，
这个念头让你挥之不去，还有那些

可怖的痛楚、寿衣、棺罩，
还有漫无边际的黑暗，逼仄的棺槨，
都让你战栗，从心底感到恶心——
走吧，去向那开阔的天空，
聆听自然女神的教谕，这是，从四面八方——
大地、水域，还有天堂深处——
传来那宁静祥和的声音——

去日无多，
见了一辈子的日起日落，也许
再也不复相见；无论是在那伴随着滚滚热泪，
你了无生气的身躯最后安身的冰冷的泥土，
还是在那海水的拥抱中，你的影像都将不复存在。
曾经滋养你的大地，将继续抚养你，直到你化身成土成泥
你将不再具有人类的痕迹，并将你作为个体的一切
一并抛弃，而后你将会离去，
与大自然永远地融为一体，
你会和无知无觉的岩石称兄道弟，
成为一块无法动弹的烂泥，乡村的少年郎

把着犁头一个转身，踏在了你的身上。

橡树会把他的种子抛洒，新的根须将会插入你的胸膛。

在你长眠的地方

你不会感到孤单，你的身边

都是超乎你想象的尊贵陪伴。

有含着金钥匙的婴儿，——有国王，

伟大的一国之君——有的睿智，有的善良，

有的相貌堂堂，还有过去

白发苍苍的先知圣贤——

他们和你一同长眠在这个巨大的墓场。

这片山林，

岩脊嶙峋，与日齐寿；

古老庄严的树林之间

溪谷静思无语，纵横绵延，

威严的河流，灌溉绿草地的潺潺小溪，

一同流入阴郁惆怅的大海——

所有一切都将人类墓地

装点得格外肃穆。金色的太阳，
无数的行星，宇宙万物的主宰
悬于人类归宿的上空，
静静地照耀千载万年。

行走于世上的
和安眠于地下的相比
不过是沧海一粟。幻想在清晨，
穿越巴卡荒野的腹地，
或是迷失在连绵不绝的森林，
身边，俄勒冈河奔流不息，除了滚滚浪涛的呼啸，
周围，万籁俱寂——然而逝者却在那里：
荒凉寂静的大地成了无数灵魂休憩的国度，
自从开天辟地，多少人在那里
长眠不醒——逝者才是唯一的君主。

你也会这样安息；如果你
悄然离世，没有亲友在意你的离去，
这又有什么值得介意？所有的生灵

无外乎都是这样的结局。你离开之后，
开心之人依旧成天欢笑，忧思之人
依旧步履沉重。所有的人会一如既往
追寻心中至爱的幻象。可是他们终会
舍弃各自的笑容与烦忧，而后前来
与你在同一张榻上安眠。当长长的时光列车
掠过岁月悄然前行，子孙后代
无论是青春年少，还是正当壮年，
无论是嫁为人妇，还是待字闺中，
无论是牙牙学语，还是白发满头，
都会一个接着一个来到你的身边，
而他们身后还会有后来者依次跟来。

你这样活着，直到召唤你加入
那支浩浩荡荡的旅队，它将去往
那神秘的国度，每个人
都会在安放灵魂的宅邸找到专属的房间，
你不会像采石场的奴隶，
在夜里被鞭打着赶往地牢般痛苦地离去，而是

在坚定信仰的支撑与抚慰下，
从容地走向墓地，
像一个渴睡的人在他的床边放下帐幔，
然后躺下，进入甜甜的梦乡。

（布莱恩特）

LESSON 76

INDIAN JUGGLERS

印度杂耍艺人

William Hazlitt, 1778-1830, was born in Maidstone, England. His father was a Unitarian clergyman, and he was sent to a college of that denomination to be educated for the ministry; but having a greater taste for art than theology, he resolved, on leaving school, to devote himself to painting. He succeeded so well in his efforts as to meet the warmest commendation of his friends, but did not succeed in satisfying his own fastidious taste. On this account he threw away his pencil and took up his pen. His works, though numerous, are, with the exception of a life of Napoleon, chiefly criticisms on literature and art.

Hazlitt is thought to have treated his contemporaries with an unjust severity; but his genial appreciation of the English classics, and the thorough and loving manner in which he discusses their merits, make his essays the delight of every lover of those perpetual wellsprings of intellectual pleasure. His "Table Talk," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," "Lectures on the English Poets," and "Lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Age," are the works that exhibit his style and

general merits in their most favorable light.

Coming forward and seating himself on the ground, in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do, and concludes by keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, not if we were to take our whole lives to do it in.

Is it then a trifling power we see at work, or is it not something next to miraculous? It is the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, which nothing but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it from the tenderest infancy with incessant, ever-anxious application up to manhood, can accomplish or make even a slight approach to. Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways past finding out! Thou canst do strange things, but thou turnest them to small account!

To conceive of this extraordinary dexterity, distracts the imagination and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do, but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators. A single error of a hair's breadth, of the smallest conceivable portion of time, would be fatal; the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth; their rapidity is like lightning.

To catch four balls in succession, in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming consciousness to the hand again; to make them revolve around him at certain

intervals, like the planets in their spheres; to make them chase each other like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors; to throw them behind his back, and twine them round his neck like ribbons, or like serpents; to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable; to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries, to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired anything in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty, once mastered, naturally resolved itself into ease and grace, and as if, to be overcome at all, it must be overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness or want of pliancy or self-possession would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children.

Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful—such as the balancing the artificial tree, and shooting a bird from each branch through a quill—though none of them have the elegance or facility of the keeping up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result, and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed, unchecked delight as the former; and I would not give much to be merely astonished without being pleased at the same time. As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it.

When I saw the Indian juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on his toes, which he kept turning round all the time of the performance, as if they moved of

themselves.

The hearing a speech in Parliament drawled or stammered out by the honorable member or the noble lord, the ringing the changes on their commonplaces, which anyone could repeat after them as well as they, stirs me not a jot,—shakes not my good opinion of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this. Nothing. What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labor and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark, and not finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection, in which others can not find a flaw?

The utmost I can pretend to is to write a description of what this fellow can do. I can write a book: so can many others who have not even learned to spell. What abortions are these essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do.

I endeavor to recollect all I have ever heard or thought upon a subject, and to express it as neatly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage, to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands to correct my opinions and polish my periods; but the one I can not, and the other I will not, do. I am fond of arguing; yet, with a good deal of pains and practice, it is often much as I can do to beat my man, though he may be a very indifferent hand. A

common fencer would disarm his adversary in the twinkling of an eye, unless he were a professor like himself. A stroke of wit will sometimes produce this effect, but there is no such power or superiority in sense or reasoning. There is no complete mastery of execution to be shown there; and you hardly know the professor from the impudent pretender or the mere clown.

【中文阅读】

戏班子里的台柱子走上前，席地而坐，这个披着白袍、紧裹着头巾的印度杂耍艺人开始往上抛两个铜球，这是个任谁都会的把戏，接着铜球的数目增加到了四个，这一手如果不是花上一辈子，我们中间也许没人能学会，而我们没人会在四颗球上浪费时间。

那么，这到底算是一种不值一提的雕虫小技，还是离奇迹仅一步之遥的神奇能力？这种技能最大限度展现了人类的身心合一，它需要从身体柔韧度最佳的幼年开始外练肢体技艺，内修心智毅力，这番勤学苦练一直要持续到成年时期方能有所建树，若不然就算皮毛也不可能学到。人类，你确是自然界无与伦比的灵兽，你的举动让人捉摸不透！你可以掌握如此奇巧的技能，却把他们变成了雕虫小技。

只要一想到如何练就这份眼明手快，你就会不由地神思恍惚，惊叹之余忘了呼吸。可是对表演者而言这不过是小菜一碟，好像是一种机械重复的骗人把戏，除了看看观众，为他们目瞪口呆的表情感到暗暗好笑外，他显得有些百无聊赖。可实际上，只要表演过程中出现头发丝般的毫厘之差，时间的拿捏上有瞬间的不到位，对表演者而言可能有性命之忧；他的一举一动必须像数学计算一般精准无误，身体的反应要像闪电一般迅速。

要在不及一秒钟的瞬间连续接住四颗球，再抛起来，让他们像有意识一般再度回到手中；每隔些许时间，叫他们环绕身侧，如同行星

运行在固定的轨道；让他们你追我逐，像四处飞溅的火星，或者把他们接连向上抛射，如同升空的花朵抑或流星；然后将他们扔到身后抛来抛去，像丝带或蛇一般缠绕在脖颈；这些在别人眼里匪夷所思的动作他却完成得不费吹灰之力，举手投足间，他尽显优雅，同时又带着几许漫不经心；他面带微笑从容表演着，脸上闪烁着嘲弄的神情，他的目光追随着翻飞的铜球，仿佛眼中的精光散发着让它们乖乖听命的魔力，又仿佛他只是在观察铜球的舞动和台上的音乐节奏是否合拍——这所有一切是那么神奇，如果有谁对此无动于衷，那么他这辈子肯定没有对其他任何事情欢呼叫好过。

这是技巧压倒了困难，而优美的艺术又超越了单纯的技巧。就好像困难一旦被征服，困难本身就会摇身一变成为优雅从容，又好像是只有做到举重若轻，不着痕迹，才能最终战胜困难。如果动作上有丝毫的不自然，或是有失柔软或沉着，那么整个表演就会被迫停下。在旁人眼中这像是一种不可思议的巫术，可在他手里轻而易举得如同孩子的游戏。

还有其他不俗的才艺，虽然都不如空中抛球那样优雅灵动，但也一样精彩，让人称奇，比如在让一棵人造树保持平衡的同时，用羽茎射落每根树枝上的小鸟。等待结果的时候你惴惴不安，直到尘埃落定，才感到轻松开心。看这些节目不像欣赏空中抛球那样能从头至尾感到一种纯粹的、抑制不住的喜悦；如果单单让人看得有惊无喜，那么这样的节目也算不得高明。像空口吞剑这样的表演要是让警察看到一定会被勒令停止。

从前看印度杂耍艺人表演空中抛球的时候，他总是打着赤脚，脚趾上套着几个大圆环，整场表演中他能让大圆环始终不停地旋转，就像是圆环有了意识、自顾自地转动起来一样。

听议会里那些达官显贵们慢条斯理或是磕磕巴巴地发言，听他们翻来覆去重复着任何人都能说的一样好的陈词滥调，我的心里没有丝

毫触动——也无法动摇我良好的自我感觉。我问自己，有什么事我能完成得如同那印度杂耍一般无懈可击。没有。我这一生都做了些什么？是虚度了光阴，还是碌碌无为？也许我把时间浪费在了将语言如水一般倾倒在筛子上，推着石头滚上山，之后又看着它从另一边滚落，无视明摆的事实，妄图论证一个观点，试图在黑暗中寻求奋斗的目标却最终一无所获？难道就没有一件事能让我有恃无恐地向别人发起挑战，和他一较高下，能让我成为完美无缺的个中典范，让人就算想吹毛求疵也挑不出一丝毛病？

而我能自诩做得最好的一件事，莫过于描绘那个印度杂耍艺人的超凡技艺了。我会写作，可那些从未学过拼写的人也会。我写过的那些文章是多么的失败！其中有多少谬误，多少生硬的起承转合，多少讲不通的道理，多少站不住脚的结论！人们能够从中所获的少之又少，可即便是那么丁点儿收获也被我阐述得支离破碎！然而，我竭尽全力，也只能把文章写成这副模样。

就一个话题而言，我得先把我所听到的、想到的努力回忆一番，而后尽可能表述得有条有理。我没有本事同时写四件事情，力所能及的也只是梳理一件事情的线索，让它不至于显得夹杂不清。我手头有充裕的时间来修正我的观点，斟酌我的词句；然而前者我做不到，后者我不愿意。我喜欢辩论；然而经过一番勤学苦练，我要使出浑身解数才能将对方击败，可对方可能对输赢毫不在意。一个寻常的击剑手能在眨眼功夫让对手缴械投降，除非另一方也和他一样会舞刀弄剑。有时候一句充满智慧的妙语也会带来同样的效果，但是判断辨识或推理却没有这样强大的效力或优越性。人们无法驾轻就熟地运用自己的理智；你几乎无法辨明，一个人究竟是专业人士还是无耻的冒牌货或跳梁小丑。

LESSON 77

ANTONY OVER CAESAR'S DEAD BODY

凯撒遗体前的安东尼

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men—

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my, friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;

I found it in his closet; 't is his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

Citizen . We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All . The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant . Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad;

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, Oh what would come of it!

Cit . Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read the will, Caesar's will.

Ant . Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.

Cit . They were traitors: honorable men!

All . The will! the testament!

Ant . You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

(He comes down from the pulpit.)

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii;

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well belove'd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit . O piteous spectacle!

2d Cit . O noble Caesar!

3d Cit . We will be revenged!

All . Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!

Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live.

Ant . Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit . Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2d Cit . We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant . Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

【中文阅读】

安东尼 朋友们，罗马市民，我的同胞们，请听我说：

我是来埋葬凯撒，而不是来歌功颂德。

生前作恶多端，死后遗臭万年；

生前多行善举，骸骨地下安眠；

凯撒同样不会例外。高贵的布鲁特斯

已经告诉你们，凯撒野心勃勃：

若真是如此，那凯撒的确大错特错，

他也因此付出了惨重的代价。

这里，在布鲁特斯和其余诸位的允许下——

因为布鲁特斯无比尊贵；

故而其余诸位自然也无比尊贵——

我来到凯撒的葬礼致辞。

他是我的朋友，对我忠心耿耿，公正无私：

可是布鲁特斯却说他狼子野心；

而布鲁特斯本人是一位正人君子。

凯撒把许多俘虏带回了罗马，

用他们的赎金充实了国库：

难道这就是凯撒的狼子野心？

当看到哀鸿遍野，凯撒也跟着泪流满面：

野心本该由一副铁石心肠打制而成：

可是布鲁特斯却说他狼子野心；

而布鲁特斯本人是一位正人君子。

你们都是亲眼所见，在卢帕克节上，

我曾三次要为他戴上冠冕，

却遭他三次拒绝。这难道叫野心吗？

可是布鲁特斯却说他野心勃勃；

是的，毫无疑问，布鲁特斯本人是一位正人君子。

我不是想否定布鲁特斯所说的话，

我只是想和盘道出我所知的一切。

你们都曾经爱戴过他，这份热爱定有缘由；

现在又有什么道理阻止你们为他悲伤呢？

啊，判断力！你已经奔到了野蛮的兽群中，

人们都已失去了自己的理性。请宽恕我，

我的心现下与棺木中的凯撒同在，
我必须稍停片刻，等待它的归来。

但就在昨日，凯撒的一句话
可以抗衡整个世界；现在他躺在那里，
再卑贱的人也不肯向他表达敬意。

噢，在场诸位！如果我有意搅乱你们心绪
从而点燃愤怒，引爆叛乱，
那我将愧对布鲁特斯，愧对卡西乌斯，
众所周知，他们都是正人君子。

我不愿对不起他们，
我宁可有负于死者，有负于你们和我自己，
也不愿有负于这样的正人君子。

不过这儿有张羊皮纸，上面盖着凯撒的印章；
我在他的房间里发现的，是凯撒的遗嘱：
若是民众听到了遗嘱的内容——
原谅我，现在还不打算将遗嘱宣读——
他们会去亲吻凯撒的伤口，

将他们的手帕浸满他神圣的鲜血；
甚至会乞讨一根发丝作为留念，
当他们弥留之际，会在遗嘱中将它提起，
指明这是一笔宝贵的财富
要代代相传，留给子孙后裔。

公 民 我们要听听遗嘱上都说了些什么：读吧，马克·安东尼。

民 众 遗嘱，遗嘱；我们要听凯撒的遗嘱。

安东尼 切莫心急，朋友们，我实在不能读给你们听；

我不能让你们知晓凯撒是多么爱你们。

你们绝非草木，你们也非砖石，你们是人；

只要你们的心是肉长的，一旦听到凯撒的遗言，

必定会让你们燃烧，让你们疯狂；

你们最好别知道你们就是他的继承人；

若是你们知道了，天晓得会有什么样的后果！

公 民 宣读遗嘱；我们一定要听，安东尼；

你必须把遗嘱，凯撒的遗嘱读给我们听。

安东尼 你们可否别操之过急，你们可否再静候片刻？

我一时失言，向你们透露了这件事情：

我怕我会对不起那些正人君子

正是他们手中的短剑刺死了凯撒。我担待不起。

公 民 他们是叛徒：什么正人君子！

民 众 遗嘱！遗嘱！

安东尼 你们这是在逼我读遗嘱吗？

那就请环绕凯撒的遗体走一圈，

先瞻仰一下立遗嘱的人的遗容吧。

（他走下讲坛）

安东尼 若是你们有眼泪，那就准备尽情流吧。

你们都认识这袭袍子吧：我记得

凯撒第一次穿上它，

是一个夏天的晚上，在他的帐篷里，

那一天他战胜了内尔维；

看！就在这里，卡西乌斯短剑深深地刺了进去：

瞧瞧狠毒的卡斯卡割开了多大的口子：

就从这里，诸位拥戴热爱的布鲁特斯痛下杀手：

当他拔出那把罪恶的刀子时，

你们看看凯撒的鲜血是如何奔涌而出的，

就像是急不可耐地想奔到体外，
亲眼看看下此毒手的究竟是不是布鲁特斯；
因为诸位都明了，布鲁特斯是凯撒的守护天使啊。
神啊！请你们来证明凯撒是多么爱他！
这是令凯撒最为痛心疾首的一击；
因为当高贵的凯撒看到布鲁特斯的匕首时，
忘恩负义的行径远比叛徒的利刃更为锋利，
他被击垮了，那颗伟大的心就此破碎；
那袭袍子蒙着他的脸，
伟大的凯撒倒了下去
他倒在了庞贝将军雕像的底座边，
殷红的鲜血流了一地。

啊，这是多么让人痛心的陨落啊，我的同胞们！
当这残酷的叛变堂而皇之地骑在我们头上撒野，
你，我，我们所有人将一同遭受毁灭。
啊，你们落泪了；我看得出来，
你们的慈悲扣动了心弦：这是悲悯的泪水。
善良的人们，怎么，仅仅看到衣袍上的口子

你们就忍不住落泪了？那再看看这儿，

这才是他本人，看看他被叛徒们残害成了什么样子。

公民甲 啊，多么悲惨的景象！

公民乙 啊，高贵的凯撒！

公民丙 我们定要以牙还牙！

民 众 报仇雪恨！立马动手！逮住他们！放火！烧！杀死他们！
砍死他们！一个不留！

安东尼 等一下，我的同胞们。

公民甲 静一静！听高贵的安东尼要说什么。

公民乙 我们听他的，我们要追随他，我们会为他万死不辞。

安东尼 我的好朋友们，亲爱的朋友们，别受我的挑唆

从而引发一场突如其来的暴乱怒潮。

能干出这种事的，除了正人君子还会有谁：

他们究竟有什么私人恩怨，啊呀，我不得而知，

竟使他们有这番所作所为；他们贤达睿智，品行高贵，

定会告诉你们理由有多充沛。

朋友们，我此番前来，不为博取你们的同情怜悯：

我不是雄辯家，不像布魯特斯那樣巧舌如簧；
正如你們所知，我只是一个有啥說啥的粗人，
我愛我的朋友；准許我在這兒說上几句的那些大人，
他們也完全了解我是怎樣的人：
我没有机智，不善言辞，毫无本事，
不会摆姿势，不懂抑扬顿挫，也不懂利用演说技巧
来蛊惑人心，煽动情绪：我不过是有话直说；
我此番告诉你们的其实你们都已心知肚明；
给你们看亲爱的凯撒身上的伤口，那些都是可怜的无
声的嘴巴，
我要它们来替我说话：但如果我是布鲁特斯，
而布鲁特斯是安东尼的话，那么就会有一个安东尼
把你们挑动得群情激奋，在凯撒的每道伤口上
按上舌头，能把罗马的石头都挑唆得来参加暴动。

（莎士比亚《尤里乌斯·凯撒》第三幕第二场）

LESSON 78

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

英国人的品格

William Hickling Prescott, 1796-1859, the historian, was the son of William Prescott, an eminent jurist, and the grandson of Col. William Prescott, who commanded the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard University in 1814, and died in Boston. Just as he was completing his college course, the careless sport of a fellow-student injured one of his eyes so seriously that he never recovered from it. He had intended to adopt law as his profession; but, from his defective eyesight, he was obliged to choose work in which he could regulate his hours of labor, and could employ the aid of a secretary. He chose to be a historian; and followed his choice with wonderful system, perseverance, and success till the close of his life. His works are: "The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru," "The Reign of Philip II," and a volume of "Miscellanies." He had not completed the history of Philip at the time of his death. As a writer of history, Mr. Prescott ranks with the first for accuracy, precision, clearness, and beauty of style. As a man, he was

genial, kind-hearted and even-tempered.

On the whole, what I have seen raises my preconceived estimate of the English character. It is full of generous, true, and manly qualities; and I doubt if there ever was so high a standard of morality in an aristocracy which has such means for self-indulgence at its command, and which occupies a position that secures it so much deference. In general, they do not seem to abuse their great advantages. The respect for religion—at least for the forms of it—is universal, and there are few, I imagine, of the great proprietors who are not more or less occupied with improving their estates, and with providing for the comfort of their tenantry, while many take a leading part in the great political movements of the time. There never was an aristocracy which combined so much practical knowledge and industry with the advantages of exalted rank.

The Englishman is seen to most advantage in his country home. For he is constitutionally both domestic and rural in his habits. His fireside and his farm—these are the places in which one sees his simple and warm-hearted nature more freely unfolded. There is a shyness in an Englishman, —a natural reserve, which makes him cold to strangers, and difficult to approach. But once corner him in his own house, a frank and full expansion will be given to his feelings that we should look for in vain in the colder Yankee, and a depth not to be found in the light and superficial Frenchman,—speaking of nationalities, not of individualities.

The Englishman is the most truly rural in his tastes and habits of any people in the world. I am speaking of the higher classes. The

aristocracy of other countries affect the camp and the city. But the English love their old castles and country seats with a patriotic love. They are fond of country sports. Every man shoots or hunts. No man is too old to be in the saddle some part of the day, and men of seventy years and more follow the hounds, and, take a five-barred gate at a leap. The women are good whips, are fond of horses and dogs, and other animals. Duchesses have their cows, their poultry, their pigs,—all watched over and provided with accommodations of Dutch-like neatness. All this is characteristic of the people. It may be thought to detract something from the feminine graces which in other lands make a woman so amiably dependent as to be nearly imbecile. But it produces a healthy and blooming race of women to match the hardy Englishman,—the finest development of the physical and moral nature which the world has witnessed. For we are not to look on the English gentleman as a mere Nimrod. With all his relish for field sports and country usages, he has his house filled with collections of art and with extensive libraries. The tables of the drawing-rooms are covered with the latest works, sent down by the London publisher. Every guest is provided with an apparatus for writing, and often a little library of books for his own amusement. The English country gentleman of the present day is anything but a Squire Western, though he does retain all his relish for field sports.

The character of an Englishman, under its most refined aspect, has some disagreeable points which jar unpleasantly on the foreigner not accustomed to them. The consciousness of national superiority, combined with natural feelings of independence, gives him an air of arrogance, though it must be owned that this is never betrayed in his own house,—I may almost say in his own country.

But abroad, when he seems to institute a comparison between himself and the people he is thrown with, it becomes so obvious that he is the most unpopular, not to say odious, person in the world. Even the open hand with which he dispenses his bounty will not atone for the violence he offers to national vanity.

There are other defects, which are visible even in his most favored circumstances. Such is his bigotry, surpassing everything in a quiet passive form, that has been witnessed since the more active bigotry of the times of the Spanish Philips. Such, too, is the exclusive, limited range of his knowledge and conceptions of all political and social topics and relations. The Englishman, the cultivated Englishman, has no standard of excellence borrowed from mankind. His speculation never travels beyond his own little—great little—*island*. That is the world to him. True, he travels, shoots lions among the Hottentots, chases the grizzly bear over the Rocky Mountains, kills elephants in India and salmon on the coast of Labrador, comes home, and very likely makes a book. But the scope of his ideas does not seem to be enlarged by all this. The body travels, not the mind. And, however he may abuse his own land, he returns home as hearty a John Bull, with all his prejudices and national tastes as rooted, as before. The English—the men of fortune—all travel. Yet how little sympathy they show for other people or institutions, and how slight is the interest they take in them! They are islanders, cut off from the great world. But their island is, indeed, a world of its own. With all their faults, never has the sun shone—if one may use the expression in reference to England—all a more noble race, or one that has done more for the great interests of humanity.

【中文阅读】

总体而言，历年来的所见所闻让我对英国人的性格有了一番先入为主的认识。它充满了慷慨、忠诚和勇敢的品质；这让我怀疑，在一众身居群星拱月的高位、可以为所欲为的贵族身上，是否可能具备如此之高的道德标准。通常，他们都将这些与生俱来的巨大优势用在了正途上。比如对宗教的虔诚——至少在形式上——是无所不在的，而在我的印象中，几乎所有资产雄厚的皇亲国戚都在领导波澜壮阔的政治运动同时，或多或少都会兼顾到自身财产的扩张，并确保自己的佃农能安居乐业。这样的贵族堪称史无前例，他们身上兼备了渊博的实用知识、务实的勤勉作风以及至高的阶级尊荣。

只有在乡间的家中，英国人身上的优点才能得以淋漓尽致地展现。因为他天生就是恋家之人，同时迷恋田园生活。炉火边还有农场里——在这些地方，你才能看到他们更自由自在、更无所顾忌地挥洒单纯、热情的天性。英国人畏羞，——这种与生俱来的含蓄内敛会让他们在陌生人面前显得冷淡，难以亲近。可一旦在他家中一隅与他相遇，他的率真坦诚、毫无保留的一面会让我们对他的印象大为改观，而这种情感的迸发在人情淡漠的美国佬身上难得一见，而这种深沉的情感，在轻佻肤浅的法国人身上几乎无迹可寻——这里指的是笼统的国民性，而非单一个体的具体个性。

英国人无比崇尚野外生活，在那里他们如鱼得水，这一点即便放眼全世界，也是无人能及的。这里我指的是上流阶层的人士。其他国家的贵族喜爱露营或城市。但英国人则对寄托着爱国情怀的古老城堡和乡间别墅情有独钟。他们热爱野外运动，每个男人都扛枪狩猎。没有人会因为上了岁数而在骑马时佩上马鞍，年过七旬或更为年迈的老人一样跟在猎犬后面追捕猎物，一样能策马纵身越过五道栅栏的起跑门。妇女们则擅长驯养，她们喜欢马和狗，还有其他各种动物。公爵夫人们在府邸豢养奶牛、家禽和猪——动物们受到的照顾无微不至，

就连它们的饮食起居都体现着德国式的井井有条。这些都是民族特性。或许人们会觉得她们身上的女性优雅会因此大打折扣，不像其他国家的女士小鸟依人到近乎孱弱无能的地步。然而正是这些特质塑造了英国女性的健康体质和蓬勃生气，使之与英国男性的坚忍不拔与刻苦耐劳相得益彰——这是举世共睹的身体素质与道德品质的完美统一。我们不能把英国乡绅仅仅视为猎手。他除了喜爱野外运动，热衷乡村习俗外，他的屋子里还搜罗了大量的艺术品，又设有包罗万象的藏书室。画室的桌上堆满了伦敦出版社送来的最新作品。他给每一位访客准备了笔墨，还提供了精巧的图书室以供消遣。如今，斯夸尔·魏斯特恩已不能再作为英国乡绅的代名词了，当然，他热爱狩猎的一面还是被原封不动地保留了下来。

在其极富教养的外表下，英国人的性格中也有着让外国人心生不快、难以接受的一面。强烈的民族优越感，加上天生的特立独行，不免让他看上去傲慢自大——虽然必须承认在他自己家里他绝不会流露出一星半点——我几乎敢说在他自己的国家他也不会。但要是在国外，当他开始将自己和他身边的人进行比较时，就算谈不上让人厌恶，无疑也是世上最不受欢迎的那一个。即使他慷慨无私，出手大方，也无法弥补他炫耀民族优越感时带来的伤害。

他身上还有其他缺点，这些缺点即便在他最受人欢迎的时候依然清晰可见。比如他的顽固，在腓力统治西班牙时期，英国人的顽固可谓张牙舞爪，此后，这份顽固虽说收起了锋芒，但仍旧是英国人所有缺点中最为显著的一个。又比如，对于政治和社会话题以及人际关系，他的知识面单一狭隘、颇受局限，所持的见解专断、偏执。英国人，这些极富教养的英国人，他们没有任何一套优秀的准则是借鉴自其他国家。他的思维从来没有超越那个小小的、小得不能再小的岛屿。对他而言，这就是整个世界。诚然，他四处游历，跑到霍顿督人那里射杀狮群，翻越落基山脉追捕灰熊，来到印度猎象，去拉布拉多沿岸捕获鲑鱼，然后返回家乡，把游历的所见所闻写成游记。然而他

的思想境界却依然固步自封。肉身在各地游历，精神却没有一同前往。无论他对自己国家如何出言不逊，但回到国内，他依然是那个妄自尊大的约翰牛，所有的偏见依旧根深蒂固，民族特性仍然一成不变。英国人——有钱的英国人——走遍世界。然而他们对其他民族或制度习俗怀有的同情和表露的兴趣，却是那样的微乎其微！他们蜗居岛上，与世隔绝。不过他们的岛屿就是自成一格的世界。他们身上虽然有众多缺点，然而在太阳所能照见的疆域中——如果有人这样形容英国的话——他们也许可以堪称是最为高贵、对人类做出至伟贡献的民族了。

LESSON 79

THE SONG OF THE POTTER

陶工之歌

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round,

Without a pause, without a sound:

So spins the flying world away!

This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,

Follows the motion of my hand;

For some must follow, and some command,

Though all are made of clay!

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change

To something new, to something strange;

Nothing that is can pause or stay;

The moon will wax, the moon will wane,

The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'T is nature's plan

The child should grow into the man,

The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;

In youth the heart exults and sings,

The pulses leap, the feet have wings;

In age the cricket chirps, and brings

The harvest home of day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,

Of every tongue, of every place,

Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,

All that inhabit this great earth,

Whatever be their rank or worth,

Are kindred and allied by birth,

And made of the same clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun

At daybreak must at dark be done,

To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay.

(Longfellow)

【中文阅读】

转啊，转啊，我的轮盘！不停地转，
一声不响，从不停歇：
转动起来，转动整个世界！

手中的泥土，混合着沙和泥灰，
我的双手主宰它的一切；
有些人发号施令，有些人俯首称臣；
虽然我们都由泥土制成！

转啊，转啊，我的轮盘！所有一切都会改变，
脱胎换骨，焕然一新；
没有什么会静止不动，一成不变；
月会圆满，也会亏缺，
薄雾阴云变身成雨，
雨水蒸发又成雾云，
明日总会变成今日。

转啊，转啊，我的轮盘！所有的生命转瞬即亡；
破土的新芽转眼迎风招展，
繁茂的绿叶瞬间飘零腐烂；
东风刚走，西风登场；
知更鸟窝里的小生命
很快破壳而出，

振翅飞翔。

转啊，转啊，我的轮盘！手中的陶罐

这样碰能成形，那样碰便破烂；

它是否会问陶工，

谁把你造就？你有没有把手？

因为人们思而明了

造物主创造世界，

他的智慧无人比肩。

转啊，转啊，我的轮盘！自然的规律如同真理

孩子眨眼长大成人，

随即满面皱纹，满头华发；

青春的心欢蹦乱跳，意气风发，

浑身是劲，脚下像长了翅膀；

蟋蟀鸣唱，人生转眼入秋，

在收获的季节，细细盘点一生所有。

转啊，转啊，我的轮盘！全天下的人类

说着不同的语言，来自各个地方，
高加索人，科普特人，或是马来人，
都在这片辽阔的土地上繁衍生息，
不论贫富，不论贵贱，
生来一家，同宗同源，
皆由相同的泥土铸就。

转啊，转啊，我的轮盘！

始于破晓，终于日暮，

明日又是崭新的一天；

燃起火炉，熊熊烈焰

内修精魂，外炼轮廓

之后打上荣辱烙印

无论是出自泥土的人抑或陶罐。

停下，停下，我的轮盘！太快，太快

正午即将变成午后，

今天马上变成明日；

过往的陶瓷碎片

在身后洒了一路，

终究逃不过碾为尘末

被踩进泥土。

（朗费罗）

LESSON 80

A HOT DAY IN NEW YORK

纽约酷热的一天

William Dean Howells, 1837—, was born in Belmont County, Ohio. In boyhood he learned the printer's trade, at which he worked for several years. He published a volume of poems in 1860, in connection with John J. Piatt. From 1861 to 1865 he was United States Consul at Venice. On his return he resided for a time in New York City, and was one of the editors of the "Nation." In 1871 he was appointed editor in chief of the "Atlantic Monthly." He held the position ten years, and then retired in order to devote himself to his own writings. Since then, he has been connected with other literary magazines.

Mr. Howells has written several books: novels and sketches: his writings are marked by an artistic finish, and a keen but subtle humor. The following selection is an extract from "Their Wedding Journey. "

When they alighted, they took their way up through one of the streets of the great wholesale businesses, to Broadway. On this street was a throng of trucks and wagons, lading and unlading;

bales and boxes rose and sank by pulleys overhead; the footway was a labyrinth of packages of every shape and size; there was no flagging of the pitiless energy that moved all forward, no sign of how heavy a weight lay on it, save in the reeking faces of its helpless instruments.

It was four o'clock, the deadliest hour of the deadly summer day. The spiritless air seemed to have a quality of blackness in it, as if filled with the gloom of low-hovering wings. One half the street lay in shadow, and one half in sun; but the sunshine itself was dim, as if a heat greater than its own had smitten it with languor. Little gusts of sick, warm wind blew across the great avenue at the corners of the intersecting streets. In the upward distance, at which the journeyers looked, the loftier roofs and steeples lifted themselves dim out of the livid atmosphere, and far up and down the length of the street swept a stream of tormented life.

All sorts of wheeled things thronged it, conspicuous among which rolled and jarred the gaudily painted stages, with quivering horses driven each by a man who sat in the shade of a branching, white umbrella, and suffered with a moody truculence of aspect, and as if he harbored the bitterness of death in his heart for the crowding passengers within, when one of them pulled the strap about his legs, and summoned him to halt.

Most of the foot passengers kept to the shady side, and to the unaccustomed eyes of the strangers they were not less in number than at any other time, though there were fewer women among them. Indomitably resolute of soul, they held their course with the swift pace of custom, and only here and there they showed the effect of the heat.

One man, collarless, with waistcoat unbuttoned, and hat set far back from his forehead, waved a fan before his death-white, flabby face, and set down one foot after the other with the heaviness of a somnambulist. Another, as they passed him, was saying huskily to the friend at his side, "I can't stand this much longer. My hands tingle as if they had gone to sleep; my heart—" But still the multitude hurried on, passing, repassing, encountering, evading, vanishing into shop doors, and emerging from them, dispersing down the side streets, and swarming out of them.

It was a scene that possessed the beholder with singular fascination, and in its effect of universal lunacy, it might well have seemed the last phase of a world presently to be destroyed. They who were in it, but not of it, as they fancied—though there was no reason for this—looked on it amazed, and at last their own errands being accomplished, and themselves so far cured of the madness of purpose, they cried with one voice that it was a hideous sight, and strove to take refuge from it in the nearest place where the soda fountain sparkled.

It was a vain desire. At the front door of the apothecary's hung a thermometer, and as they entered they heard the next comer cry out with a maniacal pride in the affliction laid upon mankind, "Ninety-seven degrees!" Behind them, at the door, there poured in a ceaseless stream of people, each pausing at the shrine of heat, before he tossed off the hissing draught that two pale, close-clipped boys served them from either side of the fountain. Then, in the order of their coming, they issued through another door upon the side street, each, as he disappeared, turning his face half round, and casting a casual glance upon a little group near another counter.

The group was of a very patient, half-frightened, half-puzzled looking gentleman who sat perfectly still on a stool, and of a lady who stood beside him, rubbing all over his head a handkerchief full of pounded ice, and easing one hand with the other when the first became tired. Basil drank his soda, and paused to look upon this group, which he felt would commend itself to realistic sculpture as eminently characteristic of the local life, and, as "The Sunstroke," would sell enormously in the hot season.

"Better take a little more of that," the apothecary said, looking up from his prescription, and, as the organized sympathy of the seemingly indifferent crowd, smiling very kindly at his patient, who thereupon tasted something in the glass he held.

"Do you still feel like fainting?" asked the humane authority. "Slightly, now and then," answered the other, "but I'm hanging on hard to the bottom curve of that iced S on your soda fountain, and I feel that I'm all right as long as I can see that. The people get rather hazy occasionally, and have no features to speak of. But I don't know that I look very impressive myself," he added in the jesting mood which seems the natural condition of Americans in the face of an embarrassment.

"Oh, you'll do!" the apothecary answered, with a laugh; but he said, in an answer to an anxious question from the lady, "He mustn't be moved for an hour yet," and gayly pestled away at a prescription, while she resumed her office of grinding the pounded ice round and round upon her husband's skull. Isabel offered her the commiseration of friendly words, and of looks kinder yet, and then, seeing that they could do nothing, she and Basil fell into the endless procession, and passed out of the side door.

"What a shocking thing," she whispered. "Did you see how all the people looked, one after another, so indifferently at that couple, and evidently forgot them the next instant? It was dreadful. I shouldn't like to have you sun-struck in New York."

"That's very considerate of you; but place for place, if any accident must happen to me among strangers, I think I should prefer to have it in New York. The biggest place is always the kindest as well as the cruelest place. Amongst the thousands of spectators the good Samaritan as well as the Levite would be sure to be. As for a sunstroke, it requires peculiar gifts. But if you compel me to a choice in the matter, then I say give me the busiest part of Broadway for a sunstroke. There is such experience of calamity there that you could hardly fall the first victim to any misfortune."

【中文阅读】

他们下了车，随即踏上了通往百老汇的路，街道两旁林立着许多批发商行，就像诸多通往百老汇的商业街一样热闹繁忙。一路上到处都是卡车和马车，装货的、卸货的，没一刻消停；头顶上的滑车或起或降，大包的货物和箱子在眼前上上下下；人行道上简直无处落脚，形状各异、尺寸不一的包装袋在行走的空间建起了一座迷宫；周遭并未出现热火朝天的忙碌景象，也看不出来要搬运的货物有多沉重，除了那些工人们——那些无助的傀儡散发的汗臭露出了些许蛛丝马迹。

现在是下午四点，正是酷热难当的夏日里最让人打不起精神的时候。沉闷的空气里弥漫着无望与沮丧的味道，就像有一双低空盘旋着的巨大羽翼，一切都像是笼罩在其阴郁昏暗中。街道的半边躲在阴影里，另一边暴露在日头底下；只是那阳光显得无精打采，仿佛比它更为强大的闷热正卷裹着重重倦怠，削弱了它应有的锋芒。几许微弱、

闷热的风懒洋洋地吹过位于十字路口的大道。举目远眺，旅人可以看到屋顶与尖塔影影绰绰的轮廓，他们凭借着高挑的身姿终于在一片死气沉沉的青灰色中突围而出，而远处正沿着大道来来往往的则是推推搡搡的苦恼人生。

所有带着轮子的交通工具都蜂拥而至，滚动的车轮，摇晃的车身，在这浮华俗艳的舞台格外显眼，车夫坐在一顶白色遮阳伞下驾驭着上下晃动的马匹，每当有人拽了拽他腿上的皮带，让他靠边停车时，他脸上就会挂上气凶凶的凶狠表情，仿佛身后满车厢乘客的不满和怨恨全部装进了他一个人心里。

大多数行人贴着阴凉一侧行走，在外乡人眼里，路上的行人不会比其他时候少，尽管女性的比例确实少些。他们一个个面不改色，和往常一样步履匆匆，坚定不移地朝着既定方向走去，而酷热之于他们的影响只是偶尔才露一下峥嵘。

一个穿着无领衬衫的男人，敞着马甲的前襟，头上的帽子几乎扣在了后脑勺上，他拿着扇子，对着自己惨白的脸一个劲儿地猛扇，每一步都踩得像在梦游一般沉重呆滞。当他们经过另一个人时，听到他哑着一把嗓子对边上的朋友说：“我可再也受不了了。我的手像是麻掉一样一阵阵刺痛；我的心——”然而，仍有那么多人行色匆匆，此处他们萍水相逢，彼处复又擦肩而过，他们或是迎面而上，或是远远避开，一会儿闪进店门，一会儿从那儿钻出来，这一刻转入小巷四处流散，下一刻又从不同的巷口蜂拥而出。

面对眼前的一幕，旁观者无比迷惑，这种奇景乱象比比皆是，让人萌生错觉，仿佛末世转瞬即至。那些置身于其中的人，却恍然以为他们身在别处——尽管对于这种感觉他们也无从解释——无比惊叹地看着这一切，等到他们办完了手头的差事，疯狂的意念就此断根，他们都会异口同声地喊道此番景象实在恐怖，然后忙不迭地奋力奔向最近一处有冷饮柜台的地方避热消暑。

只是这一愿望也注定落空。药房的前门处挂着一支温度计，当他们进门的时候听到后面有人大喊一声，“九十七度！”声音里含着一股洋洋得意，仿佛这让人间受了大罪的酷暑逼疯了那声音的主人。在他们身后，人们源源不断地涌了进来，每一个都会在这一小块避暑胜地——冷饮柜台前驻足停留，由两个分立左右，面色苍白，尚未长出胡须的男孩招呼着，接过冰镇饮料一饮而尽。而后，他们按照进门的顺序，一个接一个从设在巷口的边门走出去，就在他们马上要走出视野的时候，每个人都会微微转过脸，向另一个柜台附近的两人投去漫不经心的一瞥。

其中的一个正是患病的绅士，他看上去半是惊惶，半是困惑，分外安静地端坐在长凳上，另一位女士站在他身边，正用包着碎冰块的手帕来回擦拭他的脑袋，若一只手举酸了，另一只手接上手帕继续擦。巴兹尔喝了口汽水，凝神打量着他们，心想这道当地民生特有的风景线应该被刻成雕塑，取名为“中暑”，在这酷热难当的暑天一定大卖。

“最好再多喝些这个。”药剂师从处方笺上抬起头，然后像是代表周围无动于衷的人群致以同情一样，朝着病人格外友善地微笑着，病人随即端起了手中的杯子，尝了尝杯中的药水。

“现在还头晕吗？”这位仁心仁术的权威问。“稍微有点，偶尔还是觉得晕，”病人答道，“不过我拼命盯着冷饮柜台上那个S形冰柱的弧形底部看，只要我能看见那个，就不觉得那么难受了。看人的时候偶尔会觉得对方面目模糊，具体五官长成啥样就更无从说起了。话说回来，在别人眼里，我也好不到哪儿去。”美国人遭遇尴尬时一般都会说上两句俏皮话，他也自然而然地来了句自嘲。

“才不是呢，你让人过目不忘！”药剂师大笑着说；不过当那位女士忧心忡忡地询问病情时，他的回答变成了“一个小时内别挪动他”，说完便按着配方欢天喜地开始杵捣，女士则重新用碎冰块来回擦拭她

丈夫的脑袋。伊莎贝尔友善地搭讪了两句聊表关心，脸上的神情越发和气，不过见自己也帮不上什么忙，于是汇入人流，从边门离开了药房。

“太可怕了，”她讷讷地说。“你有没有注意到人们脸上的表情，一个接一个，眼瞅着那对夫妻，全是一副事不关己的模样，难道他们就一点也不担心下一个倒下的就是自己？太没有人情味了。我可不会让你在纽约中暑的。”

“你想的可真周到；不过设身处地想一下，如果注定要让我置身于一群陌生人中遭遇什么不测的话，那我宁可发生在纽约。大城市里有最善良的一面，同时也会有最无情的一面。在成千上万的旁观者中总会有乐善好施的撒玛利亚人，当然也少不了铁石心肠的利未人。至于中暑嘛，那也不是随随便便什么人都有机会中暑的。不过如果你硬是要让我在这件事上作选择的话，那我希望在百老汇最繁华热闹的地段倒下。就灾祸这件事而言，有这么一条经验之谈，不幸不会第一个降临到你头上。”

LESSON 81

DISCONTENT.—AN ALLEGORY

人心不足——一则寓言

Joseph Addison, 1672-1719, the brilliant essayist and poet, has long occupied an exalted place in English literature. He was the son of an English clergyman, was born in Wiltshire, and educated at Oxford; he died at "Holland House" (the property of his wife, to whom he had been married but about two years), and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Several years of his life were spent in the political affairs of his time, he held several public offices, and was, for ten years, a member of Parliament. His fame as an author rests chiefly upon his "Hymns," his tragedy of "Cato," and his "Essays" contributed principally to the "Tatler" and the "Spectator." The excellent style of his essays, their genial wit and sprightly humor, made them conspicuous in an age when coarseness, bitterness, and exaggeration deformed the writings of the most eminent: and these characteristics have given them an unquestioned place among the classics of our language.

Mr. Addison was shy and diffident, but genial and lovable; his moral character was above reproach, excepting that he is said to have been too fond of wine.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther, and supposes that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbowchair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see

my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy loaden as they came.

I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries.

There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One

little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people. This was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that everyone would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaden with his crimes, but upon searching into his bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in,

every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

As we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burthens and grievances. As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that everyone was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to everyone his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public.

A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had liked to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came toward him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done. On the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of a fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burthens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give everyone his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evil which fell to his lot.

Beside the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

【中文阅读】

苏格拉底有句名言：若是将人间所有的苦难聚拢在一起，而后重新平摊到每个人身上，那么那些原本认为自己是至苦至难的人，必定会甘愿拿回原先属于他们的那一份。贺拉斯将这一说法进一步地发扬光大，他认为同样的苦难与不幸，若是换成其他任何人，也许就不会像我们那样应付得相对容易些。

我坐在扶手椅上苦苦思索着这两句话，不知不觉竟然昏昏欲睡了；突然，我的耳畔响起了朱庇特的断言，他说每个在这世上走一遭的人注定会带来困苦与灾难，这些困苦与灾难不断地聚少成多。为此有一大片平地来放置这些痛楚。我就在这片平地的中心，饶有兴味地看着人们从面前川流不息地走过，一个个卸下苦难的重负，这些重负转眼间变成了拔地而起的高山，几乎直抵云端。

队伍中有一位女士在整场庄严的仪式中显得格外活跃，她身材瘦削，身形若真若幻，一手执着一个巨大的杯子，身上宽松长袍如同一池湖水般泛起层层涟漪，衣袍上面绣满了魑魅魍魉，风卷衣衫，那些奇形怪状的神灵鬼怪几乎随时呼之欲出。她脸上的神情带着些许狂乱不羁。她叫错觉。她领着每个人来到指定的地点，殷勤地帮助他们一一打包，将那些包裹安放在他们的肩膀上。我看着我的同类在各自的重负之下呻吟喘息，思考着眼前不断堆积、变得无比庞大的人类苦难，我的心为之伤痛。

然后，有几个人的出现分散了我的注意力。我看到其中一个带着一个大包裹，一件陈旧的绣花斗篷把包裹遮盖得严严实实，就在他把包裹扔进重负山的刹那，我看出里头藏着的是贫穷。还有一个人，身上的重担把他压得直喘粗气，趁他扔下重负的时候，我细细打量，发现里头竟然是他的妻子。

数不胜数的恋人身上背负的东西让人觉得不可思议，里头装着穿心的利剑、炙热的烈焰；可奇怪的是，虽然这重重苦难压得他们几乎喘不过气来，可当他们走近重负山时，仍旧无法说服自己把肩上的东

西丢弃；然而，经过几次徒劳的欲弃还留后，他们还是摇着头狠下心，只是离开的时候他们虽然已是两肩空空，但看上去似乎和来时路上一样不堪重负。

我看见无数的女人将自己的皱纹丢弃，还有几个年轻人生生地剥去了自己黄褐色的皮肤。重负山上有着数不清的酒糟鼻、香肠嘴和黄斑牙。我惊诧地发现这里最为可观的部分，竟是由人类肉身的各种缺陷堆积而成。有人驮着大的异乎寻常的行李走过来，等到他来到跟前，我发现那就是个天生的驼背，他把这个负累扔进苦难山的时候显得如释重负，轻松愉快。

好像还有各种各样的疾病被扔在那里，虽然我发现想象出来的疾病远远超过肉身真正罹患的。但是最让我意想不到的是整座重负山上竟然没有一项恶习或荒唐行径：我之所以无比震惊，是因为原先我理所当然地以为大家都会借此良机摒弃他们的狂热、偏见和品德上的瑕疵。

所有的凡人将他们的重负一一丢弃后，那位一直忙前忙后的女巫看见只有我一个人站在边上无所事事，袖手旁观，便朝我走过来。我有些局促不安，当女巫手中那硕大无比的杯子突然挡在我面前时，我立马在里面看到自己的脸，一张短得让我惊诧万分的脸，这会儿在杯子的映照下更是难看得无以复加。这副过度横向发展的长相让我闷闷不乐，于是我毫不犹豫地，像扯下面具一样把它扔进了重负山。凑巧的是站在我前面的人也刚好扔掉他那张脸，那是一张长得过分、长得几乎无地自容的脸，我看光是那下巴，据保守估计，怎么着也抵得上我整张脸的长度。这下，我们正好有机会互补长短；这下，所有的舍弃物都能变废为宝，人人可以自由交换，看看他人的不幸可否成为自己的福音。

我们围着重负山，翻看着别人扔掉的东西，在场的芸芸众生无不感叹为什么自己在山中淘到的命中至宝居然会被当成累赘或厌弃之

物，扔之而后快。正在我们忘乎所以地沉浸在这场苦难之荒、灾祸之乱时，耳边响起了朱庇特第二道旨意，现在每个人都可以自行交换他们的不幸，而后带上派发给他们的包裹回到各自的原住地。指令一经下达，错觉女巫又重新忙活起来，她将整座重负山不可思议地拆分成一个个包裹，而后一一指定送到每个人手中。现场混乱忙碌的场景这里就不再赘述。不过我想和大家一起分享一下其中我所观察到的某些片段。

一位灰白头发、德高望重的长者，他因为疝气痛得倒下了，因为急于找一位房产继承人，于是抓住了一个刚被生气的父亲扔掉的不孝之子。可是还不到一刻钟，这个不知好歹的年轻人就原形毕露，他揪住老者的胡子一顿拳打脚踢，狂殴之下老人几乎当场一命呜呼；等遇到年轻人的父亲，老者拉着他叫苦不迭，苦苦央求他带回他的儿子，把疝气还给自己。然而他们两个谁也不可能反悔了。还有一个可怜的海船奴隶，他成功抛下了身上的锁链，换来痛风，不过从他龇牙咧嘴的表情不难看出这场交易他并没有占到多少便宜。

女人们扎成堆，忙着为她们的皮囊讨价还价；有人用一络银发换来一个疔；有人转让了一截短腰换回了一双浑圆的肩膀；只是交易过后几乎所有人都发现换回来的新缺陷比起自己扔掉的沉痾旧疾更让她们不痛快。

而我也无法对发生在自己身上的奇遇视若不见。那个长脸的朋友一换上我的短面孔，立马变得无比可笑，我瞅了他一眼，忍不住对着自己哈哈大笑起来，因为那张怪脸的主人就是我。可怜的对别人的嘲笑尤为敏感，我看得出对于换脸这件事他后悔不迭。而另一方面，我发现自己也好不到哪儿去，因为当我想摸摸自己的额头时，却发现手指头摸错了地方，啪地拍到了上嘴唇。还有我的鼻子也过于外凸，当我想碰碰我的脸，摸摸其他部位时，鼻子因为目标过大不幸白白挨了两三下。

还有两位先生的交易也让他们陷入同样滑稽荒谬的境地。他们彼此交换了一双罗圈腿和一双老长老长的、没有腿肚子的飞毛腿。于是其中一个看上去就像在踩高跷，整个身子被高高地架在半空，看上去远远超过了他的正常身高，慌得他的脑袋左摇右摆来回直晃，另一个走路的时候就像在原地笨拙地打圈，似乎对于如何调动一双新腿完全不知所措。他看上去像是那种成天笑呵呵的乐天派，于是我用我的手杖戳在地上画了一条直线，告诉他我会在线的一端放一瓶酒，然后打赌他一刻钟内不可能沿着直线走上前去拿到那瓶酒。

这一大堆苦难最后在男女之间分配，他们不堪重负、脚步踉跄，放眼望去是一片凄惨的景象。整片大地上到处都是怨声载道的人们，悲叹、哀号之声不绝于耳。最后，朱庇特大发慈悲，下令让他们再次放下身上的重物，重新背负原先的不幸。人们闻言后欢呼雀跃，而那个把他们带入迷途的女巫也被下令就地消失。由另一位女神取而代之，她的形象与她的前任截然不同：她举止镇定沉着，神态端庄却不失开朗。她不时地仰首凝望苍穹，静静注视着天空深处的朱庇特。她的名字叫作坚忍。她一来到重负山，神奇的情景便出现了，整座山峰突然下沉，露出地面的部分不及先前的三分之一。她随即把每个人的不幸发还给他们，而后教会他们如何以最宽广的胸怀忍受苦难，人们心满意足地带着各自的不幸离开了，庆幸自己不必因为天降横祸般的错误选择而受苦终身。

随着最后几个人渐渐走出视野，我参悟到永远不要抱怨自己的不幸，或是嫉妒他人的幸福，因为一个人永远不可能切身体会到旁人身受的折磨；出于同样的理由，我也决定对于他人的怨言永远不要嗤之以鼻，应带着仁慈、悲悯之心看待同类的苦难。

LESSON 82

JUPITER AND TEN

朱庇特和十

James T. Fields, 1817-1881, was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. For many years he was partner in the well-known firm of Ticknor & Fields (Later Fields, Osgood & Co.), the leading publishers of standard American literature. For eight years, he was chief editor of the "Atlantic Monthly;" and, after he left that position, he often enriched its pages by the productions of his pen. During his latter years Mr. Fields gained some reputation as a lecturer. His literary abilities were of no mean order: but he did not do so much in producing literature himself, as in aiding others in its production.

Mrs. Chub was rich and portly,

Mrs. Chub was very grand,

Mrs. Chub was always reckoned

A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion

In a very stately square,—

Mr. C. knows what it cost him,

But that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Chub was so sagacious,

Such a patron of the arts,

And she gave such foreign orders

That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking,

When she went away from home,

Of a most prodigious painting

Which had just arrived from Rome.

"Such a treasure," she insisted,

"One might never see again!"

"What's the subject?" we inquired.

"It is Jupiter and Ten!"

"Ten what?" we blandly asked her

For the knowledge we did lack,

"Ah! that I can not tell you,

But the name is on the back.

"There it stands in printed letters,—

Come to-morrow, gentlemen,—

Come and see our splendid painting,

Our fine Jupiter and Ten!"

When Mrs. Chub departed,

Our brains began to rack,—

She could not be mistaken

For the name was on the back.

So we begged a great Professor

To lay aside his pen,

And give some information

Touching "Jupiter and Ten."

And we pondered well the subject,
And our Lempriere we turned,
To find out who the Ten were;
But we could not, though we burned.

But when we saw the picture,—
O Mrs. Chub! Oh, fie! O!
We perused the printed label,
And 't was JUPITER AND IO!

【中文阅读】

查勃太太体态健硕，家财万贯，
查勃太太出手阔绰，气派非凡，
于是乎大家一直都认为
查勃太太是个地产界的女老板。

你来看看她的府邸有多宏伟，
坐落在庄严非凡的广场——
但是查勃先生知道什么最让他破费，

答案既不是这里，那儿也不对。

查勃太太高瞻远瞩，
艺术画廊她经常光顾，
她爱从海外订购画作，
于是海外的画师们趋之若鹜。

自打离开家门之后，
她一路上都在喋喋不休，
满口都是一幅巨作，
来自罗马刚在这里落户。

她言之凿凿，“好一幅珍品，”
“天下无双，人间难觅！”
我们问，“这画叫什么名字！”
“它就叫作朱庇特和十”。

我们谦恭地问：“十是什么意思？”
因为这方面我们确实一无所知。

“啊！这个我也说不上来，
不过画作背后写着名字。

“名字是一行印刷体——
明天请到舍下来，绅士——
来瞧瞧这幅稀世画作，
可爱的朱庇特和十。”

查勃太太离开后
我们绞尽脑汁——
她一定不会搞错，
因为背后就写着名字。

于是我们去找一位著名的教授，
央求他暂时放下手中的研究，
希望他能提供一些信息
关于那幅《朱庇特和十》。

我们继续冥思苦想，

找来伦普利尔的辞书寻求帮忙，
想看看这个十究竟是何方神圣；
虽然焦头烂额，但始终没有如愿以偿。
等到我们终于看到了画作本尊——
哦，查勃太太！哦，呸！哦！
那枚印刷标签我们终于找到，
上面写着《朱庇特和艾奥 [\(1\)](#)》！

[\(1\)](#) 艾奥，英文：Io，希腊神话中主神宙斯的爱人之一，后被宙斯之妻赫拉施法变成了母牛。

LESSON 83

SCENE FROM "THE POOR GENTLEMAN"

《可怜的绅士》中的一场

George Colman, 1762-1836, was the son of George Colman, a writer of dramas, who in 1777 purchased the "Haymarket Theater," in London. Owing to the illness of the father, Colman the younger assumed the management of the theater in 1785, which post he held for a long time. He was highly distinguished as a dramatic author and wit. "The Poor Gentleman," from which the following selection is adapted, is perhaps the best known of his works.

SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE and HUMPHREY DOBBINS.

Sir R . I'll tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins, there is not a syllable of sense in all you have been saying. But I suppose you will maintain there is.

Hum . Yes.

Sir R . Yes! Is that the way you talk to me, you old boor?

What's my name?

Hum . Robert Bramble.

Sir R . An't I a baronet? Sir Robert Bramble, of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'T is time you should know it, for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet these thirty years: can you deny that?

Hum . Hem!

Sir R . Hem? What do you mean by hem? Open that rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

Hum . Because, if I contradict you, I shall tell you a lie, and whenever I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir R . Humphrey Dobbins. I have been so long endeavoring to beat a few brains into your pate that all your hair has tumbled off before my point is carried.

Hum . What then? Our parson says my head is an emblem of both our honors.

Sir R . Ay; because honors, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Hum . No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on the other.

Sir R . Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest as a

—pshaw! the parson means to palaver us; but, to return to my position, I tell you I don't like your flat contradiction.

Hum . Yes, you do.

Sir R . I tell you I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments. I hate their flummery.

Hum . What do you call flummery?

Sir R . Flattery, blockhead! a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Hum . I never serve it up to you.

Sir R . No, you give me a dish of a different description.

Hum . Hem! what is it?

Sir R . Sauerkraut, you old crab

Hum . I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

Sir R . And yet I could never teach you a syllogism. Now mind, when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him: now I am rich, and hate flattery. Ergo—when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Hum . That's wrong.

Sir R . Very well; negatur; now prove it.

Hum . Put the case then, I am a poor man.

Sir R . You an't, you scoundrel. You know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

Hum . Bless you!

Sir R . Pshaw! Proceed.

Hum . Well, then, I am a poor—I must be a poor man now, or I never shall get on.

Sir R . Well, get on, be a poor man.

Hum . I am a poor man, and I argue with you, and convince you, you are wrong; then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion: now, that's no flattery.

Sir R . Why, no; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to the conversation, and so I hate him for that. But where's my nephew Frederic?

Hum . Been out these two hours.

Sir R . An undutiful cub! Only arrived from Russia last night, and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he's scampering over the fields like a Calmuck Tartar.

Hum . He's a fine fellow.

Sir R . He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he is a little like me, Humphrey?

Hum . No, not a bit; you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

Sir R . Now that's plaguy impudent, but there's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit—Humphrey, you remember my brother Job?

Hum . Yes, you drove him to Russia five and twenty years ago.

Sir R . I did not drive him.

Hum . Yes, you did. You would never let him be at peace in the way of argument.

Sir R . At peace! Zounds, he would never go to war.

Hum . He had the merit to be calm.

Sir R . So has a duck pond. He was a bit of still life; a chip; weak water gruel; a tame rabbit, boiled to rags, without sauce or salt. He received my arguments with his mouth open, like a poorbox gaping for half-pence, and, good or bad, he swallowed them all without any resistance. We couldn't disagree, and so we parted.

Hum . And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

Sir R . A quiet life! Why, he married the moment he got there, tacked himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant, and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, potashes, tallow, linen, and leather; what's the consequence? Thirteen months ago he broke.

Hum . Poor soul, his wife should have followed the business for him. Sir R. I fancy she did follow it, for she died just as he broke, and now this madcap, Frederic, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job, now he is in distress, I must not neglect his son.

Hum . Here comes his son; that's Mr. Frederic.

Enter FREDERIC.

Fred . Oh, my dear uncle, good morning! Your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir R . Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

Fred . So you did, but I entirely forgot it.

Sir R . And pray, what made you forget it?

Fred . The sun.

Sir R . The sun! he's mad; you mean the moon, I believe.

Fred . Oh, my dear uncle, you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright, trees budding, birds singing, the park was so gay that I took a leap out of your old balcony, made your deer fly before me like the wind, and chased them all around the park to get an appetite for breakfast, while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

Sir R . Oh, oh! So the effect of English sunshine upon a Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer.

Fred . I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir R . You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fred . I hate legacies.

Sir R . Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens, at least.

Fred . Very melancholy tokens, uncle; they are the posthumous dispatches Affection sends to Gratitude, to inform us we have lost a gracious friend.

Sir R . How charmingly the dog argues!

Fred . But I own my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman.

Sir R . Now who had the familiar impudence to tell you that? Fred. Old rusty, there.

Sir R . Why Humphrey, you didn't?

Hum . Yes, but I did though.

Fred . Yes, he did, and on that score I shall be anxious to show you obedience, for 't is as meritorious to attempt sharing a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

Sir R . (*Shaking him by the hand.*) Jump out of every window I

have in my house; hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow! Ay, that's right. This is spunk, and plain speaking. Give me a man who is always flinging his dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth.

Fred . I disagree with you there, uncle.

Hum . And so do I.

Fred . You! you forward puppy! If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

Sir R . I'll knock you down, if you do. I won't have my servants thumped into dumb flattery.

Hum . Come, you are ruffled. Let us go to the business of the morning.

Sir R . I hate the business of the morning. Don't you see we are engaged in discussion. I tell you, I hate the business of the morning.

Hum . No you don't.

Sir R . Don't I? Why not?

Hum . Because 't is charity.

Sir R . Pshaw! Well, we must not neglect the business, if there be any distress in the parish. Read the list, Humphrey.

Hum. (*Taking out a paper and reading.*) "Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put in prison for debt."

Sir R . Why, it was only last week that Gripe, the attorney, recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Hum . Yes, and charged a hundred for his trouble; so seized the cottages for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan into jail for the remainder.

Sir R . A harpy! I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fred . And I must kick his attorney.

Hum. (Reading.) "The curate's horse is dead."

Sir R . Pshaw! There's no distress in that.

Hum . Yes, there is, to a man that must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach three sermons, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir R . Why won't the vicar give him another nag?

Hum . Because 't is cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

Sir R . Well, send him the black pad which I purchased last Tuesday, and tell him to work him as long as he lives. What else have we upon the list?

Hum . Something out of the common; there's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer and a widower, come to lodge at Farmer Harrowby's, in the village; he is, it seems, very poor, and more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Sir R . And so he sends to me for assistance? *Hum.* He'd see you hanged first! No, he'd sooner die than ask you or any man for a

shilling! There's his daughter, and his wife's aunt, and an old corporal that served in the wars with him, he keeps them all upon his half pay.

Sir R . Starves them all, I'm afraid, Humphrey.

Fred. (Going.) Good morning, uncle.

Sir R . You rogue, where are you running now?

Fred . To talk with Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir R . And what may you be going to say to him?

Fred . I can't tell till I encounter him; and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who has been disabled in his country's service, and is struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honorable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments.

Sir R . Stop, you rogue; I must be before you in this business.

Fred . That depends on who can run the fastest; so, start fair, uncle, and here goes.—(*Runs out.*)

Sir R . Stop, stop; why, Frederic—a jackanapes—to take my department out of my hands! I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance.

Hum . No, you won't.

Sir R . Won't I? Hang me if I—but we'll argue that point as we go. So, come along Humphrey.

【中文阅读】

罗伯特·勃兰堡爵士和汉弗莱·道宾斯

罗伯特爵士 知道我要对你说什么吧，你刚才所说的从头到尾都毫无意义。不过我想你肯定还以为自己很有道理呢。

汉弗莱 没错。

罗伯特爵士 没错！你敢这么跟我说话，你这个老家伙？知道我是谁吗？

汉弗莱 罗伯特·勃兰堡。

罗伯特爵士 知不知道我是准男爵？肯特郡布莱克贝利城堡的罗伯特·勃兰堡准男爵！这不用我提醒你吧，你这个蠢东西在我身边笨手笨脚地伺候了三十年；这一点你不会否认吧？

汉弗莱 哼！

罗伯特爵士 哼？你哼什么哼？给我撬开你这张笨嘴，让我听听你那难以入耳的声音。为什么不回答我的问题？

汉弗莱 如果我说不是，那无疑是在撒谎，可如果我说是，你肯定会暴跳如雷。

罗伯特爵士 汉弗莱·道宾斯。一直以来我都想往你榆木脑袋里塞些脑仁，省得我担心哪天我话还没说明白，你就把自己拽成了个秃瓢。

汉弗莱 那又怎样？咱们教区的牧师说了，我的脑袋可代表了咱们两个人的体面。

罗伯特爵士 唉，因为要真像你的脑袋，体面也就啥也不是了。

汉弗莱 不对；但要是一个仆人敢公然跟他主子叫板，这一来好像可以说明仆人老实，二来也可以看得出主人看重这份老实。

罗伯特爵士 啊哟，老汉弗莱，你老实？我呸！牧师不过是顺嘴奉承两句；你可别忘了自己姓甚名谁，老实告诉你，我可不喜欢你这种站不住脚的强词夺理。

汉弗莱 你喜欢的。

罗伯特爵士 告诉你我不喜欢。我只喜欢听别人把道理辩个一清二楚。我讨厌毫无诚意的溜须拍马。

汉弗莱 溜须拍马是啥意思？

罗伯特爵士 就是拍马屁，你这个笨蛋！就像是蠢笨的穷人巴结没脑子富人的惯用伎俩，老是这道菜，吃都吃腻了。

汉弗莱 我可从没给您上过这道菜。

罗伯特爵士 那倒是，你端上来的菜跟他们可不一样。

汉弗莱 哼！什么菜？

罗伯特爵士 泡菜，你这个老东西。

汉弗莱 这些年每次争吵咱两总是互不相让。

罗伯特爵士 我还没教你三段论。现在听好了，如果一个穷人总是同意一个富人说的话，我就会怀疑他是想恭维他：现在我是个富人，讨厌恭维。因此——当一个穷人赞同我的观点，我就会感到无比厌恶。

汉弗莱 这话不对。

罗伯特爵士 很好；说我不对；那你来证明看看为什么不对。

汉弗莱 就拿这事来说吧，我是个穷光蛋。

罗伯特爵士 你才不是呢，你这混蛋。你清楚只要我有一个先令，就不会让你挨饿受冻。

汉弗莱 上帝保佑！

罗伯特爵士 啐！继续说。

汉弗莱 那好，我很穷——现在你必须承认我是个穷光蛋，要不我没法往下说。

罗伯特爵士 好吧，继续，就算你是个穷光蛋。

汉弗莱 我是穷人，我在跟您争论，想要说服您相信，刚才您说错了；然后你就管自己叫笨蛋，我同意你的说法，这就不叫拍马奉承。

罗伯特爵士 哎哟，的确不算。但是如果有人赞同我的观点，那辩论就走到了头，他让我们的对话无以为继了，我可不喜欢这样。对了，我侄子弗雷德里克去哪儿了？

汉弗莱 都出去两钟头了。

罗伯特爵士 这个目无尊长的家伙！昨晚才从俄罗斯回来，我明明让他呆在家里等我起来的，可他倒好，像个卡尔马克鞑靼人一样到处乱跑。

汉弗莱 这个小伙子人不错。

罗伯特爵士 他也算是和我们家族沾亲带故。汉弗莱，难道你不认为他眉宇之间和我有几分相似吗？

汉弗莱 一点都不像；您是我见过的最难看的老头。

罗伯特爵士 越说越放肆了，不过这话里头倒是没丁点阿谀奉承，这样咱俩才能继续针锋相对。他父亲，也就是我的兄弟约伯，那个胆小鬼——汉弗莱，你记得吗？

汉弗莱 记得，就是二十五年前被你发配到俄罗斯的那个。

罗伯特爵士 我可没有发配他。

汉弗莱 你就是。你们两个每次争吵，你都会拖住他不让他休战。

罗伯特爵士 休战！咄，他压根就不会参战。

汉弗莱 安静平和是他的优点。

罗伯特爵士 鸭塘也很安静。他终日死气沉沉；这没用的东西；就像一碗撩不起米粒的稀粥；一只生前胆小、死后被煮得稀烂的兔子，没有撒盐，不蘸酱汁，淡不啦叽，毫无滋味。一跟他争辩，他就张着他那张嘴，好像一个巴巴等着一钱半文施舍的济贫捐助箱，无论好坏，他都逆来顺受地全部咽下。我俩永远不可能意见不合，所以就分道扬镳了。

汉弗莱 于是可怜温顺的先生就去了俄罗斯，总算可以开始平静地生活了。

罗伯特爵士 平静的生活！哎哟，在俄罗斯一落脚他就结了婚，娶了当地刁滑的商人寡妇为妻，这两口子接二连三地投

机倒把，皮毛、亚麻、钾盐、油脂、麻布、皮革；结果呢？十三个月前，他破产了。

汉弗莱 可怜的人，他妻子应该和他共患难的。

罗伯特爵士 我想她的确那么做了，因为他刚破产，她就一命呜呼了，现在，这个鲁莽冲动的弗雷德里克跑来投奔我。可怜的约伯，眼下他正处境艰难，他的儿子我要是能帮衬一把，我自然不会推脱的。

汉弗莱 说来就来，那可不就是弗雷德里克。

弗雷德里克 上场。

弗雷德里克 哦，我亲爱的叔叔，早上好！您家的花园可真是美不胜收啊。

罗伯特爵士 谁让你在花园里疯跑来看？我嘱咐过让你呆在屋里等我起床的。

弗雷德里克 您是说过，可我给忘了。

罗伯特爵士 那恳求你告诉我，是什么让你把我的嘱咐抛之脑后的？

弗雷德里克 太阳。

罗伯特爵士 太阳！这孩子不是疯了吧；我想你指的是月亮吧。

弗雷德里克 哦，我亲爱的叔叔，您可体会不了一个美好的春日早晨对一个刚从俄罗斯回来的人来说意味着什么。天色如此明朗，树木吐露新芽，鸟儿齐声欢唱，花园里举目皆是欣欣向荣的好风光，所以我就翻身一跃，跳出了老旧的阳台，惊得你家的梅花鹿一阵风似地逃开

了，叔叔，当你躺在床上打鼾的时候，我正在鹿群后面疯狂追，好让自己胃口大开，美美地吃上一顿早餐。

罗伯特爵士 哦，我的老天！英国的阳光对俄国人竟有如此大的吸引力，能让他跳出阳台，惊扰我的梅花鹿。

弗雷德里克 我得说它的影响力对我而言就是这般巨大。

罗伯特爵士 除非你认为阳光会给你留下一大笔遗产，要不你最好还是想想你富有的老叔叔的影响力吧。

弗雷德里克 我讨厌遗产。

罗伯特爵士 先生，你这言论可真是闻所未闻。至少，遗产是实打实的财富的象征。

弗雷德里克 是悲伤的象征，叔叔；遗产像是死后寄出的邮件，发信人是爱，收件人是感谢，宣告着我们失去了一位至亲的朋友。

罗伯特爵士 听听这孩子的话说得多漂亮啊！

弗雷德里克 不过今天早晨我的确有些随心所欲了。日后我会更听您的话；他们都说您非常受人敬仰，是一位正直的老绅士。

罗伯特爵士 是哪个竟然敢这么放肆，告诉你这些的？

弗雷德里克 那个倔老头呗。

罗伯特爵士 哦汉弗莱，不会是你这么口无遮拦吧？

汉弗莱 嗯，就是我。

弗雷德里克 是的，正是他说的，就是因为他这么说了我才急于向您表白对您的恭顺之心，因为就像试图拥有一个好人的善心是一件应该获得嘉许的事一样，觊觎一位富人的钱财就是一种无比卑劣的行径。一颗高贵的心灵会无比热忱地向广阔的胸襟看齐，叔叔；而卑鄙的念头只会对牢别人的口袋大献殷勤。

罗伯特爵士 （摇着弗雷德里克的手） 你可以从我家任何一扇窗户跳出去；把我家的梅花鹿追得口吐白沫也没关系，我的好孩子！呀，说得不错。有什么说什么，勇气可嘉。我身边就想要一个我说东他偏指西的家伙。

弗雷德里克 您这么说，我可承受不起。

汉弗莱 我也这么觉得。

弗雷德里克 你！你这个胆大包天的奴才！要不是看在你一把年纪的份上，我一定把你揍得满地找牙。

罗伯特爵士 你要是敢这么做，我先把您给揍趴下喽。我可不会眼睁睁地看着我的仆人被人用拳头调教成一个只会阿谀奉承的蠢奴才。

汉弗莱 瞧，您都生气了。上午还有事儿没处理完呢。

罗伯特爵士 我讨厌这些破事。没见我们正一门心思地在争论嘛。告诉你，我讨厌上午那些破事。

汉弗莱 您才不会呢。

罗伯特爵士 不会？为什么这么说？

汉弗莱 因为是有关慈善的。

罗伯特爵士 啐！好吧，若是咱们教区真有人生活在疾苦之中，这个事我们倒是当真不能不管不顾的。读一下名单，汉弗莱。

汉弗莱 （取出一张纸，开始念。）“淤泥草地的乔纳森·哈金森，因为欠债被关进了监狱。”

罗伯特爵士 老天，就在上个礼拜，格里普律师不是才帮他依法要回了两间价值六十镑的小屋吗？

汉弗莱 没错，但律师管他要一百镑律师费；于是他的小屋被没收抵债，剩下的部分他拿不出钱，所以被关进了监狱。

罗伯特爵士 那律师想钱想疯了吧！我一定要把可怜的家伙给搭救出来。

弗雷德里克 我一定要踹上他一脚。

汉弗莱 （念）“助理牧师的马死了。”

罗伯特爵士 啐！这算哪门子困难疾苦。

汉弗莱 当然算了，对一位年收入三十英镑、每个礼拜天都要赶二十里地去做3场布道的人来说，马死了可算不得小事。

罗伯特爵士 那牧师为什么不另给他找匹马？

汉弗莱 因为换人比换马便宜。

罗伯特爵士 好吧，就把我上礼拜三买的那匹黑蹄马给他，告诉他这马有生之年都归他使用了。名单上还有谁？

汉弗莱 这个有点不同寻常。有个叫沃辛顿的上尉，是个死了老婆的残疾军官，暂时住在村里的哈罗比农夫家。他好像很穷，但穷得很有骨气，而且非常诚实。

罗伯特爵士 所以他就来向我求助？

汉弗莱 那他宁可上吊。不，他到死都不会问你或其他任何人伸手要一个先令的！他有一个女儿、他老婆的阿姨、还有一个打仗时一直追随他的下士要养活，这得花费他一半的抚恤金。

罗伯特爵士 汉弗莱，恐怕他们都得饿死。

弗雷德里克 （离场）再见，叔叔。

罗伯特爵士 你这个调皮鬼，又要上哪儿去？

弗雷德里克 去和沃辛顿上尉聊聊。

罗伯特爵士 你准备和他聊什么？

弗雷德里克 那要等见到他才知道；还有，叔叔，一个人为国参战落下残疾，现在安于清贫，全靠一己之力供养一个失去母亲的孩子，一个一贫如洗的亲眷，还有一个忠心耿耿的随从，要是我身边有这样一位上了年纪的先生，我肯定会迫不及待地跑去向他表达敬意的。

罗伯特爵士 住口，你这黄毛小子；这事要做也是我来做。

弗雷德里克 那就得看谁跑得快了；现在起跑，谁都别赖皮，叔叔，我们开始。（跑开了。）

罗伯特爵士 停下，停下；哎哟，弗雷德里克——你这个猴子投胎的家伙——我还没死呢就这么无法无天！我的遗产他

肯定没份。

汉弗莱 您不会那么做的。

罗伯特爵士 我不会？等着瞧吧——不过关于这点我们边走边说说清楚。来吧，汉弗莱，现在就动身。

LESSON 84

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

母亲的画像

William Cowper, 1731-1800, was the son of an English clergyman; both his parents were descended from noble families. He was always of a gentle, timid disposition; and the roughness of his schoolfellows increased his weakness in this respect. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced his profession. When he was about thirty years of age, he was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Lords, but could not summon courage to enter upon the discharge of its duties. He was so disturbed by this affair that he became insane, sought to destroy himself, and had to be consigned to a private asylum. Soon after his recovery, he found a congenial home in the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin. On the death of this gentleman, a few years later, he continued to reside with his widow till her death, a short time before that of Cowper. Most of this time their home was at Olney. His first writings were published in 1782. He wrote several beautiful hymns, "The Task," and some minor poems. These, with his translations of Homer and his correspondence, make up his published works. His life was always pure and gentle; he took great pleasure in

simple, natural objects, and in playing with animals. His insanity returned from time to time, and darkened his life at its close. When six years of age, he lost his mother; and the following selection is part of a touching tribute to her memory, written many years later.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed

With me but roughly since I heard them last.

My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,

Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?

Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.

Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes!

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;

I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;

And, turning from my nursery window, drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!

But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished, I long believed;
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation, every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow, even when a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—

The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell! Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.

By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

【中文阅读】

那嘴唇曾在我耳边轻言软语！自从它消失后
人生道路变得坎坷崎岖。

我的母亲，当我得知你已离我而去
你可知道你的孩子泪落如雨？

你的魂魄徘徊在头顶，看着伤心的我不舍离去，

我哭闹不休：你真的要走，在我的人生刚开始的时候？

或许你轻轻落下一个吻，虽然我已无法体会，

或许你轻轻垂落一滴泪，如果天国的灵魂也会伤悲。

啊，你的微笑充满慈悲！它静静地回答——身不由己，宝贝！

葬礼那天，我听见丧钟沉沉响起；

我看见载着你的灵车慢慢远离；

从保育室的窗口我背过身去

长长地叹息，声声哀号就是最后道别的话语！

难道这一别竟是永别？是的，因为你要去的地方

让所有的再见都变得不复相见。

但愿有一天我能在那静谧的彼岸与你团聚，

只有那时，离别的话语再也不会逗留唇际。

我的处境让侍女们肝肠寸断，

她们总是安慰我你去去就还；

我深信不疑，我虔诚期盼；

然而，今日哄骗，明日欺瞒；

即便是孩子也开始明白，
所谓的希望终将被失望掩埋。
一个个伤心的明天去了又来，
直到耗尽了童年所有的悲哀，
最后我只好向命运低头，不再等待；
虽然哀伤不再刺痛，但我从来不曾忘怀。

主教的后裔或是君主的子孙
都不会成为我炫耀的资本；
然而内心的骄傲，它不断地升腾——
因为天堂里安息着我父母的灵魂。
现在，要说永别了！岁月无情，
总是有去无回，然而我的期盼已在心底永存。

凝望你的相片，我终于找到了方向，
恍惚回到了从前，无忧无虑的童年；
重新温习那曾经属于我的短暂欢悦，
我会承欢膝下，不再调皮捣蛋；
幻想为我安上翅膀，在回忆里恣意翱翔，

我看到了你，音容依旧，宛若当年，

岁月是个小偷，可他只得逞了一半——

虽然把你带走，却将抚慰我心的力量永留身畔。

LESSON 85

DEATH OF SAMSON

参孙之死

John Milton, 1608-1674, was born in London—eight years before the greatest English poet, Shakespeare, died. His father followed the profession of a scrivener, in which he acquired a competence. As a boy, Milton was exceedingly studious, continuing his studies till midnight. He graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where his singular beauty, his slight figure, and his fastidious morality caused his companions to nickname him "the lady of Christ's." On leaving college he spent five years more in study, and produced his lighter poems. He then traveled on the continent, returning about the time the civil war broke out. For a time he taught a private school, but soon threw himself with all the power of his able and tried pen into the political struggle. He was the champion of Parliament and of Cromwell for about twenty years. On the accession of Charles II., he concealed himself for a time, but was soon allowed to live quietly in London. His eyesight had totally failed in 1654; but now, in blindness, age, family affliction, and comparative poverty, he produced his great work "Paradise Lost." In 1667 he sold the poem for 5 Pounds in

cash, with a promise of 10 Pounds more on certain contingencies; the sum total received by himself and family for the immortal poem, was 23 Pounds. Later, he produced "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," from the latter of which the following extract is taken. Milton is a wonderful example of a man, who, by the greatness of his own mind, triumphed over trials, afflictions, hardships, and the evil influence of bitter political controversy.

Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street: little I had dispatched,
When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrowed at his captive state,
But minded not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theater
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,

With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,

In their state livery clad: before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went arme'd guards;
Both horse and foot before him and behind,
Archers and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,

Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be essayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
As overtired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arche'd roof gave main support.

He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,

Not without wonder or delight beheld;
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed;
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,—
Lords, ladies, captains, counselors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

【中文阅读】

一大清早我就进城办事；
走进城门恰逢初升的旭日，
晨号嘹亮宣告欢庆将至，
号声响彻大街，我的差事还没开始，
人们奔走相告，就在今日
参孙将被示众，让大伙瞧瞧
他是不是真的力大无比，武功盖世。
他沦为阶下囚，让我伤心不已，
却又不想错失一睹盛况的良机。

那栋建筑是宽敞的半圆形剧院，
两根巨柱撑起了拱形的穹顶，
达官显贵们论资排辈，
井然有序地坐在座位；
对面的广场对公众开放，
人们可以站在长凳、看台上争相观望：
我置身其中，没人注意。

待到中午，狂欢进入高潮
祭品纷纷入场，观众开怀畅饮，个个心花怒放
就在这时，余兴节目即将开演。
眨眼工夫，参孙像奴仆一样被带到了眼前，
他穿着仆人的号衣，
眼前摆放着风笛、铃鼓，
两旁站满了全副武装的护卫，
骑兵、步兵前后簇拥，
还有弓箭手、投石手，外加铁甲骑兵队和长枪队，
骤见参孙，人群爆发阵阵高呼，
声浪划破长空，振聋欲聩，
他们歌颂神灵庇佑，让可怖的死敌变成他们的奴仆。

听由士兵领他入场，参孙沉着冷静，英勇无畏，
场中罗列着各种兵器，
虽然双目失明，参孙一样耍刀弄枪，
他挥高舞低，推拉折断，
全凭着惊心动魄的神力，举重若轻，
谁也不敢毛遂自荐与他一较高低。

场间休息，他被带到了柱子中央，
他央求护卫让他靠一会儿，
他已筋疲力尽，想稍作歇息
让两手搭在两根擎天柱上，
拱形的圆顶全靠那柱子支撑。

护卫毫不生疑，依言而行，
参孙双手环抱，头抵着柱子静默片刻，
他站在那里，双目定定地望向一方，如同祷告，
又像在暗暗筹谋什么重大事宜，
最后，他忽然抬头，高声大叫：
各位长官，目前为止，你们下达的命令，
我已言听计从全部完成，
虽说精彩，却不至让人弹眼落睛，
现在我出于自愿再露一手，
请诸位见识更厉害的神力，
让在场观众都大吃一惊。

话音一落，他便俯身
绷紧全身的神经，
就像暴风狂飙，山洪奔泻，
力量之大如同地动山摇
他用尽全力拼命来回摇晃两个柱子，
直至伴着雷鸣，柱子牵扯着屋顶
轰然倒下——
压在下面坐着的所有人身上
长官，贵妇，将军，参事，祭祀
王公贵戚还有幕僚精英，
不仅是这座城市的，还有周边腓力斯城市的
他们云集在这儿隆重欢庆。
参孙无可幸免地与他们一起葬身废墟，
倾覆的大厦让他与敌人同归于尽。

LESSON 86

AN EVENING ADVENTURE

夜晚奇遇

Not long since, a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest at the same house.

As the old man drove up, he observed that both the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes, formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveler observed further that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time, that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number; most, if not all of them, of the legal profession.

As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned, by one of the latter, upon the eloquent

harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made as to the eloquence of the pulpit, and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability everything that could be said pro and con.

During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he were adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps he was observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action; or perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation, upon whom those future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

At last one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" "If," said the traveler, "a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was from what followed." The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal that he had

ever heard or read, was made for nearly an hour by the old gentleman. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

"An attempt to describe it," said the traveler, "would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams." It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard; but no, it was John Marshall, the Chief Justice of the United States.

【中文阅读】

不久前，有位绅士在弗吉尼亚州乡间游历，大约黄昏时分他来到一家小旅馆，准备在那里好好休整一个晚上。他刚到那儿不久，门外就有个老人下了马车，很明显，他也想在那儿过上一夜。

就在老汉驾车过来的时候，旅人发现老汉马车的两个辕杆都已断开，草草地用细枝条捆绑起来，那细枝条一看就知道是用山核桃木树苗的树皮搓制而成。再一打量，旅人注意到老汉衣着朴素，膝扣都松开了，穿着打扮很是不修边幅。估计他是当地老实巴交的农民，大家都客气地打了招呼，然后走进旅馆。就在这时，又有三四个年轻人加入住店的行列，他们中的大部分看上去都像是从事法律行业的。

他们稍事安顿后，后来的一拨人中就有一个开始口若悬河，在酒吧里展开了一番高谈阔论，反驳他的是另一个年轻人，他同样滔滔不

绝，说得头头是道，精彩的程度丝毫不亚于旅人在同一天里听过的一位牧师的长篇大论。双方如同在教堂布道一般妙语连珠，激烈交锋，就基督教的功过展开了一场热情洋溢，激动人心的争论。从六点到九点，年轻的雄辩者们唇枪舌剑，无所不用其极，他们旁征博引，将一件事情的正面反面论述得淋漓尽致。

在这场持久的争论中，老人始终带着孩子般的温驯与腼腆侧耳聆听，就像是要为他已有的知识储备添砖加瓦，或是以他洞悉一切的眼光剖析研究年轻人的思想，看看这番你来我往中如何迸发出新的火花；又或者，满怀爱国激情的他正在仔细思量国家的前途，揣测这群后起之秀能否肩负起建设国家未来的使命；最有可能的是，他正以道德的忠贞和宗教的虔诚为自己的论点打着腹稿，这篇论稿将把所有人说得理屈词穷，哑口无言。旅人始终在一旁观望，没有参与这场热火朝天的辩论。

最后，一个年轻人宣称长期存在的偏见是难以战胜，一个转身，带着些许狂放不羁喊道，“好吧，老先生，对此您有何高见？”“如果，”旅人说，“当时有一道刺眼的闪电骤然劈进房间，比起之后发生的事情，也不会让在场的所有人更加吃惊。”因为，接下来，那位老人滔滔不绝地说了将近一个小时，口才之好、论述之无可辩驳是这位旅人闻所未闻的，见所未见的。老人记忆力超群，针对之前反对基督教的言论他依次加以反驳。坎贝尔曾经驳斥了休谟关于奇迹的诡辩，然而若是这位老人有机会和休谟针锋相对，精彩程度肯定更甚于坎贝尔。他的演说简明扼要、激情四射，充满了悲悯的情怀和崇高的节操，待他话音落下，在场鸦雀无声，众人无不心服口服。

“要想形容那场雄辩，”旅人说，“那无疑比将阳光绘于纸上更难。”现在让人感到无比好奇并想一探究竟的是那个老人到底是谁。旅人觉得他是那个能言善辩的牧师；可惜他错了，老人是约翰·马歇尔，美利坚合众国最高法院的首席法官。

LESSON 87

THE BAREFOOT BOY

赤脚男孩

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892, was born in Haverhill, Mass., and, with short intervals of absence, he always resided in that vicinity. His parents were Friends or "Quakers," and he always held to the same faith. He spent his boyhood on a farm, occasionally writing verses for the papers even then. Two years of study in the academy seem to have given him all the special opportunity for education that he ever enjoyed. In 1829 he edited a newspaper in Boston, and the next year assumed a similar position in Hartford. For two years he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature. In 1836 he edited an anti-slavery paper in Philadelphia, and was secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Whittier wrote extensively both in prose and verse. During the later years of his life he published several volumes of poems, and contributed frequently to the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." An earnest opponent of slavery, some of his poems bearing on that subject are fiery and even bitter; but, in general, their sentiment is gentle, and often pathetic. As a poet, he took rank among those most highly esteemed by his countrymen. "Snow-

Bound," published in 1805, is one of the longest and best of his poems. Several of his shorter pieces are marked by much smoothness and sweetness.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging, at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy

In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,

Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honeybees;

For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,

Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through

Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou shouldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

【中文阅读】

愿上帝佑护你，小小的男子汉，
未着鞋袜的脚丫，黑黝黝的脸蛋！

你高高地卷起了裤脚，
吹响了欢悦的口哨；
红嘟嘟的小嘴越发的红润，
原来刚被山上的草莓亲吻了嘴唇；
暖暖的阳光照亮了你的脸庞，
破损的帽檐挡不住一脸的舒畅，
衷心地祝你永远快乐自在，
因为曾经我也是个光着脚丫的男孩！
在你的世界，你是自由的国王，
长大后的我们，却甘为名利捆绑。
就让百万富翁驾着豪车飞驰而过，
而你，光着脚丫在他边上慢慢徜徉。
眼见耳闻，让你的心中装下了天地万物，
他倾其所有也换不来你这笔无价的财富——
阳光是你身外的行装，快乐是你内心的力量，
愿上帝佑护你，光着脚丫的男孩！

哦，孩提时代最是无忧无虑，
一觉醒来又是一天欢声笑语，

结实的身板让医生们大跌眼镜，
脑袋里装的不再是书上的金科玉律，
清晨的蜂儿从哪里采来花蜜，
何时何地能觅得野花的踪迹，
鸟儿如何飞行，
林中的动物如何栖息，
乌龟想的什么办法把他的壳稳稳驮起，
旱獭如何刨出安身立命的窝，
鼯鼠如何挖出一汪泉眼，
知更鸟又是怎样喂养它的宝宝，
黄鹂如何把鸟巢高高挂起；
最美的百合开在哪里，
鲜嫩的浆果长在何地，
落花生的藤蔓躲在哪里，
光润的葡萄串挂在何地；
黑马蜂这个娴熟的泥瓦匠，
他是如何把粘土垒成墙；
灰黄蜂这个聪明的建筑师

他是怎样设计规划他的家！——

阖上书本，抛开作业，

大自然可以回答他所有的问题；

手牵着手，他与自然并肩同行，

头靠着头，他与自然谈天说地，

他是自然的一部分，是她不可或缺的乐趣。

光着脚丫的男孩，愿上帝永远佑护你！

啊，童年是人生最好的时光，

多少美好在此刻中聚集，

眼之所见，耳之所闻，

皆是我手下待命的臣民。

树木葱郁，花团锦簇，

鸟儿欢唱，蜜蜂争鸣；

可爱的松鼠伴我游戏，

勤劳的鼯鼠帮我铲地；

黑莓为我奉上休闲零食

一片绛紫挂满石墙树篱；

溪流潺潺为我说笑解闷

日以继夜，奔流不息，
花园矮墙，陪我轻言细语，
促膝而谈，一年四季；
梭鱼的河塘围绕沙堤，
满山的胡桃一望无际，
果园的仙果压弯枝头，
举目皆是我的领地！
我的眼界日益开阔，
我的财富不断累积；
身边的世界多么新奇，
就像奇巧的中国玩具，
天造地设，等你解密！

灰白的石槛简陋粗糙，
木头小碗，白蜡做勺，
摆上牛奶还有面包，
这就是盛宴上的珍馐佳肴！
一方蓝天撑开华帐，
薄云织就，绣满斜阳，

紫霞为幔，金边嵌镶，
风吹云涌，恍若波浪；
穿着花衣的青蛙开始了合唱，
欢庆的歌曲响彻四方；
点着灯笼的萤火虫也来帮忙，
为高歌的乐团把黑夜点亮。
光着脚丫的男孩就是国王，
所有的盛况与快乐都由我独享！
小小的男子汉，行走在天地间，
让笑声尽情挥洒，缀满精彩的童年！
就算坡上布满坚硬的石子，
就算草场上的荏梗尖利如刺，
每个清晨都要把角角落落走遍，
享受冰凉的露珠对脚丫的考验；
每个黄昏都要走过漫山遍野，
成全清凉的晚风和足底的热恋：
可是这双脚丫很快就会失去逍遥自在，
因为羞赧自愿走进狭小的牢监，

穿上了鞋袜，不再能自由地亲吻大地，
就像即将拉磨的马驹被掌上了铁蹄，
从此为了生计，被迫辛苦不已，
终日奔前忙后，一生营营役役：
但愿双脚能避开万劫不复的禁区，
若能这样那真要谢天谢地；
但愿双脚能远离罪恶的泥沼，
若是这样那就是大吉大利。
啊！光脚的男孩，尽情享乐，好好珍惜，
趁着美好的童年尚未离你远去！

LESSON 88

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

手套与狮子

James Henry Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859. Leigh Hunt, as he is commonly called, was prominent before the public for fifty years as "a writer of essays, poems, plays, novels, and criticisms." He was born at Southgate, Middlesex, England. His mother was an American lady. He began to write for the public at a very early age. In 1808, In connection with his brother, he established "The Examiner," a newspaper advocating liberal opinions in politics. For certain articles offensive to the government, the brothers were fined 500 Pounds each and condemned to two years' imprisonment. Leigh fitted up his prison like a boudoir, received his friends here, and wrote several works during his confinement. Mr. Hunt was intimate with Byron, Shelley, Moore, and Keats, and was associated with Byron and Shelley in the publication of a political and literary journal. His last years were peacefully devoted to literature, and in 1847 he received a pension from the government.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,

And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;

The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,

And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:

And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,

Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;

They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another:

Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;

The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:

Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king,—a beauteous, lively
dame,

With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always
seemed the same;

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave call
be,

He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for
me;

King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;

I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be
mine."

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at
him and smiled;

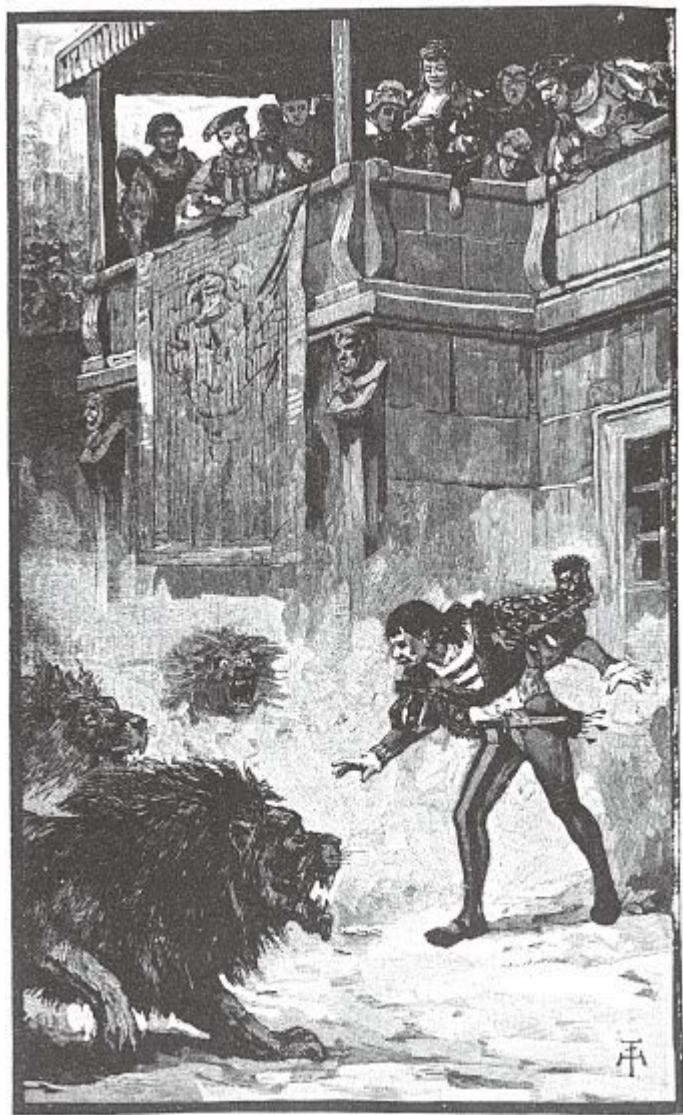
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;

The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained his
place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's
face.

"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from
where he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."



【中文阅读】

弗兰西斯国王崇武好斗，精于骑射，至爱斗兽，
某月某日，亲临围场，安坐殿上，观狮争斗；

王公贵戚簇拥身旁，如花美眷相得益彰，
劳治伯爵置身其中，对着一人感慨万千：
这场表演至高无上，多么华美，多么雄壮，
英勇与爱，两者兼备，下有御兽，上有君王。

咆哮的狮子张开血盆大口，绕着围场横冲直撞；
它们怒目而视，撕咬打斗，挥舞利爪腥风飞扬；
它们势大力沉，吼声震耳，扭打纠缠恍若仇敌；
场内飞沙走石，鬃毛遍野，吼声隆隆堪比雷霆；
场内血沫横飞，四处喷溅，围栏上方腥风飞旋：
国王心生畏惧，“千真万确，这边远比那边完全。”

伯爵的爱人听到此话，她活泼外向，是个美丽的姑娘，
深邃的眼眸目光闪亮，嘴角弯弯，总是一副笑模样；
她暗自思忖，“我的求爱者，是英勇的代言，无畏的化身，
他定会别出心裁，奉上惊喜，以此证明对我的一往情深；
国王、女眷，还有我的仰慕者都在观望；此举必然非同凡响；

我将扔下手套加以试探；让他的勇敢来装点我的荣光。”

她扔掉了手套以此试爱，看着伯爵，笑意盈盈；

他微微欠身，纵身一跃，须臾之间跳入狂野的狮群；

来时迅捷，去时更快，再度腾跃，他已抽身而回，

他将手套扔向如花容颜，往返之间，爱已消退。

国王起身，扬声宣告：“确确实实，干得漂亮！”

“不是爱，唯有虚荣才忍心让所爱之人置身险境。”

LESSON 89

THE FOLLY OF INTOXICATION

酒后荒唐

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago . Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas . Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation!

Iago . As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas . I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of

wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago . What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas . I know not.

Iago . Is't possible?

Cas . I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago . Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas . It hath pleased the devil, Drunkenness, to give place to the devil, Wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago . Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas . I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil!

Iago . Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it

be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas . I have well approved it, sir,—I, drunk!

Iago . You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas . You advise me well.

Iago . I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas . I think it freely, and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago . You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas . Good night, honest Iago.

Shakespeare.—Othello, Act ii, Scene iii .

【中文阅读】

伊阿古 什么！副将，你受伤了吗？

凯西奥 嗯，我的伤是无药可救的了。

伊阿古 哎哟，上天保佑没有这样的事！

凯西奥 名誉，名誉，名誉！啊，我的名誉已经一败涂地了！我已经失去我的生命中不死的一部分，留下来的也就跟畜生没有分别了。我的名誉，伊阿古，我的名誉！

伊阿古 我是个老实人，我还以为你受到了什么身体上的伤害，那是比名誉的损失痛苦得多的。名誉是一件无聊的骗人的东西！得到它的人未必有什么功德，失去它的人也未必有什么过失。你的名誉仍旧是好端端的，除非你自以为它已经扫地了。嘿，朋友，你要恢复主帅对你的欢心，尽有办法呢。你现在不过一时遭逢他的恼怒；他给你的这一种处分，与其说是表示对你的不满，还不如说是遮掩世人耳目的政策，正像有人为了吓退一头凶恶的狮子而故意鞭打他的驯良的狗一样。你只要向他恳求恳求，他一定会回心转意的。

凯西奥 我宁愿恳求他唾弃我，也不愿蒙蔽他的聪明，让这样一位贤能的主帅手下有这么一个酗酒放荡的不肖将校。纵饮无度！胡言乱道！吵架！吹牛！赌咒！跟自己的影子说些废话！啊，你这空虚缥缈的酒的精灵，要是你还没有一个名字，让我们叫你作魔鬼吧！

伊阿古 你提着剑追逐不舍的那个人是谁？他怎么冒犯了你？

凯西奥 我不知道。

伊阿古 你怎么会不知道？

凯西奥 我记得一大堆的事情，可是全都是模模糊糊的；我记得跟人家吵起来，可是不知道为了什么。上帝啊！人们居

然会把一个仇敌放进自己的嘴里，让它偷去他们的头脑！我们居然会在欢天喜地之中，把自己变成了畜生！

伊阿古 可是你现在已经很清醒了；你怎么会明白过来的？

凯西奥 气鬼一上了身，酒鬼就自动退让；一件过失引起了第二件过失，简直使我自己也瞧不起自己了。

伊阿古 得啦，你也太认真了。照此时此地的环境说起来，我但愿没有这种事情发生；可是既然事已如此，替自己谋算个好办法吧。

凯西奥 我要向他请求恢复我的原职；他会对我说我是一个酒棍！即使我有一百张嘴，这样一个答复也会把它们一起封住。现在还是一个清清楚楚的人，不一会儿就变成个傻子，然后立刻就变成一头畜生！啊，奇怪！每一杯过量的酒都是魔鬼酿成的毒汁。

伊阿古 算了，算了，好酒只要不滥喝，也是一个很好的伙伴；你也不用咒骂它了。副将，我想你一定把我当作一个好朋友看待。

凯西奥 我很信任你的友谊。我醉了！

伊阿古 朋友，一个人有时候多喝了几杯，也是免不了的。让我告诉你一个办法。我们主帅的夫人现在我们真正的主帅；我可以这样说，因为他心里只念着她的好处，眼睛里只看见她的可爱。你只要在她面前坦白忏悔，恳求恳求她，她一定会帮助你官复原职。她的性情是那么慷慨仁慈，那么体贴人心，人家请她出十分力，她要是没有出到十二分，就觉得好像对不起人似的。你

请她替你弥缝弥缝你跟她的丈夫之间的这一道裂痕，我可以拿我的全部财产打赌，你们的交情一定反而会因此格外加强的。

凯西奥 你的主意出得很好。

伊阿古 我发誓这一种意思完全出于一片诚心。

凯西奥 我充分信任你的善意；明天一早我就请求贤德的苔丝狄蒙娜替我尽力说情。要是我在这儿给他们革退了，我的前途也就从此毁了。

伊阿古 你说得对。晚安，副将；我还要守夜去呢。

凯西奥 晚安，正直的伊阿古！

（莎士比亚《奥赛罗》第二幕第三场）

LESSON 90

STARVED ROCK

饥饿岩

Francis Parkman, 1823-1893, the son of a clergyman of the same name, was born in Boston, and graduated at Harvard University in 1844. He spent more than twenty years in a careful study of the early French explorations and settlements in America; and he published the fruits of his labor in twelve large volumes. Although troubled with an affection of the eyes, which sometimes wholly prevented reading or writing, his work was most carefully and successfully done. His narratives are written in a clear and animated style, and his volumes are a rich contribution to American history.

The cliff called "Starved Rock," now pointed out to travelers as the chief natural curiosity of the region, rises, steep on three sides as a castle wall, to the height of a hundred and twenty-five feet above the river. In front, it overhangs the water that washes its base; its western brow looks down on the tops of the forest trees below; and on the east lies a wide gorge, or ravine, choked with the mingled foliage of oaks, walnuts, and elms; while in its rocky

depths a little brook creeps down to mingle with the river.

From the rugged trunk of the stunted cedar that leans forward from the brink, you may drop a plummet into the river below, where the catfish and the turtles may plainly be seen gliding over the wrinkled sands of the clear and shallow current. The cliff is accessible only from the south, where a man may climb up, not without difficulty, by a steep and narrow passage. The top is about an acre in extent.

Here, in the month of December, 1682, La Salle and Tonty began to entrench themselves. They cut away the forest that crowned the rock, built storehouses and dwellings of its remains, dragged timber up the rugged pathway, and encircled the summit with a palisade. Thus the winter was passed, and meanwhile the work of negotiation went prosperously on. The minds of the Indians had been already prepared. In La Salle they saw their champion against the Iroquois, the standing terror of all this region. They gathered around his stronghold like the timorous peasantry of the Middle Ages around the rock-built castle of their feudal lord.

From the wooden ramparts of St. Louis,—for so he named his fort,—high and inaccessible as an eagle's nest, a strange scene lay before his eye. The broad, flat valley of the Illinois was spread beneath him like a map, bounded in the distance by its low wall of wooded hills. The river wound at his feet in devious channels among islands bordered with lofty trees; then, far on the left, flowed calmly westward through the vast meadows, till its glimmering blue ribbon was lost in hazy distance.

There had been a time, and that not remote, when these fair

meadows were a waste of death and desolation, scathed with fire, and strewn with the ghastly relics of an Iroquois victory. Now, all was changed. La Salle looked down from his rock on a concourse of wild human life. Lodges of bark and rushes, or cabins of logs, were clustered on the open plain, or along the edges of the bordering forests. Squaws labored, warriors lounged in the sun, naked children whooped and gamboled on the grass.

Beyond the river, a mile and a half on the left, the banks were studded once more with the lodges of the Illinois, who, to the number of six thousand, had returned, since their defeat, to this their favorite dwelling place. Scattered along the valley, among the adjacent hills, or over the neighboring prairie, were the cantonments of a half score of other tribes, and fragments of tribes, gathered under the protecting aegis of the French.

【中文阅读】

这一方横空外凸的岩壁叫作“饥饿岩”，在旅人的眼里它无疑就是大自然的鬼斧神工；它三面陡峭，如同城堡的护墙，凌空悬于距离河面一百二十五英尺的上空。岩石的正面如一角骑楼垂悬于河流之上，河水日复一日地冲刷着底下的基石；它的西侧俯瞰着身下郁郁葱葱的森林；东面静卧着一弯宽广的峡谷，抑或是山涧，其间缀满了橡树，胡桃和榆木的叶子；而在岩石深处的缝隙竟流出了一条潺潺的小溪，它顺着岩壁蜿蜒而下，最后汇入了下方的伊利诺伊河。

峭壁的顶端探出一棵矮小的雪松，攀在它粗糙的树干上，你可以朝底下的河流抛下一条系着铅坠的鱼线，也许你能清晰地看到，在荡漾着涟漪的沙石河床和清波浅流间正徜徉着鲶鱼和乌龟。只有沿着南侧一条陡峭逼仄的通道才能勉强攀上岩石，其顶部约有一英亩见方。

1682年的12月，就在这里，拉萨尔和冬迪开始安营扎寨。他们把覆盖山头的树木砍伐干净，在那儿盖起了仓库库房安放那些树木，从那条崎岖不平的通道上拉来了木料，在山头围起了栅栏。冬天过去了，与此同时，谈判也有条不紊地进行着。印第安人已打定了主意。他们在拉萨尔身上看到了打败地方恶霸易洛魁人的希望。他们聚在拉萨尔的大本营外，就像是中世纪胆小怕事的农户聚在他们封建领主的石头城堡外一样。

拉萨尔把这里命名为圣路易斯要塞，从鹰巢一般高耸入云、难以攀越的木质壁垒放眼望去，一片奇特的景象尽收眼底。伊利诺伊河广袤平坦的流域像一幅巨大的地图徐徐展开，河流的远处青山环抱。脚下的河流蜿蜒而行，若干支流旁逸而出，由此形成的汀州上长满了参天大树；再往更远处看，在拉萨尔的左侧，河流继续向西前行，河水平缓地流经一望无际的大草原，直至那条闪烁着幽光的蓝色缎带消失在薄暮霭霭的远方。

就在不久之前，这片美丽的草原曾在易洛魁人的战火蹂躏下一度满目疮痍，一片死寂。幸好，一切都变了。站在岩石顶上，拉萨尔俯视着原住民们聚族而居，一派暖暖的烟火气息。开阔地带或是树林边上，簇拥着树皮装饰的棚屋和原木搭建的村舍。妇女们辛勤劳作着，休养生息的战士们慵懒地躺着晒太阳，光着膀子的孩子们欢呼雀跃地在草地上奔跑嬉戏。

在河流左岸一英里半以外的山坡上再度出现了零星的山林小屋，那是六千个伊利诺伊印第安人的家，自从战败后，他们就回到了魂牵梦系的家园。在流域途经的山腹地区和大草原上，星星点点地驻扎着十几个其他部落，还有一些族群的残部，他们在法国人的庇护之下群居于此。

LESSON 91

PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF

亨利亲王和福斯塔夫

PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *in a back room, in a tavern. Enter*
FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins . Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff . A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them, too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? (He drinks, and then continues.) You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd, in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince Henry . How now, woolsack? What mutter you?

Fal . A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of Wales!

P. Henry . Why, you baseborn dog! What's the matter?

Fal . Are you not a coward? Answer me to that; and Pains there?

Poins . Ye fat braggart, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal . I call thee coward? I'll see thee gibbeted ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Henry . O villain! thy lips ate scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

Fal . All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say 1. (He drinks.)

P. Henry . What's the matter?

Fal . What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

P. Henry . Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal . Where is it? Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry . What! a hundred, man?

Fal . I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw; look here! (*shows his sword* .) I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak (pointing to GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO); if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry . Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill . We four set upon some dozen—

Fal . Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gad . And bound them.

Peta . No, no, they were not bound.

Fal . You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew, else—an Ebrew Jew.

Gad . As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal . And unbound the rest; and then come in the other.

P. Henry . What! fought ye with them all?

Fal . All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

P. Henry . Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal . Nay, that's past praying for; for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, and call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward; (he draws his sword and stands if about to fight) here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry . What! four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Fal . Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins . Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal . These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry . Seven? Why, there were but four, even now.

Fal . In buckram?

Poins . Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal . Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry . Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal . Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry . Ay, and mark thee, too, Jack.

Fal . Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry . So, two more already.

Fal . Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry . O, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal . But three knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry . These lies are like the father of them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, nott-pated fool; thou greasy tallow keech—

Fal . What! Art thou mad! Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry . Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins . Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal . What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give

you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I.

P. Henry . I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this

horseback breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal . Away! you starveling, you eel skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stockfish! Oh for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow case, you—

P. Henry . Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins . Mark, Jack.

P. Henry . We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins . Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

Fal . Why, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, bear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as

Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors. Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold; all the titles of good-fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry . Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal . Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Shakespeare.-Henry IV, Part I, Act ii, Scene iv.

【中文阅读】

亨利四世和波因斯在酒馆后室。福斯塔夫、盖兹希尔、巴道夫及皮多上。

波因斯 欢迎，杰克。你这是打哪儿来？

福斯塔夫 全是一帮孬种，哎哟喂，比孬种还要没胆！嘿，这么说一点都不为过！伙计，给我来杯酒。日子要是像这样过下去，我就得自个儿缝袜，自个儿补袜，自个儿上袜底呢。没胆的孬种！快给我倒杯酒来，混蛋！——这世上的男子汉难道都死绝了吗？（他喝了口酒，继续说道。）该死的，这酒里也兑着酸橙汁；谁还能指望坏蛋干出什么好事不成；可一个孬种比一杯兑了酸

橙汁的酒更恶心，坏透了的孬种！随你的便吧，老杰克；你想啥时候死，那就去赴黄泉吧。要是这世上还有什么男子汉大丈夫，有什么顶天立地的好男儿的话，那就让老子我变成一个没用的窝囊废。有種的老爷们都上了绞刑架，还活着的在英格兰总共不过三个，其中的一个已经发了胖，一天老似一天。老天开眼，救救这个万恶的世界吧！我希望自己是个纺织工；我可以唱唱圣诗，或是其他啥的。该死的孬种！我还是这话。

亨利四世 怎么了，卷毛？你叽里咕噜说些什么呀？

福斯塔夫 国王的儿子！要是我不手持利剑把你打出这片疆土，像赶野鹅一样把你的臣民一起驱逐出境，我就枉为一堂堂须眉男子汉。你还是这威尔士的亲王吧！

亲王 怎么了，你这下贱坯子！到底怎么一回事？

福斯塔夫 难道你不是一个孬种？回答我的问题；还有那边的波因斯？

波因斯 你这头肥猪，敢骂我是孬种，小心我戳死你。

福斯塔夫 我就骂你了，孬种！在骂你孬种前，我得先亲眼看着你下地狱；我要是逃跑的时候跑得跟你一样快，那我情愿掏出1,000镑。你的肩背可够挺拔的，你也不怕人家看见你的背：你就把这叫作没有背信弃义？算了吧，别说的比唱的好听了！那些愿意和我面对面的，才是我的朋友。给我来杯酒。今天老子要是喝趴下了，我就是个混蛋。

亲王 哎哟，你这恶棍，自打上次喝趴下，你嘴巴还没擦干净呢。

福斯塔夫 那又怎么样？反正你们全是孬种，我可不改口。（饮酒）

亲王 怎么回事？

福斯塔夫 怎么回事！我们四个在今天早上抢了一千英镑。

亲王 哪儿呢，杰克？钱在哪儿呢？

福斯塔夫 在哪儿！又被人给抢走了；一百号人对我们四个，可怜呐。

亲王 什么？你是说一百个？

福斯塔夫 要是我没有以一对一打跟他们短兵相接足足斗了两个小
时，我就是个混蛋。能活着逃命，简直就是奇迹。我
身上的背心被捅了八个窟窿，袜腿上四个；盾牌上的
洞比盾牌还大；刀刃都给砍豁了边；看看这儿！（他
给众人看他的刀。）自打我成年后，我就没这么和人
苦战过；可惜寡不敌众啊。一帮孬种！让他们自己说
（指指盖兹希尔、巴道夫和皮多）；他们谁要敢避重
就轻，那就是狗娘养的混蛋。

亲王 说吧，诸位，说说是怎么回事？

盖兹希尔 我们四个对付一群人——

福斯塔夫 十六个，至少十六个。

盖兹希尔 然后把他们绑了起来。

皮多 没，没有，他们没有被绑。

福斯塔夫 你个混蛋，他们被绑了，每一个都被咱们绑起来了；要

是没有，那我就是个犹太人，如假包换的希伯来犹太人。

盖兹希尔 就在我们分钱的时候，对方来了六七个援兵把我们打了个措手不及——

福斯塔夫 接着给绑了手脚的人卸了绑；松了绑的从另一边攻打我们。

亲王 什么？你是说你们四个打他们全部？

福斯塔夫 全部！我不知道你说的全部指的是什么；但如果我没有一个打他们五十个，那我就是一捆小萝卜；如果对方不是五十二三个对付可怜的老杰克，那我就不是两条腿的玩意。

亲王 祈祷吧，但愿你没要了他们中几个人的命。

福斯塔夫 太迟了；我已经要了其中两个的命；我确信亲手结果了两个；两个穿着粗麻衣衫的家伙。听着，哈尔，如果我撒谎，你就啐我的脸，骂我是匹马。你是知道我惯用的防御姿态的；（他拔出刀，摆出进攻的架势）我就这样稳住步子，手里就这样握着我的刀。四个穿着粗麻布衣的家伙向我扑过来——

亲王 什么！四个？刚才不是说两个的嘛。

福斯塔夫 四个，哈尔；我跟你说是四个。

波因斯 是的，没错，他是说四个来着。

福斯塔夫 四个家伙一齐朝我扑过来，个个都举着刀朝我猛刺。我不费吹灰之力就拿起盾把七把刀给顶住了。

亲王 七个？噢，刚才还说四个的嘛。

福斯塔夫 穿粗麻布衣服的。

波因斯 对，四个，四个穿粗麻布衣服。

福斯塔夫 是七个，我以手中的刀起誓，否则我就是个混蛋。

亲王 随他去；待会儿还得往上加。

福斯塔夫 哈尔，你有没有听我说？

亲王 当然，认真听着哪，杰克。

福斯塔夫 那就好，这么精彩可不容错过。刚才我说到那九个穿着粗麻布衣服的家伙——

亲王 我说什么来着，又多了两个。

福斯塔夫 他们的刀尖都折了，然后开始往后撤退；但我紧咬着不放，手脚并用；眨眼工夫把十一个人里的七个给结果了。

亲王 哦，太荒谬了！两个穿粗麻布衣的一下子变成了十一个！

福斯塔夫 但这时三个穿着肯德尔绿色粗呢的无赖从我背后冒出来，拿着刀就朝我刺；哈尔，你要知道，当时天黑得伸手不见五指。

亲王 当真是什么样的人撒什么样的谎；瞧这牛吹得就跟眼前杵着座山那么明白。哎呀，你这个蠢头蠢脑的榆木疙瘩，猪油蒙了心的东西——

福斯塔夫 什么！疯了吧你？疯了吧你？难道我说的不是事实？

亲王 嗯，既然天黑得伸手不见五指，你是怎么晓得他们穿着肯德尔绿色粗呢？来，告诉我理由，你怎么解释？

福斯塔夫 你们这是干什么，逼供呀？没门，就算把我送上绞刑架，或是把我五马分尸，我都不会屈打成招。逼我给你们理由！就算理由像黑莓一样俯首皆是，我也不会被人逼着说出一条来，决不。

亲王 你活该被人嘲笑轻贱：你这个满面红光的懦夫，能把马背压断的胖子，白长了一身膘的肥猪——

福斯塔夫 走开！你这个饿死鬼，鳊鱼皮，干牛舌，鱼干片！让我喘口气再来说说道道你像个啥玩意！——你是裁缝用的量衣尺，你是放刀用的刀鞘，你是装弓箭用的袋子，你是——

亲王 行了，喘口气再接着说；把你肚子里的下流比喻全倒出来，然后听我说，就一点。

波因斯 听好了，杰克。

亲王 我们两个看见你们四打四；你们把对方给捆了，抢了他们财物。听着，一个这么简单的故事就能把你驳得哑口无言。然后我们两个攻击了你们四个，一句话就把你们吓得屁滚尿流，你们所得的赃物自然落在我们手中，就放在这间屋子里，现在就可以拿给你们看。——而且，福斯塔夫，你撒腿逃跑的时候那叫一个快啊，而且还一点不耽误你满嘴讨饶，我可从没看见哪头牛犊像你这样边跑边叫，动作还那么灵活迅速。你这个奴才当真是举世无双，把刀使成这副模样，还有脸说是打仗打的！我倒要听听你还有什么奇方妙招，还能想出什么样的遁词能让你逃脱眼前这场板上钉钉的奇耻

大辱？

波因斯 说吧，杰克，我们洗耳恭听。听听你还能耍什么把戏？

福斯塔夫 哎呀，我早知道是你，就像上帝也心知肚明一样。哎呀，诸位，都听我说：我怎么可能害死我们的储君呢？我会和一位亲王对着干吗？哎呀，你们都知道我和赫拉克拉斯一样英勇善战；可人心都是肉长的；就算一头狮子也不会加害亲王；何况是人；就算我是一个孬种那也是因为我心太软的缘故。这辈子我为此感到骄傲，对你，我也无愧于心。我就像一头勇猛的狮子，而你就像一位货真价实的王储。好了，伙计们，我很高兴大家发了笔财。老板娘，关上门。今晚好好值夜，明天好好祷告。好汉们，伙计们，兄弟们，好人们，你们担得起所有至亲好友的称呼！怎么样！咱们好好乐一乐？要不即兴排出戏吧？

亲王 好主意；剧情就是你逃之夭夭。

福斯塔夫 啊呀，哈尔，如果你爱我，就别哪壶不开提哪壶了。

（莎士比亚《亨利四世》上篇第二幕第四场）

LESSON 92

STUDIES

论读书

Sir Francis Bacon, 1561-1626. This eminent man was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the seal in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, and Anne Bacon, one of the most learned women of the time, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. He was born in London, and educated at Cambridge. He was a laborious and successful student, but even in his boyhood conceived a great distrust of the methods of study pursued at the seats of learning,—methods which he exerted his great powers to correct in his maturer years. Much of his life was spent in the practice of law, in the discharge of the duties of high office, and as a member of Parliament; but, to the end of life, he busied himself with philosophical pursuits, and he will be known to posterity chiefly for his deep and clear writings on these subjects. His constant direction in philosophy is to break away from assumption and tradition, and to be led only by sound induction based on a knowledge of observed phenomena. His "Novum Organum" and "Advancement of Learning" embody his ideas on philosophy and the true methods of seeking knowledge.

Bacon rose to no very great distinction during the reign of Elizabeth; but, under James I, he was promoted to positions of great honor and influence. In 1618 he was made Baron of Verulam; and, three years later, he was made Viscount of St. Albans. During much of his life, Bacon was in pecuniary straits, which was doubtless one reason of his downfall; for, in 1621, he was accused of taking bribes, a charge to which he pleaded guilty. His disgrace followed, and he passed the last years of his life in retirement. Among the distinguished names in English literature, none stands higher in his department than that of Francis Bacon.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of the particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature and are perfected by experience— for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral philosophy, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

【中文阅读】

读书可以作为消遣，可以作为装饰，也可以增长才干。孤独寂寞时，阅读可以消遣。高谈阔论时，知识可供装饰。处世行事时，知识意味着才干。懂得事物因果的人是幸运的。有实际经验的人虽能够处理个别性的事务，但若要综观整体，运筹全局，却唯有学识方能办到。

读书太慢的人弛惰，为装潢而读书是欺人，完全按照书本做事就是呆子。

求知可以改进人性，而经验又可以改进知识本身。人的天性犹如

野生的花草，求知学习好比修剪移栽。学问虽能指引方向，但往往流于浅泛，必须依靠经验才能扎下根基。狡诈者轻鄙学问，愚鲁者羡慕学问，聪明者则运用学问。知识本身并没有告诉人怎样运用它，运用的智慧在于书本之外。这是技艺，不体验就学不到。

读书的目的是认识事物原理。为挑剔辩驳去读书是无聊的。但也不可过于迷信书本。求知的目的不是为了吹嘘炫耀，而应该是为了寻找真理，启迪智慧。

书籍好比食品。有些只须浅尝，有些可以吞咽，只有少数需要仔细咀嚼，慢慢品味。所以，有的书只要读其中一部分，有的书只须知其梗概，而对于少数好书，则应当通读，细读，反复读。有的书可以请人代读，然后看他的笔记摘要就行了。但这只应限于不太重要的议论和质量粗劣的书。否则一本书就像已被蒸馏过的水，变得淡而无味了。

读书使人充实，讨论使人机敏，写作则能使人精确。因此，如果有人不读书又想冒充博学多知，他就必须很狡黠，才能掩人耳目。如果一个人懒于动笔，他的记忆力就必须强而可靠。如果一个人要孤独探索，他的头脑就必须格外敏锐。

读史使人明智，读诗使人聪慧，学习数学使人精密，物理学使人深刻，伦理学使人高尚，逻辑修辞使人善辩。

LESSON 93

SURRENDER OF GRANADA

格拉纳达之降

Sir Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, 1806-1873, was born in Norfolk County, England. His father died when he was young; his mother was a woman of strong literary tastes, and did much to form her son's mind. In 1844, by royal license, he took the surname of Lytton from his mother's family. Bulwer graduated at Cambridge. He began to publish in 1826, and his novels and plays followed rapidly. "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What will he do with it?" and "Kenelm Chillingly" are among the best known of his numerous novels; and "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" are his most successful plays. His novels are extensively read on the continent, and have been translated into most of the languages spoken there. "Leila, or the Siege of Granada," from which this selection is adapted, was published in 1840.

Day dawned upon Granada, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily on the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. Alone, upon a

balcony commanding a view of the beautiful landscape, stood Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had cultivated.

"What are we," thought the musing prince, "that we should fill the world with ourselves—we kings? Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne; on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? Nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose: nothing save the source of all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought or action, or man's more material luxuries of food or sleep—the common and the cheap desires of all? Arouse thee, then, O heart within me! Many and deep emotions of sorrow or of joy are yet left to break the monotony of existence... But it is time to depart." So saying, he descended to the court, flung himself on his barb, and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence, amidst gardens now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unwitnessed way.

When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor gleamed upon him, as the detachment sent to occupy the palace marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence. At the head of this vanguard, rode, upon a snow-white palfrey, the Bishop of Avila, followed by a long train of barefooted monks. They halted as Boabdil approached, and the grave bishop saluted him with the air of one who addresses an infidel and inferior. With the quick sense of dignity common to the great, and yet more to the fallen, Boabdil felt, but resented not,

the pride of the ecclesiastic. "Go, Christian," said he, mildly, "the gates of the Alhambra are open, and Allah has bestowed the palace and the city upon your king; may his virtues atone the faults of Boabdil!" So saying, and waiting no answer, he rode on without looking to the right or the left. The Spaniards also pursued their way.

The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and exclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watchtower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war waved the gay and flaunting flag of St. Iago, the canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain. At that sight the King's voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and did not slacken his speed till almost within bowshot of the first ranks of the army.

Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach, extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlit spears and blazoned banners; while beside, murmured, and glowed, and danced, the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque halted the flower of the army.

Surrounded by the archpriests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivaled the Rolands of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the highborn dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and, a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival,—their new subject; and, as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses, against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king—resisting man, but resigned at length to God."

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head, and remained a moment silent; then motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. "O king!" then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Granada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy." "They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be

broken. But since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Granada be surrendered."

Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil, but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

"Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is thy last, nor least glorious conquest. But I detain ye; let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell." "Farewell, my brother," replied Ferdinand, "and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!" Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below as he ascended the path that led to his new principality beyond the Alpuxarras. As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslems.

Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful wife, Amine—sent on before—awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its

height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Granada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart, and gushed from every eye.

Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sunlit valley and crystal river. A universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote,—it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in Eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place where the king wept is still called The Last Sigh of the Moor.

【中文阅读】

黎明在格拉纳达上空缓缓启开帷幕，冬阳微笑着拂开昨夜残云，在克塞尼尔河潋潋的流波里戏耍，在达若河荡漾的涟漪上跳跃。摩尔人的末代帝王——布阿卜迪勒，正独立阳台，极目远望破晓十分的迷人景色。他绞尽脑汁，在平生积累的哲学经验里搜寻着启开心智之门的灵钥。

“普天之下莫非王土——普天之下皆为我们所有，那我们到底算什么？”苦思冥想的帝王自问，“可是整个世界充斥着我的宝座砰啪碎裂声；一波波回音久久不息，仿佛在我耳朵上疾走。我失去了什么？那一切于我没什么大不了，既不能让我开怀一笑，也不能给我一夜安睡；而今没什么力量能堵住源源不竭的苦厄，我生命中的苦泉！世间万物我将不得欣赏，失去思想的快乐和行动的自由，珍馐美味吃不

到，甚至安睡的权利——那些普通的不能再普通的愿望都变成了奢求？然而，我这颗心啊，你就醒醒！减轻生存枯燥单调的，还有许多深刻的忧伤、记忆里残留的欢乐……然而，是该走的时候了。”说着，他走下楼来到院子里，骑上他的非洲马，带着情绪低落的一小队随从，通过一道门——我们从墙皮脱落爬满葡萄藤，常春藤披靡的塔楼上能俯瞰到，自那里，在已属于天主教胜利者的花园中，继续往前走他那条愁惨而寥寂的路。

他来到了半山腰，那些花园已在他立脚的山下，被派遣来收复皇宫的西班牙分遣队井然有序，沉着肃静地朝顶峰行进，铁盔的光芒不断反射到他身上。阿维拉主教骑着一匹雪白温驯的马，领着长长一列赤足僧侣，走在先遣分队的前头，看到走近的布阿卜迪勒便收住马步，主教神色严肃，犹如面对一个没有信仰的下等人，一脸矜傲地向他打招呼。布阿卜迪勒像所有遭遇世界末日的王一样，感到尊严被欺，心生悲怆，但是他没怨恨主教，他知道那是天授神职的人所特有的矜持。“去吧，信徒们，”他语气温和，“阿尔罕布拉宫的大门为你们敞开着，真主已将皇宫和这座城市赐予你们年轻的国王；愿他的美德能弥补布阿卜迪勒犯下的过失！”

说完，他不等回答，直视前方骑上了马。而西班牙人也继续前行。

旭日已经跃上山巅，此时布阿卜迪勒与他的队伍站在高处，整个西班牙军队尽收眼底；同时隐隐传来马蹄声嘚嘚，刀剑声锵锵，不可一世的旗帜迎风招展，庄严的赞美颂诗回荡于山间，萦绕于旗帜的光辉之上。布阿卜迪勒寂然无语，耳听的随从们惊呼、抱怨。他转过身责备随从几句，让他们振奋精神，他的视线透过太阳那一轮灼亮晃眼的光线，看到那枚西班牙银光闪闪的十字架。他的阿尔罕布拉宫已经在敌人掌控之中了；而迎风飘展的圣·伊阿古旗帜上的圣战徽章，已加封到西班牙骑士战神圣徒之列。目睹此景，已为阶下囚的帝王失语了；他毫无耐性地结束这场锥心的观礼，放松缰绳，由着马蹄疾踏，

直到离军队前列不到一箭之遥才想起吁住马步。

谁能想到基督徒战争竟呈现出如此辉煌壮观的形势。尽目力所及，那代表政权的队伍，犹如一条条亮闪闪、华灿灿的流水线蜿蜒前行，杆杆长矛上的日光闪耀，饰有纹章的面面旗帜猎猎有声，而一旁克塞尼尔河华丽炫目的银波在喃喃低语，欢腾跳跃，上帝何其冷漠，毫不顾惜一个落魄王者的情绪，让列列精兵占据连绵的河道讽刺般地在他眼前走过。这队精兵在一座小小的清真寺旁停下来。统治集团的大司祭们和堪与查理曼大帝的圣战士匹敌的王公大臣们，团团簇拥着一派帝王气势的斐南迪，他右边站着伊莎贝尔和西班牙贵族的名媛佳丽，她们一身绚丽色彩与珠光宝气，王公们头上翎羽钢盔的光辉以及身上擦得锃光发亮的盔甲，使严肃的气氛轻松了些。布阿卜迪勒看到这群王公大臣即刻站住，整肃神色，深藏灵魂，将一个国王的神采和威严收敛，从他那稀稀拉拉的队伍里迈进一步，于是默罕默德的儿子与他高傲的征服者迎面相逢。

然而一见他那隐藏不住的王者气度，那满头金发，那俊美威凛的仪容，使得年轻人大为感动，一阵发自内心的钦佩迅速传遍那一群勇敢公正的人。斐南迪与伊莎贝尔缓步迎接最后一个对手——他们的新子民；布阿卜迪勒下了马，西班牙国王伸手抚上他的肩头。“我的兄弟，我的王子，”年轻的国王说，“忘记你的悲伤吧；愿我们的友情能安慰你作为一个英雄、一个国王而奋战失败的痛苦——顽固抵抗者，最终还是得在上帝面前俯首听令的。”

布阿卜迪勒没有理会这种言不由衷、含讽带刺的致意，他低下头静默了片刻；然后对他的手下示意，于是走出来四个军官，齐齐跪在斐南迪身旁，献上一个银色圆盾，上面托着一城之匙。“啊国王陛下！”布阿卜迪勒说，“请收下我手中抵挡西班牙大军城门的最后一把钥匙！穆斯林帝国从此不复存在。格拉纳达城和人民为你所有；他们服从你卓越的才能，也信赖你仁慈的心灵。”“他们做得好。”国王说，“我们的承诺不应改变。但我们了解勇敢的摩尔骑士，因而格拉

纳达之匙不应交给我们，而应放在更温柔之人的手上。”

口里说着，斐南迪将钥匙给了伊莎贝尔，出于同情——尽管她是英雄，且贵为皇后，但她却有一颗怜悯之心——她想好言宽慰布阿卜迪勒几句，但内心的情感起伏翻涌，过于激动，在她抬眼望见阴沉的帝王镇定而苍白的面容时，眼泪便一下子奔涌而出，嗓音哽咽。布阿卜迪勒的脸颊倏然绯红，气氛有一瞬间尴尬地凝固了，摩尔末代帝王首先开口打破窘况。

“美丽的王后，”他哀婉感伤而不失尊严地说，“您没看到您的慈悲多么让我感动，您的宽宏大量将我征服；这是您最终的征服，但辉煌却不小。而我耽搁了你们；不要让我影响你们凯旋的心情。就让我忍痛辞别吧。”“再见，我的兄弟，”斐南迪接口说道，“愿好运伴随你！忘记过去吧！”布阿卜迪勒苦笑一下，向这对皇家夫妇致以深切而无声的敬意，然后上马缓缓前行，离开了山下方的军队，攀登上通往远在阿尔帕克若斯之城的新领地的路途。国王斐南迪远远望着摩尔骑兵消失树林，于是下令三军开始行进；并吹响喇叭，猛击铙钹，凯旋的鼓乐瞬间传进摩尔人的耳朵。

布阿卜迪勒策马飞驰，一气奔到一个小村庄才勒住气喘吁吁的战马。这儿住着早就转送过来等他的母亲和奴仆，还有忠心爱戴他的妻子——阿米恩。接上他们，他又马不停蹄地奔上那条忧伤的路途。他们登上那座山丘，即将进入阿尔帕克若斯。这一小队人马站在这个高度，眼前出现了山谷河流，教堂熠熠的尖顶和格拉纳达的幢幢古塔；壮丽的景象迷住了骑士们，一双双眼睛望着心中热爱的圣地。勇士心中涌着羞愧，对家的温柔怀念，记忆里童年的欢乐，对故土的依依不舍之情一股脑涌进每个人的心中，又从每一双眼睛里流溢出来。

骤然，远空撕裂了城堡的火炮声，沿着阳光遍洒的山谷和晶光闪耀的河流轰隆隆席卷而来。这群流亡人突然齐声悲号；哭声重重地压在命运乖劫的国王心上，他徒然地用东方式的骄傲压下内心的悲伤，

借助向来坚忍的人生观消解凄苦。但是他的眼泪终究还是哗哗地淌出来，他不得不双手掩面。人马慢慢地在荒寂的狭路上蠕动，而摩尔帝王号哭过的地方至今被称作“摩尔人最后一声悲叹”。

LESSON 94

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

哈姆雷特的独白

To be, or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more: and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Shakespeare.—Hamlet, Act iii, Scene i.

【中文阅读】

生存，还是死亡，是个值得思考的问题：
是默忍厄运的戕毒，还是勇战苦海，横扫难阻？
两者相比，孰为高贵？死亡，——还是睡去：
若长睡，能消解心痛，这身皮囊免受万般惊惧，
这正是它所希求的完美结局。死亡，亦或睡去：
睡去，梦亦来袭：唉，症结就在这里；
即便你我斩断了红尘纷扰，
想到那死的睡眠里，究竟做着什么样的梦，
也必定踌躇犹疑，众生顾虑于此，
于是长久苦挨灾祸病罹。
有谁愿受世间嘲讽鞭笞，
受人压迫，遭人凌辱，
挚爱被轻贱，律法总延迟

弄权人骄横自负，苦苦忍耐却换得冷眼轻视，
若一把尖锥就能将种种不堪结束？谁又甘愿忍受，
于生活重负下呻吟焦急，
因为惧怕死后的痛苦，
旅往来世的人去而无返，我们意怯却步，
于是宁愿忍受现世的不幸，也不愿飞往未知的国度，
这番思想将我们都变成了懦夫，
于是那决心原有的光彩
因为重重顾虑的阴影，顿时苍白无力，
伟大事业也因此逆流而下，失去了行动的意义。

（莎士比亚《哈姆雷特》第三幕第三场）

LESSON 95

GINEVRA

金妮维亚

Samuel Rogers, 1763-1855, was the son of a London banker, and, in company with his father, followed the banking business for some years. He began to write at an early age, and published his "Pleasures of Memory," perhaps his most famous work, in 1792. The next year his father died, leaving him an ample fortune. He now retired from business and established himself in an elegant house in St. James's Place. This house was a place of resort for literary men during fifty years. In 1822 he published his longest poem, "Italy," after which he wrote but little. He wrote with care, spending, as he said, nine years on the "Pleasures of Memory," and sixteen on "Italy." "His writings are remarkable for elegance of diction, purity of taste, and beauty of sentiment." It is said that he was very agreeable in conversation and manners, and benevolent in his disposition; but he was addicted to ill-nature and satire in some of his criticisms.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance

To Modena,—where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies, is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),—
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arche'd walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames such as in old romance,
And lovers such as in heroic song,—
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the springtime, as alone they sate,
Venturing together on a tale of love.
Read only part that day.—A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—

And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold,
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,

Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs

Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,

An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,

But richly carved by Antony of Trent

With scripture stories from the life of Christ;

A chest that came from Venice, and had held

The ducal robes of some old ancestors—

That, by the way, it may be true or false—

But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,

When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy

The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire;

The young Ginevra was his all in life,

Still as she grew, forever in his sight;

And in her fifteenth year became a bride,

Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,

Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum:
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
Her hand,
with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,

Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!—Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long was to be seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"

'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished, save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."—There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!

【中文阅读】

若尔有幸曾游，摩德纳城胜地，
古代战利之品，城内陈列难计，
博洛尼亚之桶，依旧塔中珍藏，
雷焦城门不远，华宫门口停立，
奥尔西尼族人，从前定居此地。



座座庭园宏伟，台阶步步拾级，
处处喷泉如乐，石雕百态千姿，
丝柏蓊郁苍翠，令人留恋不去，
漫步林中曲径，正午亦现幽迷，

蓦见骑士美女，犹如重现传奇，
许是情侣佳配，恰似英雄恋曲，
当春树林嬉闹，偷享炽情甜蜜，
上演浪漫爱情，不顾流言蜚语。
那天仅观几分，夏阳西沉之际，
斜阳半挂天庭，尔欲转身离去，
但请房中赏画，听述画中传奇。
伊是名门单传，望族青春淑女，
始祖扎尔皮里，是谁吾不在意，
彼欲述说传奇，先把画轴注视，
反复凝神画面，似待来日追忆。

伊身端坐前倾，启樱唇扬兰指，
仿佛在说“当心！”伊之绣花金衣，
金扣翡翠宝石，浑身光彩四溢，
前额光洁凝脂，远胜汉白美玉，
头戴珍珠花冠。如月俏脸丰硕，
生来活泼漂亮，总是快乐洋溢，
纯洁心灵毕现，常萦于我记忆，

数载已然流走，仍似狂热旋律。

此画独悬之下，祖传宝物壁立，
相伴橡木衣柜，一半曾遭虫蚀，
雕刻名手拉丁，家住特伦托市，
上雕基督传说，朽木顿化神奇；
衣柜来自何方，桥城是其故地，
内藏公爵长袍，乃是祖先所遗，
莫论长袍真假，但将此画铭记。
尔若听过传说，定然如我常忆。

其父掌上明珠，家中独生此女，
为其美丽自豪，因其聪慧欢喜；
少女金妮维亚，其父生之意义，
守望女儿成长，须臾不曾远离；
于伊三五之年，迎接新婚典礼，
夫家姓多利亚，独子弗朗西斯，
两人青梅竹马，情窦初开相许。

盛装婚纱礼服，一派温柔欢愉，
亲朋爱其活泼，笑谈新娘淘气。
那日那时那刻，典礼即将开始，
新娘颦眉微笑，频繁足有百次，
姆妈守旧老嫗，说教妇道礼仪：
华春酥手莲心，并交夫君手里。
好个弗朗西斯，这般幸福甜蜜；
嘉宾已然落座，喜宴新娘缺席。
到处找寻不见！其父强笑解释：
许是淘气宝贝，考验爱之诚意！
满斟琼浆敬客，手却抖颤不已，
惊慌传遍客心，瞬间一片疑虑，
伊人含笑回眸，飞离弗朗西斯，
贝齿嗔咬其掌，指上留有印迹。
从此遍寻无影，令人种种猜疑，
但非厌倦新郎，确是钟情不渝，
新郎飞赴桥城，即刻转而离去，
浴火土耳其战，苟活奥尔西尼；

常见老人恍惚，总似寻寻觅觅，
寻觅终究无果，因其所失不明。
老人一朝别世，空留华宫沉寂，
一段时日过后，豪宅入主不识。

五十年来倥偬，往事浮云散去，
一日闲来无聊，画廊旧物寻趣，
蓦见废品之间，那台腐朽柜具，
问者年轻鲁莽，金妮维亚犹似：
为何储藏此物？耗费空间搁置。
说话即刻搬箱，途中爆裂落地，
呀！一具尸骸，满地明珠灿玉，
一枚黄金别针，一颗翡翠宝石，
他物尽已朽烂，尚存一枚戒子，
一方小小印章，是其母亲所遗，
上刻母女之名，金妮维亚即是，
伊本嬉藏衣柜，不料掘墓此地！
因其幸福至极，兴奋慌藏柜里，
弹簧鬼锁夺命，致伊香销匿迹。

LESSON 96

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES

发明与发现

John Caldwell Calhoun, 1782-1850. This great statesman, and champion of southern rights and opinions, was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina. In the line of both parents, he was of Irish Presbyterian descent. In youth he was very studious, and made the best use of such opportunities for education as the frontier settlement afforded. He graduated at Yale College in 1804, and studied law at Litchfield, Connecticut. In 1808 he was elected to the Legislature of South Carolina; and, three years later, he was chosen to the National House of Representatives. During the six years that he remained in the House, he took an active and prominent part in the stirring events of the time. In 1817 he was appointed Secretary of War, and held the office seven years. From 1825 to 1832 he was Vice President of the United States. He then resigned this office, and took his seat as senator from South Carolina. In 1844 President Tyler called him to his Cabinet as Secretary of State; and, in 1845, he returned to the Senate,

where he remained till his death. During all his public life Mr. Calhoun was active and outspoken. His earnestness and logical force commanded the respect of those who differed most widely from him in opinion. He took the most advanced ground in favor of "State Rights," and defended slavery as neither morally nor politically wrong. His foes generally conceded his honesty, and respected his ability; while his friends regarded him as little less than an oracle.

In private life Mr. Calhoun was highly esteemed and respected. His home was at "Fort Hill," in the northwestern district of South Carolina; and here he spent all the time he could spare from his public duties, in the enjoyments of domestic life and in cultivating his plantation. In his home he was remarkable for kindness, cheerfulness, and sociability.

To comprehend more fully the force and bearing of public opinion, and to form a just estimate of the changes to which, aided by the press, it will probably lead, politically and socially, it will be necessary to consider it in connection with the causes that have given it an influence so great as to entitle it to be regarded as a new political element. They will, upon investigation, be found in the many discoveries and inventions made in the last few centuries.

All these have led to important results. Through the invention of the mariner's compass, the globe has been circumnavigated and explored; and all who inhabit it, with but few exceptions, are brought within the sphere of an all-pervading commerce, which is daily diffusing over its surface the light and blessings of civilization.

Through that of the art of printing, the fruits of observation and reflection, of discoveries and inventions, with all the accumulated stores of previously acquired knowledge, are preserved and widely diffused. The application of gunpowder to the art of war has forever settled the long conflict for ascendancy between civilization and barbarism, in favor of the former, and thereby guaranteed that, whatever knowledge is now accumulated, or may hereafter be added, shall never again be lost.

The numerous discoveries and inventions, chemical and mechanical, and the application of steam to machinery, have increased many fold the productive powers of labor and capital, and have thereby greatly increased the number who may devote themselves to study and improvement, and the amount of means necessary for commercial exchanges, especially between the more and the less advanced and civilized portions of the globe, to the great advantage of both, but particularly of the latter.

The application of steam to the purposes of travel and transportation, by land and water, has vastly increased the facility, cheapness, and rapidity of both: diffusing, with them, information and intelligence almost as quickly and as freely as if borne by the winds; while the electrical wires outstrip them in velocity, rivaling in rapidity even thought itself.

The joint effect of all this has been a great increase and diffusion of knowledge; and, with this, an impulse to progress and civilization heretofore unexampled in the history of the world, accompanied by a mental energy and activity unprecedented.

To all these causes, public opinion, and its organ, the press,

owe their origin and great influence. Already they have attained a force in the more civilized portions of the globe sufficient to be felt by all governments, even the most absolute and despotic. But, as great as they now are, they have, as yet, attained nothing like their maximum force. It is probable that not one of the causes which have contributed to their formation and influence, has yet produced its full effect; while several of the most powerful have just begun to operate; and many others, probably of equal or even greater force, yet remain to be brought to light.

When the causes now in operation have produced their full effect, and inventions and discoveries shall have been exhausted—if that may ever be—they will give a force to public opinion, and cause changes, political and social, difficult to be anticipated. What will be their final bearing, time only can decide with any certainty.

That they will, however, greatly improve the condition of man ultimately, it would be impious to doubt; it would be to suppose that the all-wise and beneficent Being, the Creator of all, had so constituted man as that the employment of the high intellectual faculties with which He has been pleased to endow him, in order that he might develop the laws that control the great agents of the material world, and make them subservient to his use, would prove to him the cause of permanent evil, and not of permanent good.

【中文阅读】

为了全面地了解公众舆论的影响与导向，为了合理地判断在媒体的推波助澜下时势所可能发生的政治及社会变化，我们有必要把事物产生巨大影响的成因纳入考虑——这成因的影响力是如此巨大，可以

视其为新生政治因素。在调查中，这些成因将会在近几个世纪的许多发现与发明中露出端倪。

所有这些发明都已经产生了重要成果。有了航海罗盘，人们得以环球航行探险；万物栖居地球，地球上的人毫无例外都被纳入了无处不在的商业圈，每日将光明与文明的福音在世界上传播。

通过印刷术，我们从发明与发现中看到观察与沉思的成果，先前获得的知识尽数积累保存，并且得到广泛传播。火药之于战争艺术的应用，一劳永逸地解决了文明与野蛮之间为争夺支配权而发生的持久冲突，令前者获得优势，从而保证人们永不会再度失去现已积累并将逐渐增加的文明成果。

众多发现与发明里，化学和机械，以及蒸汽机的应用，使劳动效益飚升，资本翻倍增长，许多人从劳动中解放出来，将时间和精力投入到学习与自我完善，以及商贸互易所必须的各种运作中去，尤其是世界上那些文明更先进更落后的地方，都从中获得巨大的利益，尤其是落后地区。

蒸汽的应用实现了水上和陆地上游历与运输的目的，两者更加便宜快捷，随着交通的四通八达，信息和情报好像刚一诞生就如风一样自由迅速地传播开来。而电的传播速率，甚至比思想传播得还快。

所有发现与发明的联合效应已经大幅度增长，知识广泛传播，知识成了社会前进和文明繁荣的推动力，是世界历史长河中无可比拟的，伴随一种空前的智慧能量与活力的大飞跃。

对于所有这些推动社会前进和文明发展的滥觞，应该归功于公众舆论以及宣传机构，新闻的影响在最初起着推波助澜的巨大作用。而世界上更加开化的地方，社会进步与文明已经形成一种力量，所有政府都充分感觉到了这股力量，即使最专制独裁的政府也概莫能免。然

而直到目前，推动社会进步的能量还没有爆发出终极力量。或许促成社会进步力的形成和势力的成因不只一种，但是已经充分发挥了作用；而其中几个影响力最大的社会进步已经开始运用；许多其他的社会进步力，或许有等同甚或更强大的影响力，但是尚待人类去发现。

现在投入运用的发明成果已经充分起作用，但是发明与发现终将有耗尽的时候——这一天到来——委实难料，它们是否会触发强大的公众舆论，引起政治社会的革命。它们的最终导向，唯有等待时间来判定。

然而这些发现与发明终将使人类的生存条件产生质的飞跃，怀疑这点是毫无信仰的表现；怀疑这点，就是假设至睿至仁的生灵，那创造万物的主，在造人的时候就欣然赋予人充分运用高智能的能力，以便人能够开发出控制这个物质世界的伟大自然力的律法，使得大自然为人类所用，却只是为了向人类证明永恒的恶因，而非永恒的善果。

LESSON 97

ENOCH ARDEN AT THE WINDOW

窗前的伊诺克·雅顿

Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892, was born in Somerby, Lincolnshire, England; his father was a clergyman noted for his energy and physical stature. Alfred, with his two older brothers, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems appeared in 1830; it made little impression, and was severely treated by the critics. On the publication of his third series, in 1842, his poetic genius began to receive general recognition. On the death of Wordsworth he was made poet laureate, and he was then regarded as the foremost living poet of England. "In Memoriam," written in memory of his friend Arthur Hallam, appeared in 1850; the "Idyls of the King," in 1858; and "Enoch Arden," a touching story in verse, from which the following selection is taken, was published in 1864. In 1883 he accepted a peerage as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, Sussex, and of Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he mildly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden, square and walled:

And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunned the middle walk, and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed:

And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe,
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness.
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.
And there he would have knelt but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Savior, Thou
That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.

My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never!—no father's kiss for me!—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son!"

There speech and thought and nature failed a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burden of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

【中文阅读】

然而，雅顿渴望再看她一眼，
“我只要再看一眼那张甜美的脸，
只要知道她过得幸福就好。”这想法
纠缠不休，逼迫他迈步向前，
傍晚时分，这荒漠无情的十一月天，

脸色越发沉暗，爬上山，
他在那儿坐下，把山下的全景俯瞰；
往事如潮水袭来，心上搦痛，难以言传。不久
一片舒适的红光从菲利普家后窗远远闪耀，
吸引着他，一如暗夜的塔灯吸引倦飞的鸟，
终于一腔柔情地撞上灯塔，结束一生的劳倦。

菲利普家，位于街道对面
那幢房临海最近；然而屋后，
一扇开着的小门，通向荒野，
绿意葱茏的，是墙内一方小小花园，
一棵古老的常青树，
一株紫杉，四周鹅卵石小路蜿蜒，
一条小径两分花园：
但雅顿避开中间小径，悄然
翻墙而过，藏身紫杉树后；
倘若悲喜失控，雅顿发现，
那株紫杉可以把他遮掩。

洁净的木板上，茶杯与餐具
明光闪亮；炉火如春温暖：
触目所及，菲利普坐在壁炉右边，
过去那个微不足道的求婚者，
又矮又胖，面庞红润，膝上坐着小宝贝；
她的继父倚着个名叫李安妮的女孩，
这个后来者却亦更得宠爱，
只见她金发柔软，高挑身材，举起的手中
悬荡着一块勋表，一串入耳的铃声
逗得婴儿挥舞着胖嘟嘟的小手臂，
几欲抓取，又总是错过，引得一家人笑声一片。
然后他看见壁炉的左边，
那位母亲不时地向她的小宝贝瞥一眼，
偶尔转身和站在身旁体格魁梧的儿子交谈，
母亲的话一定逗乐了他，看他笑脸如花绽。

当生还的亡夫偷偷观察着一切
不再是他妻子的妻子，眼望着婴儿，
属于她却不是他的宝贝，坐在父亲的膝上，

所有的温暖、祥和、快乐非他所属。

他自己的孩子们高大漂亮，

而那个男人占据了他的位置，

代他行使丈夫的权利，享受他儿女们的爱戴，

尽管米里亚姆已给他讲述过这一切，

亲眼所见可能比听传言更加刺心灼目。

此刻，他还是蹒跚欲倒浑身抖颤，紧抓树枝，唯恐

那一声心如锥刺的痛哭爆破胸腔，

就在一瞬间，如同摧枯拉朽的爆炸，

让壁炉旁的一切幸福烟消云散。

于是，他像个窃贼，轻轻转身，

轻踩着粗粝的鹅卵石，唯恐脚下闹出动静，

摸着墙壁前行，只怕昏晕倒地，被人发现。

蹑足至门前，轻轻推开，关闭，

小心之态，犹如关上的是病人的房门，

转身，他走进荒野。

本欲跪倒那儿，然而双膝

如此虚弱无力，一下扑倒，十指插进

潮湿的泥土，哀哀祈祷。

“如何承受！他们为何让我落入如此地步？

哦，万能的上帝啊，我神圣的救世主，你

在孤独的岛上鼓励我，

天父，在我独饮寂寞时，支持我，

再久一些！请你帮我，给我力量，

让我守住孤独，永远不让她知道。

请给我忍耐，不要打乱她的宁静生活。

我的孩子们亦然！我必须守住秘密？

他们不知我是谁。我应该真相大白吗？

绝不可以！——孩子们不会亲吻我这个父亲！——那女孩

酷似她的妈妈，男孩，我的儿子，一如我的模样！”

然而他的祈祷与思想和他的本我相背，

他恍恍惚惚地躺着；当他站起身举步前行

再次返回那条孤独的回家之路，

沿着狭长的街道，

一句话反复敲打着他的神经，

仿佛一句低沉的叠歌，

“不要告诉她，永远别让她知道。”

LESSON 98

LOCHINVAR

洛钦瓦尔

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,

Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,

"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,

That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bridemaids whispered, "'Twere better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,

When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood
near,

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,

So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:

They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

(Walter Scott)

【中文阅读】

啊，年轻的洛钦瓦尔，来自西方，
整个边疆，他的战马最棒。
除了一把宝刀，身上兵器无他，
徒手单骑，快马奔驰！
忠诚于爱，战火无惧，
英俊潇洒的骑士，无人堪比！

跨越了山石阻碍，马不停蹄，
渡过了那条即使浅滩都无人敢涉足的艾斯克河，
可是一路急赶，还未来到尼瑞贝家门前下马，

姑娘应允出嫁，勇士已然来迟：

那个爱情中的后来者，战场上的懦夫，

就要迎娶勇士的心上人艾伦！

勇士直入尼瑞贝家大厅，一派潇洒自信，

挺立于新娘的亲朋好友以及所有来宾之间；

新娘的父亲手握剑柄一声叱喝，

而可怜的怯懦新郎一语不发。

“你是为和平而来，还是不怀好意？

莫非要为婚宴舞蹈祝趣，我年轻的洛钦瓦尔勋爵？”

“我久已倾心您的女儿，却遭您拒绝。

我的爱曾像索尔韦湾的滔滔流水，如今爱已如潮退去。

此来别无他意，只为和我丢失的心上人，

领先共舞一曲，举杯相庆。

苏格兰少女成群，更是活泼美丽，

成为年轻的洛钦瓦尔的新娘，哪个会不欢喜？”

新娘轻吻琉璃盏；骑士接过酒杯，

一口饮尽，掷杯于地。

新娘含羞俯首，仰头叹气，

唇绽微笑，却眼含泪滴。

骑士牵起新娘纤手，趁她母亲未及阻拦，

年轻的骑士说：“佳时美景，我们何不共舞一曲！”

他的仪态优雅高贵，她那秀脸如此美丽，

从没见过一座大厅的双人舞，这般优雅高贵；

新娘的母亲眉簇焦躁，她的父亲满脸怒气，

而新郎，呆呆站立，手悬礼帽，帽翎摇颤，

伴娘们则低低议论，“表妹与洛钦瓦尔，

才是珠联璧合，一对佳侣。”

暗捏纤纤素手，于她耳际悄言低语，

一路旋舞来到厅门，千里良驹门口等立，

骑士轻舒长臂，将美丽的人儿托上马背，

轻轻一跃，他跳上了马鞍！

年轻的骑士说：“她是我的了！从此我们消失河岸丛林，

即使他们坐骑千里，也休想找到我们的踪迹。”

尼瑞贝的族人骑上了战马，
他们的马蹄踏遍高山谷地；
但是尼瑞贝丢失的新娘遍寻不见。
如此勇敢爱恋，如此无畏于战，
像年轻的洛钦瓦尔这般，你可曾听传？

（沃尔特·斯科特）

LESSON 99

SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER

关于审判一个谋杀犯的演讲

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

This is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lionlike temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It

was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal nature, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet,—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock by soft and continued pressure till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before

him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart; and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon; such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and wilt come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every

circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime, the guilty soul can not keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

(Daniel Webster)

【中文阅读】

针对那站在审判席上的被告，作为个人而言，我不会持有丝毫偏

见。我既不会给被告一点点损害，也不会让他承受不公待遇。但对这桩严重罪行的侦破与惩罚，我不会假装漠不关心。所有参与谋划或动手执行这次午夜暗杀的人，要站到审判席上，为他们的重罪受到正义的审判；有些人会对社会上出现这样的罪人感到焦虑而痛心——我就是他们中的一员，因而我很乐意分担这种耻辱感，无论它来自何方、有多严重。

这是一宗极其离奇的案件。从某些方面来看，不论哪里出现这样的案件都实属罕见；当然在我们新英格兰历史中更没有这样的先例。这出血腥味十足的戏剧并未展示突如其来的激动，亦非出于抑制不住的愤怒。这戏中的演员，并不会为自己的行径大吃一惊——他们并非是不及抵抗就被野兽般的邪念攫住了道德心。他们既没有采取过度残酷的复仇行动，也没有对长期沉淀心底的极端仇恨感到厌烦。这是一宗经过深谋远虑、周密计划的谋杀，目的是为赚取钱财。这完全是出于“酬金而非报仇”。这是金钱与生命对抗的权衡；数出多少块银币，就有多少盎司鲜血为代价。

一位老人，从不与人为敌，却死在自己家里、自己的床上，那个残忍的刺客仅仅是为了酬金将老人杀害了。确实，这是给画家和诗人提供了活生生的素材。此后无论谁画出杀人犯的相貌，如果要画得和实例相同——而这个例子就出现在是我们最新觅得的，就发生在我们新英格兰社会的内部——那就请画家别画摩罗神的冷酷表情，别画因复仇而扭结的眉毛，别画因憎恨而铁青的面容，别画喷射着怨毒之火的眼睛。我宁愿让他画一个相貌端正、表情平和、面无血色的魔鬼；一个睡着而不是施恶的魔鬼；不要过分渲染处于突发性犯罪行为中的人类本性的邪恶，正如不要过分着墨于处在平常的表现与个性发展中的魔鬼本性。

这种泰然自若沉着坚定地实行谋杀的行为和策划凶杀一样邪恶，罪不容恕。现在证据确凿，谋杀现场的情形整个在我们面前展开了。沉睡者成了命定的牺牲品，罪恶就在他自己的房屋下发生。一位健康

的老人正在酣睡，在这深沉的夜晚之中，鼾声柔和有力地一声接着一声。这时刺客潜窗而入，准备进入一间空室。刺客举步无声来到空寂的半胧月光倾洒的大厅；悄无声息地迈上楼梯，潜至内室门口。这当儿，刺客轻轻扭动锁片，压着把手，直到铰链无声打开；他溜进去，站在受害人床前阴冷地看着他。这间房极其宽敞，月光自由地泻落。而酣睡者那张无辜的脸背对着刺客，月光照在老人灰白的太阳穴上，正好给了刺客下手的要害。于是刺客无需二下，一击得手，死者连动一下都没有，就从睡眠的安静一下子陷入了死亡的安静！

刺客的目的是杀人不留活口；尽管很明显死者一击毙命，已没有生命迹象，但是他还是拿起了匕首，举起老人手臂，在他心脏补上一刀；然后将老人手臂放回刀口上！做完这些，他还不忘摸一下老人手腕一测脉搏！确定是真的没有了脉动！这个杀人犯手法何其老练，技巧多么娴熟。之后他撤身折回窗口，跳出窗从原路逃逸。他已经犯下罪恶；但是没有人目睹他的踪影，没有人听到罪恶的声息。这个秘密只有自己知道，他以为可以逃脱罪罚，安然度日！

啊！先生们，这是个可怕的误解。这样的滔天秘密放哪儿都不安全。宇宙之主不会让罪犯藏匿角落，使其逍遥法外无从查找。更别说他一眼洞穿所有的伪装，如同高天白日下明见一切；罪恶的隐秘永远无法幸免于侦查，甚至是假人之手施行的罪恶也不例外。这是事实，人们常说，“杀人不偿命。”事实上，上帝如此规定，也如此统治万物，凡是让别人流血触犯天条者，鲜有人侥幸逃脱。尤其是这样一宗令人极其关注的大案，罪恶的秘密迟早大白天下。无数双眼睛探究着与案发时间地点有关的每个人、每一物和每个情况；数不清的耳朵捕捉着每一声低语，成千上万人怀着激动的心情紧张地思考犯罪现场的细微末节，从各个角度，准备找到蛛丝马迹，点燃真相大白的火焰。

同时，罪犯的灵魂也不可能守住秘密。与其说他的灵魂背叛了它本身，倒不如说是要忠实于它自己的良知无法抑制冲动。良知在罪恶感的重压下，不知如何是好。人心是不允许这样一个寄居者久留的。

结果他的内心被痛苦折磨，备受煎熬，却不敢向上帝或是人们坦承罪恶。一只贪婪的秃鹫正在啄食他的良心，但此时的良心不要上帝的安慰，也不会向世人求助。这时杀人的秘密立刻来占据他的心；犹如我们从书中看到的邪魔，将他的理智攻克，受其牵引。他感到秘密之魔在他心房拳打脚踢，冲上了咽喉，急欲一吐为快。他觉得全世界的人都看到了毕现于他脸上与眼里的秘密，即便他在静思默想，人们一样听到了魔鬼的动静。这股魔力奴役了他的意志。打乱其判断力，摧其胆气，克其谨慎。怀疑对象还没有锁定他的时候，这张环境大网就把他紧紧困住了，那个杀人秘密仍然激烈斗争，急欲昭告天下。他必须坦白秘密，供认不讳；不然守秘的唯一后路是自杀，而自杀即是坦白。

（丹尼尔·韦伯斯特）

LESSON 100

THE CLOSING YEAR

逝年

George Denison Prentice, 1802-1870, widely known as a political writer, a poet, and a wit, was born in Preston, Connecticut, and graduated at Brown University in 1823. He studied law, but never practiced his profession. He edited a paper in Hartford for two years; and, in 1831, he became editor of the "Louisville Journal," which position he held for nearly forty years. As an editor, Mr. Prentice was an able, and sometimes bitter, political partisan, abounding in wit and satire; as a poet, he not only wrote gracefully himself, but he did much by his kindness and sympathy to develop the poetical talents of others. Some who have since taken high rank, first became known to the world through the columns of the "Louisville Journal."

'T is midnight's holy hour, and silence now

Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er

The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,

The bell's deep notes are swelling; 't is the knell
Of the departed year.

No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and, on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,

Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions, that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year

Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man; and the haughty form

Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of midday; and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!—

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on

He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness;
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion.

Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,

Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down, like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
Time the tomb builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

【中文阅读】

午夜圣时，寂静
像个轻柔的幽灵，
徘徊于了无生趣的世界上空。听！迎风而上，
一声强似一声的，是低沉的钟鸣；那是哀悼

一年的消逝。

没有送葬的队伍

从此经过；然而，溪水含愁，树林呜咽，

忧郁的灯火闪烁，月色倾洒，

像一件纤尘不染的灰白寿裳；似哀悼者

一声幽叹搅动了气流；而远方的云朵，

如此平静安然，飘向天国，

季节的精灵似乎偏爱

青春的蓬勃，晴夏的明朗，凉秋的庄肃，

而冬，顶着发髻上的岁月沧桑，

哀恸地低语，那声调

像远方风弦琴的悲号，荒凉、感伤，

一曲挽歌抹去逝年的足迹，

永远消失于尘世。

这段时光

给回忆复活，让眼泪流淌。在心房，

平静的深处，一个幽灵模糊，

他的语调犹如时间之神巫蛊的嗓音，
传出岁月的坟墓，深凉的禅指，
指点世间愿景，一切随之消失，
生命虚化的荒地，不留可爱的影子。幽灵掀起
盛着希望、欢笑与爱这三位女神的棺盖，
哀伤地，向那苍白
甜美沉睡的人儿躬身，撒上枯萎的香蕊，
向虚无的生命奠以花祭。

这一年

已消逝，也带走多少
美妙梦想。给每人的额头刻上印痕，
将阴影镌刻众生的心上。一路如飞
在万般景致之上，挥舞权杖，
于是好花不再，好景不长。那苍白的手
轻轻往强壮的人身上一放；于是结实的身体
无力地倾倒，明亮的眼眸顿失神光。
它走入欢宴的大厅，踏碎灯火的光明，
驱散满堂的欢乐；此时入耳的声声饮泣

是受伤人不堪忍受的痛，一首老歌
伴着悲号在大厅回荡。它飞掠
战争之平原，原上的刀剑、盾牌与长矛
映射午阳，闪出凛凛寒光；林立的战者
失去了士气，绿草
从大屠杀过的泥土中生长，绿波摇摇
隐现枯骨。它就像
鸿蒙初开的大雾花环，倏忽曾现又隐去；
然而，当它即将溶于虚无的穹苍，
先已昭告众生
去往那虚幻的幽冥之乡。

无情的时间之神！
这玻璃与镰刀的残忍幽灵！——什么力量
才能使你入静，什么热情
能感动这铁石心肠！向前，仍旧向前
向前推进，他永不停息。那只骄傲的
安第斯山脉的神鹰，飞越天国无际的深渊，
迎向北方狂怒飓风，

双翅沐浴万钧雷霆，
于黄昏时分，收拢垂天之翼，栖落于
云崖峭壁；然而时间之神
不懂睡眠的意义，不知劳倦的分量；
即使深夜的黑暗也没能锁住
他那轮子滴答前进。

革命浪潮

席卷世界，就像混乱的幻象
袭扰梦中忧伤的胸膛；
一座座城市立起又沉没，
犹如水中破灭的泡沫；火山群岛
从无际的大海中喷吐怒火，继而又沉入
神秘的海底洞穴；巍巍群山
那耸入云天的峭壁巉岩，
朝着广阔平原鞠下高高的头颅，一个个新帝国升起，
积聚了古老世纪的多少能量，
却顷刻瓦解，犹如阿尔卑斯山的大雪崩，
使不安定的国家惊悚；那几颗明星，

是上帝在远方愉快而热烈的炫示，
闪烁在永恒的穹隆之渊，
又像七星姐妹，排着最可爱的队列，
从辉煌的球体射出光芒，然后消失，
遁形于无迹可循的虚空；然而时间，
这个坟墓的缔造者，履行着他那残忍的职业，
阴郁、严厉又冷酷决绝，
即使他的途中遍是尸骨残骸，
也不会稍停，像其他征服者那样，
面对他一手造成的可怕废墟
坐下来沉思片刻。

LESSON 101

A NEW CITY IN COLORADO

科罗拉多的新城

Helen Hunt Jackson, 1830-1885, was the daughter of the late Professor Nathan W. Fiske, of Amherst College. She was born in Amherst, and educated at Ipswich, Massachusetts, and at New York. Mrs. Jackson was twice married. In the latter years of her life, she became deeply interested in the Indians, and wrote two books, "Ramona," a novel, and "A Century of Dishonor," setting forth vividly the wrongs to which the red race has been subjected. She had previously published several books of prose and poetry, less important but charming in their way. The following selection is adapted from "Bits of Travel at Home."

Garland City is six miles from Fort Garland. The road to it from the fort lies for the last three miles on the top of a sage-grown plateau. It is straight as an arrow, looks in the distance like a brown furrow on the pale gray plain, and seems to pierce the mountains beyond. Up to within an eighth of a mile of Garland City, there is no trace of human habitation. Knowing that the city must be near,

you look in all directions for a glimpse of it; the hills ahead of you rise sharply across your way. Where is the city? At your very feet, but you do not suspect it.

The sunset light was fading when we reached the edge of the ravine in which the city lies. It was like looking unawares over the edge of a precipice; the gulch opened beneath us as suddenly as if the earth had that moment parted and made it. With brakes set firm, we drove cautiously down the steep road; the ravine twinkled with lights, and almost seemed to flutter with white tents and wagon tops. At the farther end it widened, opening out on an inlet of the San Luis Park; and, in its center, near this widening mouth, lay the twelve-days-old city. A strange din arose from it.

"What is going on?" we exclaimed. "The building of the city," was the reply. "Twelve days ago there was not a house here. To-day there are one hundred and five, and in a week more there will be two hundred; each man is building his own home, and working day and night to get it done ahead of his neighbor. There are four sawmills going constantly, but they can't turn out lumber half fast enough. Everybody has to be content with a board at a time. If it were not for that, there would have been twice as many houses done as there are."

We drove on down the ravine. A little creek on our right was half hid in willow thickets. Hundreds of white tents gleamed among them: tents with poles; tents made by spreading sailcloth over the tops of bushes; round tents; square tents; big tents; little tents; and for every tent a camp fire; hundreds of white-topped wagons, also, at rest for the night, their great poles propped up by sticks, and their mules and drivers lying and standing in picturesque groups

around them.

It was a scene not to be forgotten. Louder and louder sounded the chorus of the hammers as we drew near the center of the "city;" more and more the bustle thickened; great ox teams swaying unyieldingly about, drawing logs and planks, backing up steep places; all sorts of vehicles driving at reckless speed up and down; men carrying doors; men walking along inside of window sashes,—the easiest way to carry them; men shoveling; men wheeling wheelbarrows; not a man standing still; not a man with empty hands; every man picking up something, and running to put it down somewhere else, as in a play; and, all the while, "Clink! clink! clink!" ringing above the other sounds,—the strokes of hundreds of hammers, like the "Anvil Chorus."

"Where is Perry's Hotel?" we asked. One of the least busy of the throng spared time to point to it with his thumb, as he passed us. In some bewilderment we drew up in front of a large unfinished house, through the many uncased apertures of which we could see only scaffoldings, rough boards, carpenters' benches, and heaps of shavings. Streams of men were passing in and out through these openings, which might be either doors or windows; no steps led to any of them.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! can accommodate you all!" was the landlord's reply to our hesitating inquiries. He stood in the doorway of his dining-room; the streams of men we had seen going in and out were the fed and the unfed guests of the house. It was supper time; we also were hungry. We peered into the dining room: three tables full of men; a huge pile of beds on the floor, covered with hats and coats; a singular wall, made entirely of doors propped upright; a

triangular space walled off by sailcloth,—this is what we saw. We stood outside, waiting among the scaffolding and benches. A black man was lighting the candles in a candelabrum made of two narrow bars of wood nailed across each other at right angles, and perforated with holes. The candles sputtered, and the hot fat fell on the shavings below.

"Dangerous way of lighting a room full of shavings," some one said. The landlord looked up at the swinging candelabra and laughed. "Tried it pretty often," he said. "Never burned a house down yet."

I observed one peculiarity in the speech at Garland City. Personal pronouns, as a rule, were omitted; there was no time for a superfluous word.

"Took down this house at Wagon Creek," he continued, "just one week ago; took it down one morning while the people were eating breakfast; took it down over their heads; putting it up again over their heads now."

This was literally true. The last part of it we ourselves were seeing while he spoke, and a friend at our elbow had seen the Wagon Creek crisis.

"Waiting for that round table for you," said the landlord; "I'll bring the chairs out here's fast's they quit 'em. That's the only way to get the table."

So, watching his chances, as fast as a seat was vacated, he sprang into the room, seized the chair and brought it out to us; and we sat there in our "reserved seats," biding the time when there

should be room enough vacant at the table for us to take our places.

What an indescribable scene it was! The strange-looking wall of propped doors which we had seen, was the impromptu, wall separating the bedrooms from the dining-room. Bedrooms? Yes, five of them; that is, five bedsteads in a row, with just space enough between them to hang up a sheet, and with just room enough between them and the propped doors for a moderate-sized person to stand upright if he faced either the doors or the bed. Chairs? Oh, no! What do you want of a chair in a bedroom which has a bed in it? Washstands? One tin basin out in the unfinished room. Towels? Uncertain.

The little triangular space walled off by the sailcloth was a sixth bedroom, quite private and exclusive; and the big pile of beds on the dining-room floor was to be made up into seven bedrooms more between the tables, after everybody had finished supper.

Luckily for us we found a friend here,—a man who has been from the beginning one of Colorado's chief pioneers; and who is never, even in the wildest wilderness, without resources of comfort.

"You can't sleep here," he said. "I can do better for you than this."

"Better!"

He offered us luxury. How movable a thing is one's standard of comfort! A two-roomed pine shanty, board walls, board floors, board ceilings, board partitions not reaching to the roof, looked to us that night like a palace. To have been entertained at Windsor Castle would not have made us half so grateful.

It was late before the "city" grew quiet; and, long after most of the lights were out, and most of the sounds had ceased, I heard one solitary hammer in the distance, clink, clink, clink. I fell asleep listening to it.

【中文阅读】

嘉伦市距嘉伦堡有六英里之遥。从此堡抄近路，在一片生长鼠尾草的高原上走3英里，就能到该市。这条路直如飞矢，远远看去，宛如灰白平原上划出的一条深褐色车辙，直入大山深处。嘉伦市方圆两百米内荒无人迹。在路上，你明知此城已不远，就四处张望它的踪影；然而眼前只有一座座丘陵突兀地横贯途中。城市在何方？就在你的足下，但你并未觉察。

日薄西山时，我们来到峡谷的边缘，这就是城市的所在地。这感觉就仿佛是浑然不知地站在断崖边上张望；峡谷大张巨口，就像是山体在我们脚下瞬间劈裂、分成两半。我们牢牢地把住车闸，小心翼翼沿陡峭的山路开着车；峡谷有光亮闪烁，崎岖的山路几乎要将白帐篷和车篷给震飞。再往深处，峡谷变宽，在圣路易斯公园一个入水口上展开。在其中段，这个拓宽的入口不远处，就躺着这座诞生十二天的城市。这时一种奇怪的喧闹声从城内传来。

“怎么回事？”我们惊问。“建造城市呢，”有人如是回答。“十二天前这儿还没有半屋片瓦。可今天一下出现了一百零五套房子，再过一周就会有两百多套；人人都在给自己建造家园，日夜不停地干活，都想让自己的房子比邻居家提前落成。现在有四家锯木厂连轴转地开工，结果最快也就能加工一半木材。一时间大家也就只能将就着用了。若不是这个原因，建成的房子应该是现在的两倍了。”

我们沿着峡谷继续行驶。路右侧一条小溪半掩半现于柳树丛林。成百上千个白帐篷在丛林里闪现：帐篷有杆子支撑，帆布直接在灌木

丛上展开成蓬；于是出现了蘑菇帐篷、方块帐篷、大帐篷小帐篷；每个帐篷旁边都点着篝火；许许多多白顶四轮马车静待晚上的使命，他们的帐篷主杆都凭借树枝支撑着，骡子和车夫有的躺有的站，围绕着帐篷形成一幅生动的画面。

这是一幅令人难忘的景象。随着“市”中心的接近，锤子组成的大合唱越来越高亢，喧闹声越来越杂乱。周围有庞大的公牛群组成的车队，拉着原木和木板摇摇晃晃；各式各样的车辆被铆足了劲地推着来回跑；有人扛来门板；有人就走来顺着窗框接住——这是种搬运木板的快捷省工的方法；有人铲土，有人就推着独轮车运送；没人闲站，没有人空手；每人都捡起物件，又跑步把东西放到别地方去，就像上演一部戏剧，大家各司其职；这“叮当！叮当！叮当！”声一直喧闹不已，将其他声音都压了下去，数以百计的锤子一齐敲打，真如上演一出“铁砧协奏曲”。

“请问斐瑞旅馆在什么地方？”我们大声问。人群中一个忙得没那么起劲的人从我们身边经过时，用大拇指指了一下。我们茫然地在一座尚未竣工的大房子前面停下，透过许多未及封抹的开口，我们仅能看到搭立的脚手架，粗糙的木板，木工长凳，成堆的刨花。人流不时从这些也许是门也许是窗的开口进进出出；这地方没有一个人驻足。

“哦哦，是的！是的！欢迎各位光临！”房东如此答复我们犹疑不定的询问。他正站在餐厅门口；我们身边进进出出的人流正是就餐完毕和来就餐的房客。那是晚饭时间；我们一个个也都饥肠辘辘了。于是我们朝餐厅打探了几眼：三张餐桌座无虚席；地板上好大一堆床，床上堆压着衣帽；有一面奇异的墙，竟全是用直竖的门板组成；一片犄角空间用帆布当墙围起来，这就是我们看到的一切。我们站在外面的脚手架和长板凳之间，耐心等待。一个黑人点亮了蜡烛，烛台是用两根狭长木条钉成的相互垂直的支架，上面穿了几个烛孔，蜡烛就插在孔内。烛花噼啪作响，热乎乎的烛油滴落在满地刨花上。

“屋里满地刨花，点灯很危险的。”有人警告。房东抬头看看枝形烛架上摇曳的灯火大笑。“经常这样，”他笑呵呵地说，“还从没烧过房子。”

我注意到嘉伦市人讲话的一个特点。人称代词一般都给省略掉了，好像人们忙得连多说一个词的时间都没有。

“在威格恩溪边拆掉了这种房子，”他继续说，“仅仅一周以前，一个早晨的时间就把它拆掉了，当时人们还吃着早饭呢；那时就在他们头顶上拆掉了；现在又在他们头顶上搭建起来了。”

这话一点不假。就在他说这话的当儿我们都看到还剩点尾巴，房子就竣工了，一位和我挨着的朋友就曾看到了那场“威格恩溪房子危机”。

“等会你们坐那张圆桌，”房东说，“等他们离开，我就立马给你们把椅子搬到这儿。只有这样你们才能占到饭桌。”

如此，他就两眼瞅着时机，刚有座位空出，他就一个箭步跳了过去，一把抓住椅子给我们搬了过来；我们坐上“预订座”，等候有腾出的足够空地让我们围桌就餐。

如此窘迫的场景真是难以用语言形容！以门支撑起来的墙样子古怪，就是这即兴而成的墙将餐厅和卧室两隔。卧室？哦，就这点空间要住五个人；也就是一排五个床架，床与床之间挂起1张床单就足够了，而且床与床之间仅有这点空，支撑的门板就够一个中等身高的人站直身子，站起身眼前不是门板就是床架。椅子么？哦，想都别想！您还指望在这样一间卧室摆张床再放得下椅子么？怎么洗脸呢？未完工的房子外面的一个锡罐头盒就充当脸盆了。毛巾么？说不准有没有。

那个用帆布围起来的犄角旮旯占去卧室的六分之一，是专属私人

的空间；餐厅地板上的一大堆床，是准备大家晚餐结束后在餐桌之间隔成七间卧室用的。

我们很幸运在这儿找到了一位朋友，他是科罗拉多的开拓者之一；这个人就是在荒凉至极的野地，照样随遇而安。

“你们睡这儿失眠，”他乐呵呵地说，“我可以给你们更好一点的地方。”

“那敢情好！”

就这样，他给我们提供了一份奢侈享受。舒适的标准是因人而异的！一套两间房的松木棚屋，木板墙，木地板，木板顶棚，高度不到屋顶的木板隔间，依我们看来，那一晚不亚于入住皇宫宝殿。即便是得到入住温莎城堡这样的款待，我们亦远远没有这般感激。

这座“城市”安静之际，已是深夜。多数灯光都已熄灭了很久，喧闹的声响皆已静寂，唯有远处一个单调的锤音，叮当、叮当、叮当地传来，耳听着“叮当”不息，我却渐渐沉入了梦乡。

LESSON 102

IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION

联邦的重要性

Mr. President: I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I can not, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the states, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with

newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies

streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterwards—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

(Daniel Webster)

【中文阅读】

总统先生：我知道耽误了您和众议员的太多时间。因事先没有考虑成熟就卷入争论过于唐突，深怕不适于如此严肃重大的话题。然而这个论题在我心里酝酿已久，我一直不愿克制，欲一吐为快。即使是现在，我也没法说服自己放弃再次直抒胸臆的机会，那是因为，这个话题涉及的完全是州联邦，攸关民众幸福大计，非比寻常。

我在此宣告，先生，我的职业生涯迄今为止，无时不在考虑整个国家的繁荣和荣誉，并将保护联邦利益放在首位。正是因为有了联邦，我们才能在国国内安居乐业，在国外赢得关心和尊重。正是多亏了联邦，我们才深以国家的诸多方面为傲。我们唯有凭借品德纪律，经历严峻考验和磨砺，才能使联邦达成和谐统一。在当初的财政混乱、商贸滑坡、信用坍塌之下，联邦政府应运而生。在联邦政府的良性作用下，经济开始复苏，死而复生焕发出崭新的生命。联邦政府一年年地充分证明了其功用和福佑；尽管我们的幅员越来越辽阔，人口散布越来越深远，但是他们无不在联邦的保护下获得联邦的福利。对我们每一个人来说，联邦无疑是国家、社会乃至个人幸福的丰富源泉。

先生，我一直不允许自己越过联邦，寻找其黑暗的背后可能隐藏的问题。就在把我们团结一起的盟约将化为一纸碎片的时刻，我不会冷静地考虑维护自由的可能性。我一直不适应将自己悬挂于联邦分裂的悬崖边沿，用我短浅的目光审视这个无底洞的深度；在政府的各项事务上，我也无法把这么一种人视为安全顾问——这种人所考虑的，不是联邦政府如何完善保全，而是当联邦分裂化为乌有的时候，人民的生活条件如何得过且过。

只要联邦继续存在，就有宏远壮阔的美好前景在我们面前，为我们和我们的孩子们展开。除此之外，我致力所求的不是刺穿那层帷幕。在我有生之日上帝至少承认，不可掀开那层幕布。在我的想象中，上帝从没允许敞开那个隐藏着重重危机的遮蔽物。当最后一次回眸凝望时，愿我不要看见那闪耀着天国之光的太阳，照在联邦政府那四分五裂、声名扫地的国土之上；照在那一个个分崩离析、互相争斗的州之上；照在一片充满仇恨、浸透了骨肉鲜血的土地之上。

权且让他们昏花留恋的眼神最后瞥一眼国旗吧，而不是让他们凝望那辉煌的，而今誉满世界，布满高天、迎风飘扬的共和国旗帜，它的武器和战利品依旧保持着本初的光泽，星条旗既没少条纹也没有受到玷污，同样没有一颗星光暗淡，也没有因为它的箴言受到悲惨的质问，这一切价值何在？先有自由，才有联邦，那非是虚妄的蠢话——这几个字的光辉无处不有，在星条旗帜的褶皱里闪耀，随旗帜飘扬于海空，迎风于大地，在浩浩苍穹中的每一缕微风里展耀，至于其他情感，对每颗真正的美国之心而言弥足珍贵——无论是现在还是将来，自由和联邦，统一不可分割！

（丹尼尔·韦伯斯特）

LESSON 103

THE INFLUENCES OF THE SUN

日光的影响力

John Tyndall, 1820-1893, one of the most celebrated modern scientists, was an Irishman by birth. He was a pupil of the distinguished Faraday. In 1853 he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of London. He is known chiefly for his brilliant experiments and clear writing respecting heat, light, and sound. He also wrote one or two interesting books concerning the Alps and their glaciers. He visited America, and delighted the most intelligent audiences by his scientific lectures and his brilliant experiments. The scientific world is indebted to him for several remarkable discoveries.

As surely as the force which moves a clock's hands is derived from the arm which winds up the clock, so surely is all terrestrial power drawn from the sun. Leaving out of account the eruptions of volcanoes, and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His

warmth keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up to the mountains; and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him.

Thunder and lightning are also his transmitted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows, dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the sun. In these days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock and every charge is an application or misapplication of the mechanical force of the sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And, remember, this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth.

He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscles, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hews it down, the power which raised the tree, and which wields the ax, being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms, and the scythe of the mower swings, by the operation of the same force.

The sun digs the ore from our mines, he rolls the iron; he rivets the plates, he boils the water; he draws the train. He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fiber and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, or a shuttle thrown, that is not raised, and turned, and thrown by the sun.

His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a

halting place where this energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells; the selfsame essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat; he quits us as heat; and between his entrance and departure the multiform powers of our globe appear. They are all special forms of solar power—the molds into which his strength is temporarily poured in passing from its source through infinitude.

【中文阅读】

正如钟表转动的指针发力于给钟表上足发条的手臂，地球上的万物之能量无不来自太阳。太阳导致火山爆发，引起潮涨潮落，地球表面每一种机械活动，每一种能量的表现形式，精神的和物质的，无不是太阳所创造。太阳的热量保持海水呈液态，大气呈现气态；是太阳的机械力搅动气流，引发暴风骤雨。太阳将江河与冰川推上山顶，从而直接衍生了瀑布与雪崩景象。

雷电也是源于太阳传输能量。每一把燃烧的火苗、每一朵迸发的火焰，所散发的光和热最初是太阳所给。这段时间很不幸，战争消息频频传来，但是大家可想到，每次爆炸引发的地震和放电现象，均为应用或是错误应用了太阳机械能量而造成。日光吹响战争的喇叭，日光促发子弹弹射，日光将炸弹引爆。然而我们要记住，这不是浪漫的诗歌，而是严峻的力学事实。

正如我所言，是太阳养育了整个植物世界，且通过植物将能量传导给动物；旷野摇曳的百合花是光合作用的杰作，太阳的沐浴使草地绿意葱茏，漫山的牛群是日光喂养。日光能使肌肉强健，促进血液循环，构建大脑细胞。他奔走如狮，精力如豹，高翔如鹰，敏捷如蛇。他创造了深林又将深林推倒，其平地拔树、挥舞斧头的力量，威猛无

比。发芽开花的苜蓿，刈草机旋转的镰刀，同样是日光的作用力。

太阳能从矿山里挖掘矿石，滚动铁块；他能铆钉木板，煮沸冰水；他拉着火车疾驶如飞。他不仅能种出如雪棉花，还能纺织编网。他没有举锤子、推车轮、传递织布梭子，但是这一切的运作力无一不是来自太阳。

阳光自由倾洒太空，但是我们的世界接收的能量是有限的。普罗透斯给地球施了魔法；本质相同的东西却变幻出无数形态，万般色相，最终又化于简单，甚而大化无形。太阳来时给我们光热，去时又带走，这一来一去之间，使得地球各种能量蕴蓄勃发。世间万般色相皆是日光的特殊形状——进入其中的模型，他的力量就通过无尽的能源临时倾注而成。

LESSON 104

COLLOQUIAL POWERS OF FRANKLIN

富兰克林的话语感染力

William Wirt, 1772-1834, an American lawyer and author, was born at Bladensburg, Maryland. Left an orphan at an early age, he was placed in care of his uncle. He improved his opportunities for education so well that he became a private tutor at fifteen. In 1792 he was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law in Virginia; he removed to Richmond in 1799. From 1817 to 1829 he was Attorney-general of the United States. His last years were spent in Baltimore. Mr. Wirt was the author of several books; his "Letters of a British Spy," published in 1803, and "Life of Patrick Henry," published in 1817, are the best known of his writings.

Never have I known such a fireside companion. Great as he was both as a statesman and philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a

private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania, and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows. But confinement never could be felt where Franklin was an inmate; His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring.

When I speak, however, of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analogous to that which Boswell has given us of Johnson. The conversation of the latter continually reminds one of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It was, indeed, a perpetual contest for victory, or an arbitrary or despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents. It was strong, acute, prompt, splendid, and vociferous; as loud, stormy, and sublime as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castle which frowned on the dark-rolling sea beneath.

But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be, and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin, no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in anything which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand upon either your allegiance or your admiration. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of your faculties. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They only required a medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native radiance and beauty.

His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of a systematic and salutary exercise of the mind, as of its

superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations; but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, with his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded.

And then, the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant that nothing had escaped his observation; and a judgment so solid that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been, all his life, a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he has added a hundred fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

【中文阅读】

我从未遇到过这样一位可以围炉倾谈的伙伴。作为政治家和哲学家他都堪称伟大，他在国内的行为举止最为魅力十足。在返回宾夕法尼亚州的途中，因为天连降大雪，我曾有幸和他在一位绅士的私人宅邸共度了两三个星期。可是与富兰克林同住的日子毫无约束之感；他的乐天通达、机智雄辩的口才使他周围的人如沐春风。

然而我说到他的口才，并非叫人产生博斯威尔向我们描述约翰逊口才的联想。后者的谈话不断地让人想起辉煌战争的“盛况与境遇”。就胜利而言，那的确是一个永久的争论，对上级的才能是一种武断专

制的敬意苛求。那是一种强烈而尖锐，敏捷、辉煌又大喊大叫的谈话，他的谈话响亮，激烈又极端，就像狂风，能摇撼赫布里群岛，能夷平海底的汹涌暗流。

但是无论这些谈话多么崇高，一个人会对这种暴风感到疲劳，而渴望更加有序自然的流露。但是和富兰克林交谈，人们始终感到轻松有趣。没有雄辩的野心，没有刻意显露可傲人的历史。他的态度犹如赤子的天真。那是他天性使然。他的语调宛如长者；其平易朴实立刻让你身心放松，给你一种完美自由的感觉，不觉中就激发了你的灵感。他的思想完全是由他自己的灯照亮，不受任何外界的影响。那些思想，一如他纯粹简单的风格，只需一个幻想的媒介，来展现思想本身的光辉和美丽，以彰显思想的优势。

于他，快乐不断。快乐好像是一套有系统、有益健康的精神体操，如生产快乐的工厂。其智慧首当其冲。它不仅仅是偶然闪现它本身的光辉，而是一种自然而然的流露，他的整个谈话中倾注着最纯粹的智慧，如溪流连绵不断。无论面前是一介布衣还是皇亲贵胄，他总是一样的平易近人，朴实无华；总是那般自在洒脱，安然适意，充满幽默，他的智慧永是表现得如此明朗清晰。

此外，他的思想宝库是取之不尽、用之不竭。他对生活保持着机警的洞察力；对事件的判断切中肯綮，能使败事扭转，化险为夷。他既不虚掷青春，也从不借酒浇愁；终其一生，手不释卷，既是读者也是思想者；他凭着自己天赋的专研精神，博览群书，吸取精华，用精致的技巧与成熟的思想将搜集的原材料加工，使浑金璞玉脱颖而出，放射光芒，从而转化成了他自己的知识价值。

LESSON 105

THE DREAM OF CLARENCE

克拉伦斯的梦

SCENE—*Room in the Tower of London. Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,

That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,

So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

Clar. Methoughts, that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;

And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Oh, then, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. Oh, no; my dream was lengthened after life;
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowne'd Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud:
"Clarence is come! false, fleeting, perjured Clarence!
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I, trembling, waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers can not appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
—I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!

CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair* .

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

Shakespeare.—Richard III, Act i, Scene iv.

【中文阅读】

场景：伦敦塔楼里的房内。克拉伦斯和布莱肯波利出场。

布莱肯 大人，你今天为何满面愁楚？

克拉伦斯 唉，这一夜过得好不悲惨，

我的噩梦不断，梦境令人厌恶，

我是个忠实的基督教徒，

不愿再过这样一个夜晚，

哪怕那一时的惊慌恐怖，

能换来一世的逍遥幸福。

布莱肯 究竟是什么样的梦？我想听一听。

克拉伦斯 好像我是从塔楼逃脱；

上船欲将勃艮第河横渡；

我的兄弟克劳斯特相伴；

他引我出船舱，站在舱口；望着英格兰，

于是我们想起，约克郡与兰卡斯特交战时期，

经历的种种苦难。我们在船上踱步，

那摇晃的船令人晕眩，像无根的浮物，

眼看克劳斯特一步跌倒，

砸在我身，我欲相扶，却一头栽下船去

坠入巨浪，那浪潮狂翻大怒，
哦，我似乎就要溺水而亡，不堪其苦！
怪啸的浪声充斥双耳，
死亡的惨象就在眼前现出！
我好像看见了沉船无数；
千万人身惨遭鱼群啃啮；
海底到处散落，
金条，巨锚，成堆的珍珠，
还有不可估价的奇石，无价的珠宝。
有的落进死人的头颅；空洞的
眼窟窿里爬行着生物，
如对肉眼的轻蔑，反光的宝石，
向着虚伪的深渊调情媚妩，
嘲笑着寻宝人四分五裂的尸骨。

布莱肯 弥留之际哪有余闲，
让你将深渊的秘密窥探？

克拉伦斯 好像是有；我不断努力
要让幽灵屈服；

可嫉妒似洪水

仍旧在我灵魂里起伏，阻滞它

去探索空虚浩渺的天空；

遏阻于喘息不畅的体内，

灵魂，几乎就要在水中破窍而出。

布莱肯 这样苦痛的挣扎也没有将你惊醒？

克拉伦斯 哦，没有：生命已逝，梦却延续；

继而风暴席卷我的魂灵，

好像渡我过愁惨的幽冥河者

是诗歌里的船夫，冷酷的摆渡人，

送我来到永夜的国度。

第一个迎接初入地府的魂灵者，

是名声远播的沃里克，我伟大的岳父；

只听他大喊大叫，“这黑暗的君主国度，

是否有严刑酷罚把克拉伦斯惩处？”

说完就消失得无影无踪。接着漫步而来

一个天使般的影子，明晃晃的头发

浸着血斑；只听他尖声大喊：

“克拉伦斯来了！欺诈善变，背信的克拉伦斯！

在托克斯贝里的战场将我刺杀；

复仇女神，抓住他，给他狠狠惩罚！”

随之，我看到数不清的恶魔

将我紧紧围住，鬼哭狼嚎，震耳发聩。

号哭如此恐怖，其声如此尖锐，

我浑身颤抖，梦醒许久

依然恍惚，以为身在地府。

如此可怕的梦景，仍历历在目。

布莱肯 大人，莫要惊慌！梦的确可怕；

听你说梦，我也浑身打怵。

克拉伦斯 哦，布莱肯波利，我干了恶事，

而今我的灵魂罪证难负，

为了国王爱德华的利益；看他却如何将我报复！

哦，上帝！若我深切的祈祷，不能平息您的愤怒，

我的罪行必须接受惩处，

就让我一人承受所有刑罚：

请您饶恕我的妻儿，他们实在无辜！

我恳求你，我温柔的监管人，站在我身旁；

不堪负重的灵魂，需要睡眠。

布莱肯 请放心安睡，我的大人，愿上帝给你好梦。

克拉伦斯卧在椅子上入睡。

懊悔模糊了季节的分界，昏昏长睡，

使晨暮颠倒，昼夜不分。

（莎士比亚《理查三世》第一幕第四场）

LESSON 106

HOMeward BOUND

返航

Richard H. Dana, Jr., 1815-1882, was the son of Richard H. Dana, the poet. He was born in Cambridge, Mass. In his boyhood he had a strong desire to be a sailor, but by his father's advice chose a student's life, and entered Harvard University. At the age of nineteen an affection of the eyes compelled him to suspend his studies. He now made a voyage to California as a common sailor, and was gone two years. On his return, he resumed his studies and graduated in 1837. He afterwards studied law, and entered upon an active and successful practice. Most of his life was spent in law and politics, although he won distinction in literature.

The following extract is from his "Two Years before the Mast," a book published in 1840, giving an account of his voyage to California. This book details, in a most clear and entertaining manner, the everyday life of a common sailor on shipboard, and is the best known of all Mr. Dana's works.

It is usual, in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific, to keep

to the eastward of the Falkland Islands; but, as there had now set in a strong, steady, and clear southwester, with every prospect of its lasting, and we had had enough of high latitudes, the captain determined to stand immediately to the northward, running inside the Falkland Islands. Accordingly, when the wheel was relieved at eight o'clock, the order was given to keep her due north, and all hands were turned up to square away the yards and make sail.

In a moment the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Everyone was on the alert, and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards. The wind was now due southwest, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close-hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft and a reef shaken out of the topsails, and the reefed foresail set. When we came to masthead the topsail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up, "Cheerly, men," with a chorus which might have been heard halfway to Staten Island.

Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sang out from the quarter-deck—"Another reef out of that fore topsail, and give it to her." Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef points and earings were cast adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her.

She flung the foam from her bows; the spray breaking aft as far

as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still, everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taut; tackles got upon the backstays; and everything done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway, rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship—"Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the towrope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going,—when the captain called out—"Mr. Brown, get up the topmast studding sail! What she can't carry she may drag!"

The mate looked a moment; but he would let no one be before him in daring. He sprang forward,—*"Hurrah, men! rig out the topmast studding sail boom! Lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you!"* We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girtline down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and halyards; ran out the boom and lashed it fast, and sent down the lower halyards as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing; but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the "old man" was mad, but no one said a word.

We had had a new topmast studding sail made with a reef in it, —a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding sail it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for, there being a reef in the topsail, the studding sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure, a studding sail with reefed topsails was rather a novelty; yet there was some reason in it, for if we carried that away, we should lose only a sail and a boom; but a whole

topsail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft, the sail had been got out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the halyards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the block; but when the mate came to shake the cat's-paw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom end the sail, it shook the ship to her center. The boom buckled up and bent like a whipstick, and we looked every moment to see something go; but, being of the short, tough upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen.

The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather brace hauled taut to take off the strain. Every rope-yarn seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvas; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with everyone of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvas.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands we're sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her,—slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship—"Hurrah, you jade, you've got the scent! you know where you're

going!" And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking, "There she goes!—There she goes—handsomely!—As long as she cracks, she holds!"—while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away if anything went.

At four bells we have the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been for the sea from aft which sent the chip home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to have been going somewhat faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the Kennebec, who was a good helmsman; and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey jackets must come off; and, cold as it was, we stood in our shirt sleeves in a perspiration, and were glad enough to have it eight bells and the wheels relieved. We turned in and slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under her bows, and washed over the forecastle like a small cataract.

【中文阅读】

一般情况下，从太平洋起航绕道好望角，要经过福兰克群岛的东部；但是由于现在刮起一场清冽的大风，风速不减，风势强劲，我们的船所处的纬度已经足够高，于是船长决定立刻向北航行，进入福兰克群岛。因此，八点钟舵轮换岗，船长下令保持向北的航向，此时所有船员一齐动手迎风扬帆，开始起航。

船长正在将船绕开好望角，船头直指波士顿方向，这一消息瞬间传遍整艘船。这是个群情激动的时刻。人人都十分警惕，就连那两个生病的水手也来帮忙拉吊索。不出所料，西南风吹起，狂风大作，迎

风航船的船帆紧缩；但是我们依然能顶风继续前进。于是我们双手高举着去够一个脱落了顶帆的缩帆，并把收缩的前帆张开。当我们双手拉起吊索，将顶帆的帆桁升至桅顶时，大家纵情高歌着《欢唱吧：伙计们》，这声浪估计在去斯塔恩岛的中途都能听到。

随着船帆升高，这艘船在水上继续航行。船的承受力仍旧很好；船长从甲板上大声喊道：“顶帆前头又出现暗礁，绕开它。”说着，他边把两只手高高举起；冰冻的暗礁尖锐突立，横帆角上的耳索漂浮起来了，升降索被牢牢操控着，增加了船帆的帆桁迎风展开。所有人都在甲板上观察行船的变化效果。行船荷重极大，阴沉的海水涌向船尾，船尾需要两个人来操纵轮子。

船头迎风破浪；船尾激起的浪花远远地喷溅到了舷梯上。船正以惊人的时速前进。但是我们把一切都掌控良好。辅助转帆索上穿过了钢绳，然后拽紧；滑轮拉着后支索；使绳索绷紧保持强劲。船长大步走上甲板查看，仰头望望船帆，又迎头朝着风向；站在舷梯上的大副搓着双手，朝轮船大喊：“好哇，老爷车！波士顿的姑娘们已经抓住你的缆绳喽！”大副喊叫的时候，我们在前甲板上正望着帆桅杆查看竖立情况，猜测着船行进的时速，这时船长大喊：“布朗先生，你上中桅翼帆！翼帆松动，船很吃力，可能支持不住！”

大副望了片刻中桅；不过他不会让别人抢在他前面行动。只见他纵身一跃，喊道：“好哇，伙计们！我们给中桅翼帆装上吊杆！把帆索固定在高处，我这就把绳索投给你们！”我们一窝蜂爬上中桅；将桅顶吊索放低，好借吊索将缆绳拉上去；然后将缆绳穿过绞辘和升降索，缠满吊杆，快速将它扎捆；然后将升降索放低作为辅助索。这是个星光灿烂的夜，清冽的冷风阵阵吹来；但是大家齐心协力地干着。有人看起来的确觉着大副这个“老家伙”疯狂了，但没人发一句牢骚。

我们有了一个新的中桅翼帆，内里装有一个缩帆——这妙策几乎从未听闻，海员都拿来当笑料，说收翼帆的时候就是装缩帆的时机。

但我们现在正好给它派上了用场；因为上桅帆里有缩帆的话，副翼帆就不必加缩帆了。诚然，给带有缩帆的上桅帆装上翼帆还是个非常罕见的新奇例子；个中还有些机巧，就是上桅帆一旦不受控制，我们失去的只是一个船帆和吊杆；而整个上桅帆却可能折断桅杆，甚而使整艘船失控。

就在我们还处于半空的中桅上时，船帆已经张开，朝着帆桁弯曲，准备升起。海员操纵升降索，帆桁恰好升到阻塞处，等待着良好时机。但是大副开始将猫爪工具从落帆索抖出来、我们开始急速收帆时，船帆将船已经摇到了水中央。吊杆向上扣紧像个弯曲的鞭杆，这时我们眼也不眨，以为它会破裂飞进；但是它是用坚硬的高地云杉所造，如今像鲸须般弓曲着，没什么东西能将其压断。木匠说这可是他所见过的木质最好的杆子。

大家齐心协力，很快将帆桁升平，帆索变细了，辅助索和气象仪支柱紧紧缠绕，紧拉到了要断的地步。每一根绳索的拉力似乎都发挥到了极限，帆布的每一根线都紧绷到极点；而有了增加的这张帆，船身像着了魔似的一下蹿出水面。船帆几乎一律向前，将船身托离了水面，实际上她就像是 从一片海浪跳到另一片海浪。从龙骨被放倒的那一刻起，她就从未曾如此极速地横冲直闯；生死攸关我们每一个人，这艘船再也承受不起船帆被风撕裂的后果了。

看到船能支撑船帆，船长派我们到下面去帮忙，而我们仍留意观察着甲板的情况。掌舵的两个人尽可能让船在航线内行驶，因为这艘船就像个初生的牛犊一样莽撞，难以驾驭。大副走上甲板，望望船帆然后又看向船侧飞溅的水花，突然两手拍着大腿朝着轮船大叫起来：“好哇，你这匹老马，你闻到草料味了吧！你知道你现在去哪儿！”就在轮船踏着海浪几乎脱离水面跳跃前行的时刻，龙骨剧烈震颤，帆横杆和桅杆噼噼啪啪吱吱嘎嘎响起了，“好了！好了！干得漂亮！只要她有响动，就是挺住了！”我们拿起搁在甲板上的索具，将它放开，准备收帆，清除可能出现的问题。

四声钟声敲响时我们看测程仪，轮船正以十一节的时速稳速前进；若不是船尾的海水老是把测程器的木板推离航向，测出来的船速还要高一些。我和一位年轻的同伴走到舵轮跟前，这个同伴家住肯纳贝克河畔，是位很棒的舵手；我们在舵轮前手不停闲地忙活了两个小时。有几分钟我们不得不将水手紧身短上衣脱掉；尽管冷气袭来，我们却挽着汗津津的衬衫袖子站在那儿，八声钟鸣鸣响，舵轮恢复了正常运作，让我们心情畅快。我们转身进舱尽可能地美美睡上一觉。而海浪在船头下面不停咆哮号叫，像小小瀑布一般不断地冲刷着前甲板。

LESSON 107

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

控告沃伦·哈斯廷斯

Thomas Babington Macaulay, 1800-1859, was born in the village of Rothley, Leicestershire. On his father's side, he descended from Scotch Highlanders and ministers of the kirk. His education began at home, and was completed at Trinity College, Cambridge. While a student, he gained much reputation as a writer and a debater. In 1826 he was admitted to the bar. In 1825 began his connection with the "Edinburgh Review," which continued twenty years. Some of his most brilliant essays appeared first in its pages. He was first chosen to Parliament in 1830, and was reelected several times. In 1840 his essays and some other writings were collected and published with the title of "Miscellanies." His "Lays of Ancient Rome" was published in 1842. His "History of England" was published near the close of his life. In 1857 he was given the title of Baron Macaulay. "His style is vigorous, rapid in its movement, and brilliant; and yet, with all its splendor, has a crystalline clearness. Indeed, the fault generally found with his

style is, that it is so constantly brilliant that the vision is dazzled and wearied with its excessive brightness." He has sometimes been charged with sacrificing facts to fine sentences.

In his statesmanship, Macaulay was always an earnest defender of liberty. His first speech in Parliament was in support of a bill to remove the civil disabilities of the Jews, and his whole parliamentary career was consistent with this wise and liberal beginning.

The place in which the impeachment of Warren Hastings was conducted, was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by heralds. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the

representatives of every science and of every art.

There were seated around the queen, the fair-haired, young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire, thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There, too, were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age; for the spectacle had allured Reynolds from his easel and Parr from his study.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country; had made laws and treaties; had sent forth armies; had set up and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. A person, small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated, also, habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow, pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face, pale and worn, but serene, on which a great and well-balanced mind was legibly written: such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

The charges, and the answers of Hastings, were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days. On the third, Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction, which more than satisfied the highly raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from all; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and some were even carried out in fits.

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice, till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—"Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament,

whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

【中文阅读】

控告沃伦·哈斯廷斯的地点真配得上这一场审讯，那是个古老庄严的王家礼堂。乃威廉二世所建；这座礼堂里回荡着三十位国王加冕时的欢呼声；礼堂见证了对培根的合理宣判，目睹了对萨默斯公平的赦免；就是在这礼堂里，斯特拉福德的滔滔宏辩瞬间赢得满堂敬畏，化解了一个得胜党的积怨；也是在这个大礼堂，查尔斯面对高级法官，沉着冷静应对，给他自己挽回了一半声誉。

现在军事演练常见，民间隆重仪式不缺。此刻林荫大道士兵排列，条条街道被骑兵肃清。穿着金色貂皮大衣的达官贵族由传令官编队汇集。身着朝服的法官上前就几点法律给予忠告。而长长的走廊观众摩肩接踵，这阵势激起了人们的惊慌，纷纷效法演说家慷慨陈词。从伟大自由、文明昌盛的王国的各个地方汇聚而来的，有优雅美丽的女人、满腹才学的智者，还有科学界和艺术界的精英。

围绕女王而坐的那些金发少女是布伦瑞克家族的女孩儿们。伟大的君王所派出的使节和代表联邦共和国的大使们凝视着这壮观之景，惊叹世界上没有第二个国家能有如此场面。你瞧正值华年、庄严美丽的西登斯，动情地看着眼前这胜过所有舞台模仿的一幕。那儿站着吉本，这位罗马帝国历史学家，正思考着西塞罗为西思莉反抗威勒斯统治而辩护的那段岁月；当时古罗马元老院还有一些自由表达权，塔西

佗曾指着非洲暴君大声怒斥。你还能看见当代两位最伟大的画家与学者——雷诺兹与帕尔并肩站立，盛大的活动吸引着两人，一个离开了画室，一个走出了书房。

士官发出一声通告。哈斯廷斯走上被告席，并朝观众席鞠了一躬。这个犯人的确值得这样郑重其事地接受审讯。他曾统治一个地域辽阔、人口众多的国家；他曾制定律法、签过条约；他曾对外调兵遣将；他曾立过王储、废黜亲王；他立下威严、高高居上，以至于所有人对他心生畏惧，但他亦赢得了绝大部分人的爱戴，对他的嫉恨也无法使他的辉煌成就失色——只有品德除外。这个瘦小虚弱的人，却在对法庭的顺从以及惯常的沉着和自尊之中，令举手投足间散发出一种高贵的风度；其突出的前额带着智慧；额蹙忧愁但不沮丧；双唇的曲线折射出百折不挠的个性；这张脸苍白疲倦，但是很平静，脸上透露出强健的心理素质；这位叱咤风云的地方总督就以这样面貌将自己呈交给了法官。

法庭首先宣读了对于哈斯廷斯的指控及其答复。这个仪式整整进行了两天。第三天，伯克起身发言。他的公开演讲本来是要概述所有指控，却占去了四场会议时间。他的思维极其活跃，措辞极尽华丽，尽管观众原本就对他期望甚高，他的表现还是让大家充满惊喜。他描述了印度土著人的个性和习俗；叙述了大不列颠的亚洲帝国起源情形；详细阐明了东印度公司的章程和英政府管理期限。

伯克意在将鲜活地存在自己心中的东方社会之景象传达给观众，他继续慷慨陈词，指控哈斯廷斯管理失当，频频做出无视道德践踏公众法律的行为。这位伟大演讲者激情四射，措辞哀婉动人，令所有人激赏不已；有一刻，他的演讲甚至仿佛刺穿了被告人的铁石心肠。走廊上的女士们，极不适应如此雄辩演讲，被这场面的庄严所刺激，她们也许不愿表露自己的品味和情趣，但是又克制不住失控的情绪。于是手帕掏出来了，嗅盐瓶在女人们的手中被传来递去，歇斯底里的哭泣和尖叫传来，有的女人甚至激动得前仰后合。

这位演说者终于做出结论。他高抬嗓门，就连爱尔兰橡木制作的老旧拱门都回荡起他的声音。“因此，”他说，“我对大不列颠国会下院下令对哈斯廷斯进行控告信心十足，我检举沃伦·哈斯廷斯的倒行逆施与品行不端。我以国会下院的名义控告他出卖了国家的信任。我以英国的名义控告他玷污了这个古老国家的荣誉。我以印度人民的名义控告他践踏了他们的权利，将他们的国家变成了荒芜的沙漠。最后，我以人性本身的名义，以两性的名义，以众生的名义，以各个阶级的名义，控告这个人民的公敌和压迫者。”

LESSON 108

DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC

卡纳提克的毁灭

Edmund Burke, 1730-1797, one of the most able and brilliant of England's essayists, orators, and statesmen, was born in Dublin, and was the son of an able lawyer. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1748. As a student, he was distinguished for ability and industry. From 1750 to 1766 he was in London writing for periodicals, publishing books, or serving as private secretary. His work on "The Sublime and Beautiful" appeared in 1756. From 1766 to 1794 he was a member of Parliament, representing at different times different constituencies. On the first day of his appearance in the House of Commons he made a successful speech. "In the three principal questions which excited his interest, and called forth the most splendid displays of his eloquence—the contest with the American Colonies, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the French Revolution—we see displayed a philanthropy the most pure, illustrated by a genius the most resplendent." Mr. Burke's foresight, uprightness, integrity, learning,

magnanimity, and eloquence made him one of the most conspicuous men of his time; and his writings stand among the noblest contributions to English literature.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection.

He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains.

Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function,—fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and, amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses,—were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land.

Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine. The alms of the settlement of Madras, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal, and all was done by charity that private charity could do; but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food.

For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India.

I was going to wake your justice toward this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our

heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is.

But I find myself unable to manage it with decorum. These details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic, for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man—not one woman—not one child—not one four-footed beast of any description whatever! One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally;—I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and these not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

【中文阅读】

哈德·阿里最后感到他不得不和那些人打交道了——没有任何条约

能约束那些人，他们好像生来就是人类交流的大敌；此时，对于这个被这样一群不可救赎、命中注定的罪犯所把持的国家，他下令要使其成为一个人类终生难忘的教训。他那容纳了如此罪恶之景的黑暗内心，已经决定要给整个卡纳提克留下无穷尽的复仇冤魂，让永恒的荒芜，在他和那些违背信仰、坚信世界的基本道德元素无需保护的人们之间，竖起一道永恒的屏障。

他终于对自己的魄力和威力信心十足，变得镇定从容，无论何等可怕的决心，都能公之于众。他终止了和每个敌人、每个对手的争论，这些人暂时隐藏了对彼此的仇恨，同仇敌忾地对抗阿科特的地方长官。他从心中的每个角落召唤出所有可能给他毁灭的艺术带来灵感的残酷暴行；他在悬崖峭壁间徘徊，让所有狂暴、浩劫与荒芜的素材聚拢成一团。

所有这些罪恶的始作俑者正懒散而无知地盯着这颗不祥的流星闯入他们视野，此时它突然爆炸了，所有威力一股脑倾注到卡纳提克无垠的大地上。

一幅悲惨的场景随之呈现，这种场面真是见所未见、想所未想，没有人能用语言恰当地描述出来。人们之前了解听说的所有恐怖战争场面，较之这场新的浩劫都是幸运的。一场风暴卷着漫天大火，在每片土地上肆虐，摧毁民房，烧塌寺庙。村民悲惨地从火舌舔舐的村庄里飞逃而出，部分人葬身火海；而那些逃生的人，无论男女老少、尊卑贵贱，父亲们都因失去娇儿而恸哭，丈夫们亦因失去爱妻而落泪，旋风般飞奔而至的骑兵将他们包围，挥舞长矛将他们驱赶，疾追的战马将他们踩踏，把他们囚禁到陌生而敌对的土地之上。

那些侥幸逃脱了这场风暴的人逃往一座座围城；但是他们逃出了烈火、避开了刀剑、摆脱了流放之苦，却陷入了饥谨的咽喉。在这可怕的紧急关头，马达拉斯殖民的捐献物自然是慷慨的；慈善所能做到的都做到了；但那个民族，是赤贫的民族；国家，是伸着手乞讨的国

家。

接下来的数月，这些受苦受难的生灵，这些物质丰足时曾奢侈无度的人，陷入了匮乏之中，食物就连我们清苦斋戒时都不如。他们沉默忍耐，逆来顺受，既没有骚乱四起，也没有群情暴动，几乎连一声抱怨都没有。一天之内，马达拉斯的大街饿殍遍地；坦贾武尔的大街上、斜堤上每天至少有70具尸首横陈，而在号称印度粮仓的地区，大批人就这样活活饿死。

我之所以将这些饥馑瘟疫的情形告诉你们，意在希望那些同为英王子民的不幸遭遇，能唤醒你们的正义之心，得到你们的公平对待。围攻伏击人类生命的所有灾害，就发生在离我们心灵最近的地方，而我们所有人的内心引以为傲的就是感同身受。

但是，我发现我无法做到措辞文明了。这些景象如此令人惊悚、使人作呕；使那些受难者及听众感到丢脸；使人类的本性蒙羞。我发现好点的想法，莫过于明智地将一片遮挡物遮住这丑恶的事物，只让你们留有一个大概的认知。

毁灭性的灾难在接下来的十八个月蔓延，从马达拉斯城门一直肆虐到坦贾武尔的城门，这些灾难大师们彻底发挥了他们的毁灭性艺术。哈德·阿里和他那个残忍的儿子，以他们毫无诚信可言的誓约为他们的罪行开脱，当大英帝国的军队开进来的时候，正如他们的毒咒，卡纳提克方圆几百英里，在一路行军中人迹罕见、野兽灭踪，这种惨绝人寰的景象难以描述！一团死亡的、无声的寂静笼罩着整个卡纳提克地区。

一些新建要塞附近的区域幸免浩劫，可是微小得不足为道，我希望我的理解如实所述。我的意思是至少有3个目击证人，他们将用亲临其境的实况为这一断言佐证。战争之风暴横扫卡纳提克地区的每个角落。对于南北地区来说，只有六七个小地方（这几个地方并不是完

全未受战争影响) 逃脱了横扫卡纳提克的灭绝性灾难。

LESSON 109

THE RAVEN

乌鸦

Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849, was born in Boston, and died in Baltimore. He was left a destitute orphan at an early age, and was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond. He entered the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, where he excelled in his studies, and was always at the head of his class; but he was compelled to leave on account of irregularities. He was afterwards appointed a cadet at West Point, but failed to graduate there for the same reason. Poe now quarreled with his benefactor and left his house never to return. During the rest of his melancholy career, he obtained a precarious livelihood by different literary enterprises. His ability as a writer gained him positions with various periodicals in Richmond, New York, and Philadelphia, and during this time he wrote some of his finest prose. The appearance of "The Raven" in 1845, however, at once made Poe a literary lion. He was quite successful for a time, but then fell back into his dissipated habits which finally caused his death. In his personal appearance, Poe was neat and gentlemanly; his face was expressive of intellect and

sensibility; and his mental powers in some directions were of a high order. His writings show care, and a great degree of skill in their construction; but their effect is generally morbid.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"t is some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;
Vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow
 Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
 Nameless here for evermore.
And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic
 Terrors, never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating,
"t is some visitor entreating
 Entrance at my chamber door
Some late visitor entreating
 Entrance at my chamber door;
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you."—
Here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken

Was the whispered word, "Lenore!"

This I whispered, and an echo

Murmured back the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning,

All my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping,

Something louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely, that is

Something at my window lattice;

Let me see then, what thereat is,

And this mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment,

And this mystery explore;—

't is the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter.

When, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven

Of the saintly days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he;

Not a minute stopped or stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady,

Perched above my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas

Just above my chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling

My sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum

Of the countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,

Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven,

Wandering from the nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is

On the night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly

Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—

Little relevancy bore;

For we can not help agreeing

That no living human being

Ever yet was blest with seeing

Bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured

Bust above his chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely

On that placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in

That one word he did outpour.

Nothing farther then he uttered,
Not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered,

"Other friends have flown before—

On the morrow he will leave me,

As my Hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken

By reply so aptly spoken,

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters

Is its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master

Whom unmerciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster

Till his songs one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope that

Melancholy burden bore

Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
 Front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
 What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
 Burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining

That the lamplight gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining,

With the lamplight gloating o'er

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,

Perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls

Tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—

By these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe

From thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,

And forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—

Prophet still, if bird or devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether

Tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted,

On this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—

Tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?

Tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil,—

Prophet still, if bird or devil!—

By that heaven that bends above us,

By that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden,

If, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden

Whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden,

Whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,

Bird or fiend," I shrieked, upstarting;

"Get thee back into the tempest

And the night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token

Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—

Quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and

Take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting,

Still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas

Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow,
That lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

【中文阅读】

曾经在一个枯燥的子夜，
沉思凝想的我，疲劳虚弱，
多少卷册的奇谈妙趣
已遗忘的旧事传说——
当我摇晃着脑袋，就要入睡，
突然一声轻拍，
仿佛有人轻柔地，
轻柔地将窗棂叩击。
“有客来访。”我轻声低语，

复听窗棂，
唯有这声轻拍，再无其他声息。

啊，我清晰地记起，
寒冷的十二月里，
每一团即将熄灭的余烬
如幽灵般投影地上。
我渴盼光明的晨曦；
我徒然在书中寻觅，
借以排遣伤心往事。
悲伤是丽诺尔的离去，
天使们叫她叫丽诺尔
她光彩夺目，世上唯一，
可这儿永不再有伊人踪迹。

沙沙有声的紫色窗帘
光滑，忧伤，欲随风飞去，
令我的心一阵激动，充满
不可思议的恐惧，以前从未曾感觉，

以至于现在，为平静
狂跳的心房，我起身复言，
“那是客人请求
入我们来；
某位迟到的客人请求
入我们来；
唯其如此，别无他意。”

我的心灵坚强起来；
于是不再踌躇犹疑，
“先生，”我说，“或是夫人
我真诚地，恳求您的原谅；
情况是我正在小睡，
而您叩击，音轻如斯，
您轻拍打，声微如斯，
敲打房门的声音微弱，
令我不敢确定是否是您来访。”
此时我打开房门，
门外黢黑一片，空无声息。

努力朝黑暗的深处探视，
久久伫立，害怕又惊奇，
疑是做了个凡人
从不敢做的梦；
但寂静是撕不破的黑幕，
依旧无声，
只有一个词语传来
却是软语呢喃，“丽诺尔！”
我这一声低唤换来一声回音，“丽诺尔！”
唯这一声回音，别无声息。

转身返回屋里，
我的整颗心陷入焦灼，
不久一声轻拍复又响起，
这声比先前更加清晰。
“一定，”我说，“一定有什么
在我窗格子旁边，
那么我就一探究竟，

而这神秘探险，
令我的心跳一瞬停止，
而这神秘探险，
是风敲窗棂，别无人迹。”

我打开百叶窗。
挥翅扑翼声声频传，
有只旧时圣日的乌鸦
庄严地走进。
它没有表示起码的敬意，
也没有片刻驻留步履，
却有如王族贵妇的风仪，
飞身房门之上，
又跳落雅典娜的半身雕像，
就在我的房门之上
栖息，端坐，别无他举。

于是这迷惑人的乌黑鸟儿
使我从凄迷的幻觉，转忧为喜，

它带着一脸严肃，

行动坚定不移。

“尽管你的冠顶被剪秃了翎羽，

你，”我说，“肯定不是怯懦者，

残忍，无情，从冥河岸边

漫游至此的老乌鸦，

请告诉我你在冥岸的

尊姓大名！”

乌鸦说，“永不得还。”

这丑陋的鸟儿如此坦率

令我顿感惊奇，

尽管鸟儿的回答毫无意义

又不切命题；

因为我们无法相信

曾有活生生的人亲眼目睹

鸟儿坐在他家房门之上——

鸟畜端坐房门之上的半身雕像，

还取名为“永不得还”。

大乌鸦独坐于
半身雕像之上，仅有一词
出自其口，仿佛它的魂灵
只有那一词需要倾吐。
它并没多发一言，
也没抖动一下翅羽，
而我脱口说出，
“其他朋友早已四散分离
翌日他也会舍我而去，
如同从前我的希望落空一般。”
乌鸦说，“永不得还。”

我惊讶如此一针见血的回答
把死一般的沉寂打破，
“毫无疑问，”我说，“它所说的话
就是它心中全部的积郁，
这个词汇来自某个主人之口
那人命运乖劫，灾难重重

直到他的歌中释出重负，
直到他唱着希望破灭的挽歌，
忧伤地释出重负：
‘永不——永不得还。’

但是这乌鸦仍旧迷人，
让我忧郁的灵魂渐露欢喜，
我将带有坐垫的椅子推至
鸟儿面前，它在门上方的雕像上端坐，
然后，我陷进天鹅绒坐垫，
专心地将一个个幻想串联，思忖
这从前预示凶兆的鸟儿，
这阴郁丑陋，冷酷无情
来自远古的，不祥之鸟，
为何把“永不得还”嘶哑地言说。

我这样坐着，冥思苦想，
然而，我的沉默不语
令那飞禽眼冒怒火

烧灼着我的心；

我把头稍稍向后仰，

越发默坐静想。

天鹅绒衬里的靠垫

笼罩着灯火幽幽的光，

但谁的天鹅绒坐垫，

有灯火笼罩其上，

鸟儿将威迫他：啊，永不得还！

随后我觉得空气变得凝重，

一炉袅袅幽香，

由炽天使的羽翼搅动，他的脚步

在毛绒绒的地毯上叮当作响。

“可怜的人啊，”我大声喊叫，“你的上帝

已派天使到你身旁，已给你送来

暂时的安慰和忘忧的良方

让你走出回忆丽诺尔的忧伤！

痛饮，哦痛饮这杯忘忧药，

把失去的心上人从此遗忘！”

大乌鸦说：“永不得还。”

“先知啊！”我说，“魔鬼东西！

先知也好，是鸟还是魔鬼也罢！

不管撒旦把你送来，还是暴风将你卷至岸边，

你孤独，但无所畏惧。

在这妖魔横行的沙漠荒野，

在这鬼魅出没的家园，

请坦言相告，我恳求你，

有没有，有没有吉列德的软膏？

恳请你告诉我——告诉我可好！？”

大乌鸦说。“永不得还。”

“预告！”我说，“你这鬼东西，

还在预告，你这魔鬼还是飞鸟？

当你经过我们头顶之上穹庐似的天堂，

站在我们崇敬的上帝身旁，

请告诉他这个灵魂浸透了忧伤。

倘若，在遥远的伊甸园里，

这个灵魂会抓住一个圣洁的仙女，
哦，丽诺尔就是仙女之名，
哦灵魂紧紧拥抱唯一的圣洁仙女，
丽诺尔就是仙女之名。”
乌鸦说：“永不得还。”

“让这句当作我们的道别，
鸟儿或恶魔，”我一跃而起尖声叫喊，
“回你的暴风雨中去吧
回到你那永夜的冥河岸边！
不要留下一根黑羽
证明你的灵魂在此讲过片语只言，
我只要为情不渝的孤独。
请离开我房门之上的雕像！
你的鸟嘴啄伤了我的心脏，
离开我的房门，消失你的形象！”
乌鸦严厉地说：“永不得还。”

这只乌鸦，没有起飞，

端坐不动，端坐不动，
就在房门上方
雅典娜苍白的半身雕像上，
他的眼神似有
魔鬼梦中的一切幻象，
笼罩着他的灯光，如溪流
将他投影地上；
我的灵魂摆脱了阴影的压抑，
那阴影在地板上漂浮，
徐徐起飞——永不得还！

LESSON 110

A VIEW OF THE COLOSSEUM

罗马竞技场的风景

Orville Dewey, 1794-1882, a well known Unitarian clergyman and author, was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, graduated with distinction at Williams College in 1814, and afterward studied theology at Andover. For a while he was assistant to Dr. W. E. Channing in Boston, and later, was a pastor in New Bedford, New York City, and Boston. He made two or three voyages to Europe, and published accounts of his travels.

"Discourses on Human Life," "Discourses on the Nature of Religion," "Discourses on Commerce and Business," are among his published works. His writings are both philosophical and practical; and, as a preacher, he was esteemed original, earnest, and impressive.

On the eighth of November, from the high land, about fourteen miles distant, I first saw Rome; and although there is something very unfavorable to impression in the expectation that you are to be greatly impressed, or that you ought to be, or that such is the

fashion; yet Rome is too mighty a name to be withstood by such or any other influences. Let you come upon that hill in what mood you may, the scene will lay hold upon you as with the hand of a giant. I scarcely know how to describe the impression, but it seemed to me as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, swept around those eternal towers; the storms of time, that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world, seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and solemn air; ages of history passed before me; the mighty procession of nations, kings, consuls, emperors, empires, and generations had passed over that sublime theater. The fire, the storm, the earthquake, had gone by; but there was yet left the still, small voice like that at which the prophet "wrapped his face in his mantle."

I went to see the Colosseum by moonlight. It is the monarch, the majesty of all ruins; there is nothing like it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the most impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls and arches, and grand terraces of masonry, rising one above another, you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdom; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheater, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings; and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies! One, two, and three, and, at its last enlargement by Constantine, more than three hundred thousand persons could be seated in the Circus Maximus!

But to return to the Colosseum; we went up under the conduct of a guide upon the walls and terraces, or embankments, which

supported the ranges of seats. The seats have long since disappeared; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thronging life was here then! What voices, what greetings, what hurrying footsteps upon the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! And now, as we picked our way carefully through the decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some moldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent, too—there was no sound here but of the bat, and none came from without but the roll of a distant carriage, or the convent bell from the summit of the neighboring Esquiline.

It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon this ruin. Through a hundred lonely arches and blackened passageways it streamed in, pure, bright, soft, lambent, and yet distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Colosseum is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from within—without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glorious. We passed around it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side, it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens, so vast was it—or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

I feel that I do not and can not describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for "un dona," as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak, if the man had asked it. Would

you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sorrow may have spread over your mind, go and see the Colosseum by moonlight.

【中文阅读】

11月8号这天，我登上了距罗马大约十四英里的高地，首次居高临下地俯瞰罗马。尽管有些印象不是尽如人意，远非你所期望的样子——或者是你本该更为震撼，或者是当时风尚就该人人都受到震撼。然而罗马是个如此显赫的名字，任何这样那样的印象都不会影响它的威名，无论你怀揣什么样心情登上山来，山上的场景就如巨人之手将你的心一把给搦住了。我感到言辞匮乏，简直不知如何描述感受，一股强烈庄严的东西，如强劲龙卷风，缓慢庄严地刮过，绕过那些不朽的古塔；时间的风暴，屈服于这世间深以为傲的建筑纪念物，好似在宁和庄严的天空一起约定了一般。历史的年轮在我面前轧轧而过；在那座庄严的剧院之前，执政者、帝王、君王、一个个帝国、一代代人、一个个国家的浩荡大军穿行而过。天火、风暴、地震曾给它洗礼，但是尚留下一个声音，平静微小，像那一句：“他的斗篷将他的脸包裹。”

趁着月色，我去参观罗马竞技场。这儿每一片废墟都昭示着帝王的威仪；世上没有哪儿的遗迹与之堪比。每一座与之相关的遗物，都赋予了它令人永生难忘的特色。当你进入这个残垣断壁和拱门组成的巨大圆圈里，踩着豪华的石头砌成的台阶拾级而上，站在了古代剑士挥剑比武的舞台，基督徒殉教的地方；随着你举目放眼巨大的圆形竞技场，在想象之中，你的目光与聚集在一起观看血腥角斗场景的千万双罗马人的眼睛相遇。一列列一排排，如此众多的人啊；今日我们对“盛大聚会”这个概念真是所知甚少啊！一次、两次、三次的扩建，到了康斯坦丁大帝完成最后一次扩建之时，马克西穆斯竞技场有高达三十多万个座位可供观众舒服地坐下来狂欢娱乐！

还是返回罗马竞技场吧；在导游的带领下我们登上了墙壁和露台，登上了支撑一排排座位的路堤。这些座位早就消失无影；茂盛的野草占据的那些位置，曾是有权有势、富有美丽的罗马女人坐享血腥娱乐的地方。那时这儿有多少人拥来挤去呀！而八十座拱门入口的台阶之上，有多少声音嘈杂，有多少问候致礼，有多少纷沓而至的脚步呀！而此刻，我们小心翼翼地 from 繁华不再的过道上择路而行，或是登上一些腐朽的楼梯，或是倚着孤凄的残垣而立。因为惊奇，我们一个个哑然失语，就连导游也安静得出奇。现在夜空中只有蝙蝠振翅的声音，远处辘辘的四轮马车声传来，还有附近埃斯奎林山顶上，女修道院的钟声幽然入耳。

此刻月光笼罩着废墟，那种震撼我竟是无法用语言描述。透过一百座寂寞的拱门，月光在黑漆漆的过道里涌动，纯洁、明亮、柔和、摇曳，景物都清晰可辨，好像顷刻而现的月光为了重现、为了鼓励、为了怜悯这无边无际的荒凉。倘若正如从其内外所见，竞技场是一座悲哀的荒凉的奇观——尤其是竞技场保留最完好的一侧，那它就是世上最辉煌壮丽的奇观。我们绕着它走过去；就在我们举头望向明月之时，月光温柔地倾洒在一座座石拱门之上，宛若是天国的花冠，如此巨大的花冠——又像夜神额头上辉煌闪耀的王冠。

我感到词穷语竭，难以形容对这座庞大废墟的感受。我只能说离去的脚步绵软无力，而我就像个被动地迈着脚步的孩子。我们经过岗哨时，一个门卫伸手要“小费”；出来后我的同伴说我不该给他，我对同伴说，倘若他张口要我的披风，我会不吝赠送。你若是打破了某个咒语，让世俗的感情或是自私的懊悔在你心中弥漫，那你不妨趁着月色朦胧，去参观一下罗马竞技场吧。

LESSON 111

THE BRIDGE

桥

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,

The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears

How often, oh, how often,

In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet, whenever I cross the river

On its bridge with wooden piers,

Like the odor of brine from the ocean

Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands

Of care-encumbered men,

Each bearing his burden of sorrow,

Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession

Still passing to and fro,

The young heart hot and restless,

And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,

As long as the river flows,

As long as the heart has passions,

As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection

And its shadows shall appear

As the symbol of love in heaven,

And its wavering image here.

(Longfellow)

【中文阅读】

子夜时分的我桥头伫立，

幽幽的钟声，正在敲击，

沉默的教堂塔楼身后，

城市上空的月儿，已然升起。

但见明亮的月儿

投影桥下水波，

宛若一盏金瓯

悄然坠落。

远方薄雾，

迷离着活泼的初夏之夜，

而红红的炉火
燃烧着，比月光更热烈。

夜色下，一长排桥椽之间，
暗影在水波里摇荡，
汹涌而来的海潮，
似乎要托起桥椽带向远方。

漩涡拍打着桥椽，
晚潮呼啸
带着蔓延的海藻，
一路奔腾追逐着月光。

于是思绪如潮
在木桥墩之间横冲直撞，
涌上心头，
不由得我，泪水流淌。

多少次哦，多少次，

于流逝的春夏，
独立午夜桥头，凝望
穹苍浩渺，大浪淘沙！

多少次呵，多少次，
那激流勇退的潮汐，
渴望他那有容的胸膛，
载我去辽阔的海域。

因我的心激动不已，
我的生活充满忧伤，
而身上的负累
似乎是难以承受的重量。

而今终于身轻无事，
负担已埋葬海底；
却另有他人的阴霾，
使我的心绪幽凄。

然而，每当我走上
木码头的桥，横渡大江，
流年的思绪飘来，
犹如海水咸涩的气息。

暗想多少人
饱经世事沧桑，
每人负着心伤累累，
奔走这大桥之上。

恍惚看见连绵的人群
依旧在桥上穿梭，
年轻的心躁动不安，
而那老者的步履，虚弱踟蹰！

永远如是，
只要江水奔流不息，
只要心中热情还在，
只要生命还有悲戚；

不管月圆月缺

月影须臾不离，

如同爱的象征在天上，

月儿却在这水中摇晃。

LESSON 112

OBJECTS AND LIMITS OF SCIENCE

科学的目标与局限

Robert Charles Winthrop, 1809-1894, was a descendant of John Winthrop, the first Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. He was born in Boston, studied at the public Latin School, graduated at Harvard in 1828, and studied law with Daniel Webster. Possessing an ample fortune, he made little effort to practice his profession. In 1834 he was elected to the Legislature of his native state, and was reelected five times; three years he was Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1840 he was chosen to Congress, and sat as Representative for ten years. In 1847 he was chosen Speaker of the House. He also served a short time in the Senate. His published writings are chiefly in the form of addresses and speeches; they are easy, finished, and scholarly. As a speaker, Mr. Winthrop was ready, full-voiced, and self-possessed.

There are fields enough for the wildest and most extravagant

theorizings, within man's own appropriate domain, without overleaping the barriers which separate things human and divine. Indeed, I have often thought that modern science had afforded a most opportune and providential safety valve for the intellectual curiosity and ambition of man, at a moment when the progress of education, invention, and liberty had roused and stimulated him to a pitch of such unprecedented eagerness and ardor. Astronomy, Chemistry, and, more than all, Geology, with their incidental branches of study, have opened an inexhaustible field for investigation and speculation. Here, by the aid of modern instruments and modern modes of analysis, the most ardent and earnest spirits may find ample room and verge enough for their insatiate activity and audacious enterprise, and may pursue their course not only without the slightest danger of doing mischief to others, but with the certainty of promoting the great end of scientific truth.

Let them lift their vast reflectors or refractors to the skies, and detect new planets in their hiding places. Let them waylay the fugitive comets in their flight, and compel them to disclose the precise period of their orbits, and to give bonds for their punctual return. Let them drag out reluctant satellites from "their habitual concealments." Let them resolve the unresolvable nebulae of Orion or Andromeda. They need not fear. The sky will not fall, nor a single star be shaken from its sphere.

Let them perfect and elaborate their marvelous processes of making the light and the lightning their ministers, for putting "a pencil of rays" into the hand of art, and providing tongues of fire for the communication of intelligence. Let them foretell the path of the

whirlwind, and calculate the orbit of the storm. Let them hang out their gigantic pendulums, and make the earth do the work of describing and measuring her own motions.

Let them annihilate human pain, and literally "charm ache with air, and agony with ether." The blessing of God will attend all their toils, and the gratitude of man will await all their triumphs. Let them dig down into the bowels of the earth. Let them rive asunder the massive rocks, and unfold the history of creation as it lies written on the pages of their piled up strata. Let them gather up the fossil fragments of a lost Fauna, reproducing the ancient forms which inhabited the land or the seas, bringing them together, bone to his bone, till Leviathan and Behemoth stand before us in bodily presence and in their full proportions, and we almost tremble lest these dry bones should live again! Let them put nature to the rack, and torture her, in all her forms, to the betrayal of her inmost secrets and confidences. They need not forbear. The foundations of the round world have been laid so strong that they can not be moved.

But let them not think by searching to find out God. Let them not dream of understanding the Almighty to perfection. Let them not dare to apply their tests and solvents, their modes of analysis or their terms of definition, to the secrets of the spiritual kingdom. Let them spare the foundations of faith. Let them be satisfied with what is revealed of the mysteries of the Divine Nature. Let them not break through the bounds to gaze after the Invisible.

【中文阅读】

在人类自身的范围内，不必跨越划分人与神的界限，有些领域就足够建立极尽疯狂而超乎想象的理论。我常常觉得，教育的进步、发明与民主自由顷刻间将人们唤醒，激发人们的渴望与热情空前高涨之时，现代科学确实已经为人类智力上的好奇与勃勃野心，提供了一个极其恰当而及时的安全阀门。天文学、化学、特别是地质学，以及它们的科学分支，已经为调查思索开启了无穷尽的视野。此时，借助现代仪器与现代的分析方式，那些最积极热情的人们，就可能为他们永不知足的行动和无畏的进取心找到宽阔的空间和足够的边界；而他们所追求的事业，不仅不会对别人造成一丝伤害，而且肯定能促进实现科学真理的伟大目标。

让他们将反射镜或者折射望远镜发射到太空，去探测藏匿宇宙的新行星。让他们借助将神出鬼没的彗星拦截，迫使彗星向人类揭露其精确的轨道运行周期，并且要其保证准时返回。让他们将顽抗的卫星从惯以隐匿之处拖拽而出。让他们分解那无法分解的猎户座及仙女座星云。他们无需害怕。天空不会塌陷，也不会有一颗恒星从它运行的天体中震落。

让他们细细述说那了不起的经历：他们如何点燃了智慧明灯，并用这盏灯照亮了政府前进的路途，就是他们把“一束光线”交入化腐朽为神奇的艺术之手，为智慧的对话提供了火热的语言。让他们预告龙卷风的路径，预测风暴的走向。让他们悬挂他们那巨大的钟摆，使地球自发地描述与测量本身的发展和运动。

让他们消灭人类的痛苦，确实做到“用气体祛除疼痛，用乙醚麻醉剧痛”。上帝的福佑将会庇护他们付出的一切辛劳，而受惠的人们将心存感激地等待他们的凯旋。让他们挖到地心。让他们粉碎庞大的岩石，揭开地层之间所书写的生物史。让他们收集已灭绝的动物群化石碎片，复制地上行走、水中浮游的古代物种，汇拢化石，对接一块块骨头，直到利维坦和巨兽体格丰满地站立我们面前，而我们怕那些干枯的骨头复活吓得几乎索索发抖！让他们把自然放上拷问台，用她

的各种存在形式拷问她，使得自然把私藏心底的秘密对人类和盘托出。他们无需克制自我。因为我们这个圆溜溜的世界的根基如此坚固，他们不会从此间掉落。

然而，不要让他们有千方百计寻求上帝的念头。不要让他们妄想全然了解万能的神。不要让他们胆敢把试验与溶剂、分解模式以及各种定义关系，运用于研究精神王国的奥秘。不要让他们损坏信仰的基石。就让他们满足于眼前所现的神性之奥妙。不要让他们打破疆界，凝视着上帝的身后。

LESSON 113

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND

波兰的衰落

O Sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid;
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank, your volleyed thunder flew!
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;

Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

(Thomas Campbell)

【中文阅读】

哦，神圣的真理！你一度中止了凯旋的脚步，
希望——你的姐妹，与你的笑容消失于唇角，
当联盟镇压大军开进北方的战场，
她的胡子大兵残忍，她的轻骑兵暴躁，
她的旗帜在晨风中肃杀地挥摇，
她的战鼓轰鸣，她的号角啸叫，
她的先锋队伍被恐惧笼罩，
预示着波兰人民的大劫难就要来到！

华沙最后一位战士，从她的高坡上

俯瞰荒凉的四野；

“上天啊！”他哭叫，“救救我流血的祖国！

难道上苍就不能对我们的勇士施以援手？

虽然这片美丽的平原已经满目疮痍，

可是我们的国家还在，同胞们，站起来！

我们叫着那个可怕的名字，高高挥舞战刀，

誓为波兰生，誓为波兰死！”

站在一排矗立的城墙高处，他说，

虽然他可信赖的战士很少，但是他们勇气不减分毫；

他们迈着坚定而缓慢的步伐，组成令敌恐惧的战壕，

平静就像微风，然而可怕就像风暴；

低低的誓言伴着旗帜飘，

不血仇，毋宁死。这就是战士们的回答与暗号；

于是复仇的号角吹响，所向披靡有如神助，

而警钟轰鸣，发出了最后一声警报。

惨败，唉！惨败，英勇的你们奈何人少！

一排排枪弹如雷飞射！

哦，时间的卷轴里血绘了一幅最惨烈的画面，
倒塌的萨尔马提亚山无人负罪，也无人哀悼；
难得朋友的慷慨，难寻敌人未泯的天良，
她的双臂无力，也没有慈悲的双手救她于水火！
断裂的长矛从无力的手中坠落，
她阖上了明眸，丢下了崇高的事业；
有一个时节，希望告别了这个世界，
然而随着科修斯柯的倒下，自由发出呼告！

（托马斯·坎贝尔）

LESSON 114

LABOR

劳动

Horace Greeley, 1811-1872, perhaps the most famous editor of America, was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, of poor parents. His boyhood was passed in farm labor, in attending the common school, and in reading every book on which he could lay his hands. His reading was mostly done by the light of pine knots. At fifteen he entered a printing office in Vermont, became the best workman in the office, and continued to improve every opportunity for study. At the age of twenty he appeared in New York City, poorly clothed, and almost destitute of money. He worked at his trade for a year or two, and then set up printing for himself. For several years he was not successful, but struggled on, performing an immense amount of work as an editor. In 1841 he established the "New York Tribune," which soon became one of the most successful and influential papers in the country. In 1848 he was elected to Congress, but remained but a short time. In 1872 he was a candidate for the Presidency, was defeated, and died a few days afterward. Mr. Greeley is a rare example of what may be accomplished by honesty and unflinching industry. Besides the

vast amount which he wrote for the newspapers, he published several books; the best known of which is "The American Conflict."

Every child should be trained to dexterity in some useful branch of productive industry, not in order that he shall certainly follow that pursuit, but that he may at all events be able to do so in case he shall fail in the more intellectual or artificial calling which he may prefer to it. Let him seek to be a doctor, lawyer, preacher, poet, if he will; but let him not stake his all on success in that pursuit, but have a second line to fall back upon if driven from his first. Let him be so reared and trained that he may enter, if he will, upon some intellectual calling in the sustaining consciousness that he need not debase himself, nor do violence to his convictions, in order to achieve success therein, since he can live and thrive in another (if you choose, humbler) vocation, if driven from that of his choice. This buttress to integrity, this assurance of self-respect, is to be found in a universal training to efficiency in Productive Labor.

The world is full of misdirection and waste; but all the calamities and losses endured by mankind through frost, drought, blight, hail, fires, earthquakes, inundations, are as nothing to those habitually suffered by them through human idleness and inefficiency, mainly caused (or excused) by lack of industrial training. It is quite within the truth to estimate that one tenth of our people, in the average, are habitually idle because (as they say) they can find no employment. They look for work where it can not be had. They seem to be, or they are, unable to do such as abundantly confronts and solicits them. Suppose these to average

but one million able-bodied persons, and that their work is worth but one dollar each per day; our loss by involuntary idleness can not be less than \$300,000,000 per annum. I judge that it is actually \$500,000,000. Many who stand waiting to be hired could earn from two to five dollars per day had they been properly trained to work. "There is plenty of room higher up," said Daniel Webster, in response to an inquiry as to the prospects of a young man just entering upon the practice of law; and there is never a dearth of employment for men or women of signal capacity or skill. In this city, ten thousand women are always doing needlework for less than fifty cents per day, finding themselves; yet twice their number of capable, skillful seamstresses could find steady employment and good living in wealthy families at not less than one dollar per day over and above board and lodging. He who is a good blacksmith, a fair millwright, a tolerable wagon maker, and can chop timber, make fence, and manage a small farm if required, is always sure of work and fair recompense; while he or she who can keep books or teach music fairly, but knows how to do nothing else, is in constant danger of falling into involuntary idleness and consequent beggary. It is a broad, general truth, that no boy was ever yet inured to daily, systematic, productive labor in field or shop throughout the latter half of his minority, who did not prove a useful man, and was notable to find work whenever he wished it.



Yet to the ample and constant employment of a whole community one prerequisite is indispensable,—that a variety of pursuits shall have been created or naturalized therein. A people

who have but a single source of profit are uniformly poor, not because that vocation is necessarily ill-chosen, but because no single calling can employ and reward the varied capacities of male and female, old and young, robust and feeble. Thus a lumbering or fishing region with us is apt to have a large proportion of needy inhabitants; and the same is true of a region exclusively devoted to cotton growing or gold mining. A diversity of pursuits is indispensable to general activity and enduring prosperity.

Sixty or seventy years ago, what was then the District, and is now the State, of Maine, was a proverb in New England for the poverty of its people, mainly because they were so largely engaged in timber cutting. The great grain-growing, wheat-exporting districts of the Russian empire have a poor and rude people for a like reason. Thus the industry of Massachusetts is immensely more productive per head than that of North Carolina, or even that of Indiana, as it will cease to be whenever manufactures shall have been diffused over our whole country, as they must and will be. In Massachusetts half the women and nearly half the children add by their daily labor to the aggregate of realized wealth; in North Carolina and in Indiana little wealth is produced save by the labor of men, including boys of fifteen or upward. When this disparity shall have ceased, its consequence will also disappear.

【中文阅读】

对于某些生产工业的旁支行业，每个孩子都应接受训练，熟练掌握其技艺，不是为了他必将从事那项工作，而是为了培养应变的能力，以防万一他无法胜任对于才智与技艺有更高要求的心仪职业。让他去做医生、律师、传教士、诗人——假如他可以；但是让他别把希

望的鸡蛋都放在一个篮子里，因此，有第二手准备就不怕第一选择失败。让他悉心接受教育与系统培训——假如他能够进入某些需要才智的行业，他需要一直具备这种意识，即为了在他心仪的职业中取得成功，他不需要自我贬低，也无需自我罪责，如果那条路没走通，还有另外的生路可以让他活得有声有色。这种稳定的精神支撑，这种对自尊的保护，在生产劳动的过程中就会显现出普遍培训产生的效益。

现实生活中充满错误的方向引导和各种浪费；人类因严寒、干旱、虫害、冰雹、火灾、地震、洪涝所承受的灾害损失，与那些因人类习惯性懒散以及由于缺乏职业培训引起的无效率所造成的损失相比是不值一提。的确，我们可以说，我们人类有十分之一通常是习惯性懒散的，因为他们想干的工作根本找不到。他们似乎是不愿招揽麻烦、面对太多问题，或者说本性如此。假设一百万身强体壮的人，他们的工作平均每天仅值一美元；我们因无意识懒散造成的损失每年就可能不下三亿美元，而据我判断实际上会有五亿美元。

若是许多人就所从事职业接受过适当的培训，那么他们坐等受聘就能每天赚到一两美元。丹尼尔·韦伯斯特在回答一位年轻的实习律师的询问时如此说道：“提升机会很多。”有一技之长的男女从来不缺雇主。此城内，有一万女裁缝一直做着每天收入不到五十美分的活计，以此找到自己的价值；然而能力超过她们两倍、手工活路精巧的女裁缝，则能够在富有的家庭里工作，获得稳定的收入和优质的生活，这些家庭每天给她们提供食宿，每天的报酬不少于一美元。一个人有一手精湛的打铁手艺，造水车是拿手活，制作的四轮马车也不错，那么他自然会砍柴、会做栅栏，如果需要的话还能管理一个小农场，自然，他永远不愁活干不缺饭吃。而相当一部分只会管理图书、教教音乐、除此别无所长的人，经常身不由己地陷入失业危机，沦落至濒临乞讨的境地。一个不容争辩的事实是，没有哪个男孩在他从少年跨入成年的那几年时间习惯于终日在田野劳作，或者按部就班地在店铺干活，此时他还没有证明自己长大成人，还不能胜任时常渴望的那

份工作。

然而对整个社会不断涌现的就业大军而言，一个必不可少的先决条件是，社会本就该创造多样化就业机会并且使之规范化。一群仅有单项盈利手段的人一律贫穷，原因不在行业的选择错误，而是因为没有行业能雇佣所有的人并付与报酬。因此，就我们来看，一个伐木区或是渔业区的居民生活趋向于贫困；一个热衷种植棉花或金矿开采的地方同样如此；行业的多样化对大众活动和经济繁荣的持久是必不可少的。

六七十年以前这儿还是个区，现在成了缅因州，在整个新英格兰之中这儿以贫穷而闻名，原因主要是人们广泛地从事木材砍伐的工作。同样原因，俄罗斯帝国的行政区主要种植谷类、出口小麦，由于类似的原因，也导致那儿的人贫穷而落后。因此，马萨诸塞州平均每人的工业产值比北卡罗莱纳州要高，甚至比印第安纳州更高，只有制造业在我们的国家遍地开花的时候，这种差距才会终止——这必须终止，也将必然终止。在马萨诸塞州有半数女人、将近一半的儿童靠日常劳动增加实际财富；而在北卡罗莱纳州和印第安纳州靠男子——包括十五岁以上的青壮年男子劳动则几乎积蓄不下财富。这种差异终了之日，就是贫富不等消弭之时。

LESSON 115

THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM

赫库兰尼姆的末日

Edwin Atherstone, 1788-1872, was born at Nottingham, England, and became known to the literary world chiefly through two poems, "The Last Days of Herculaneum" and "The Fall of Nineveh." Both poems are written in blank verse, and are remarkable for their splendor of diction and their great descriptive power. Atherstone is compared to Thomson, whom he resembles somewhat in style.

There was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.

He had a son; it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire,
In face and gesture. From infancy, the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length,
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot,
He felt in all its bitterness: the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched
His jailer with compassion; and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence, that in every wound
Dropped healing. But, in this terrific hour,

He was a poisoned arrow in the breast

Where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn

Of that first day of darkness and amaze,

He came. The iron door was closed—for them

Never to open more! The day, the night

Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate

Impending o'er the city. Well they heard

The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,

And felt its giddy rocking; and the air

Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw

The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped

The earthquake might pass by: nor would he wake

From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell

The dangers of their state.

On his low couch

The fettered soldier sank, and, with deep awe,

Listened the fearful sounds: with upturned eye,
To the great gods he breathed a prayer; then, strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died,
Like the sad mornings of November's wind,
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him; then anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now, on his couch he shrunk
And shivered as in fear; now, upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.

He slept, at last,
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept

Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine—and was dark:
Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear.

With intensest awe,
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting; and the massive walls,
Heard harshly grate and strain: yet knew he not,

While evils undefined and yet to come

Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless
wound

Fate had already given.—Where, man of woe!

Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou call'st

His name in vain:—he can not answer thee.

Loudly the father called upon his child:

No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously

He searched their couch of straw; with headlong haste

Trod round his stinted limits, and, low bent,

Groped darkling on the earth:—no child was there.

Again he called: again, at farthest stretch

Of his accursed fetters, till the blood

Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes

Fire flashed, he strained with arm extended far,

And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch

Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!

Yet still renewed: still round and round he goes,

And strains, and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy.

Mad frenzy fires him now.

He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps; tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple; yells and shrieks with rage:
And, like a desert lion in the snare,
Raging to break his toils,—to and fro bounds.
But see! the ground is opening;—a blue light
Mounts, gently waving,—noiseless;—thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its luster, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child! his dress is singed,
And, o'er his face serene, a darkened line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw,

And all his fury fled:—a dead calm fell

That instant on him:—speechless—fixed—he stood,
And with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed,—and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale

The father stands:—no tear is in his eye:—
The thunders bellow;—but he hears them not:—
The ground lifts like a sea;—he knows it not:—
The strong walls grind and gape:—the vaulted roof
Takes shape like bubble tossing in the wind;
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace
Be given, 't were still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves toward the father's outstretched arm his boy.

Once he has touched his garment:—how his eye
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha, see! he has him now!—he clasps him round;
Kisses his face; puts back the curling locks,
That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes;
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands;
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping; and resigned, awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon and swift
And pangless. The huge pile sank down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
And deep foundation stones—all—mingling—fell!

【中文阅读】

从前有一位
罗马士兵，因见义勇为
触犯了法律，身陷囹圄

戴上了脚镣。这人心灵高贵，言行粗鲁，

但是慷慨大方，勇敢善良。

他的儿子，是个脸蛋红润的男孩，

其相貌举止，

简直就是父亲的模样。从呱呱落地

长成半大娃娃，一直是父亲的慰藉和希望。

每一次游戏

父亲与之分享，父子情深意重。可是最终，

无情的法律将他捆绑，宣判死刑，

手脚链锁，被囚禁牢房。

被囚禁的人

品尝了种种的苦涩；地牢深严的四壁

倾听过他多少呻吟

和来自心灵的叹息。他的故事人所共知，而狱卒

同情他的冤屈；那个男孩

此后常来探视，逗引父亲

度过几个小时，他那可爱的小手中

还有一瓶香树膏，不忘给父亲的伤口
涂上镇痛的药。然而在父子相守的时辰里，
他那中了毒箭的胸口
箭伤需要处理。

天还未破晓
那个黑暗的一天，让人吃惊不已，
他的孩子一早来到，铁门在身后关闭，
此后就没再为他们打开！那一天的夜晚
过得十分缓慢；悬在城市上空的劫难
他们也一无所知。他们清楚听到
沉闷的雷声自地壳深处传来，
摇动的地面令人头晕目眩；而天空
越来越热，空气腾腾似火；稻草上的男孩
正在梦乡；父亲希望
孩子睡梦中，地震已经过去，使他免受惊慌，
而他们目前可怕的处境，也不知晓。

在那低矮的牢床，

戴着镣铐的士兵，陷入深深恐惧
谛听可怕的声音；他仰望上空，
默默祈求众神庇护；然后努力地
让自己镇静，片刻睡眠
使恐惧消失。然而他无法深睡：
他滚烫的身体有如火烧；尽管他一动未动，
身上的枷锁，却在叮当作响；地府深处，
难以名状的响雷，还有各种声音，
可怕不祥，突然传来又隐去，
就像十一月阴郁的晨风
消失于空虚的子夜。极度惊慌
使他就要燃烧的身体骤然冰凉；粘湿的冷汗
浑身流淌；而他的四肢百骸，
开始激烈震颤。此刻，由于恐惧
他瑟缩牢床，抖作一团。蓦然，他一跃而起，
似乎战地喇叭正在鸣响，
多么渴望一决死战。

他终于入睡，

一个苦恼的噩梦之眠。酣眠之中，
但愿一睡不醒！生命最后，不过数时，
却是极度痛苦的恐惧。

不久来了暴风雨，
狂吹猛飙；闪电忽隐忽现；天空
跟着滚雷发颤。父子惊醒
一跃而起。地牢瞬间光彩绚丽
有如阳光照耀，继而复又黑暗；
刺眼的白光如洪水涌满牢房，
又从眩惑的眼睛上退去，
变暗的跳动的光彩，正如震耳发聩的声音
消失在轰鸣的耳膜上。

极度敬畏，
挤压着士兵的内心；万千奇怪不祥的预感
涌上了心头，
他感到火热的地底
在震动上升；那厚重的墙壁，

错开缝隙，摩擦声刺耳粗粝。可是他浑然不知，
魔鬼徘徊就要穿透思想的时刻，命运
已经剖开了深深的创口。在那儿，悲痛的男人！
在那儿，可怜的父亲！是不是你的孩子？你唤他
只是徒劳，孩子不会再给你回应。

父亲放声呼叫孩子，
千呼万唤没有醒转。他浑身抖颤，急切地
搜寻他们的草席；狂躁地
踏上那弹丸之地，然后弓身，
黑暗中乱摸一气：孩子已不在那里。
他一声声呼唤，尽量拉长脚链，
他诅咒那恶毒的拷制，直到鲜血
似乎溅出双目，烈火喷出双耳，
就着闪烁的火光，他努力伸长手臂，
十指叉开，痴痴地四处触摸
他幻象里的儿子。徒劳的摸索！
然而依然重复那个动作，依然兜着圈子
他竭尽全力，侥幸能抓到，

撕心裂肺呼喊着的儿子。

现在烈焰疯狂，猛火烧身。

他将双脚抵住墙壁；抓紧

身上的枷锁；用毕生之力

掰开牢固的夹板；疯狂地号叫大喊：

就像荒原雄狮受困陷阱，

勃然大怒要冲出牢笼，来回狂跳。

可是看呀！地面张开巨口；一簇蓝火

悄无声息地往上攀延，轻轻摇晃，似乎

细弱、冰冷，就像彩虹的色调，没有热情；

但是借着蓝火的光亮，地面的巨口继续开张，

看着毫无生命的孩子！他的衣裳嘶嘶作响，

孩子平静的脸上，一道黑线

那是闪电的烧痕。

父亲明白，

所有的愤怒都已怯逃；死亡的平静

瞬间降临：他无法言语，呆若木鸡，石头般伫立

用坚定热切的眼神，凝视着尸体。那双会笑的眼睛
仍然睁着，红宝石般的圆嘴唇
习惯性地对着他笑。

寂静、苍白，
父亲站在那儿，眼中无泪；
焦雷轰鸣，可他充耳不闻；
大地像海水上浮，他丝毫未觉；
坚固的墙壁研磨、开裂：拱形房顶
连盖揭起，就像风中飘飞的气泡；
看呀！他仰头微笑；因为死亡于他
是解脱和快乐。一个人临终若能得到
最后一个拥抱，那么死亡也是美好。

这就是给予的美好，看！大地在怎样地起伏啊
每一次隆起，都是越来越靠近孩子
父亲的手努力朝孩子伸过去。
他一旦摸到孩子的衣裳：他的眼里
充满怎样的爱、希望和急切的忧虑！

啊，看！他抓住了孩子！紧紧抱进怀里；
亲吻他的脸庞；抵了抵他的卷发；
露出他光洁的额头；看着他的双眸；
大手紧紧握住孩子胖乎乎的小手；
然后把他的双手交叠胸前，这是他
惯常的睡姿；然后顺从，平和地等待

死亡来临。

死亡很快到来，
如此迅疾，毫无痛苦。巨大的建筑群
立刻陷入地上的裂口。墙壁、拱门、房顶
深深的石头地基，全都轰然陷落！

LESSON 116

HOW MEN REASON

人是如何推理的

My friend, the Professor, whom I have mentioned to you once or twice, told me yesterday that somebody had been abusing him in some of the journals of his calling. I told him that I did n't doubt he deserved it; that I hoped he did deserve a little abuse occasionally, and would for a number of years to come; that nobody could do anything to make his neighbors wiser or better without being liable to abuse for it; especially that people hated to have their little mistakes made fun of, and perhaps he had been doing something of the kind. The Professor smiled.

Now, said I, hear what I am going to say. It will not take many years to bring you to the period of life when men, at least the majority of writing and talking men, do nothing but praise. Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay. I don't know what it is,—whether a spontaneous change, mental or bodily, or whether it is through experience of the thanklessness of critical honesty,—but it is a fact, that most writers, except sour and unsuccessful ones, get tired of finding fault at about the time when they are beginning to grow old.

As a general thing, I would not give a great deal for the fair words of a critic, if he is himself an author, over fifty years of age. At thirty, we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later, we have carved it, or shut up our jackknives. Then we are ready to help others, and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way. So I am glad you have a little life left; you will be saccharine enough in a few years.

Some of the softening effects of advancing age have struck me very much in what I have heard or seen here and elsewhere. I just now spoke of the sweetening process that authors undergo. Do you know that in the gradual passage from maturity to helplessness the harshest characters sometimes have a period in which they are gentle and placid as young children? I have heard it said, but I can not be sponsor for its truth, that the famous chieftain, Lochiel, was rocked in a cradle like a baby, in his old age. An old man, whose studies had been of the severest scholastic kind, used to love to hear little nursery stories read over and over to him. One who saw the Duke of Wellington in his last years describes him as very gentle in his aspect and demeanor. I remember a person of singularly stern and lofty bearing who became remarkably gracious and easy in all his ways in the later period of his life.

And that leads me to say that men often remind me of pears in their way of coming to maturity. Some are ripe at twenty, like human Jargonelles, and must be made the most of, for their day is soon over. Some come into their perfect condition late, like the autumn kinds, and they last better than the summer fruit. And some, that, like the Winter Nelis, have been hard and uninviting

until all the rest have had their season, get their glow and perfume long after the frost and snow have done their worst with the orchards. Beware of rash criticisms; the rough and stringent fruit you condemn may be an autumn or a winter pear, and that which you picked up beneath the same bough in August may have been only its worm—eaten windfalls. Milton was a Saint Germain with a graft of the roseate Early Catherine. Rich, juicy, lively, fragrant, russet-skinned old Chaucer was an Easter Beurre'; the buds of a new summer were swelling when he ripened.

(Holmes)

【中文阅读】

我的朋友，也就是我曾经给你提到过一两次的那位教授，昨天对我说，有人在一些杂志上诋毁他的职业。我说我绝对相信他理应受到这种辱骂；我说我希望他不时地受到点指责，而且未来几年也要如此；我说要让邻居变聪明可能只有辱骂一下他这个办法，尤其是对那些讨厌别人揪住他小辫子不放的人，我想或许他也曾经如此辱骂过别人呢。听到这儿，教授笑了。

现在，请听我说。这个时代的人——至少是绝大多数舞文弄墨、喜欢针砭时弊的人，耍耍笔杆子动动嘴皮子就赢得了一派赞扬，而过不了几年你也会进入这种人生阶段。男人就像桃子和梨，开始腐烂之前都有一段甜蜜时期。我不知道这其中有什么原因，不论是自然变化，还是出于精神或身体原因，抑或是有过直言不讳，人家反而不领情的经历，但这是事实，除了那些酸腐失败的文人，绝大部分作家感到变老的时候跟现实讲和，不再愤世。

总的来说，如果这人本身是个天命之年的作家，我不会给予评论的溢美之词。三十岁时，我们都喜欢在住所的墙壁上刻上自己的大

名。二十年后，我们刮掉了名字，收起了折叠刀。然后准备帮助别人，我们不在乎任何阻碍，因为谁的胳膊都挡不住你的去路。所以我很高兴你还有剩余的生命，再过几年，你就会变得更加温柔和气。

我的思想，因道听途说以及亲眼所见的一些年长者的温和变化而深受影响。现在，我只说说作家们经历温和蜕变的过程。你知道从成熟到不能自理这个逐渐发展的过程中，再严厉的人也有如孩子般柔和安静的阶段吗？就我所知是如此，只是我无法保证普遍如此，著名的劳彻尔酋长，老年就像个婴儿一样躺在摇篮里让人摇晃。有位老人，他对学术研究极其严谨认真，过去根本不喜欢听幼儿故事，但是现在不厌其烦地听了一遍又一遍。有个见过晚年惠灵顿公爵的人，形容他的言行举止十分温柔和顺。而我记得的一个性情孤傲的人，生命的最后一段日子变得慈祥随和，与之前相比简直判若两人。

如此就引出了我这番话，思想成熟的过程让我频频地联想到梨子。老成少年就像早熟的鸭梨，烂漫的时光早早就从青春的枝梢坠落。有些人成熟较晚，就像秋梨，吸收了春雨夏阳的精华，自然比夏果味道更醇厚香甜。还有些人，就好比冬果，果壳坚硬，其貌不扬，等到各色水果谢季，霜冻雪压的果园荒芜不堪的时候，他们含艳吐芳，散发的香味馥郁绵长。还有，要当心轻率地评论；你谴责的那种粗粝苦涩的果实可能是秋冬季节的梨子，而且你在八月的同一棵树下捡起的那个梨子，可能是被虫蚀后风吹落地的果子。弥尔顿是一个嫁给了凯瑟琳王朝早期乐观精神的日耳曼圣徒。而有趣、活泼快乐、皮肤赤褐的老乔叟就像复活节的果实，初夏的蓓蕾正要怒放的时候，他成熟了。

（福尔摩斯）

LESSON 117

THUNDERSTORM ON THE ALPS

阿尔卑斯山上的暴风雨

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet, as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;

And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defense.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night.—Most glorious night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines,—a phosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again, 'T is black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage,
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—departed.
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years, all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand!
For here, not one, but many make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around! Of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There, the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

(Byron)

【中文阅读】

明净平和的雷蒙湖！你的湖水，
与我所居住的荒凉世界形成对比，你是一个警句
你用你的纯洁平静，提醒我，
为饮至纯之泉，当摒世间污浊之水。
这飘逸的远帆，像展开的翅膀无声滑翔
给我清静之心，将烦恼遗忘；我曾经爱听，
巨浪撞击的吼叫，而今你温柔的低喃，

听得我如醉如痴，就像姐姐的嗔怪，
那严厉语调带出的欣喜，如此打动人心。

天地无眠，却万籁俱寂
我们伸展身躯，恍觉世界就要停止呼吸；
伫立沉思，寂静深沉如许，
整个天地无声无息；从众星的尊主
到如镜湖水、群山延绵的海岸，
似乎一切都灌注了热烈的生命，
没有光线，没有空气，也没有落叶的声音，
但是有一部分生命，感到，
那万物之主的气息和防御。

天空这般变化无常！噢夜晚，
黑暗中的暴风雨，你的强劲令人惊叹，
你的力量也让人喜欢，就像
女子一双漆黑亮眼！从远处，
扫视一个个山峰，滚雷带着闪电，
在咔嚓作响的悬崖间跳跃撒欢！乌云压境，

一座座山却在高声交谈，
而侏罗山透过薄雾笼罩的峰顶，
对欢乐的阿尔卑斯山大声喊，他要回到她的身边！

这个夜晚，是最为壮观的一晚！

你没有呼呼大睡！让我
也和遥远的你，一起纵情狂欢，
成为暴风雨和你的一员！

雷电照亮的湖面，闪烁粼粼波光！

暴雨在大地上歌舞欢跳！

此刻天空黑如深渊，此刻，欢叫的山丘

与笑呵呵的山峦握手称贺，

似乎他们确实为刚才这场地震，异常快乐。

此刻，罗纳河

在高山之间的裂隙夺路奔流，

就像因恨而分的情侣，

恨深刻成渊，成对峙的两岸，

两座山再无重逢的可能，尽管肝肠寸断；

尽管各自的灵魂，为爱挫败伤痛，
皆因情重还斟情，爱极嫌隙生，
致使他们的生命之花枯萎，然后——永相别。
爱已成殇，恨却绵绵期不绝，
爱之花再无春暖，彼此的心灵长熬煎。

而今，奔腾的罗纳河已劈开通道，
大暴雨顺势注入其中！
因为这儿，一阵阵暴风雨戏耍峰峦
接连不断朝着高山投掷霹雳，
到处电闪雷鸣，大雨如注！一束
照彻天地的闪电，劈成几束
在四分五裂的山峦上炸裂，似乎他真的理解，
这样劈开荒芜的豁口，
无论其中有何诡秘，炽光都要把其炸裂。

（拜伦）

LESSON 118

ORIGIN OF PROPERTY

财产起源

Sir William Blackstone, 1723-1780, was the son of a silk merchant, and was born in London. He studied with great success at Oxford, and was admitted to the bar in 1745. At first he could not obtain business enough in his profession to support himself, and for a time relinquished practice, and lectured at Oxford. He afterwards returned to London, and resumed his practice with great success, still continuing to lecture at Oxford. He was elected to Parliament in 1761; and in 1770 was made a justice of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held till his death. Blackstone's fame rests upon his "Commentaries on the Laws of England," published about 1769. He was a man of great ability, sound learning, unflagging industry, and moral integrity. His great work is still a common text-book in the study of law.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by Holy Writ, the all- bountiful Creator gave to man dominion over all the earth, and "over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over

every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy, metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that everyone took from the public stock, to his own use, such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might, perhaps, still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primeval simplicity, in which "all things were common to him." Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest ages, to aught but the substance of the thing; nor could it be extended to the use of it. For, by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it, acquired therein a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer. Or, to speak with greater precision, the right of possession continued for the same time, only, that the act of possession lasted.

Thus, the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular; yet, whoever was in the occupation of any determined spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time a sort of ownership, from which it would have been unjust and contrary to the law of nature to have driven him by force; but, the instant that he quitted the use or

occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus, also, a vine or other tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet, any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit which he had gathered for his own repast: a doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theater, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is, for the time, his own.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of a more permanent dominion; and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate use only, but the very substance of the thing to be used. Otherwise, innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life also grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only a usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession; if, as soon as he walked out of his tent or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one and to wear the other.

In the case of habitations, in particular, it was natural to observe that even the brute creation, to whom everything else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds

of the air had nests, and the beasts of the fields had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and would sacrifice their lives to preserve them. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestead; which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or movable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established.

There can be no doubt but that movables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent, substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupancy, which might be continue for months together without any sensible interruption, and at length, by usage, ripen into an established right; but, principally, because few of them could be fit for use till improved and meliorated by the bodily labor of the occupant; which bodily labor, bestowed upon any subject which before lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous product of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and sequacious nature and to establish themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young.

The support of these their cattle made the article of water also

a very important point. And, therefore, the book of Genesis, (the most venerable monument of antiquity, considered merely with a view to history,) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus, we find Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for his security "because he had digged that well." And Isaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace.

All this while, the soil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant; except, perhaps, in the neighborhood of towns, where the necessity of a sale and exclusive property in lands, (for the sake of agriculture,) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon and occupy such other lands as would more easily supply their necessities.

We have a striking example of this in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot. When their joint substance became so great that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention, Abraham thus endeavored to compose: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. Is not the whole land before thee?

Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleased that was not preoccupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east; and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous products destroyed without any provision for future supply or succession. It, therefore, became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connection and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil than had hitherto been received and adopted.

It was clear that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities without the assistance of tillage; but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art and labor? Had not, therefore, a separate property in lands, as well as movables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey.

Whereas, now, (so graciously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together,) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational, as well as of exerting its natural faculties.

Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants: states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labor, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

【中文阅读】

我们从《圣经》里得知，创世之初，万物之主就给了人类支配地球财产之权利，统领“海中之游鱼，空中之飞鸟，以及行动于地球之上的所有生命个体”。此为人类支配外在财物之唯一真实可靠的基础，无论富于想象的作者如何为此大造文章，创造出各种幻想的、超自然的概念。因此，上帝所直接赐予的世间万物，皆为全人类共同的财产，这是其他生灵都没有的特权。当地球上继续有人类栖息时，就有理由相信万物属于所有人共有，每个人只要有现时的必需之物，就可以从公有的财产中拿取东西为自己使用。

这种关于财产的普遍观念足以应付人类生活的种种需要；或许是一直在满足人们的需要。对人类而言，保持一种原始的简单的状态是完全可能的，在此法则中“万物在上帝面前皆平等”。但这种财物共享的观念从来都不曾变为现实，甚至在世纪伊始就不适用，更别提如何

应用到实际中了。因为，根据自然和理性法则，首先使用者就会获得了某种暂时性使用权，只要他一直使用这项物品，就一直拥有这项权利，直到他不用为止。或者更精确地说，只要他一直占有该物品，就一直享有该物品的所有权。

因此，土地是公共的，任何人都没有永久占有部分土地的特权；然而总会有人出于种种理由占有——为休息、为遮阴或是为了喜好，暂时获得了一片土地的所有权，这种不合理而违背自然法的行为就要用武力驱逐之。然而，即便他放弃使用或占有权，就可能另有人非合理地夺取。因此，一架葡萄、另一棵树也可以说成是公共财物，因为所有人都有等同的资格享用其果实，但任何一个采集水果充饥的人都可以获得水果唯一的享用权。西塞罗用插图阐释过一个很棒的学说，他把世界比作一个大剧院，剧院属于大众，然而任何人一旦有机会，都可以占用一段时间。

但是当人类数量增多、技艺增强、野心变大，必然就想要获得对物品更长远的支配权，这对个人来说不止是物品的直接使用权，还有它的实质拥有权。否则，必然会引发数不清的骚乱，世界的良好秩序亦被不断的打乱与干扰，而各色人等则拼命争夺同一物品的首先使用权，或是为谁实际已有所有权争执不下。此时，随着人类生活质量越来越好，便利性设施也丰富多样，使得生活越发方便、舒适、令人愉快。人们居有定所，安全可靠，衣服温暖又十分体面。但是没有人愿意费神提供物品或住所，只要人们拥有财产使用权——而所有权终止时亦会连同使用权一并丧失；也就是说他一走出他的帐篷或脱掉衣服，路过的陌生人就有权住进去，并将别人的衣服穿上。

特别是居所，显而易见，即便是认为一切财物都是共有的野蛮人，住所也是他们永久持有的财产，尤其是这住所能给他们的后代提供保护。即便在他们眼中，飞鸟栖息于巢，走兽安居于穴，入侵谁的住所都是极不道德行为，他们会牺牲生命，誓死捍卫家园。因此每个人的住房和宅基很快建立了所有权，在土地上大量的房产所有权建

立之前，这种所有权最初的形式似乎是临时搭建的棚子以及可移动的小屋，这些棚子和小屋乃是上帝为了人们更加快捷地在地上居住而设计，适合屋主过流浪的生活。

毫无疑问，对每种可移动产的占有要比对恒定不变的土地更为迅速，部分原因是可移动产更容易让人们长久占有，人们可能持有数月却没有得到任何阻碍，而最终通过使用形成了一种既定的权利。但主要原因在于，可移动产几乎不能使用，需要占有者通过亲身劳动将其提高改良，而普遍得到认可的是，通过亲身劳动，可以把原来属于人类的共有财产变为专有财产，这是最为公正而无可厚非的权益。

而食物是更直接的号召，因此也是最先考虑的事情。例如人们不满足于大自然天然产物，于是他们捕猎野兽，从猎获的野兽肉中寻找更能恢复精力的东西。但是随着那种食物供应不能满足需要，诱使他们将比较驯服易于管理的动物聚在一起，用比较安全持久的方式供养自己，一部分食物源自畜养栏里动物的乳汁，一部分来自小动物的鲜肉。

圈养家畜又带来饮水紧缺。因此，《起源论》给我们提供了因争夺水井而频繁发生的暴力事例，甚至在那些土地和牧草共有的地方，第一个挖掘者或是占有者就已经建立他的专有财产权。由此我们发现，亚伯拉罕仅是位旅居者，却在亚米比勒的家乡声称他有一口井的所有权，而且以他的人身安全赌咒发誓“他挖了那口井”。而大约九十年后，以撒收回了他父亲对这口井的所有权，经过多次与非利士人的争议之后，得以和平享用井水。

一直以来，土地和大地上的牧草和以前一样为共有财产，敞开怀抱供养每一个占有者。或许不应该包括城镇的附近地区，那儿出售着必需品和专有权的转让，很早就有了这种交易现象，因此更利于执行。否则当大量的人和家畜在土地上的一个地点消耗了所有便利品时，将抢占其他土地更便于给他们提供所需看作是一种天然的权利。

我在亚伯拉罕和他的侄子洛特的历史纷争中看到一个惊人的例子。他们共同的资产那么庞大，以至于牧草和其他便利日益匮乏，自然而然他们的仆人之间引发了斗争，如此一来居住一起就行不通了。亚伯拉罕努力平息这场斗争：“我恳求你，我和你，让这儿保持和平。整个土地不是就在你面前吗？我恳请你，我们分开居住。如果你接受左边的土地，那我就去右边，若你起身去右边，我就去左边。”这句话明示给他，只要不是被其他部落占有的，他高兴要哪块土地就要哪块的权利。“洛特抬起眼皮，看着约旦的整个平原，充足的水源灌溉着每一片肥沃的草地，堪比伊甸园。于是洛特选择了约旦的整个平原，朝东迁移，亚伯拉罕就在迦南的土地上住下来。”

随着世界人口密度越来越高，找到新的居住地点变得日益困难，因而就不得不侵占前者的居住空间，通过不断地占有同一个体的地方，地里的成果被消耗殆尽，自然产物被破坏却没有为下个季节做任何储蓄以备需求。因此寻求一些规律化持续提供物质的方法成了当务之急。而且这种必要性产生了农业艺术，或者说起码是催化了农艺的前进。而农艺通过一种规律性连接得到的结果，要比迄今为止接受和采纳的方法更有利于引进和建立土地产生更持久的财产这一观念。

显然，土地不借助于耕种，就不会长出足够的粮食作物。但是倘若另一个人瞅到机会就占为己有，享用他人的劳动艺术成果，那么谁愿意辛苦耕种呢？所以土地以及可移动产必须授予个人专属权，否则这个世界必定永远被森林占据，而人类仅能靠捕猎为食。鉴于此，这种特有的结果是人类通过赋予土地合理利用以及发挥其自然能力的时机，成了地球上高贵的物种。

人类相互的需要引发所有权问题，为了确保财产，就必须求助于民权社会，随之就衍生一系列不可分割的伴随体：国家、政府、法律、惩罚以及公开执行的宗教义务。因此，把这些伴随体联系起来，你就会发现，社会通过一部分人手工劳动，就足够为全人类提供生活所需物资，而其他腾出的时间用来陶冶人类心智，创造有用的艺

术，为科学世界奠定基础。

LESSON 119

BATTLE OF WATERLOO

滑铁卢之战

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once mere,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,

The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! They
come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave! —alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now, beneath them, but above, shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder, cold and low

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunderclouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, —friend, foe, —in one red burial blent.

(Byron)

【中文阅读】

是夜，谈笑欢宴，声浪如潮
比利时首都，云集骑士美女，
笼罩佳人勇士的灯光，通明闪亮，
无数颗心甜蜜激荡；
一浪高过一浪的乐潮，撩人心扉，
相对的情人眼里，有千言万语，
仿佛是一声婚礼的钟鸣，首都骤然沸腾；

嘘！听！一个沉闷的声音渐渐升高，如丧钟！

可曾听到响声？——没有；是风声入耳，

或是车轮碾轧青石路；

继续跳舞！狂欢吧，我们无拘无束；

于是一夜不寐到黎明，青春踏着快乐节拍，

追逐炽情时光飞逝的脚步

哦，听啊！响声沉闷，再次传来，

仿佛还有回响声声，

近了，清晰了，愈发令人恐惧！

拿起武器！拿起武器！那是——那是大炮在轰鸣！

啊！人群顿时慌乱匆忙，

不幸的人啊，悲泪滂沱，浑身战栗，

苍白的脸庞，就在一个时辰前，

还因魅力受赞而两颊飞红，

瞬间，永别在即，这样的重压，

年轻的心怎堪承受，压抑的悲叹，

几时如这般一声叠一声；谁能料到，

那些频频相视的眼睛里，
夜晚含情脉脉，黎明时这般惊悚。

指挥官们上战马，十万火急，
召集骑兵，咔嗒咔嗒一连串响，
小汽车如下山猛虎冲向前方，
瞬间形成了抗敌队列；
闷雷在远方一个接着一个炸响；
而近处，警报的鼓声轰鸣，
在启明星升起前，召唤士兵列阵待命；
百姓拥挤成团，一个个呆若木鸡，
嘴唇发白，喃喃自语：“敌兵！打进来了！
打进来了！”

阿登高地上招摇的林木，绿意葱茏，
那露珠是自然滴落的悲泪，部队经过时，
林木亦痛苦，是否无情之物，
也为一去不返的勇士悲伤！唉！
就像昏色来临前，四面八方

惨遭践踏的芳泽地，来年又是春草生，
此刻，生龙活虎的勇士们，如雄狮迎战敌军，
而崇高的希望之火，将熄灭而冰冷。

最后一个中午，看见活力四射的雄姿，
最后一个黄昏，意气风发的将士们一堂欢聚，
午夜打响战争的信号，
黎明，布军列阵赶赴战场，这日，
战斗悲惨壮烈！
黑云笼罩战场，当云层散淡，
大地上已尸体横陈，
泥土将堆积的肉身覆盖掩埋，
骑手、战马、朋友、敌人，鲜血交融同入墓地。

（拜伦）

LESSON 120

"WITH BRAINS, SIR"

“动动脑筋，阁下”

John Brown, 1810-1882, was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, and graduated at the University of Edinburgh. His father was John Brown, an eminent clergyman and the author of several books. Dr. Brown's literary reputation rests largely upon a series of papers contributed to the "North British Review." "Rab and his Friends," a collection of papers published in book form, is the most widely known of all his writings.

"Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask you what you mix your colors with?" said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. "With brains, sir," was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of information; it did not expound the principles and rules of the art; but, if the inquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him; it would set him agoing, athinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithal, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colors and their mixture the better.

Many other artists, when asked such a question, would have

either set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colors, in such and such proportions, rubbed up so and so; or perhaps they would (and so much the better, but not the best) have shown him how they laid them on; but even this would leave him at the critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter: "With brains, sir."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favorable eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the color, tone, chiaroscuro excellent; but—but—it wants—hang it, it wants—that!" snapping his fingers; and, wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of aesthetics, who delighted to tell the young men how everything was done, how to copy this, and how to express that. A student came up to the new master, "How should I do this, sir?" "Suppose you try." Another, "What does this mean, Mr. Etty?" "Suppose you look." "But I have looked." "Suppose you look again."

And they did try, and they did look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done had the how or the what (supposing this possible, which it is not, in full and highest meaning) been told them, or done for them; in the one case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense, and secure; in the other, mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained.

【中文阅读】

“求您了，奥佩先生，我可以问问您是怎么调色的吗？”一位活泼的业余人士对大画家说。“动动脑筋，阁下”是一句粗暴的答复，但却是正确的答复。这句答复没有多少知识信息，没有对艺术原理和规则做详细说明。但是，如果询问者把绘画当作商品，那么这句话就会让他警醒，让他重新思考，重新认识一幅画的意义。若他不把绘画换钱，那么很有可能他越是不在意绘画价格，着色和调色就越好。

其他的很多艺术家，被问及同一个问题时，要么就详述色彩的力学合成原理，细说调色比例，一遍遍温习；要么，他们会给询问者亲自演示如何铺陈渲染，但是即便如此指点，他还是忽略了最关键的一点。而奥佩更喜欢直抵核心问题：“动动脑筋，阁下。”

乔休尔·雷诺兹先生的一位朋友邀请他鉴赏一幅画作。他冲口而出一声赞美，用赞许的眼神热切认真地反复端详。“布局完美，运笔恰当，着色匀致，明暗搭配极佳，但是——但是——画要挂起来——挂起来看才好，它需要——那样！”他打了个响指，要“挂起来才好”，意味着即使他说这幅画完美无缺，其实却不值一文。

艾逊再次受命任皇家学院的老师，他是个聪明健谈的美学的系统阐释者，他很乐于给年轻人讲授如何做事，如何复制美，如何表达美。一位学生走到新任老师跟前，“我应该怎样做到这一步呢？先生？”“你尝试一下吧。”另一个学生问：“艾逊先生，这是什么意思呢？”“你看看吧。”“可我已经看了。”“那你再看看。”

他们确实尝试了，也的确看了又看，但是他们发现永远不可能按照老师所教授的来做（假设可以达到这种完美和最高意境可能性——而实际上是无法达到的）。你所看到的景象与行动是直观、准确、强烈而稳妥的；而与此同时，在你记住它们之时即刻就变得间接、无效而失去踪影。

LESSON 121

THE NEW ENGLAND PASTOR

新英格兰牧师

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts. His mother was a daughter of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards. It is said that she taught her son the alphabet in one lesson, that he could read the Bible at four years of age, and that he studied Latin by himself at six. He graduated at Yale in 1769, returned as tutor in 1771, and continued six years. He was chaplain in a brigade under General Putnam for a time. In 1778 his father died, and for five years he supported his mother and a family of twelve children by farming, teaching and preaching. From 1783 to 1795 he was pastor at Greenfield, Connecticut. He was then chosen President of Yale College, and remained in office till he died. Dr. Dwight was a man of fine bodily presence, of extended learning, and untiring industry. His presidency of the college was highly successful. His patriotism was no less ardent and true than his piety. In his younger days he wrote considerably in verse. His poetry is not all of a very high order, but some pieces possess merit.

The place, with east and western sides,
A wide and verdant street divides:
And here the houses faced the day,
And there the lawns in beauty lay.
There, turret-crowned, and central, stood
A neat and solemn house of God.
Across the way, beneath the shade
Two elms with sober silence spread,
The preacher lived. O'er all the place
His mansion cast a Sunday grace;
Dumb stillness sate the fields around;
His garden seemed a hallowed ground;
Swains ceased to laugh aloud, when near,
And schoolboys never sported there.

In the same mild and temperate zone,
Twice twenty years, his course had run,
His locks of flowing silver spread
A crown of glory o'er his head;

His face, the image of his mind,
With grave and furrowed wisdom shined;
Not cold; but glowing still, and bright;
Yet glowing with October light:
As evening blends, with beauteous ray,
Approaching night with shining day.

His Cure his thoughts engrossed alone:
For them his painful course was run:
To bless, to save, his only care;
To chill the guilty soul with fear;
To point the pathway to the skies,
And teach, and urge, and aid, to rise;
Where strait, and difficult to keep,
It climbs, and climbs, o'er Virtue's steep.

【中文阅读】

一条绿荫重重的宽道，
将一方土地东西两分；

这边房舍面朝阳光，
那边草坪如秀毯铺张。
塔楼如戴王冠，而正中位置，
矗立着上帝那整洁肃穆的宅院。
路对面两棵榆树阴下
清醒安静的布道者，在此生活。
他的宅邸，充满礼拜日的恩典气息；
四野静逸，悄无人语；
他的花园仿佛神圣之地；
走过来的情侣，戛然而止开怀的大笑，
就连顽皮的小学生，也从不在此嬉戏。

这个气候适宜的地方，
二十年来他曾两度来此布道，
而今飘扬的满头银发
已戴上了荣誉王冠；
那张脸，是思想的肖像，
神采奕奕，刻满智慧的皱纹；
天不冷，日光宁静，明亮；

闪烁着十月的光辉：

随着熔金的暮色，

他身披余晖走进夜晚。

他的思想专注于拯救灵魂，

他为此耗尽痛苦的一生，

祈福、挽救众生，是他唯一的牵挂：

他用敬畏之语扑灭那些灵魂的罪恶；

给往生者指一条通向天堂的道路，

他引导、鼓励、施以援手，唤醒世人；

在那身处逆境、极难坚持的地方，

他的灵魂攀呀攀，终于攀登上美德的顶峰。

LESSON 122

DEATH OF ABSALOM

押沙龙之死

David numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part under the hand of Abishai, the son of Zeruiah, Joab's brother, and a third part under the hand of Ittai, the Gittite.

And the king said unto the people, I will surely go forth with you myself also. But the people answered, thou shalt not go forth; for if we flee away, they will not care for us; neither if half of us die, will they care for us; but now thou art worth ten thousand of us; therefore now it is better that thou succor us out of the city. And the king said unto them, What seemeth you best, I will do.

And the king stood by the gate side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom. And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom.

So the people went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; where the people of Israel were

slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.

And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. And Joab said unto the man that told him, And, behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle. And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son; for, in our hearing, the king charged thee, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise, I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life; for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldst have set thyself against me.

Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armor, compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel; for Joab held back the people.

And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the

wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him; and all Israel fled, everyone to his tent. Now Absalom, in his lifetime, had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place.

Then said Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok, Let me now run, and bear the king tidings, how that the Lord hath avenged him of his enemies. And Joab said unto him, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day: but this day thou shalt bear no tidings, because the king's son is dead. Then said Joab to Cush, Go, tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cush bowed himself unto Joab, and ran.

Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok yet again to Joab, But howsoever, let me, I pray thee, also run after Cush. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready? But howsoever, said he, let me run. And he said unto him, run. Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cush.

And David sat between the two gates; and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

And the watchman saw another man running, and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the

running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

And behold, Cushie came; and Cushie said, Tidings my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushie, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushie answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

(II Samuel, Chap. xviii.)

【中文阅读】

大卫数点跟随他的人，立千夫长百夫长率领他们。大卫打发军兵出战，分为三队，一队约押手下，一队洗革拉的儿子约押兄弟亚比筛手下，一队迦特人以太手下。

大卫对军兵说，我必与你们一同出战。军兵却说，你不可出战，若是我们逃跑，敌人必不介意。我们阵亡一半，敌人也不介意。因为你一人强似我们万人。你不如在城里预备帮助我们。王向他们说，你们以为怎样好，我就怎样行。

于是王站在城门旁，军兵或百或千的挨次出去了。王嘱咐约押，亚比筛，以太说，你们要为我的缘故，宽待那少年人押沙龙。王为押沙龙嘱咐众将的话，兵都听见了。

兵就出到田野迎着以色列人，在以法莲树林里交战。以色列人败在大卫的仆人面前。那日阵亡的甚多，共有二万人。因为在那里四面打仗。死于树林的，比死于刀剑的更多。

押沙龙偶然遇见大卫的仆人。押沙龙骑着骡子，从大橡树密枝底下经过，他的头发被树枝绕住，就悬挂起来。所骑的骡子便离他去了。

有个人看见，就告诉约押说，我看见押沙龙挂在橡树上了。约押对报信的人说，你既看见他，为什么不将他打死，落在地上呢。你若打死他，我就赏你十舍客勒银子、一条带子。那人对约押说，我就是得你一千舍客勒银子，我也不敢伸手害王的儿子。因为我们听见王嘱咐你和亚比筛并以太说，你们要谨慎，不可害那少年人押沙龙。我若妄为害了他的性命，就是你自己也必与我为敌。原来无论何事，都瞒不过王。

约押说，我不能与你逗留。约押手拿三杆短枪，趁押沙龙在橡树上还活着，就刺透他的心。给约押拿兵器的十个少年人围绕押沙龙，将他杀死。约押吹角，拦阻众人，他们就回来，不再追赶以色列人。

他们将押沙龙丢在林中一个大坑里，上头堆起一大堆石头。以色列众人都逃跑，各回各家去了。押沙龙活着的时候，在王谷立了一根石柱。因他说，我没有儿子为我留名。他就以自己的名，称那石柱，

叫押沙龙柱，直到今日。

撒督的儿子亚希玛斯说，容我跑去，将耶和華向仇敌给王报仇的信息报与王知。约押对他说，你今日不可去报信，改日可以报信，因为今日王的儿子死了，所以你不可去报信。

约押对古示人说，你去将你所看见的告诉王。古示人在约押面前下拜，就跑去了。

撒督的儿子亚希玛斯又对约押说，无论怎样，求你容我随着古示人跑去。约押说，我儿，你报这信息，既不得赏赐，何必要跑去呢。他又说，无论怎样，我要跑去。约押说，你跑去吧。亚希玛斯就从平原往前跑，跑过古示人去了。

大卫正坐在城瓮里。守望的人上城门楼的顶上，举目观看，见有一个人独自跑来。守望的人就大声告诉王。王说，他若独自来，必是报口信的。那人跑得渐渐近了。

守望的人又见一人跑来，就对守城门的人说，又有一人独自跑来。王说，这也必是报信的。守望的人说，我看前头人的跑法好像撒督的儿子亚希玛斯的跑法一样。王说，他是个好人，必是报好信息。

亚希玛斯向王呼叫，说，平安了。就在王面前脸伏于地，叩拜，说，耶和華你的神是应当称颂的，因他已将那举手攻击我主我王的人交给王了。王问说，少年人押沙龙平安不平安。亚希玛斯回答说，约押打发王的仆人，那时仆人听见众民大声喧哗，却不知道是什么事。王说，你退去，站在旁边。他就退去，站在旁边。

古示人也来到，说，有信息报给我主我王。耶和華今日向一切兴起攻击你的人给你报仇了。王问古示人说，少年人押沙龙平安不平安。古示人回答说，愿我主我王的仇敌，和一切兴起要杀害你的人，都与那少年人一样。

王就心里伤恸，上城门楼去哀哭，一面走，一面说，我儿押沙龙阿，我儿，我儿押沙龙阿。我恨不得替你死。押沙龙阿，我儿，我儿。

（《旧约·撒母耳记》第18章）

LESSON 123

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

亚伯拉罕·达文波特

'T was on a May day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,
The Twilight of the Gods.

The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.

Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Low'd, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old Statehouse, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.

He rose, slow-cleaving with his steady voice

The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So at the post
Where he hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face,
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon,
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech

Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd, dry humor natural to the man:
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

(Whittier)

【中文阅读】

多年前的一个五月天
那是一七八零年，正值
春暖花开芬芳馥郁的季节，
大地清新，时方晌午，

突然黑暗笼罩，白昼
就像北欧传说中的夜晚，
变成众神的黄昏。

低垂的天空
布满不祥的黑云，仅天边上
绕着一层薄薄的光晕，就像
从地狱之渊爬上火山口旁的火苗。
百鸟停止鸣唱，仓院里所有家畜
都在栖息，牧场低栅围挡的牛群，
望着回家的归途；蝙蝠拍打翅膀
飞掠而过；劳作的声音销声匿迹；
男人祈祷，女人悲泣；所有耳朵出奇灵敏
谛听到厄运尖锐的喇叭声
划过黑暗的天空，救世主那张可怕的脸
从云缝里张望，在伯大尼村里，
他没看到一个可爱的来客，而是
严厉的法官和无情的法律。

这时古老的州议会大楼里，暗如鬼蜮，
康乃狄克州的一众立法者，
披着立法长袍的身躯坐在那儿瑟瑟发抖。
“此乃上帝的圣日！我们休会吧。”
有人说；于是，好像有一种默契，
众人一齐转头看着亚伯拉罕·达文波特。

他立起身，用沉稳坚毅的声调
划破令人难耐的寂静。“这也许是
世界等待的末日审判；
但无论是抑或不是，我只知道
我现在的责任，是代行天意
直到上帝来临。所以我列于此席，
这位置承蒙上帝眷顾，为我指定，
就在此刻，我选择和他面对面相会，
并非不忠的仆人，害怕承担我的任务，
而是随时准备接受主人收获的号令；
因此，带着万分崇敬，我要说，
“让上帝履行天意，我们照料自己。

拿来蜡烛。”他们把蜡烛拿到会场。

然后演讲者借着摇曳的烛光宣读，
声音嘶哑，双手在抖，
读的是一项修改法令，内容是调控
渔场的美洲西鲱鱼。于是，
睿智的亚伯拉罕·达文波特得体地
提出问题，他讲话平平无奇
只有阿拉伯人的十个手势，众人也没有听到
精明做作的幽默；
他那惊呆了的同僚全都充满敬畏，洗耳恭听，
就在他的高论停顿期间，
上帝猛然爆发雷霆之怒
从乌云遮蔽的空喇叭里爆破而出。

他的形象至今伫立人们的记忆，
腰身挺拔、冷静沉着，棱角分明的脸上
半映出反常的黑暗背景，
这是他们走过岁月的见证，

那朴素的责任心里无畏无惧。

（惠迪尔）

LESSON 124

THE FALLS OF THE YOSEMITE

约塞米蒂大瀑布

Thomas Starr King, 1824-1863, was born in New York City. His father was a Universalist minister; and, in 1834, he settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts. The son was preparing to enter Harvard University, when the death of his father devolved upon him the support of his mother, and his collegiate course had to be given up. He spent several years as clerk and teacher, improving meanwhile all possible opportunities for study. In 1846 he was settled over the church to which his father had preached in Charlestown. Two years later, he was called to the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. Here his eloquence and active public spirit soon made him well known. He also gained much reputation as a public lecturer. In 1860 he left the East to take charge of the Unitarian church in San Francisco. During the remaining years of his life, he exercised much influence in the public affairs of California. He died suddenly, of diphtheria, in the midst of his brilliant career.

Mr. King was a great lover of nature. His "White Hills," describing the mountain scenery of New Hampshire, is the most complete book ever written concerning that interesting

region.

The Yosemite valley, in California, is a pass about ten miles long. At its eastern extremity it leads into three narrower passes, each of which extends several miles, winding by the wildest paths into the heart of the Sierra Nevada chain of mountains. For seven miles of the main valley, which varies in width from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half, the walls on either side are from two thousand to nearly five thousand feet above the road, and are nearly perpendicular. From these walls, rocky splinters a thousand feet in height start up, and every winter drop a few hundred tons of granite, to adorn the base of the rampart with picturesque ruin.

The valley is of such irregular width, and bends so much and often so abruptly, that there is a great variety and frequent surprise in the forms and combinations of the overhanging rocks as one rides along the bank of the stream. The patches of luxuriant meadow, with their dazzling green, and the grouping of the superb firs, two hundred feet high, that skirt them, and that shoot above the stout and graceful oaks and sycamores through which the horse path winds, are delightful rests of sweetness and beauty amid the threatening awfulness.

The Merced, which flows through the same pass, is a noble stream, a hundred feet wide and ten feet deep. It is formed chiefly of the streams that leap and rush through the narrower passes, and it is swollen, also, by the bounty of the marvelous waterfalls that pour down from the ramparts of the wider valley. The sublime poetry of Habakkuk is needed to describe the impression, and,

perhaps, the geology, of these mighty fissures: "Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers."

At the foot of the breakneck declivity of nearly three thousand feet by which we reach the banks of the Merced, we are six miles from the hotel, and every rod of the ride awakens wonder, awe, and a solemn joy. As we approach the hotel, and turn toward the opposite bank of the river, what is that

"Which ever sounds and shines,

A pillar of white light upon the wall

Of purple cliffs aloof descried"?

That, reader, is the highest waterfall in the world—the Yosemite cataract, nearly twenty-five hundred feet in its plunge, dashing from a break or depression in a cliff thirty-two hundred feet sheer.

A writer who visited this valley in September, calls the cataract a mere tape line of water dropped from the sky. Perhaps it is so, toward the close of the dry season; but as we saw it, the blended majesty and beauty of it, apart from the general sublimities of Yosemite gorge, would repay a journey of a thousand miles. There was no deficiency of water. It was a powerful stream, thirty-five feet broad, fresh from the Nevada, that made the plunge from the brow of the awful precipice.

At the first leap it clears fourteen hundred and ninety-seven feet; then it tumbles down a series of steep stairways four hundred and two feet, and then makes a jump to the meadows five hundred and eighteen feet more. But it is the upper and highest cataract that is most wonderful to the eye, as well as most musical. The cliff is so sheer that there is no break in the body of the water during the whole of its descent of more than a quarter of a mile. It pours in a curve from the summit, fifteen hundred feet, to the basin that hoards it but a moment for the cascades that follow.

And what endless complexities and opulence of beauty in the forms and motions of the cataract! It is comparatively narrow at the top of the precipice, although, as we said, the tide that pours over is thirty-five feet broad. But it widens as it descends, and curves a little on one side as it widens, so that it shapes itself, before it reaches its first bowl of granite, into the figure of a comet. More beautiful than the comet, however, we can see the substance of this watery loveliness ever renew itself and ever pour itself away.

"It mounts in spray the skies, and thence again

Returns in an unceasing shower, which round

With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,

Is an eternal April to the ground,

Making it all one emerald; —how profound

The gulf! and how the giant element

From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs."

The cataract seems to shoot out a thousand serpentine heads or knots of water, which wriggle down deliberately through the air and expend themselves in mist before half the descent is over. Then a new set burst from the body and sides of the fall, with the same fortune on the remaining distance; and thus the most charming fretwork of watery nodules, each trailing its vapory train for a hundred feet or more, is woven all over the cascade, which swings, now and then, thirty feet each way, on the mountain side, as if it were a pendulum of watery lace. Once in a while, too, the wind manages to get back of the fall, between it and the cliff, and then it will whirl it round and round for two or three hundred feet, as if to try the experiment of twisting it to wring it dry.

Of course I visited the foot of the lowest fall of the Yosemite, and looked up through the spray, five hundred feet, to its crown. And I tried to climb to the base of the first or highest cataract, but lost my way among the steep, sharp rocks, for there is only one line by which the cliff can be scaled. But no nearer view that I found or heard described, is comparable with the picture, from the hotel, of the comet curve of the upper cataract, fifteen hundred feet high, and the two falls immediately beneath it, in which the same water leaps to the level of the quiet Merced.

【中文阅读】

坐落于加利福尼亚的约塞米蒂峡谷长约有十英尺。从峡谷东端，引出三条狭窄的通道，每条道蜿蜒数英里，每条路伸延至最宽路段，就进入了内华达山的主脊腹地。七英里长的主峡谷从四分之三英里增至一点五英里的宽度，路两边上空的石壁两千英尺随之拔高到一千多英尺，真是笔陡峭拔，好不险峻。岩石碎块从一千多英尺高的山壁上跃而下，一个冬季就能坠落几百吨花岗岩石块，把坚固的壁垒装扮成了奇特的废墟。

山谷时宽时窄，山壁时而弓曲时而兀立，当人沿着河道骑马慢行时，一块块巨石悬空而出，其形状组合变化多端，观之令人连连惊叹天工之奇妙。繁茂的草地绿意葱茏，视之令人眼花缭乱，一群高达约二百英尺的冷杉树魁伟挺拔，这群冷杉边缘的下方，是结实优雅的橡树和美国梧桐，一条马道蜿蜒其中，于惊险处纷呈怡人的芬芳美丽。

那流经同一条通道的莫赛德河，是一条庄严的溪流，其宽达十英尺，水深三英尺。这条河主要是由纵横交错的溪流汇聚而成，而从那宽阔峡谷壁垒上直泻而下的瀑布，也赋予了莫赛德河涨涌的水流。先知哈巴谷的庄严诗句或许能描述出这种感觉，或者还能说明这些巨大沟壑的结构：“你用河流，劈开大地。”

我们从将近三千英尺的险峻山坡脚下走过，来到莫塞德河的岸边，这儿距我们下榻之地约有六英里，沿途的每一段路程都让我们惊奇、敬畏，一种庄严的欢愉之情油然而生。当我们离旅馆越来越近时，蓦然回首河对岸，那是怎样的景观啊？

“流水潺湲，波光闪烁，

一条白色光柱，

笼罩着紫色的巉岩峭壁。”

诸位读者，那可是世界最高的瀑布——约塞米蒂大瀑布，瀑布急转处差不多有二千五百英尺宽，从三千二百英尺高的巉岩的裂口处直泻而下。

一位九月游览峡谷的作者说，大瀑布仅如一条水线垂挂空中。那或许是赶上枯水季节的缘故；而当时我们看见的大瀑布，与笼罩约塞米蒂峡谷的那种庄严不同，它集雄伟与壮美于一身，绝对不枉千里迢迢一睹其风采的劳顿。此时水源充沛，溪水源源不竭，溪涧宽三十五英尺，清澈的溪水来自内华达山，那是飞流从高峻的断崖跳入了溪涧之中。

约塞米蒂大瀑布由三段相互衔接的瀑布组成。它从一千五百英尺高的山崖上一跃而下；继而从一系列峭壁石梯上翻滚下落四百零二英尺，最后飞湍直下五百八十多英尺流到草地上。大瀑布是北美洲瀑布之最高，气势磅礴，叹为观止；瀑布轰鸣，宛如天籁。绝壁笔陡，长达四分之一英里的瀑布飞流直下的整个过程中没有一处停歇。它抛出一道弧线，从一千五百英尺的顶端飞落，直抵积水盆地，瞬间形成小瀑布倾泻而下。

奔腾而下的大瀑布，变幻无穷，美不胜收！尽管瀑布是从只有三十五英尺宽的悬崖顶上开始往下奔流，但是越往下奔流瀑布愈宽，瀑流的一侧随着增宽成曲线泻下，于是瀑布直抵第一块花岗岩水池前，其飞落的姿态如彗星。然它要比彗星更美，我们看到的是实实在在的水流，它的美丽永远自我再生、不断倾注。

“飞溅九霄，又折回

像个不停喷水的花洒，圆圆的

伴着阵雨过后的轻云，

于大地如永恒的四月芳菲，
使得大地绿如翡翠；这漩涡
多么深远！这庞然大物
如惊世狂花，飞跃一块块岩石，
征服一个个悬崖。”

大瀑布似乎喷射出了无数水柱和水浪，它们从容不迫地从空中蜿蜒而下，行至半途已是如霰如雾。接着从瀑布内和两侧爆发出新的水柱和水浪，以同样的运势接续余下的路程；于是水珠汇成了每一幅令人惊奇的精致浮雕图案，拖着一百英尺水雾迷蒙的长尾，汇入小瀑流中，又不时地摆动，每次在山的一侧都扬起三十英尺高的水柱，宛若一条摇曳的水带。间或劲风狂吹，使瀑布倒流，在瀑布和峭壁之间，风会将瀑布一圈又一圈旋起至二百到三百英尺高的水柱，仿佛在做瀑布拧绞甩干的试验。

当然，我是站在约塞米蒂最低的瀑布脚下观看，透过水雾仰望，五百英尺的高处就是瀑布的王冠。我企图爬上第一条大瀑布的基底或是至高点，可惜在峭壁巉岩间迷路，因为只有一条道路可以攀上悬崖。但从下榻的旅馆所见之景中，我并未发现、亦未曾听闻哪处景观堪与这幅画面相比：上面高达一千五百英尺的大瀑布抛出彗星般的曲线，其下方另有两条瀑布飞湍直下，这些同源之水便跃入了平静的莫赛德河中。

LESSON 125

A PSALM OF LIFE

人生颂

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,

Life is but an empty dream!

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,

Is our destined end or way;

But to act, that each to-morrow

Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,

And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating

Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,

In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!

Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act—act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

(Longfellow)

【中文阅读】

请君莫说，往事堪伤，
人生如梦，虚幻一场！
灵魂沉睡，无异死亡，

一切怎会，表里恒常。

人生是真！人生是诚！

人生目标，绝非坟茔；

来自尘土，归于尘土，

实指肉身，而非灵魂。

旅途终点，人生命定，

不是享乐，亦非受苦，

重在行动，把握当下，

要让明朝，更胜今日。

艺海无涯，时光短促，

纵然你我，意志坚笃，

徒呼奈何，心如鼙鼓，

一路哀乐，敲向坟墓。

世界辽阔，一如战场，

人生旅途，随处安扎，

莫像哑畜，任人驱赶！

当作英雄，纵横驰骋！

未来虽好，不可坐待！

往事休矣，索性沉埋！

人生意义，实干是真！

心怀慈悲，上有神明。

伟人大业，昭示你我，

升华人生，亦可超凡，

一旦离去，身后尚存，

流沙之上，鸿爪余痕。

或有兄弟，庄严起航，

人生之海，幻化无常，

船遇险阻，孤独沮丧，

见我印痕，重燃希望。

众生奋起，齐追直上，

胸怀勇气，挑战命运；

不断进取，日日追寻，

耐心等待，勤于耕耘。

（朗费罗）

LESSON 126

FRANKLIN's ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA

富兰克林入费城

Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790, was born in Boston. He received little schooling, but being apprenticed to his brother, a printer, he acquired a taste for reading and study. In 1723, he went to Philadelphia, where he followed his chosen calling, and in time became the publisher of the "Pennsylvania Gazette" and the celebrated "Poor Richard's Almanac."

As a philosopher Franklin was rendered famous by his discovery of the identity of lightning with electricity. His career in public affairs may be briefly summarized as follows: In 1736 he was made Clerk of the Provincial Assembly; in 1737, deputy postmaster at Philadelphia; and in 1753, Postmaster general for British America. He was twice in England as the agent of certain colonies. After signing the Declaration of Independence, he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to France in 1776. On his return, in 1785, he was made "President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," holding the office three years. He was also one of the framers

of the Constitution of the United States.

As a writer Franklin commenced his career when only twelve years old by composing two ballads, which, however, he condemned as "wretched stuff." Franklin's letters and papers on electricity, afterwards enlarged by essays on various philosophical subjects, have been translated into Latin, French, Italian, and German. The most noted of his works, and the one from which the following extract is taken, is his "Autobiography." This book is "one of the half dozen most widely popular books ever printed," and has been published in nearly every written language. Franklin founded the American Philosophical Society, and established an institution which has since grown into the University of Pennsylvania. His life is a noble example of the results of industry and perseverance, and his death was the occasion of public mourning.

Walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight.

Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of

the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there.

I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, —a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street gazing about, till, near the market house, I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston: but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father: when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I liked, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and

appearance that I might be some runaway. After dinner my sleepiness returned, and, being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening; was called to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning.

【中文阅读】

夜晚走在河畔，一条船经过，我发现船上载着几个人，船是驶往费城的。这条船捎带上了我，此时无风，船无法借风力，这一路我们只好划船；大概划了半夜，依然看不到费城的影子，一些同伴言之凿凿地说我们必是错过了，因而就不再往前走；其他人也不知我们这是在哪儿；所以我们向岸边划去，拐进一条小河，然后在一围旧栅栏附近上了岸。十月的夜晚十分寒冷，于是我们抽出几根栅栏点火取暖，烤着火挨到天亮。

然后一个同伴认出这个地方是库伯河，再往前走一点路就是费城，我们一走出小河就看见了那座城市，到那儿时大概是周日早晨八九点钟，在马克街码头上岸。

我特别详细描述旅途发生的细微末节，并且对初次进入的那座城市也将详细记叙，那样便于诸位读者对我希望渺茫的开始与此后在那儿的作为有个比较。

那时我穿的是一身工作服，我最好的衣服是通过海运寄达。一路风尘，我已是蓬头垢面；口袋里塞满衬衣、袜子，人地生疏，不晓得该去何处落脚。虽然我路上奔走、划船，已经疲惫不堪，需要休息，再加上腹中饥饿，真是苦不堪言；但是我全部现金加起来也就是一元荷兰币和大约价值一先令的铜币。我将铜币作为船费给了船家，起初船家觉着我划船出了力，不肯收船费；但是我坚持让他收下；有时一个囊中羞涩的人反倒比他阔绰时出手大方，我想或许是怕人家小觑、轻看之故。

然后我在大街上边走边看，走到集市附近遇上一个手拿面包的男孩。我一路上用面包充饥，因此就问他在哪儿买到面包，我顺着他指的方向直奔第二大街上的面包店，打算要一些我们波士顿常卖的那种饼干；但费城似乎买不到。于是我要求买三便士一个的面包，店主说没有这种面包。我不再想一一询问价格，就给店主三便士，让他随便给我点面包就行。于是他给了我三个巨大的松脆面包卷。我吃惊三便士竟能买到这么大的面包，口袋装不下，我只好拿着一个，腋窝下夹一个，边走边吃另一个。

就这样我从马克街一直走到第四大街，经过里德先生，我未来岳父家门口，当时我未来的妻子就站在门口看着我，觉着我样子极其笨拙可笑，当时我那形象的确如此。接着，我吃着面包卷从栗子街又拐入胡桃街，逛了一圈，发现自己又站在了马克街码头，我上了附近一艘船，到船上找口水喝，一个面包卷就把肚子填满了，我将另两个面包卷一股脑送给了与我们同船而来的一位女人和她的孩子，他们正在等船继续远行。

填饱了肚子，于是我又走上大街，那时街上许多衣着整洁的人都朝着一个方向走。我跟随着他们，由此被带入市场附近的贵格会大教堂。我坐在他们中间，四处打量一番，没听见有人说什么，前夜劳倦纷纷袭来，头发昏，很快就睡着了，我这一觉就睡到教会结束，直到有个十分和蔼的人将我唤醒。这是我到费城第一次睡觉的地方。

我又朝着江边走去，一路上打量人们的面容。我遇到一个年轻的贵格派信徒，他的脸给我一种好感，于是我上前与他搭讪，请求他指点我外地人在哪找到住宿的地方。我们当时就在“三个水手旅店”的牌匾附近。“这儿，”他说，“就是招待外地人的地方，但是名声不好；如果你愿跟我走，我会给你看间更好的。”他把我带到坐落于水街的“曲营旅店”。我在那儿吃了顿晚饭；吃饭时店主圆滑地打探我的来历，我年轻的外貌和褴褛的衣衫似乎让他们把我联想成了一个逃亡者。饭后我又想瞌睡，店主把我带到一张床前，我未及脱衣就一头扎下去，

一觉睡到晚上六点；被叫醒吃了晚饭，又早早上床，美美地睡到第二天清晨。

LESSON 127

LINES TO A WATERFOWL

致水鸟

Whither 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

Or where the rocky billows rise and sink

On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless coast.

The desert and illimitable air,

Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day, thy wings have fanned,

At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land

Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,

Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,

Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven

Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

(Bryant)

【中文阅读】

你要去哪里？露珠儿正滴落，
天空绚烂，迈着一天最后的步伐，
前途迢迢，穿过玫瑰红的深渊，
你继续求索孤独的路？

捕猎者徒然地，
望着你远飞，想要射伤你，
你的身影已掠过深红天幕，

飘摇而去。

你要飞往何处？

是觅缘湖而生的湿草地，

宽阔的江岸，还是巨浪起伏

惊涛拍击的海岸？

有一种神力的关照，

在无路的海滨指引你。

荒漠的穹苍浩浩渺渺，

你孤独漫游，但不会迷失。

你整天扇动翅膀，

拍打稀薄的大气，高处不胜寒，

尽管黑夜临近，你已疲倦，

但你不肯服输，降落欢迎你的大地。

你的劳累很快就会结束

不久你会找到夏季憩息的乐园，

你呼朋引伴，唱和高天；不久，
绿苇摇荡，就会将你的暖巢护掩。

但是你离去了；穹隆之渊
已吞没了你的身影；我心上，
却深深留下了你上的一课，
久久难忘记。

从一个世界到另一个世界，
为你引航穿越茫茫天宇的尊者，
也会在我必须独自跋涉的长路上，
正确地引导我的步履。

（布莱恩特）

LESSON 128

GOLDSMITH AND ADDISON

格尔斯密斯与艾迪生

William Makepeace Thackeray, 1811-1863, was born in Calcutta, and is one of the most popular of English novelists, essayists, and humorists. While a boy, he removed from India to England, where he was educated at the Charterhouse in London, and at Cambridge. When twenty-one years of age, he came into possession of about 20,000 pounds. He rapidly dissipated his fortune, however, and was compelled to work for his living, first turning his attention to law and then to art, but finally choosing literature as his profession. He was for many years correspondent, under assumed names, at the "London Times," "The New Monthly Magazine," "Punch," and "Fraser's Magazine." His first novel under his own name, "Vanity Fair," appeared in monthly numbers during 1846-8, and is generally considered his finest production: although "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes" are also much admired. His lectures on "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," from which the following selections are taken, were delivered in England first in 1851, and afterwards in America, which he visited in 1852 and again in 1855-6.

During the latter visit, he first delivered his course of lectures on "The Four Georges," which were later repeated in England. At the close of 1859, Thackeray became editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," and made it one of the most successful serials ever published.

Thackeray has been charged with cynicism in his writings, but he was noted for his happy temper and genial disposition towards all who came in contact with him.

I . GOLDSMITH

To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home; he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with the remembrances of Lissoy.

Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for tomorrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would flyaway this hour, but that a cage, necessity, keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft

smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns?

Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of "The Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

II . ADDISON

We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats?

When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture; a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration

than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him: from your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
And all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

"What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Among their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,

The Hand that made us is divine."

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great, deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayers. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees; at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merrymaking or a town assembly, good will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.

【中文阅读】

1. 格尔斯密斯

“英格兰最受人喜爱的作家”，这个称呼对一个人而言是多么了不起啊！他年少时狂放而任性不羁，但内心满怀着柔情与慈爱，离开了乡村——他曾在这儿快乐地沉思，无忧无虑地玩耍，度过了他的童年；强烈渴望着看看外面的精彩世界，取得功名、获得财富。可是艰苦奋斗了几年之后，他仍然寂寂无名，一贫如洗，于是他的心温柔地怀念起了故土，切切憧憬着家乡的变化，满怀对家的思念之情，他写了一本书和一首诗；他用文字描绘出他的朋友和青年时代的美好场景，以及身系他对家乡利索怀念之情的人物——奥本和维克菲尔德。

他注定要去流浪，但是随身带走了家乡的纪念物，去世时那个纪念物还在他怀里揣着。他本是懒散性情，安静时渴望改变：旅途中静静想念朋友，他走过今天就为明天搭建一座空中楼阁，或是为昨日写下挽歌；这时间他要逃离家乡，但家乡如一个不可逃脱的笼子，包围着他的心灵。他的诗篇、风格和幽默的魅力何在？是他甜美的遗憾、微妙的惻惻、温柔的笑容、丰富的同情和个性的瑕疵吗？

你对他的喜爱一半出于怜惜。日子如战争，过得紧张疲惫，你兴冲冲来，这甜美的吟游诗歌正好舒缓心情。谁会伤害弹竖琴的流浪者呢？他又曾伤害过何人呢？他手无寸铁，只有那把为你们弹拨弦乐的竖琴，他用竖琴给尊卑贵贱、青年和老者、营房里的军官、围着篝火 的士兵、乡村里的农妇以及孩童都带去了欢乐。他站在谁家门口，谁就能一享他那颂扬爱与美的纯朴歌谣。他唱着《维克菲尔德牧师》的甜美故事走遍欧洲的城郭与村庄。而我们这些人，不管多辛苦，总会忙里偷闲和他共度一两个夜晚，领略他那甜美音乐的魅力。

2. 艾迪生

我们爱他的美德，同样也爱他的浮华。他的荒唐正是他可爱之处；我们如此喜爱他，因为我们可以毫无顾忌地拿他的荒唐事取笑逗乐。我们变得快乐而善良、柔情而慈悲，虔诚而孝敬——这样的改变是医生和牧师都极少能幸运激发的，而这一切皆源于他的笑容，源于他性格里那可爱的缺点，源于他那些对人无害的怪癖和愚蠢的举动，源于他那易感动的神经，源于他那诚实的男子气概与天真。有何不可呢？难道天堂的荣誉只有穿黑大衣的绅士可以唱颂吗？

这个男人俯瞰着尘世——他用如此仁慈的笔调描绘这世间的丑恶，他的光华飞升入天堂，照耀着我们，我无法想象，这样一张愈加平静的狂喜而神采焕发的脸庞，还有谁能与之媲美；我无法想象，一个因更加纯洁的爱和崇拜而激动的颤抖的智者，舍约瑟夫·艾迪生还能有谁。请听他说的：从孩提时代，你就熟稔诗章；但是没有爱与敬畏

之心，谁能听到文字里圣乐的流淌？

不久，随着暮色的浓重，

月儿捧起奇妙的故事，

每夜向聆听的地球；

讲述她诞生的传奇；

众星捧月，

行星自传，

锁定涨落的潮汐，

把真理传播世界各地。

“尽管，一切天体都庄严肃穆，

围绕黑暗的地球运动；

尽管，光芒四射的天体之间

万籁俱寂，不闻语声；

但是他们皆因理性之耳快乐，

并说出一句精妙的话语，

永远歌唱，如同他们永远发光，

造物主的手万能神圣。”

对我而言，那些诗文似乎如夜空里群星璀璨。光芒发自伟大深沉的平静。他抬头望向天空，心中想起了安息日，那感恩而虔诚的祈祷，使他的面容神采奕奕。他的宗教情怀在他整个身心激荡。田野，城市，上帝无处不在；看枝头飞鸟也让他产生别样情愫；上帝在街巷玩耍的孩子身旁护佑；上帝在清晨、月光下漫步，在他房间的书本之上停驻；即使在乡村狂欢晚会或是城镇的集市上，他都感受到上帝赐予众生的善意与祥和；对造物主的热爱和敬畏，充满他纯洁的心灵，让他的脸光彩照人。如果说斯威夫特的生活悲惨到极点，那么艾迪生的人生则完美得令人羡慕。他的一生富足美好——他的死亡平静而安宁——他那幸福快乐、完美无瑕的名字传诸后世，誉满天下，赢得世人的喜爱。

LESSON 129

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

灵魂不朽

SCENE—CATO, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture;—in his hand, Plato's book on the immortality of the soul; a drawn sword on the table by him.

Cato. It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well!

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'T is the divinity that stirs within us;

'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, unbounded prospect lies before me:
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when?—or where?—This world was made for
Caesar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

(Seizes the sword)

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

(Addison)

【中文阅读】

场景：卡托独自坐着，姿态若有所思；手中拿着柏拉图的一本论灵魂不朽的书；身旁桌子上躺着一把雕刻着纹饰的长剑。

卡托 定是如此。柏拉图，你的推理如拨云见日，真棒！

另外，这悦人的希望，多情的欲望，

对不朽之后的憧憬，根源是什么？

产生这种畏惧的秘密，内心的惊涛骇浪，

陷入空虚的成因何在？灵魂为何

抽离肉身，对毁灭震惊？

它以神性把我们的内心搅动；

它本身即是天堂，指出人有来世，

向人类暗示，灵魂不朽。

灵魂不朽！你这思想给人快慰又让人惊慌！

不朽是通过各色毫无体验的人类，

抑或通过众生途中必经的新景、多端的变化？

这前景在我眼前铺展、一望无涯；

可是阴影、乌云和黑暗笼罩了它。

我愿在此拥抱灵魂。倘若人有超凡能量，

（人有神力，万物正凭借自然之神

赋予的力量高声呐喊）他必因美德而快乐；

他所沉醉的必定是幸福的。

可是，何时——何地？这个世界为凯撒而生。

我已倦于猜想，这把剑可以结束一切。

（他紧紧抓住剑柄）

因此我全副武装；我的死与生，

鸩毒与解药在眼前摆放。

利剑瞬间让我死亡，

但是又告诉我，我将永生

灵魂以她的恒在担保，只要笑傲

拔出的冷剑，血涤锋芒。

群星将隐遁于黑暗，太阳
年老昏迷，大自然色衰憔悴，
而你将在不朽的青春里，焕发容光，
身在刀光剑影的战场，悲惨的事故，
倾覆的世界里，毫发无损，安然无恙。

（爱迪生）

LESSON 130

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

华盛顿之品格

Jared Sparks, 1789-1866, was born at Willington, Connecticut, and graduated at Harvard in 1815. He was tutor in the University for two years, and in 1819 was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church in Baltimore. In 1823 he returned to Boston, purchased the "North American Review," and was its sole editor for seven years. From 1839 to 1849 he was Professor in Harvard, and for the next three years was President of the University. Mr. Sparks has written extensively on American history and biography, including the lives of Washington and Franklin. He collected the materials for his biographies with great care, and wrought them up with much skill.

The person of Washington was commanding, graceful, and fitly proportioned; his stature six feet, his chest broad and full, his limbs long and somewhat slender, but well-shaped and muscular. His features were regular and symmetrical, his eyes of a light blue color, and his whole countenance, in its quiet state, was grave,

placid, and benignant. When alone, or not engaged in conversation, he appeared sedate and thoughtful; but when his attention was excited, his eye kindled quickly, and his face beamed with animation and intelligence.

He was not fluent in speech, but what he said was apposite, and listened to with the more interest as being known to come from the heart. He seldom attempted sallies of wit or humor, but no man received more pleasure from an exhibition of them by others; and, although contented in seclusion, he sought his chief happiness in society, and participated with delight in all its rational and innocent amusements. Without austerity on the one hand, or an appearance of condescending familiarity on the other, he was affable, courteous, and cheerful; but it has often been remarked that there was a dignity in his person and manner not easy to be defined, which impressed everyone that saw him for the first time with an instinctive deference and awe. This may have arisen, in part, from a conviction of his superiority, as well as from the effect produced by his external form and deportment.

The character of his mind was unfolded in the public and private acts of his life; and the proofs of his greatness are seen almost as much in the one as the other. The same qualities which raised him to the ascendancy he possessed over the will of a nation, as the commander of armies and chief magistrate, caused him to be loved and respected as an individual. Wisdom, judgment, prudence, and firmness were his predominant traits. No man ever saw more clearly the relative importance of things and actions, or divested himself more entirely of the bias of personal interest, partiality, and prejudice, in discriminating between the true and the false, the

right and the wrong, in all questions and subjects that were presented to him. He deliberated slowly, but decided surely; and when his decision was once formed he seldom reversed it, and never relaxed from the execution of a measure till it was completed. Courage, physical and moral, was a part of his nature; and, whether in battle, or in the midst of popular excitement, he was fearless of danger, and regardless of consequences to himself.

His ambition was of that noble kind which aims to excel in whatever it undertakes, and to acquire a power over the hearts of men by promoting their happiness and winning their affections. Sensitive to the approbation of others, and solicitous to deserve it, he made no concessions to gain their applause, either by flattering their vanity or yielding to their caprices. Cautious without timidity, bold without rashness, cool in counsel, deliberate but firm in action, clear in foresight, patient under reverses, steady, persevering, and self-possessed, he met and conquered every obstacle that obstructed his path to honor, renown and success. More confident in the uprightness of his intention than in his resources, he sought knowledge and advice from other men. He chose his counselors with unerring sagacity; and his quick perception of the soundness of an opinion, and of the strong points in an argument, enabled him to draw to his aid the best fruits of their talents, and the light of their collected wisdom.

His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced in

which he was actuated by a sinister motive or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means. Truth, integrity, and justice were deeply rooted in his mind; and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in anyone whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions he could forgive; but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, rarely pardoned.

He was candid and sincere, true to his friends, and faithful to all; neither practicing dissimulation, descending to artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence: but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was, in part, the effect of discipline; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power in a degree which has been denied to other men.

A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the beneficent agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son, and brother, he was tender and affectionate. Without vanity, ostentation, or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests.

As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others by standing on an elevation which none could hope to attain. If he had one passion more strong than another it

was love of his country. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty; and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

Such are some of the traits in the character of Washington, which have acquired for him the love and veneration of mankind. If they are not marked with the brilliancy, extravagance, and eccentricity, which, in other men, have excited the astonishment of the world, so neither are they tarnished by the follies, nor disgraced by the crimes of those men. It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendor of any one trait, which constitute the grandeur of his character. If the title of great man ought to be reserved for him who can not be charged with an indiscretion or a vice; who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country; who succeeded in all that he undertook; and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle,—this title will not be denied to Washington.

How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!

While the mere victors may appall or stun

The servile and the vain, such names will be

A watchword till the future shall be free.

【中文阅读】

华盛顿生得威风凛凛，姿态优雅，身材匀称；他身高六英尺，胸膛宽阔厚实，四肢修长，但体型漂亮肌肉健美。他的五官端正，眼泛宝石蓝光芒，安静时，面容肃穆沉着，和蔼亲切。独处之时或社交之暇，他是一副稳重而若有所思的样子；然而一旦他的注意力被调动起来，他的双眸立即放亮，脸上焕发生气和智慧之光。

他不善言辞，但言辞得当，因为他的话出自肺腑，人人喜欢听。他很少故意表现聪慧和幽默，但是人们听着他的言辞，却更觉欢欣；虽然对隐居的生活感到满足，但他的幸福主要源自于社会，源自于与人们分享各种符合情理而天真未泯的娱乐。他既不是一个严厉之人，也从来不摆出一副屈尊俯就的架势，他友善可亲、彬彬有礼、通达开朗；但给人们留下深刻印象的是他相貌举止中透出的一种难以形容的高贵，这种气质使初次与其相识的人本能地感到一种尊重与敬畏。之所以有这种感觉，部分原因可能是人们折服于他的卓越不凡，也可能是他的外在形象和举止产生的影响。

他的思想品格在公开活动和私人生活中可见一斑；他的伟大人格则在方方面面都得到印证。正是这种品质，蕴蓄了他赢得一个国家民心的能力，虽然他身为军队指挥官总司令和最高行政官，但人民只把他看作一个纯粹的人来热爱敬重。睿智、远见卓识、坚定不移是他性格的主要特征。对于事务与行动之间的利害关系，没有人会比他们看得更清楚，他从不带个人成见，完全摒弃了私心偏爱，对摆在他面前的各种问题和话题，辨别真伪，区分是非。大事当前，他虽然再三权衡，但是决定果断；决议一旦形成，就很难更改，必然贯彻实施，执行到底。而他人格的另一部分魅力则表现在有胆有谋、身体力行、品性端正；无论是硝烟弥漫的战场，还是在欢呼雷动的人群之中，他总

是无视任何危险，将个人安危置之度外。

他的雄心抱负是宏伟的，是为了无愧于使命赋予他的责任，他通过提高人们的幸福赢得民众的爱戴，获得征服人心的力量。对于人们的赞许，他十分敏感，并且渴望配得上这种荣誉，但他并不会为了得到欢呼喝彩而迎合人们的虚荣，或对他们的反复无常让步。他谨慎但不怯懦，大胆但不轻率，他冷静听取建议，反复思虑但行事果断；他远见卓识，直面挫败；他沉着冷静，百折不挠，他克服了荣耀与功名之途上的重重障碍。他更相信自己行事目标的正直，而不去依赖才智，总是从别人身上汲取学养与建议。他慧眼卓识地挑选顾问，还能敏锐地觉察某个观点的合理之处，找到争论中让人无可辩驳的理由，这使他能汲取人才身上的精华，点燃了群集的智慧之光。

他的道德品质，与他的才智完美融合。责任是他的最高行为原则；他那天赋的理解力，除了时时用来筹划达到某个目标的捷径之外，还要守卫道德之神圣。观其一生所作所为，你找不出动机阴险或是为达目标不择手段的例子。诚实、正直和正义在他思想的沃土根深蒂固；没有任何事情能像发现信任之人反而缺少这些美德那样，能把他激得如此勃然大怒，这样彻底地摧垮他的信心。如果说弱点、愚蠢、轻率还情有可原，那么诡计多端之人他绝难轻饶，也罕有得到他的宽恕者。

他对待朋友率直而真挚，对所有人诚实守信，他既不善虚以委蛇，戴着面具做人，也不会坚持不切实际的期望。他热情洋溢，有时激情突然爆发；但是他能瞬间自控。这种自控能力或许是他性格中最显著的特点。其中部分是得益于后天磨炼；然而某种程度上，他似乎天生就具备了别人难以达到的能力。

他是耶稣的忠实信徒，习惯性将信仰践行于实际。他对宗教之敬畏在他处理事务、与公众交流以及他的私人著作里随处可见。而自己的成功，一概归功于上帝的这位代理人给他的恩赐。他是慷慨仁慈之

人，对穷人乐善好施，对身处困厄的人施以援手。他是忠贞的丈夫，孝顺的儿子，堪为表率的兄长。他不事虚荣、不卖弄、不自骄，除非个人活动与公众的利益息息相关，否则他绝不会提及自己。

因无利己之念，也就无嫉妒之心，他站在常人无法匹及的高度，所以摆脱了他人的嫉妒。如果说他的热情比任何人都强烈，那就是对国家的爱。他的爱国之心纯粹灼热，国之幅员有多辽阔，他的爱就有多深远。他的爱使他对国家负有一种神圣的责任；他忠于责任，一刻不曾背离职守，这种责任感存在于思想上，存在于行动中，贯穿了他的整个国务生涯。

上述是华盛顿的一些人格特征，这些品质为他赢得了世人的爱戴与崇敬。他身上的这种人格魅力如此光辉夺目、卓越不群，让举世震惊；既不会被他的邪恶玷污，也不会因他们的罪恶蒙羞。这不是他伟大性格的某个特征在独放光彩，而是罕见之才能与品质的相辅相成，是智慧与道德的和谐统一。如果伟人的称号，是以言行的谨慎、品行的完美为评判尺度，以他为国家的独立、荣誉、持久的繁荣奋斗终生为准绳，以他成功完成了他所担负的各项使命，以他丝毫不损荣誉正义与诚实，从不以牺牲一个原则而取得辉煌成功为标准，那么，伟人之称号，华盛顿当之无愧。

那耳畔的回声如此美妙！

纯粹的征服者，使媚骨之人胆寒

贪慕虚荣者惊倒，这些伟名直到

未来自由世界，都将是吹响的号角。

（拜伦）

LESSON 131

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON

华盛顿颂

General Henry Lee, 1756-1818, a member of the celebrated Lee family of Virginia, was born in Westmoreland County in that state, and died on Cumberland Island, Georgia. He graduated at Princeton in his eighteenth year. In 1777 he marched with a regiment of cavalry to join the patriot army, and served with fidelity and success till the close of the war. He was noted for his bravery, skill, and celerity, and received the nickname of "Light-horse Harry." He was a great favorite with both General Greene and General Washington. In 1786 Virginia appointed him one of her delegates to Congress; he also took an active part in favor of the adoption of the constitution in the Virginia Convention of 1788. On the breaking out of the "Whisky Rebellion" in Pennsylvania, in 1794, the President sent General Lee with an army to suppress the disturbance. The insurgents submitted without resistance. In 1799 he was again a member of Congress; and, on the death of Washington, that body appointed him to pronounce a eulogy upon the life and character of the great and good man. The following extract contains the closing part of the oration.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga, and his much-loved compeer of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates—to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and, combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived, when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission Cornwallis, since the conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a luster corresponding to his great name, and in this his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals, he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender. Correct

throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan, escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

【中文阅读】

有谁忘记了布兰迪万河谷、杰曼敦的田野与蒙默思郡的平原？眼下，每个地方都能畅通无阻，无数英勇之军胜利会师，作为主持这一历史进程的人，他想方设法减轻我们遭受的折磨与痛苦，尽量把我们的贫困降到最低限度，支撑着我们风雨飘摇的共和国。难道我必须给你们演示他如何赞美萨拉托加的英雄，给你们展示他灵魂的热情之火，看那火焰如何感染卡莱罗那战役中那些挚爱的战友？不；我们的华盛顿不佩戴借来的荣誉勋章。对盖茨将军——格林将军，对他们的丰功伟绩，他不遗余力地给予掌声；也始终祝愿萨拉托加战役和尤托斯普林斯战役的指挥官们，能收到人们回馈给他们的由衷敬意。

我们还是走进他的内心世界，看看他的心灵轨迹，他将自己的光和热传递给距他遥远之极的追随者；而且把我们所有的物质与精神力量组合到他的范围内，自然而然地汇聚了势不可当的力量，他怜悯愚蠢的行为，鄙视恶劣行径，震慑叛逆的勾当，使令人灰心的局势焕发希望；直到那个吉祥的时刻来临。当时，他联合宽宏大量的同盟国的强大武装部队，迫使那个因征服了印度而不可一世的康沃利斯缴械投降；从此给漫长而光荣的军事生涯划上了句号，成就了他名副其实的伟名，而他在最后一场战争的所作所为，确保了美利坚合众国的诞

生。

他在战争中一马当先，他为和平不遗余力，他在国民心中享有最高声望，在私人生活中，他的谦逊与受欢迎的程度更是无人堪比。虔诚、公正、仁慈、克己、真诚、始终如一、高贵、威严，他让周围所有的人得到启发，人人以他为榜样，正如他的表率效应持久不衰。

与他同尊的人，他谦逊俯就；对下属，他和蔼可亲；而对他的爱人，他温柔呵护；他始终坚持正确的原则，道德低下的人在他面前瑟瑟发抖，而他的手总是在培植美德之花；他那纯洁无瑕的个人品质使他的公众美德光彩夺目。

而在他人生谢幕的最后时刻，亦体现了他一生身体力行的人生宗旨。尽管他忍受着巨大的病痛，但是他却以坚韧的意志克制，没有发出一声呻吟叹息；就这样从容安静地闭上了眼睛，结束了分秒未曾虚度的一生。美国痛失伟人！举国沉痛哀悼！

LESSON 132

THE SOLITARY REAPER

孤独的割麦女

William Wordsworth, 1770-1850, the founder of the "Lake School" of poets, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, England. From his boyhood he was a great lover and student of nature, and it is to his beautiful descriptions of landscape, largely, that he owes his fame. He was a graduate of Cambridge University, and while there commenced the study of Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakespeare, as models for his own writings. Two legacies having been bequeathed him, Wordsworth determined to make poetry the aim of his life, and in 1795 located at Racedown with his sister Dorothy, where he commenced the tragedy of "The Borderers." A visit from Coleridge at this period made the two poets friends for life. In 1802 Wordsworth married Miss Mary Hutchinson, and in 1813 he settled at Rydal Mount, on Lake Windermere, where he passed the remainder of his life.

Wordsworth's poetry is remarkable for its extreme simplicity of language. At first his efforts were almost universally ridiculed, and in 1819 his entire income from literary work had not amounted to 140 Pounds. In 1830 his

merit began to be recognized; in 1839 Oxford University conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L.; and in 1843 he was made poet laureate.

"The Excursion" is by far the most beautiful and the most important of Wordsworth's productions. "Salisbury Plain," "The White Doe of Rylstone," "Yarrow Revisited," and many of his sonnets and minor poems are also much admired.

Behold her, single in the field,

Yon solitary Highland lass!

Reaping and singing by herself;

Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,

And sings a melancholy strain;

Oh listen! for the vale profound

Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant

More welcome notes to weary bands

Of travelers in some shady haunt,

Among Arabian sands:

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened motionless and still;

And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

【中文阅读】

看她，那独处高原的姑娘，
形单影只在那边的田野上！
独自收割，独自歌唱；
停下，或轻轻走过
她独自收割，独自将稻谷捆绑，
唱出的小曲，忧郁感伤；
听啊！她那哀婉的歌声，
在幽深的山谷飘荡。

一队阿拉伯沙漠的旅人
疲倦地憩息在绿荫旁，
夜莺的鸣啭虽受他们欢迎，
却比不上姑娘的歌唱。
遥远的赫布里群岛，

杜鹃哀啼，唤醒了春光，
啼破了大海深沉的平静，
却难比姑娘的悲歌动人心肠。

谁能告诉我她为何而唱？
或许是为从前的哀伤，
不幸久远的往事，
和很久以前纷纭的战场；
或许那是些普通的歌曲，
而今听之，一如平常？
或许是现实的遗憾、失落与苦痛
从前就有，将来还是这样？

无论姑娘唱的什么歌曲，
她的歌好像没有结尾一样；
我看见她举着镰刀弯下腰
一边收割一边唱，
我屏息驻足，静静听
当我爬上了高高的山坡，

那歌声早已消失耳际，
却在我心房久久飘荡。

LESSON 133

VALUE OF THE PRESENT

现在的价值

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882, the celebrated essayist and philosopher, was born in Boston. His father was a Unitarian minister, and the son, after graduating at Harvard University, entered the ministry also, and took charge of a Unitarian congregation in Boston. His peculiar ideas on religious topics soon caused him to retire from the ministry, and he then devoted himself to literature. As a lecturer, Emerson attained a wide reputation, both in this country and in England, and he is considered as one of the most independent and original thinkers of the age. His style is brief and pithy, dazzling by its wit, but sometimes paradoxical. He wrote a few poems, but they are not generally admired, being didactic in style, bare, and obscure. Among his best known publications are his volume "Nature," and his lectures, "The Mind and Manners of the Nineteenth Century," "The Superlative in Manners and Literature," "English Character and Manners," and "The Conduct of Life." In 1850 appeared "Representative Men," embracing sketches of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and Goethe.

Such are the days,—the earth is the cup, the sky is the cover, of the immense bounty of nature which is offered us for our daily aliment; but what a force of illusion begins life with us, and attends us to the end! We are coaxed, flattered, and duped, from morn to eve, from birth to death; and where is the old eye that ever saw through the deception? The Hindoos represent Maia, the illusory energy of Vishnu, as one of his principal attributes. As if, in this gale of warring elements, which life is, it was necessary to bind souls to human life as mariners in a tempest lash themselves to the mast and bulwarks of a ship, and Nature employed certain illusions as her ties and straps,—a rattle, a doll, an apple, for a child; skates, a river, a boat, a horse, a gun, for the growing boy;—and I will not begin to name those of the youth and adult, for they are numberless. Seldom and slowly the mask falls, and the pupil is permitted to see that all is one stuff, cooked and painted under many counterfeit appearances. Hume's doctrine was that the circumstances vary, the amount of happiness does not; that the beggar cracking fleas in the sunshine under a hedge, and the duke rolling by in his chariot, the girl equipped for her first ball, and the orator returning triumphant from the debate, had different means, but the same quantity of pleasant excitement.

This element of illusion lends all its force to hide the values of present time. Who is he that does not always find himself doing something less than his best task? "What are you doing?" "Oh, nothing; I have been doing thus, or I shall do so or so, but now I am only—" Ah! poor dupe, will you never slip out of the web of the master juggler?—never learn that, as soon as the irrecoverable years have woven their blue glory between to-day and us, these passing hours shall glitter and draw us, as the wildest romance and

the homes of beauty and poetry? How difficult to deal erect with them! The events they bring, their trade, entertainments, and gossip, their urgent work, all throw dust in the eyes and distract attention. He is a strong man who can look them in the eye, see through this juggle, feel their identity, and keep his own; who can know surely that one will be like another to the end of the world, nor permit love, or death, or politics, or money, war, or pleasure, to draw him from his task.

The world is always equal to itself, and every man in moments of deeper thought is apprised that he is repeating the experiences of the people in the streets of Thebes or Byzantium. An everlasting Now reigns in nature, which hangs the same roses on our bushes which charmed the Roman and the Chaldean in their hanging gardens. "To what end, then," he asks, "should I study languages, and traverse countries, to learn so simple truths?"

History of ancient art, excavated cities, recovery of books and inscriptions,—yes, the works were beautiful, and the history worth knowing; and academies convene to settle the claims of the old schools. What journeys and measurements,—Niebuhr and Muller and Layard,—to identify the plain of Troy and Nimroud town! And your homage to Dante costs you so much sailing; and to ascertain the discoverers of America needs as much voyaging as the discovery cost. Poor child! that flexible clay of which these old brothers molded their admirable symbols was not Persian, nor Memphian, nor Teutonic, nor local at all, but was common lime and silex and water, and sunlight, the heat of the blood, and the heaving of the lungs; it was that clay which thou heldest but now in thy foolish hands, and threwest away to go and seek in vain in sepulchers,

mummy pits, and old bookshops of Asia Minor, Egypt, and England. It was the deep to-day which all men scorn; the rich poverty, which men hate; the populous, all-loving solitude, which men quit for the tattle of towns. He lurks, he hides,—he who is success, reality, joy, and power. One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is Doomsday. 'T is the old secret of the gods that they come in low disguises. 'T is the vulgar great who come dizen'd with gold and jewels. Real kings hide away their crowns in their wardrobes, and affect a plain and poor exterior. In the Norse legend of our ancestors, Odin dwells in a fisher's hut, and patches a boat. In the Hindoo legends, Hari dwells a peasant among peasants. In the Greek legend, Apollo lodges with the shepherds of Admetus; and Jove liked to rusticate among the poor Ethiopians. So, in our history, Jesus is born in a barn, and his twelve peers are fishermen. 'T is the very principle of science that Nature shows herself best in least; 't was the maxim of Aristotle and Lucretius; and, in modern times, of Swedenborg and of Hahnemann. The order of changes in the egg determines the age of fossil strata. So it was the rule of our poets, in the legends of fairy lore, that the fairies largest in power were the least in size.

In the Christian graces, humility stands highest of all, in the form of the Madonna; and in life, this is the secret of the wise. We owe to genius always the same debt, of lifting the curtain from the common, and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and peddlers. In daily life, what distinguishes the master is the using those materials he has, instead of looking about for what are more renowned, or what others have

used well. "A general," said Bonaparte, "always has troops enough, if he only knows how to employ those he has, and bivouacs with them." Do not refuse the employment which the hour brings you, for one more ambitious. The highest heaven of wisdom is alike near from every point, and thou must find it, if at all, by methods native to thyself alone.

【中文阅读】

日子就是这般，大地如杯，天空如盖，里面盛着富足慷慨的大自然，它为众生提供每日的给养；然而这不过是一种如影随形的错觉，从生命伊始直到终结！错觉诱哄了眼睛、阿谀着耳朵，无论晨昏，从生到死，无人不受其愚弄；那洞穿诡诈的慧眼去了哪儿？印度教徒把玛雅、毗湿奴的虚幻能量描述成神的重要属性之一。生命好像就是在思想风暴中绞缠对抗着，灵魂必须与肉体结合起来，正如暴风雨里的水手必须把自己和行船的桅杆与船舷系在一起，而自然之神则利用了一些幻象当作她拴系灵魂与生命的绳子，比如赠送孩子一个拨浪鼓、一个布娃娃、一个苹果；给半大男孩一双冰鞋、一条大江一条小船、一匹马一杆枪；给那些小青年、成年人的需要之物，是数不胜数，我不愿再一一罗列。那一张错觉的面具脱落得极其缓慢，亦难得一见，然而它一旦落下，人们便知道眼前所见种种不过是一种食物，只是经过了篡改和涂染，披上了乔装打扮的外衣。休姆主张幸福总数不会随着环境改变而减少；一围树篱下晒着暖阳捉虱子的乞丐，与从辩论会上凯旋而归的雄辩家生活方式不同，但是那种油然而生的愉悦兴奋是相等的。

这种错觉自有一种力量把现在的价值隐藏。那个总觉着自己所作所为没有发挥到最佳状态的人是谁？“你在干什么？”“啊，没啥：我一直这么干，或者我应该那么那么干，可是现在我只是——”啊！可怜的被愚弄者，难道你从来不会躲开娴熟的骗子设下的陷阱？难道你从

来不曾意识，一旦不可挽回的流年已经在今天和我们之间把忧伤的光环编织，这些匆匆逝去的时光将闪闪发亮，就像狂热的罗曼史、美丽的家乡和抒情诗，令人流连忘返、回味无穷？想要正确对待它们多么难呀！它们引起的大事，其中的交易、消遣和流言蜚语，还有它们迫在眉睫的影响，所有这些都迷惑了人们的视听，分散了注意力。但那人是个意志坚强的人，他将一切看在眼里，但他能识破这种把戏，不为所诱；他信心满满，誓要为目标奋斗到底，不允许自己为爱情分心，为政治斗争绞尽脑汁，为了金钱尔虞我诈，为了欢娱消耗时间，影响上天赐予他的伟大使命。

世界总是和它本身保持一致，每个人在沉思时都会恍然大悟，他正在重复底比斯或拜占庭大街上人们的经历。永恒的现在支配自然，而自然将迷住罗马人和迦勒底人、在他们的空中花园里绽放的那些玫瑰花，同样悬挂在我们的灌木花丛。“那么，最终是什么样子，”他问，“我学习各种语言，周游列国，就为了得到如此简单的真理？”

古代艺术史，挖掘出土的城市，修复的书卷和铭文；——是的，这些成果美妙极了，这段历史值得我们去探究；许多院校召开会议，解决各名门学派的立论纷争。为了确认特洛伊平原和宁录城遗址，——尼布尔、穆勒和雷亚德进行了多么奇妙的旅行！对但丁的崇高敬意使你多次渡海到他生活的国度；为了探知美洲，发现者飘洋渡海的花费和发明成本一样多。可怜的孩子！那老哥俩在那块柔韧泥土上刻下的神秘符号，不是波斯语、古孟菲斯语、亦非日耳曼语，也绝非土著语，而是普通的石灰、硅石、水分，阳光、热血和起伏的胸膛；你曾抓起过那块非同寻常的泥块，但是由于你愚蠢的手掂量不出它的价值，就丢掉一边徒然去墓地里搜寻，在木乃伊的胸口上探摸，翻遍小亚细亚、埃及和英格兰书店里的古籍。这就是深刻的今日，所有人都忽视了它；人们憎恨嫌贫爱富之辈；人们弃嘈杂拥挤和蜚短流长的城镇而就清静隐蔽之居。人们错误地以为，现在这一刻并不是有决定意义的时刻。但是我们要牢记，一年的每一日都是最重要的一天。一个

人只有真正格物致知，他才能明白每天都是世界末日。这就是诸神乔装入世的古老秘密。而世俗的大人物出行必黄金珠宝缠身。真正君王的王冠藏之衣柜，布衣蔽体，如寻常百姓现身。我们的先祖们有个关于挪威人的传说，奥丁住渔民的小屋，修补破船。印度教传奇中，哈瑞混迹于乡间与农民为伍。希腊神话中，阿波罗和阿德米托斯的牧羊人同居陋室；而朱庇特主神喜欢住在贫穷的埃塞俄比亚人的村落里。所以，我们的历史中，耶稣诞生于马厩，他的十二门徒是渔夫出身。这恰是科学的原理，即自然于极其细微之处展示她的本质；这是亚里士多德和卢克莱修的箴言；近代斯韦登伯格和哈恩曼也极力推崇这个原理。鸡蛋里的转化规则决定了化石岩的年代。因此，这也是我们诗人的创作原理，在所有精灵传奇故事里，能力极大的仙女身材一律微小迷人。

基督教义中，以圣母玛利亚体现的慈悲与谦逊为最；慈悲与谦逊是生活中智慧的奥秘。我们欠缺上述这些，也一直感激天才，是他们撩起俗人眼前的那层神秘帘幕，一一指示给我们看，神就坐在那帮人之间，表面看上去与狡猾的吉普赛人和精明的小商贩们一般无二。日常生活中，辨别大师的方法是看他怎样物尽其用，而不是看他因何声名赫赫或有什么拿手绝活。“一个将军，”拿破仑说，“倘若他深谙人尽其才之道，与战士一起餐风宿露，那么他就始终拥有充足的军事力量，”为了更高远的抱负，别拒绝这一时有助益你能力的工作。智慧天堂的至高点似乎就在每一阶段的不远处，如果你完全靠你独创的方法，就一定会找到它。

LESSON 134

HAPPINESS

幸福

Alexander Pope, 1688-1744, was the shining literary light of the so-called Augustan reign of Queen Anne, the poetry of which was distinguished by the highest degree of polish and elegance. Pope was the son of a retired linen draper, who lived in a pleasant country house near the Windsor Forest. He was so badly deformed that his life was "one long disease;" he was remarkably precocious, and had a most intelligent face, with great, flaming, tender eyes. In disposition Pope was the reverse of admirable. He was extremely sensitive, petulant, and supercilious; fierce and even coarse in his attacks on opponents; boastful of his self-acquired wealth and of his intimacy with the nobility. The great redeeming feature of his character was his tender devotion to his aged parents.

As a poet, however, Pope challenges the highest admiration. At the age of sixteen he commenced his "Pastorals," and when only twenty-one published his "Essay on Criticism," pronounced "the finest piece of argumentative and reasoning poetry in the English language." His reputation was now firmly established, and his literary activity ceased only at

his death; although, during the latter portion of his life, he was so weak physically that he was unable to dress himself or even to rise from bed without assistance. Pope's great admiration was Dryden, whose style he studied and copied. He lacks the latter's strength, but in elegance and polish he remains unequalled.

Pope's most remarkable work is "The Rape of the Lock;" his greatest, the translation into English verse of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey." His "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard," "The Dunciad," and the "Essay On Man" are also famous productions. He published an edition of "Shakespeare," which was awaited with great curiosity, and received with equal disappointment. During the three years following its appearance, he united with Swift and Arbuthnot in writing the "Miscellanies," an extensive satire on the abuses of learning and the extravagances of philosophy. His "Epistles," addressed to various distinguished men, and covering a period of four years, were copied after those of Horace; they were marked by great clearness, neatness of diction, and good sense, and by Pope's usual elegance and grace. His "Imitations of Horace" was left unfinished at his death.

The following selection is an extract from the "Essay on Man;"

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,

By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?

Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind.
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?

Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'T is but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause,
Prone for his favorites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning AEtna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

"But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed."

What, then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 't is the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,

Where folly fights for kings or dives for gain.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;

Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;

The rest is all but leather or prunella.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod,

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs

Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes and what it gives.

【中文阅读】

哦，大地之子！你们仍在竭力攀爬

峰峦叠嶂，意欲直抵云霄？

天国仍然嘲笑那劳苦的虚妄，

用疯癫之人堆起的山石把他们埋葬。

上帝和自然知晓个人的所有善行，

抑或这就是他们本来的用心。

推理的所有愉悦，感官的种种欢乐，

在于三个词语：健康、安宁与能力。

欲得寿比南山，只宜养性修身；

而平静，是一种美德！你一切的所有。

运气的馈赠阴晴不定；

但手段越卑下苦果越多。

看吧，对利益或欢乐的追求，

谁的风险最多，是那手段光明抑或阴暗？

是那邪恶还是高尚，不管祝福还是诅咒，

谁受到轻蔑，抑或先幸得怜悯？

仅仅依靠恶行而获得兴旺繁荣，

只会让美德远离，人人轻蔑；

谁让罪恶心满意足，

无疑就要伪装善良。

哦，他们无视真理，轻视上帝的整个计划，

妄想作恶得福佑，行善遭报应！

谁见遵照那伟大计划，就能圆满，

至善之人相信祷告，就会得到更多福佑。

然而好人孤独的悲呼受到愚弄，

人人都难免疾病或遇不测风云。

试想，就像某些软弱君王，那永恒的目标

会为他的偏好轻易把法规颠倒？

如果贤人一声令下，燃烧的埃特纳火山，

就会忘记轰鸣，熄灭可怕的火焰？

直插云空的峰峦摇摇欲坠，

如你经过，地心的万有吸引力就会终止？

“然而有时邪恶饮甘饕肥，美德在忍饥挨饿。”

那么，何为美德的回报？

恶行可以转化为美德，这只要付出辛苦之劳，
无赖理应得到回报，当他把田地耕种，
流氓理应得到回报，当他召集起大众，
为王者卖命拼搏或为所得战斗。
荣耀与羞耻毫无先决条件；
你扮演好你的角色，所有犒赏就摆在面前。

价值造就了人，而且需要人们追随；
其余一切无关紧要。

智慧的名声与权力如轻毛，如棍棒，
诚实的人是上帝最杰出的作品。

一个自我赞许的时刻，胜过
充满无知的旁观者，和喧闹的赞美年岁。

明白此理（明白此理就已足够），
“单凭美德就是幸福。”

人类极乐依旧基于一点，
品味善行，就不会施恶；
幸福在于获得和付出。

LESSON 135

MARION

马里恩

William Gilmore Simms, 1806-1870, one of the most versatile, prolific, and popular of American authors, was born at Charleston, South Carolina. His family was poor, and his means of education were limited, yet he managed to prepare himself for the bar, to which he was admitted when twenty-one years of age. The law proving uncongenial, he abandoned it, and in 1828 became editor of the "Charleston City Gazette." From this time till his death his literary activity was unceasing, and his writings were so numerous that it is possible only to group them under their various heads. They comprise Biography; History; Historical Romance, both Foreign and Domestic, the latter being further divided into Colonial, Revolutionary, and Border Romances; Pure Romance; The Drama; Poetry; and Criticism; besides miscellaneous books and pamphlets.

In the midst of this remarkable literary activity, Mr. Simms still found time to devote to the affairs of state, being for several years a member of the South Carolina Legislature. He was also a lecturer, and was connected editorially with several

magazines. Most of his time was spent at his summer house in Charleston, and at his winter residence, "Woodlands," on a plantation at Midway, S. C.

The following selection is from "The Life and Times of Francis Marion."

Art had done little to increase the comforts or the securities of his fortress. It was one, complete to his hands, from those of nature—such an one as must have delighted the generous English outlaw of Sherwood Forest; insulated by deep ravines and rivers, a dense forest of mighty trees, and interminable undergrowth. The vine and brier guarded his passes. The laurel and the shrub, the vine and sweet-scented jessamine roofed his dwelling, and clambered up between his closed eyelids and the stars. Obstructions scarcely penetrable by any foe, crowded the pathways to his tent; and no footstep not practiced in the secret, and to "the manner born," might pass unchallenged to his midnight rest. The swamp was his moat; his bulwarks were the deep ravines, which, watched by sleepless rifles, were quite as impregnable as the castles on the Rhine. Here, in the possession of his fortress, the partisan slept secure.

His movements were marked by equal promptitude and wariness. He suffered no risks from a neglect of proper precaution. His habits of circumspection and resolve ran together in happy unison. His plans, carefully considered beforehand, were always timed with the happiest reference to the condition and feelings of his men. To prepare that condition, and to train those feelings, were the chief employment of his repose. He knew his game, and how it

should be played, before a step was taken or a weapon drawn.

When he himself or any of his parties left the island upon an expedition, they advanced along no beaten paths. They made them as they went. He had the Indian faculty in perfection, of gathering his course from the sun, from the stars, from the bark and the tops of trees, and such other natural guides as the woodman acquires only through long and watchful experience.

Many of the trails thus opened by him, upon these expeditions, are now the ordinary avenues of the country. On starting, he almost invariably struck into the woods, and seeking the heads of the larger water courses, crossed them at their first and small beginnings. He destroyed the bridges where he could. He preferred fords. The former not only facilitated the progress of less fearless enemies, but apprised them of his own approach. If speed was essential, a more direct but not less cautious route was pursued.

He intrusted his schemes to nobody, not even his most confidential officers. He consulted with them respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed their suggestions, and silently approached his conclusions. They knew his determinations only from his actions. He left no track behind him, if it were possible to avoid it. He was often vainly hunted after by his own detachments. He was more apt at finding them than they him. His scouts were taught a peculiar and shrill whistle, which, at night, could be heard at a most astonishing distance. We are reminded of a signal of Roderick Dhu:—

"He whistled shrill,

And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew."

His expeditions were frequently long, and his men, hurrying forth without due preparation, not unfrequently suffered much privation from want of food. To guard against this danger, it was their habit to watch his cook. If they saw him unusually busied in preparing supplies of the rude, portable food which it was Marion's custom to carry on such occasions, they knew what was before them, and provided themselves accordingly. In no other way could they arrive at their general's intentions. His favorite time for moving was with the setting sun, and then it was known that the march would continue all night.

His men were badly clothed in homespun,—a light wear which afforded little warmth. They slept in the open air, and frequently without a blanket. Their ordinary food consisted of sweet potatoes, garnished, on fortunate occasions, with lean beef. Their swords, unless taken from the enemy, were made out of mill saws, roughly manufactured by a forest blacksmith.

His scouts were out in all directions, and at all hours. They did the double duty of patrol and spies. They hovered about the posts of the enemy, crouching in the thicket, or darting along the plain, picking up prisoners, and information, and spoils together. They cut off stragglers, encountered patrols of the foe, and arrested his supplies on the way to the garrison. Sometimes the single scout,

buried in the thick tops of the tree, looked down upon the march of his legions, or hung, perched over the hostile encampment, till it slept; then slipping down, stole through the silent host, carrying off a drowsy sentinel, or a favorite charger, upon which the daring spy flourished conspicuous among his less fortunate companions.

【中文阅读】

艺术对他的堡垒的舒适和安全毫无助益。这堡垒完全是浑然天成、巧夺天工，这样的栖息地让舍伍德森林众多的英国亡命徒兴高采烈；堡垒周围沟壑纵横，水流环绕，大树和无穷的低矮灌木组成稠密的森林。葡萄藤和荆棘丛看守道路。月桂树和灌木、葡藤与芳香的茉莉花覆盖着他的棚顶，爬上他的眼睑和群星之间。堡垒周围的守护严密，任何敌人都休想攻破帐篷周围路径上的守卫而悄无声息接近这个“天生的绿林好汉”，休想毫不费力地来到他的午夜憩息地。沼泽地是他的护城河，深立的壁垒似天堑，这些关隘有守卫持枪彻夜把守，和莱茵河上的城堡一样坚不可摧。游击队员在他的堡垒里，可以高枕无忧、酣然熟睡。

他的所有行动都打上谨慎敏捷的标志。他不允许出一丝纰漏而冒生命危险。他谨慎和果决的处事习惯达到完美统一。他的事前计划必是先参考弟兄们的感受，合乎众人的条件。为了适应战斗环境，训练感觉，他几乎不眠不睡。在采取行动、拔枪之前，他该对如何玩这个游戏已是了然于心。

当他或他的任何队友离开该岛远征，没有一条平坦的路可走，而是边走边开路。他具备印第安人的所有能力，能根据日月、星辰、犬吠和树顶叶子的颜色判断路线方向，他还有如樵夫那般长期留心所获得的经验，诸如其他自然之物皆可为他的向导，给他指引途径。

远征途中他们开出的许多山径，而今都成了这个国家平常的林荫

路。一开始他几乎总是习惯扎进森林，寻找宽阔河道的开始流淌的窄口处，以便跨河而过。如果有桥，他们过河就将桥毁掉。他更喜欢涉水。桥不仅帮助那些不畏死的敌人追赶，而且还会把他自己的行踪暴露给他们。若说敌我征战，速度是首要条件，一条更为直接隐秘、敌人无从追踪的路线则必不可少。

无人知道他下一步做什么，即便是他最信任的随从也不例外。但是他会虚心向他们请教，耐心聆听众人建议并反复权衡，默默地得出自己的结论。众人只有从他的行动中得知他的决定。若可能，他会尽量隐秘，身后不留下可寻痕迹。他的分遣队经常徒劳地在后面追赶他，他更善于找到他们而不是被他们找到。他的侦察兵都学会了吹一种特别尖厉的口哨，深夜哨声在一个不可思议的距离都能听得一清二楚。我现在就想起了罗德里克·杜胡的一个暗号声。

“他吹出尖锐的哨声，

远山传来回应；

荒凉如麻鹞的尖叫，

暗号飞掠了悬崖绝壁。”

他的远征时间一般很长，士兵由于没提前准备匆忙行军，经常食物匮乏、忍饥挨饿。为了预防这类情况，战士们习惯看厨师的行动。如果见他团团转地忙着准备粗糙便于携带的食物——那是马里恩远征时的习惯做法，根据这些迹象，他们就知晓所面临的情况，并做好相应的准备。唯有如此，他们没其他方法能揣摩到将军的意向。他最喜欢日落时动身，凭这个时间他们就知道行军将彻夜不停。

他的战士身穿劣质土布，衣衫单薄而不保暖。他们常常露宿野外席地而卧，连一条避寒的毯子都没有。战士们平常吃几个香甜的土豆就点配菜，偶尔好运吃上一点少得可怜的牛肉。他们的宝刀，除了从敌人身上虏获所得，剩下的都是出自一位森林铁匠之手，用框锯粗制锻造而成。

他的侦察兵遍布四面八方，随时警报。他们身兼两职，既是巡逻也是密探。他们徘徊于敌人岗哨附近，蹲伏于灌木丛中，或突然冲上平原，抓俘虏逼问信息，然后一起杀人灭口。他们丢掉落伍士兵，遇上敌人的巡逻队，就切断运往卫戍部队途中的物资。有时单独行动的侦察兵隐藏树顶浓密的枝叶中，俯视大队人马走过，或者倒悬于敌人的营房上，等到营房鼾声大作，悄悄溜下来，偷偷从那群酣睡的人身边走过去，干掉一个昏昏欲睡的哨兵或是盗走一匹中意的军马，而这位胆大包天的密探就在那群不大幸运的“朋友”中间跨上马，堂而皇之地逃之夭夭。

LESSON 136

A COMMON THOUGHT

共同的思想

Henry Timrod, 1829-1867, was born at Charleston, South Carolina. He inherited his father's literary taste and ability, and had the advantages of a liberal education. He entered the University of Georgia before he was seventeen years of age, and while there commenced his career as a poet. Poverty and ill health compelled him to leave the university without taking a degree; he then commenced the study of law, and for ten years taught in various private families. At the outbreak of the war, in 1860, he warmly espoused the Southern cause, and wrote many stirring war lyrics. In 1863 he joined the Army of the West, as correspondent of the Charleston "Mercury," and in 1864 he became editor of the "South Carolinian," published first at Columbia and later at Charleston. He also served for a time as assistant secretary to Governor Orr. The advance of Sherman's army reduced him to poverty, and he was compelled to the greatest drudgery in order to earn a bare living. His health soon broke down, and he died of hemorrhage of the lungs. The following little poem seems, almost, to have been written under a presentiment, so accurately does it describe

the closing incidents of the poet's life.

The first volume of Timrod's poems appeared in 1860. A later edition, with a memoir of the author, was published in New York in 1873.

Somewhere on this earthly planet

In the dust of flowers that be,

In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,

Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight

I behold it dawn in mist,

And I hear a sound of sobbing

Through the darkness,—Hist! oh, hist!

In a dim and musky chamber,

I am breathing life away;

Some one draws a curtain softly,

And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

【中文阅读】

尘世某处
花葬之地，
有盈盈露珠，有灿灿晴阳，
一个隆重的日子等我安息。

午夜时分清醒的我
看见尘雾之中迎来黎明，
我听见一声啜泣
刺穿了浓浓夜色，嘘！哦，嘘！

昏暗的房间麝香馥郁，
我的生命正在远去；
有人轻柔地拉开窗帘，

我看见放亮的天光。

天际染上一抹紫红，

草地在晨辉里发亮，

死神静穆地立我身旁，

一声低语，“他去了！”

LESSON 137

A DEFINITE AIM IN READING

明确的阅读目标

Noah Porter, 1811-1892, was born at Farmington, Conn., and graduated at Yale in 1831. He remained in New Haven as a school-teacher, a tutor in college, and a student in the theological department until 1836, when he entered the ministry. In 1846 he was recalled to the college as Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics; and in 1858 he also assumed the duties of the professorship of Systematic Theology, for a period of seven years. Upon the retirement of President Woolsey in 1871, he was elected to fill the office, which he held until 1886, being the eleventh president of the college.

President Porter's greatest literary work is entitled, "The Human Intellect: With an Introduction upon Psychology and the Human Soul." It is remarkable for the clear thought and sound judgment it displays, as well as for its broad scholarship; and it has been pronounced "the most complete and exhaustive exhibition of the cognitive faculties of the human soul to be found in our language." His other important works are: "The Sciences of Nature versus the Science of Man,"

which is a review of the doctrines of Herbert Spencer; "American Colleges and the American Public;" and the book from which the following selection is taken, namely, "Books and Reading." Besides these he wrote numerous essays, contributions to periodicals, etc. During his professorship he was called upon to act as chief editor in the important work of revising "Webster's Dictionary." The edition of 1864 was the result of his careful oversight, and the subsequent revisions were also under his superintendence.

In reading, we do well to propose to ourselves definite ends and purposes. The more distinctly we are aware of our own wants and desires in reading, the more definite and permanent will be our acquisitions. Hence it is a good rule to ask ourselves frequently, "Why am I reading this book, essay, or poem? or why am I reading it at the present time rather than any other?" It may often be a satisfying answer, that it is convenient; that the book happens to be at hand: or that we read to pass away the time. Such reasons are often very good, but they ought not always to satisfy us. Yet the very habit of proposing these questions, however they may be answered, will involve the calling of ourselves to account for our reading, and the consideration of it in the light of wisdom and duty.

The distinct consciousness of some object at present before us, imparts a manifoldly greater interest to the contents of any volume. It imparts to the reader an appropriate power, a force of affinity, by which he insensibly and unconsciously attracts to himself all that has a near or even a remote relation to the end for which he reads. Anyone is conscious of this who reads a story with the purpose of

repeating it to an absent friend; or an essay or a report with the design of using its facts or arguments in a debate; or a poem with the design of reviving its imagery, and reciting its finest passages. Indeed, one never learns to read effectively until he learns to read in such a spirit—not always, indeed, for a definite end, yet always with a mind attent to appropriate and retain and turn to the uses of culture, if not to a more direct application.

The private history of every self-educated man, from Franklin onwards, attests that they all were uniformly not only earnest but select in their reading, and that they selected their books with distinct reference to the purposes for which they used them. Indeed, the reason why self-trained men so often surpass men who are trained by others in the effectiveness and success of their reading, is that they know for what they read and study, and have definite aims and wishes in all their dealings with books. The omnivorous and indiscriminate reader, who is at the same time a listless and passive reader, however ardent is his curiosity, can never be a reader of the most effective sort.

Another good rule is suggested by the foregoing. Always have some solid reading in hand; i. e., some work or author which we carry forward from one day to another, or one hour of leisure to the next, with persistence, till we have finished whatever we have undertaken. There are many great and successful readers who do not observe this rule, but it is a good rule notwithstanding.

The writer once called upon one of the most extensive and persevering of modern travelers, at an early hour of the day, to attend him upon a walk to a distant village. It was after breakfast, and though he had but few minutes at command, he was sitting

with book in hand—a book of solid history he was perusing day after day. He remarked: "This has been my habit for years in all my wanderings. It is the one habit which gives solidity to my intellectual activities and imparts tone to my life. It is only in this way that I can overcome and counteract the tendency to the dissipation of my powers and the distraction of my attention, as strange persons and strange scenes present themselves from day to day."

To the rule already given—read with a definite aim—we could add the rule—make your aims to be definite by continuously holding them rigidly to a single book at all times, except when relaxation requires you to cease to work, and to live for amusement and play. Always have at least one iron in the fire, and kindle the fire at least once every day.

It is implied in the preceding that we should read upon definite subjects, and with a certain method and proportion in the choice of our books. If we have a single object to accomplish in our reading for the present, that object will of necessity direct the choice of what we read, and we shall arrange our reading with reference to this single end. This will be a nucleus around which our reading will for the moment naturally gather and arrange itself.

If several subjects seem to us equally important and interesting, we should dispose of them in order, and give to each for the time our chief and perhaps our exclusive attention. That this is wise is so obvious as not to require illustration. "One thing at a time," is an accepted condition for all efficient activity, whether it is employed upon things or thoughts, upon men or books. If five or ten separate topics have equal claim upon our interest and attention, we shall do

to each the amplest justice, if we make each in its turn the central subject of our reading. There is little danger of weariness or monotony from the workings of such a rule.

Most single topics admit or require a considerable variety of books, each different from the other, and each supplementing the other. Hence it is one of the best of practices in prosecuting a course of reading, to read every author who can cast any light upon the subject which we have in hand. For example, if we are reading the history of the Great Rebellion in England, we should read, if we can, not a single author only, as Clarendon, but a half dozen or a half score, each of whom writes from his own point of view, supplies what another omits, or corrects what he under- or overstates.

But, besides the formal histories of the period, there are the various novels, the scenes and characters of which are placed in those times, such as Scott's *Woodstock*; there are also diaries, such as those by Evelyn, Pepys, and Burton; and there are memoirs, such as those of Col. Hutchinson; while the last two have been imitated in scores of fictions. There are poems, such as those of Andrew Marvell, Milton, and Dryden. There are also shoals of political tracts and pamphlets, of handbills and caricatures.

We name these various descriptions of works and classes of reading, not because we suppose all of them are accessible to those readers who live at a distance from large public libraries, or because we would advise everyone who may have access to such libraries, to read all these books and classes of books as a matter of course, but because we would illustrate how great is the variety of books and reading matter that are grouped around a single topic,

and are embraced within a single period.

Every person must judge for himself how long a time he can bestow upon any single subject, or how many and various are the books in respect to it which it is wise to read; but of this everyone may be assured, that it is far easier, far more agreeable, and far more economical of time and energy, to concentrate the attention upon a single subject at a time than to extend it to half a score, and that six books read in succession or together upon a single topic, are far more interesting and profitable than twice as many which treat of topics remotely related. A lady well known to the writer, of the least possible scholarly pretensions or literary notoriety, spent fifteen months of leisure, snatched by fragments from onerous family cares and brilliant social engagements, in reading the history of Greece as written by a great variety of authors and as illustrated by many accessories of literature and art.

Nor should it be argued that such rules as these, or the habits which they enjoin, are suitable for scholars only, or for people who have much leisure for reading. It should rather be urged that those who can read the fewest books and who have at command the scantiest time, should aim to read with the greatest concentration and method; should occupy all of their divided energy with single centers of interest, and husband the few hours which they can command, in reading whatever converges to a definite, because to a single, impression.

【中文阅读】

在阅读之中，我们最好给自己提出明确的目的和意图。对阅读的

需要和愿望越是明确，我们通过阅读所得知识就越深刻持久。因此不断地要求自己是个好习惯，“我为什么看这本书，这篇散文，这首诗？或是我为什么是在现在而非其他时候读它呢？”答案可能常常令我们满意，因为方便有闲；因为这本书碰巧就在手边；或是看书为了打发时间。这样的理由是很好，但我们不该总拿这样的理由满足自己。这种不管结论如何仍然提出问题的习惯，会让我们询问自己阅读的理由，并在智慧与责任的启发下唤醒阅读的真谛。

我们对眼前的某些目标有清楚的意识，激发了我们对所有书籍的内容都产生了极大的兴趣。这让读者具备了一种适当的能力，对他们产生了一种吸引力，让他们不知不觉沉浸其中，从阅读中联想到身边所有直接联系甚或只有遥远关系的事物。任何人都能意识到这一点，实际上他看书时，是与不在场的朋友重述一个故事；或是利用事实构想一篇散文，一篇报道，在一场辩论中争议；或是再现意象之诗情，在背诵最优美的片段。一个人直到学会用心看书才懂得看书的效用——确实，读书不是经常会有明确目标，但总要转向文化的运用。

每位自学者的个人历史，从前面的富兰克林说起，一致地证明阅读不仅要认真，还要有选择性，而且他们选择的读物都有明确的阅读目标。这就是为什么自学者多数比那些靠他人指导阅读更有成效的原因，那是因为他们明白为何读，为什么目的而学，对涉及的所有书籍都有明确的阅读计划和希望。读书随意而驳杂的读者，同时也是个疲倦消极的读者，无论对书籍的好奇心有多热烈，他永远成不了读书最富成效的那一个。

另一个行之有效的法则前面已经提到。手边始终要有可供连续阅读的书；例如某些作品或作者，我们得一天一天地翻阅，或不论从事什么，就是抽出一个小时的闲暇也要看书，持之以恒直到将一本书读完。许多成功的读者没有留意过这个规则，但这仍不失为一条好规则。

笔者曾拜访过一位不畏险阻、坚持不懈到各地周游的当代旅行家，那天一大早，他要徒步去一个很远的村庄。那是早饭后，虽然出发还有几分钟时间，他还是坐在那儿手握一卷，细读一本天天要看的历史专著。他说：“在我的整个流浪生涯中养成了看书的习惯，已经多年了。正是这个习惯给我的才智输送了雄厚的活力，给我的生活定下一种基调。因为日复一日，总有陌生的人和奇怪的场景出现，我只有用这个办法才能克制精力的浪费，抵消不必要的事物分散我的注意力。”

就已谈到的规则——看书要有明确的目标，我们可以再加上一条——除了休息需要以及生活消遣不得不终止阅读，你应随时有一本书在手，通过持续不断地掌握知识来确立你的目标。就好比你的火炉里始终至少有一块铁，每天至少将点燃的炉火熊熊燃烧一次。”

先前已经提及，我们看书应依据明确的学科，有一个确定的阅读方法和选书比例。若是有一本读物暂时读完，那么通过这本书我们就应该明确下一本看什么，并参照这一个目标安排读本。这个目标是一个核心，阅读本身就自然而然围绕这个核心聚拢排列。

如果几个主题似乎同等重要有趣，我们就应有序安排，每个学科都拿出时间专心对待。显而易见，这就是明智的做法，不需要我举例说明。“一次只做一件事”对各种高效行动而言都是一个公认的先决条件，无论是做事还是思考问题，不论是对人还是书籍，这个道理皆可适用。如果有五或十个话题诉诸于我们的兴趣和关注，我们应该对每个主题非常公平，让每个主题轮流成为我们的阅读中心。按照这个规则，就不会觉得读书学习疲劳乏味，反而会觉得其乐无穷。

大多数单个主题可容纳或需要相当繁杂的书籍，每一类相互有别又互为补充。因此，制定一个阅读课程是最好的方法，对手边所有主题能给我们启发的作家的作品，我们要一一拜读。例如，若我们在读“英国内战史”，可能的话，我们就不应该只读一个作家的著作，像

卡拉兰顿，而是读六七位作者的评价，每一个作家都以自己的观点阐述这段历史，对他人的疏漏补阙拾遗或纠正偏颇。

但是，除了正史以外，还有各种以那个时代为背景的小说，其中的场景和人物都基于那个时代而设置，比如斯科特的《伍德斯托克》；还有日记可供参考，诸如伊芙琳、佩皮斯和波顿等人的日记，还有那个时代的回忆录可供对照，比如科尔·哈钦森的著述；不过波顿的日记和哈钦森的回忆录都有虚构的成分。还有描写那个时代的诗歌，譬如安德鲁·马维尔、米尔顿和屈莱顿的诗章。还有与内乱有关的大批政论性文章和小册子、传单和漫画，均可参照。

我们提出各种各样的著作摘要和读本分类，并非是想当然地认为，那些远离大型公众图书馆的读者都能悉数读到，也并非理所当然地劝有条件的人都去这样的图书馆，看这些书籍和分类读本，而是想举例说明，围绕这一个主题包含这一个时期的各种书籍和读物何其浩繁。

所以每个人都必须做出判断，任何一个主题能抽出多少时间，或者读多少涉及这一主题的不同书籍才算是明智之举；但每个人都应该明白，一段时间将注意力集中在一个主题上要比同时分散到十个主题上容易和舒适得多、而且在时间和精力上也更加划算，就一个主题的六本书放在一起连续阅读，比将许多主题关联不大的书一起看有趣得多。一位相当熟悉笔者的女士，她完全不是为了装出有学问的样子，也并非为了获取文名，却花费了15个月的闲暇，抓住繁重家务活之余的所有时间，戒绝精彩的社交约会，潜心阅读了大量不同作家创作的希腊历史著作，旁及许多希腊文学和艺术阐述材料。

毋庸置疑，诸如这些读书的规则或习惯，不仅适合学者以及那些有许多闲暇看书的人。对那些读书很少、缺乏空闲的人来说，更应该专注于一个主题，注意阅读方法；将所有分散的精力和能掌握的时间，集中于一项兴趣的中心，汇聚到一个明确的阅读效果中。

LESSON 138

ODE TO MT. BLANC

咏白朗峰

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834, was born in Devonshire, England, and was educated at Christ's Hospital and Cambridge University. Through poverty he was compelled to enlist in the army, but his literary attainments soon brought him into notice, and he was enabled to withdraw from the distasteful life.

Coleridge's fame arises chiefly from his poems, of which the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Genevieve," and "Christabel" may be classed among the best of English poetry. He also wrote a number of dramas, besides numerous essays on religious and political topics. As a conversationalist Coleridge had a remarkable reputation, and among his ardent admirers and friends may be ranked Southey, Wordsworth, Lovell, Lamb, and De Quincey. He and his friends Southey and Lovell married sisters, and talked at one time of founding a community on the banks of the Susquehanna. Although possessing such brilliant natural gifts, Coleridge fell far short of what he might have attained, through a great lack of energy and application, increased by an excessive use of opium.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thoughts: entranced in prayer,
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,

So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought—
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Coherald—wake, oh wake, and utter praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?

Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?

Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!

Who called you forth from night and utter death,

From dark and icy caverns called you forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,

Forever shattered, and the same forever?

Who gave you your invulnerable life,

Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,

Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?

And who commanded (and the silence came),

Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye icefalls! ye that from the mountain's brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

Answer! and let the ice plains echo, God!

God! sing ye meadow streams with gladsome voice!

Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!

And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,

And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!

Ye signs and wonders of the elements!

Utter forth, God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow traveling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me.—Rise, oh ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

【中文阅读】

难道你有魅力吸引启明星

停止他那迅疾的步履？那么久，他好像停在
你光秃而庄严的头顶。哦，傲视天下的白朗峰！
阿沃尔河与阿沃阿伦河在你脚下
咆哮不休；而你以威严的姿态，
挥漾你的松林之海，
多么寂静！你的四周、你的头顶，
深深的，是穹隆，与黑压压的
乌木林；那山峰好像你
插入云霄的楔子！然而当我再次仰望，
那天宇如是你的家园，你的水晶殿，安宁神圣，
你所居兮永恒国度！
哦威严静寂的白朗峰！凝望你
直到你，将这具肉身的俗念，
化于宁静；我深深祈祷，
向缥缈无形的圣灵致敬。

然而，像悦耳迷人的旋律，
那么亲切，令人忘我地倾听，
你，同时融入我的思想

是的，用我的生命与生命神秘的快乐

直至膨胀的灵魂，痴迷地注入

眼前巨大的幻象——在那边

以她自然之形，无限隆起，直抵天际！

醒来吧，我痴迷的灵魂！不仅热情地赞美

对你的感激！不只是这感恩的泪水汹涌奔流，

无言的感激和神秘的狂喜！唱响吧，

甜美的歌声！醒来，我迷醉的心灵，欢呼吧！

苍翠峡谷，冰雪山峰，所有生命同我一起高歌欢颂。

你是翘首，你是峡谷唯一的君主！

哦，你整夜与黑暗斗争，

长夜星群把你守候，

当他们爬上天堂，或沉入夜空

还有启明星为你做伴，

你本是大地的玫瑰明星，黎明的

传令先锋——醒来，哦醒来，高声赞颂！

是谁把你的砥柱深深插入泥土？

是谁让你的面容洋溢玫瑰样的晕红？

是谁让你孕育了源源不断的溪流？

你，为那五条湍湍急流狂喜！

水浪把你从黑夜激醒，念动死亡咒语，

从幽暗冰封的洞穴呼唤你，

激流坠落险峻、阴沉交错的岩石上，

不停拍打，就这样重复不止？

谁赐你坚不可摧的生命，

谁赠你力量、速度，谁惹你暴怒，令你欢喜，

不停轰鸣，水沫飞溅不绝不息？

谁在发号施令（寂静来临），

巨浪翻腾，又归于平静？

你那绝美的冰瀑！你那自山巅

顺着险恶的峡谷倾泻疾下的

奔流，在我眼里，它听到一声巨响，

立刻刹住狂暴的脚步，停止前行！

静止的倾注！寂静的大瀑布！

谁让你优雅如天堂的大门

笼罩白月的清冷？谁令灿阳

给你披上彩虹？是谁，将鲜艳欲滴的蓝花

编成花环，一个个摆放你的山脚下？

上帝！让这奔流，就像国家的呼喊，

来回答！让这冰川的回响，上帝！

上帝！溪流欢快地在你的草地上歌唱！

你的松树丛林，充满你轻柔的发自灵魂的声音！

还有其他的声音，那边危险的雪堆，

发出即将爆裂的轰轰巨响，上帝呀！

你那冷艳的蓝色冰凌花，冰雪不融！

你那野山羊在苍鹰的安乐窝周围，戏耍欢蹦！

你那苍鹰，是山风暴雨的玩伴！

你那闪电，是可怕的云之箭镞！

你是自然力量的标志、是奇观！

上帝大声说，誉满山谷丘陵！

你也是，满头白雪的山峰！直指苍穹，

雪崩常自山底爆发，前所未闻的力量，
雪山轰然坍塌，映射纯阳冰雪，如此璀璨，
进入云层深处，白云遮掩了你的胸膛，
你再一次令人惊叹，你这奇山巨峰！你
让我敬畏地仰望，片刻又满心爱慕
慢慢低首，从山底，
缓步上行，两眼含泪，视线模糊，
神情庄重，似乎一团缭绕的云雾，
在眼前升起。升腾，哦永远升腾！
升腾，就像香雾在尘世间袅袅上升！
你如登上宝座统领群峰的国王，
你是尘世与天堂的使节，
哦！伟大的君主！请告诉你那寂静的天穹，
告诉群星，和那冉冉上升的太阳，
世间，有千万声音，在把上帝颂扬。